LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 39
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

The Story of Aristotle's Philosophy

Will Durant, Ph.D.

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A WORD TO THE READER

The student who has come to philosophy under the spur of Plato's eloquence will need some encouragement to face the more practical and prosaic work of Aristotle. If he finds the following essay difficult and unattractive, let him reflect that Aristotle's is almost the most abstract and obscure of all the great philosophies; and that only the exigencies of logical and chronological sequence have led us to study him before mastering simpler systems. Aristotle is hard to grasp because his work is so varied and manifold that no centralizing unity can be found to co-ordinate it for easier comprehension. Nor is there in his work any enthralling drama of passionate reform; he is a man of the world who has become almost reconciled to the eternity of human imperfections. The author has spared neither time nor labor to make out under the mummy-like mass of lecture notes in which Aristotle has come down to us, the features of the living man; but he is very much afraid that he has failed.

W. D.

THE STORY OF ARISTOTLE'S PHILOSOPHY

I. THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Aristotle was born at Stagira, a Macedonian city some two hundred miles to the north of Athens, in the year 384 B. C. His father was friend and physician to Amyntas, King of Macedon and grandfather of Alexander. Aristotle himself seems to have become a member of the great medical fraternity of Asclepiads. He was brought up in the odor of medicine as many later philosophers were brought up in the odor of sanctity; he had every opportunity and encouragement to develop a scientific bent of mind; he was prepared from the beginning to become the founder of science.

We have a choice of stories for his youth. One narrative represents him as squandering his patrimony in riotous living, joining the army to avoid starvation, returning to Stagira to practice medicine, and going to Athens at the age of thirty to study philosophy under Plato. A more dignified story takes him to Athens at the age of eighteen, and puts him at once under the tutelage of the great Master; but even in this likelier account there is sufficient echo of a reckless and irregular youth, living rapidly.[1] The horrified reader may console himself by observing that in either story our philosopher anchors at last in the quiet groves of the Academy.

Under Plato he studied eight—or twenty—

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[1]Grote, *Aristotle*, London, 1872, p. 4; Zeller, *Aristotle and the Earlier Peripatetics*, London, 1897, vol. i, pp. 6f.

years; and, indeed, the pervasive Platonism of Aristotle's speculations—even of those most anti-Platonic—suggests the longer period. One would like to imagine these as very happy years: a brilliant pupil guided by an incomparable teacher, walking like Greek lovers in the gardens of philosophy. But they were both geniuses; and it is notorious that geniuses accord with one another as harmoniously as dynamite with fire. Almost half a century separated them; it was difficult for understanding to bridge this gap of years and cancel the incompatibility of souls. Plato recognized the greatness of this strange new pupil from the supposedly barbarian north, and spoke of him once as the *Nous* of the Academy,—as if to say, Intelligence personified. Aristotle had spent money lavishly on the collection of books (that is, in those printless days, manuscripts); he was the first, after Euripides, to gather together a library, and the foundation of the principles of library classification was among his many contributions to scholarship. Therefore Plato spoke of Aristotle's home as "the house of the reader," and seems to have meant the sincerest compliment; but some ancient gossip will have it that the Master intended a sly but vigorous dig at a certain book-wormishness in Aristotle. A more authentic quarrel seems to have arisen towards the end of Plato's life. Our ambitious youth apparently developed an "Œdipus complex" against his spiritual father for the favors and affections of philosophy, and began to hint that wisdom would not die with Plato; while the old sage spoke of his pupil as a foal that kicks his mother after draining her dry.[2] The learned Zeller,[3] in

[2]Benn, *The Greek Philosophers*, London, 1882, vol. i, p. 283.

[3]Vol. i, p. 11.

whose pages Aristotle almost achieves the Nirvana of respectability, would have us reject these stories; but we may presume that where there is still so much smoke there was once a fire.

The other incidents of this Athenian period are still more problematical. Some biographers tell us that Aristotle founded a school of oratory to rival Isocrates; and that he had among his pupils in this school the wealthy Hermias, who was soon to become autocrat of the city-state of Atarneus. After reaching this elevation Hermias invited Aristotle to his court; and in the year 344 B. C. he rewarded his teacher for past favors by bestowing upon him a sister (or a niece) in marriage. One might suspect this as a Greek gift; but the historians hasten to assure us that Aristotle, despite his genius, lived happily enough with his wife, and spoke of her most affectionately in his will. It was just a year later that Philip, King of Macedon, called Aristotle to the court at Pella to undertake the education of Alexander. It bespeaks the rising repute of our philosopher that the greatest monarch of the time, looking about for the greatest teacher, should single out Aristotle to be the tutor of the future master of the world.

Philip was determined that his son should have every educational advantage, for he had made for him illimitable designs. His conquest of Thrace in 356 B. C. had given him command of gold mines which at once began to yield him precious metal to ten times the amount then coming to Athens from the failing silver of Laurium; his people were vigorous peasants and warriors, as yet unspoiled by city luxury and vice: here was the combination that would make possible the subjugation of a hundred petty city-states and the political unification

of Greece. Philip had no sympathy with the individualism that had fostered the art and intellect of Greece, but had at the same time disintegrated her social order; in all these little capitals he saw not the exhilarating culture and the unsurpassable art, but the commercial corruption and the political chaos; he saw insatiable merchants and bankers absorbing the vital resources of the nation, incompetent politicians and clever orators misleading a busy populace into disastrous plots and wars, factions cleaving classes and classes congealing into castes: this, said Philip, was not a nation but only a welter of individuals,—geniuses and slaves; he would bring the hand of order down upon this turmoil, and make all Greece stand up united and strong as the political center and basis of the world. In his youth in Thebes he had learned the arts of military strategy and civil organization under the noble Epaminondas; and now, with courage as boundless as his ambition, he bettered the instruction. In 338 B. C. he defeated the Athenians at Chaeronea, and saw at last a Greece united, though with chains. And then, as he stood upon this victory, and planned how he and his son should master and unify the world, he fell under an assassin's hand.

Alexander, when Aristotle came, was a wild youth of thirteen: passionate, epileptic, almost alcoholic; it was his pastime to tame horses untamable by men. The efforts of the philosopher to cool the fires of this budding volcano were not of much avail; Alexander had better success with Bucephalus than Aristotle with Alexander. "For a while," says Plutarch, "Alexander loved and cherished Aristotle no less than as if he had been his own father; saying that though he had received life from the one, the other had taught him the art of liv-

ing." ("Life," says a fine Greek adage, "is the gift of Nature; but beautiful living is the gift of wisdom.") "For my part," said Alexander in a letter to Aristotle, "I had rather excel in the knowledge of what is good than in the extent of my power and dominion." But this was probably no more than a royal-youthful compliment; beneath the enthusiastic tyro of philosophy was the fiery son of a barbarian princess and an untamed king; the restraints of reason were too delicate to hold these ancestral passions in leash; and Alexander left philosophy after two years to mount the throne and ride the world. History leaves us free to believe (though we should suspect these pleasant thoughts) that Alexander's unifying passion derived some of its force and grandeur from his teacher, the most synthetic thinker in the history of thought; and that the conquest of order in the political realm by the pupil, and in the philosophic realm by the master, were but diverse sides of one noble and epic project—two magnificent Macedonians unifying two chaotic worlds.

But as usual, impersonal economic factors lay hidden under the surface of personal and dramatic events. The development of commerce had bound the Mediterranean nations, from Persia to Spain, into one great web of trade; and this commercial unity, harassed in a thousand ways by political frontiers, autocratic tolls, and the vicissitudes of unprotected transport, called insistently for unity of political and military administration. Persia controlled the Asiatic land routes of the eastern half of this economic system; Greece (or, since Philip, Macedon) controlled the Mediterranean sea-routes of the western half. It appeared to Alexander that the absorption of one of these political systems by the other was made in-

evitable by the growing pressure of economic circumstance. Hence his reply to the Persian embassy which came to him from Darius, suggesting conciliation and division of rule: "As it would be impossible for order to reign in the world with two suns, so it is impossible for the earth to be at peace with two masters." And so he set out, in the year 334 B. C., to conquer Persia. Three years later the task was accomplished, and the Mediterranean world was one.

He had left behind him, in the cities of Greece, governments favorable to him but populations resolutely hostile. The long tradition of a free and once imperial Athens made subjection—even to a brilliant world-conquering despot—intolerable; and the bitter eloquence of Demosthenes kept the Assembly always on the edge of revolt against the "Macedonian party" that held the reins of city power. Now when Aristotle, after another period of travel, returned to Athens in the year 334 B. C., he very naturally associated with this Macedonian group, and took no pains to conceal his approval of Alexander's unifying rule. As we study the remarkable succession of works, in speculation and research, which Aristotle proceeded to unfold in the last twelve years of his life; and as we watch him in his multifold tasks of organizing his school, and of organizing such a wealth of knowledge as probably never before had passed through the mind of one man; let us occasionally remember that this was no quiet and secure pursuit of truth; that at any minute the political sky might change, and precipitate a storm in this peaceful philosophic life. Only with this situation in mind shall we understand Aristotle's political philosophy, and his tragic end.

II. THE WORK OF ARISTOTLE

It was not hard for the instructor of the king of kings to find pupils even in so hostile a city as Athens. When, in the fifty-third year of his age, Aristotle established his school, the Lyceum, so many students flocked to him that it became necessary to make complicated regulations for the maintenance of order. The students themselves determined the rules, and elected, every ten days, one of their number to supervise the School. But we must not think of it as a place of rigid discipline; rather the picture which comes down to us is of scholars eating their meals in common with the master, and learning from him as he and they strolled up and down the Walk along the athletic field from which the Lyceum took its name.[4]

The new School was no mere replica of that which Plato had left behind him. The Academy was devoted above all to mathematics and to speculative and political philosophy; the Lyceum had rather a tendency to biology and the natural sciences. If we may believe Pliny,[5] Alexander instructed his hunters, gamekeepers, gardeners and fishermen to furnish Aristotle with all the zoological and botanical material he might desire; other ancient writers tell us that at one time he had at his disposal a thousand men scattered throughout Greece and Asia, collecting for him specimens of the fauna and flora of every land. With this

[4]The Walk was called *Peripatos;* hence the later name, Peripatetic School. The athletic field was part of the grounds of the temple of Apollo Lyceus —the protector of the flock against the wolf (*lycos*).

[5]*Hist. Nat.*, viii, 16; in Lewes, *Aristotle, a Chapter from the History of Science,* London, 1864, p. 15.

wealth of material he was enabled to establish the first great zoological garden that the world had seen. We can hardly exaggerate the influence of this collection upon his science and his philosophy.

Where did Aristotle derive the funds to finance these undertakings? He was himself, by this time, a man of spacious income; and he had married into the fortune of one of the most powerful public men in Greece. Athenaeus (no doubt with some exaggeration) relates that Alexander gave Aristotle, for physical and biological equipment and research, the sum of 800 talents (in modern purchasing power, some $4,000,000).[6] It was at Aristotle's suggestion, some think, that Alexander sent a costly expedition to explore the sources of the Nile and discover the causes of its periodical overflow.[7] Such works as the digest of 158 political constitutions, drawn up for Aristotle, indicate a considerable corps of aides and secretaries. In short we have here the first example in European history of the large-scale financing of science by public wealth. What knowledge would we not win if modern states were to support research on a proportionately lavish scale!

Yet we should do Aristotle injustice if we were to ignore the almost fatal limitations of equipment which accompanied these unprecedented resources and facilities. He was compelled "to fix time without a watch, to compare degrees of heat without a thermometer, to observe the heavens without a telescope, and the weather without a barometer. . . . Of all our mathematical, optical and physical instruments he possessed only the rule and compass,

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[6]Grant, *Aristotle,* Edinburgh, 1877, p. 18.

[7]The expedition reported that the inundations were due to the melting of the snow on the mountains of Abyssinia.

together with the most imperfect substitutes for some few others. Chemical analysis, correct measurements and weights, and a thorough application of mathematics to physics, were unknown. The attractive force of matter, the law of gravitation, electrical phenomena, the conditions of chemical combination, pressure of air and its effects, the nature of light, heat, combustion, etc.; in short, all the facts on which the physical theories of modern science are based were wholly, or almost wholly, undiscovered."[8]

See, here, how inventions make history: for lack of a telescope, Aristotle's astronomy is a tissue of childish romance; for lack of a microscope his biology wanders endlessly astray. Indeed, it was in industrial and technical invention that Greece fell furthest below the general standard of its unparalleled achievements. The Greek disdain of manual work kept everybody but the listless slave from direct acquaintance with the processes of production, from that stimulating contact with machinery which reveals defects and prefigures possibilities; technical invention was possible only to those who had no interest in it, and could not derive from it any material reward. Perhaps the very cheapness of the slaves made invention lag; muscle was still less costly than machines. And so, while Greek commerce conquered the Mediterranean Sea, and Greek philosophy conquered the Mediterranean mind, Greek science straggled, and Greek industry remained almost where Ægean industry had been when the invading Greeks had come down upon it, at Cnossos, at Tiryns and Mycene, a thousand years before. No doubt we have here the reason why Aristotle so seldom appeals to

[8]Zeller, i, 264, 443.

experiment; the mechanisms of experiment had not yet been made; and the best he could do was to achieve an almost universal and continuous observation. Nevertheless the vast body of data gathered by him and his assistants became the groundwork of the progress of science, the text-book of knowledge for two thousand years; one of the wonders of the work of man.

Aristotle's writings ran into the hundreds. Some ancient authors credit him with four hundred volumes, others with a thousand. What remains is but a part, and yet it is a library in itself—conceive the scope and grandeur of the whole. There are, first, the *Logical* works: "Categories," "Topics," "Prior" and "Posterior Analytics," "Propositions," and "Sophistical Refutations"; these works were collected and edited by the later Peripatetics under the general title of Aristotle's "Organon,"—that is, the organ or instrument of correct thinking. Secondly, there are the *Scientific* works: "Physics," "On the Heavens," "Growth and Decay," "Meteorology," "Natural History," "On the Soul," "The Parts of Animals," "The Movements of Animals," and "The Generation of Animals." There are, thirdly, the *Esthetic* works: "Rhetoric" and "Poetics." And fourthly come the more strictly *Philosophical* works: "Ethics," "Politics," and "Metaphysics."[9] Here, evidently, is the Encyclopaedia Britannica of Greece: every problem under the sun and about it finds a place; no wonder there are more errors and absurdities here than in any other philosopher who ever wrote. Here

[9]This is the chronological order, so far as known (Zeller, i, 156f). Our discussion will follow this order except in the case of the "Metaphysics."

is such a synthesis of knowledge and theory as no man would ever achieve again till Spencer's day, and even then not half so magnificently; here, better than Alexander's fitful and brutal victory, was a conquest of the world. If philosophy is the quest of unity Aristotle deserves the high name that twenty centuries gave him—*Ille Philosophus*: *The* Philosopher.

Naturally, in a mind of such scientific turn, poesy was lacking. We must not expect of Aristotle such literary brilliance as floods the pages of the dramatist-philosopher Plato. Instead of giving us great literature, in which philosophy is embodied (and obscured) in myth and imagery, Aristotle gives us science, technical, abstract, concentrated; if we go to him for entertainment we shall sue for the return of our money. Instead of giving terms to literature, as Plato did, he builds the terminology of science and philosophy; we can hardly speak of any science today without employing terms which he invented; they lie like fossils in the strata of our speech: faculty, mean, maxim (meaning, in Aristotle, the major premise of a syllogism), category, energy, actuality, motive, end, principle, form—these indispensable coins of philosophic thought were minted in his mind. And perhaps this passage from delightful dialogue to precise scientific treatise was a necessary step in the development of philosophy; and science, which is the basis and backbone of philosophy, could not grow until it had evolved its own strict methods of procedure and expression. Aristotle, too, wrote literary dialogues, as highly reputed in their day as Plato's, but they are lost, just as the scientific treatises of Plato have perished. Probably time has preserved of each man the better part.

Finally, it is possible that the writings at-

tributed to Aristotle were not his, but were largely the compilations of students and followers who had embalmed the unadorned substance of his lectures in their notes. It does not appear that Aristotle published in his lifetime any writings except those on logic and rhetoric; and the present form of the logical treatises is due to later editing. In the case of the *Metaphysics* and the *Politics* the notes left by Aristotle seem to have been put together by his executors without revision or alteration. Even the unity of style which marks Aristotle's writings, and offers an argument to those who defend his direct authorship, may be, after all, merely a unity given them through common editing by the Peripatetic School. About this matter there rages a sort of Homeric question, of almost epic scope, into which the busy reader will not care to go, and on which a modest student will not undertake to judge.[10] We may at all events be sure that Aristotle is the spiritual author of all these books that bear his name: that the hand may be in some cases another's hand, but that the head and the heart are his.[11]

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[10]Cf. Zeller, ii, 204, note; Encyc. Brit., ii, 509; and Shule: *History of the Aristotelian Writings.*

[11]The reader who wishes to go to the philosopher himself will find the *Meteorology* an interesting example of Aristotle's scientific work; he will derive much practical instruction from the *Rhetoric;* and he will find Aristotle at his best in books i-ii of the *Ethics,* and books i-iv of the *Politics.* The best translation of the *Ethics* is Welldon's; of the *Politics,* Jowett's. Sir Alexander Grant's *Aristotle* is a simple book; Zeller's *Aristotle* (vols. iii-iv in his *Greek Philosophy*) is scholarly but dry; Gomperz's *Greek Thinkers* (vol. iv) is masterly but difficult.

III. THE FOUNDATION OF LOGIC

The first great distinction of Aristotle is that almost without predecessors, almost entirely by his own hard thinking, he created a new science —Logic. Renan[12] speaks of "the ill training of every mind that has not, directly or indirectly, come under Greek discipline"; but in truth the Greek intellect itself was undisciplined and chaotic till the ruthless formulae of Aristotle provided a ready method for the test and correction of thought. Even Plato (if a lover may so far presume) was an unruly and irregular soul, caught up too frequently in a cloud of myth, and letting beauty too richly veil the face of truth. Aristotle himself, as we shall see, violated his own canons plentifully; but then he was the product of his past, and not of that future which his thought would build. The political and economic decay of Greece brought a weakening of the Hellenic mind and character after Aristotle; but when a new race, after a millennium of barbaric darkness, found again the leisure and ability for speculation, it was Aristotle's "Organon" of logic, translated by Boethius (470-525 A. D.), that became the very mould of medieval thought, the strict mother of that scholastic philosophy which, though rendered sterile by encircling dogmas, nevertheless trained the intellect of adolescent Europe to reasoning and subtlety, constructed the terminology of modern science, and laid the bases of that same maturity of mind which was to outgrow and overthrow the very system and methods which had given it birth and sustenance.

[12] *History of the People of Israel,* vol. v, p. 338.

Logic means, simply, the art and method of correct thinking. It is the *logy* or method of every science, of every discipline and every art; and even music harbors it. It is a science because to a considerable extent the processes of right thinking (and we use "right" not in a moral but in a mathematical sense) can be reduced to rules like physics and geometry, and taught to any normal mind; it is an art because by practice it gives to thought, at last, that unconscious and immediate accuracy which guides the fingers of the pianist over his instrument to effortless harmonies. Nothing is so dull as logic, and nothing is so important.

There was a hint of this new science in Socrates' maddening insistence on definitions, and in Plato's constant refining of every concept. Aristotle's little treatise on *Definitions* shows how his logic found nourishment at this source. "If you wish to converse with me," said Voltaire, "define your terms." How many a debate would have been deflated into a paragraph if the disputants had dared to define their terms! This is the alpha and omega of logic, the heart and soul of it, that every important term in serious discourse shall be subjected to strictest scrutiny and definition. It is difficult, and ruthlessly tests the mind; but once done it is half of any task.

Yet how shall we proceed to define an object or a term? Aristotle answers that every good definition has two parts, stands on two solid feet: first, it assigns the object in question to a class or group of objects whose general characteristics are also its own—so man is, first of all, an animal; and secondly, it indicates wherein the object differs from all the other members of its class—so man, in the Aristotelian system, is a *rational* animal, his "specific

difference" is that unlike all other animals he is rational (here, you see, is the origin of a pretty legend). Aristotle drops an object into the ocean of its class, then takes it out all dripping with generic meaning, with the marks of its kind and group; while its individuality and difference shine out all the more clearly for this juxtaposition with other objects which resemble it so much and are so different.

Passing out from this rear line of logic we come into the great battlefield on which Aristotle fought out with Plato the dread question of "universals"; it was the first conflict in a war which was to last till our own day, and make all medieval Europe ring with the clash of "realists" and "nominalists."[13] A universal, to Aristotle, is any common noun, any name capable of universal application to the members of a class: so *animal*, *man*, *book*, *tree*, are universals. But these universals are subjective notions, not tangibly objective realities; they are *nomina* (names), not *res* (things); all that exists outside us is a world of individual and specific objects, not of generic and universal things; men exist, and trees, and animals; but man-in-general, or the universal man, does not exist, except in thought; he is a handy mental abstraction, not an external presence or *reality*. Now Aristotle understands Plato to have held that great universals have objective existence; and indeed Plato had said that the universal is incomparably more lasting and important and substantial than the individual—the latter being but a little wavelet in a ceaseless surf; *men* come and go, but *man* goes on forever. Aristotle's is a matter-of-fact mind;

[13]It was in reference to this debate that Friedrich Schlegel said, "Every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian" (in Benn, i, 291).

as William James would say, a tough, not a tender, mind; he sees the root of endless mysticism and scholarly nonsense in this Platonic "realism"; and he attacks it with all the vigor of a first polemic. As Brutus loved not Caesar less but Rome more, so Aristotle says, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*—"Dear is Plato, but dearer still is truth." A hostile commentator might remark that Aristotle (like Nietzsche) criticizes Plato so keenly because he is conscious of having borrowed from him generously; no man is a hero to his debtors. But Aristotle has a healthy attitude, nevertheless; he is a realist almost in the modern sense; he is resolved to concern himself with the objective presence, while Plato is absorbed in a subjective future; or, to juggle with the words, Aristotle has a present objective, and Plato's subject is the future. There was, in the Socratic-Platonic demand for definitions, a tendency away from things and facts to theories and ideas, from particulars to generalities, from science to scholasticism; at last Plato became so devoted to generalities that they began to determine his particulars, so devoted to ideas that they began to define or select his facts. Aristotle preaches a return to things, to the "unwithered face of nature" and reality; he had a lusty preference for the concrete particular, for the flesh and blood individual. But Plato so loved the general and universal that in the *Republic* he destroyed the individual to make a perfect state.

Yet, as is the usual humor of history, the young warrior takes over many of the qualities of the old master whom he assails. We have always goodly stock in us of that which we condemn: as only similars can be profitably contrasted, so only similar people quarrel, and

the bitterest wars are over the slightest variations of purpose or belief. The knightly Crusaders found in Saladin a gentleman with whom they could quarrel amicably; but when the Christians of Europe broke into hostile camps there was no quarter for even the courtliest foe. Aristotle is so ruthless with Plato because there is so much of Plato in him; he too remains a lover of abstractions and generalities, repeatedly betraying the simple fact for some speciously bedizened theory, and compelled to a continuous struggle to conquer the philosophic passion for exploring the empyrean.

There is a heavy trace of this in the most characteristic and original of Aristotle's contributions to philosophy—the doctrine of the syllogism. A syllogism is a trio of propositions of which the third (the conclusion) follows from the conceded truth of the other two (the "major" and "minor" premises). E. g., man is a rational animal; but Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is a rational animal. The mathematical reader will see at once that the structure of the syllogism resembles the proposition that two things equal to the same thing are equal to each other; if A is B, and C is A, then C is B. As in the mathematical case the conclusion is reached by canceling from both premises their common term, A; so in our syllogism the conclusion is reached by canceling from both premises their common term "man," and combining what remains. The difficulty, as logicians have pointed out from the days of Pyrrho to those of Stuart Mill, lies in this, that the major premise of the syllogism takes for granted precisely the point to be proved; for if Socrates is not rational (and since no one questions that he is a man) it is not universally true that man is a rational animal. Aristotle would reply, no doubt, that

where an individual is found to have a large number of qualities characteristic of a class ("Socrates is a man"), a strong presumption is established that the individual has the other qualities characteristic of the class ("rationality"). But apparently the syllogism is not a mechanism for the discovery of truth so much as for the clarification of exposition and thought.

All this, then, like the many other items of the Organon, has its value: "Aristotle has discovered and formulated every canon of theoretical consistency, and every artifice of dialectical debate, with an industry and acuteness which cannot be too highly extolled; and his labors in this direction have perhaps contributed more than any other single writer to the intellectual stimulation of after ages."[14] But no man ever lived who could lift logic to a lofty strain: a guide to correct reasoning is as elevating as a manual of etiquette; we may use it, but it hardly spurs us to nobility. Not even the bravest philosopher would sing to a book of logic underneath the bough. One always feels towards logic as Virgil bade Dante feel towards those who had been damned because of their colorless neutrality: *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa*—"Let us think no more about them, but look once and pass on."[15]

IV. THE ORGANIZATION OF SCIENCE

1. GREEK SCIENCE BEFORE ARISTOTLE

"Socrates," says Renan,[16] "gave philosophy to mankind, and Aristotle gave it science. There was philosophy before Socrates, and science before Aristotle; and since Socrates and since

[14]Benn, i, 307.
[15]*Inferno*, iii, 60.
[16]*Life of Jesus*, ch. 28.

Aristotle, philosophy and science have made immense advances. But all has been built upon the foundation which they laid." Before Aristotle, science was in embryo; with him it was born.

Earlier civilizations than the Greek had made attempts at science; but so far as we can catch their thought through their still obscure cuneiform and hieroglyphic script, their science was indistinguishable from theology. That is to say, these pre-Hellenic peoples explained every obscure operation in Nature by some supernatural agency; everywhere there were gods. Apparently it was the Ionian Greeks who first dared to give natural explanations of cosmic complexities and mysterious events: they sought in physics the natural causes of particular incidents, and in philosophy a natural theory of the whole. Thales (640-550 B. C.), the "Father of Philosophy," was primarily an astronomer, who astonished the natives of Miletus by informing them that the sun and stars (which they were wont to worship as gods) were merely balls of fire. His pupil Anaximander (610-540 B. C.), the first Greek to make astronomic and geographical charts, believed that the universe had begun as an undifferentiated mass, from which all things had arisen by the separation of opposites; that astronomic history periodically repeated itself in the evolution and dissolution of an infinite number of worlds; that the earth was at rest in space by a balance of internal impulsions (like Buridan's ass); that all our planets had once been fluid, but had been evaporated by the sun; that life had first been formed in the sea, but had been driven upon the land by the subsidence of the water; that of these stranded animals some had developed the capacity to breathe air, and had so become the progenitors

of all later land life; that man could not from the beginning have been what he now was, for if man, on his first appearance, had been so helpless at birth, and had required so long an adolescence, as in these later days, he could not possibly have survived. Anaximenes, another Milesian (fl. 450 B. C.), described the primeval condition of things as a very rarefied mass, gradually condensing into wind, cloud, water, earth, and stone; the three forms of matter—gas, liquid and solid—were progressive stages of condensation; heat and cold were merely rarefaction and condensation; earthquakes were due to the solidification of an originally fluid earth; life and soul were one, an animating and expansive force present in everything everywhere. Anaxagoras (500-428 B. C.), teacher of Pericles, seems to have given a correct explanation of solar and lunar eclipses; he discovered the processes of respiration in plants and fishes; and he explained man's intelligence by the power of manipulation that came when the fore-limbs were freed from the tasks of locomotion.

Heraclitus (530-470 B.C.), who left wealth and its cares to live a life of poverty and study in the shade of the temple porticoes at Ephesus, turned science from astronomy to earthlier concerns. All things forever flow and change, he said; even in the stillest matter there is unseen flux and movement. Cosmic history runs in repetitious cycles, each beginning and ending in fire (here is one source of the Stoic and Christian doctrine of last judgment and hell). "Through strife," says Heraclitus, "all things arise and pass away. . . War is the father and king of all: some he has made gods and some men; some slaves, and some free." Where there is no strife there is decay: "the mixture which is not shaken decomposes." In this flux of change and struggle and selection, only one

thing is constant, and that is law. "This order, the same for all things, no one of gods or men has made; but it always was, and is, and shall be."—Empedocles (fl. 445 B. C., in Sicily) developed to a further stage the idea of evolution.[17] Organs arise not by design but by selection. Nature makes many trials and experiments with organisms, combining organs variously; where the combination fails, the organism is weeded out; as time goes on, organisms are more and more intricately and successfully adapted to their surroundings.—Finally, in Leucippus (fl. 445 B. C.) and Democritus (460-360), master and pupil in Thracian Abdera, we get the last stage of pre-Aristotelian science—materialistic, deterministic atomism. "Everything," said Leucippus, "is driven by necessity." "In reality," says Democritus,[18] "there are only atoms and the void." Perception is due to the expulsion of atoms from the object upon the sense organ.[19] There are or have been or will be an infinite number of worlds; at every moment planets are colliding and dying, and new worlds are rising out of chaos by the selective aggregation of atoms of similar size and shape. There is no design; the universe is a machine.

This, in dizzy and superficial summary, is the story of Greek science before Aristotle. Its cruder items can be well forgiven when we consider the narrow circle of experimental and observational equipment within which these pioneers were compelled to work. The stagnation of Greek industry under the incubus of slavery prevented the full development of these magnificent be-

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[17]Cf. Osborn, *From the Greeks to Darwin;* and M. Arnold, *Empedocles on Etna.*

[18]Democritus is ranked above Plato and Aristotle in Francis Bacon's *De Principiis* (*Philosophical Works,* ed. Robertson, London, 1905, p. 650).

[19]Cf. Newton's theory of light, now (through Einstein) returning into favor.

ginnings; and the rapid complication of political life in Athens turned the Sophists and Socrates and Plato away from these physical and biological researches into the vaguer paths of ethical and political theory. It is one of the many glories of Aristotle that he was broad and brave enough to compass and combine these two lines of Greek thought, the physical and the moral; that going back beyond his teacher, he caught again the thread of scientific development in the pre-Socratic Greeks, carried on their work with more resolute detail and more varied observation, and brought together all the accumulated results in a magnificent body of organized science.

2. ARISTOTLE AS A NATURALIST

If we begin here chronologically, with his *Physics*, we shall be disappointed; for we find that this treatise is really a *metaphysics*, an abstruse analysis of matter, motion, space, time, infinity, cause, and other such "ultimate concepts." One of the more lively passages is an attack on Democritus' "void": there can be no void or vacuum in nature, says Aristotle, for in a vacuum all bodies would fall with equal velocity; this being impossible, "the supposed void turns out to have nothing in it"—an instance at once of Aristotle's very occasional humor, his addiction to unproved assumptions, and his tendency to disparage his predecessors in philosophy. It was the habit of our philosopher to preface his works with historical sketches of previous contributions to the subject in hand, and to add to every contribution an annihilating refutation. "Aristotle, after the Ottoman manner," says Bacon, "thought he could not reign secure without putting all his brethren to death."[20] But to this fratricidal mania we owe much of our knowledge of pre-Socratic thought.

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[20] *Advancement of Learning*, bk. iii. ch. 4.

For reasons already given, Aristotle's astronomy represents very little advance upon his predecessors. He rejects the view of Pythagoras (six century B. C.) that the sun is the center of our system; he prefers to give that honor to the earth. But the little treatise on meteorology is full of brilliant observations, and even its speculations strike illuminating fire. This is a cyclic world, says our philosopher: the sun forever evaporates the sea, dries up rivers and springs, and transforms at last the boundless ocean into the barest rock; while conversely the uplifted moisture, gathered into clouds, falls and renews the rivers and the seas. Everywhere change goes on, imperceptibly but effectively. Egypt is "the work of the Nile," the product of its deposits through a thousand centuries. Here the sea encroaches upon the land, there the land reaches out timidly into the sea; new continents and new oceans rise, old oceans and old continents disappear, and all the face of the world is changed and rechanged in a great systole and diastole of growth and dissolution. Sometimes these vast effects occur suddenly, and destroy the geological and material bases of civilization and even of life; great catastrophes have periodically denuded the earth and reduced man again to his first beginnings; like Sisyphus, civilization has repeatedly neared its zenith only to fall back into barbarism and begin *da capo* its upward travail. Hence the almost "eternal recurrence," in civilization after civilization, of the same inventions and discoveries, the same "dark ages" of slow economic and cultural accumulation, the same rebirths of learning and science and art. No doubt some popular myths are vague traditions surviving from earlier cultures. So the story of man runs in a dreary circle, because he is not yet master of the earth that holds him.

3. THE FOUNDATION OF BIOLOGY

It is not so with life.

As Aristotle walked wondering through his great zoological garden, he became convinced that the infinite variety of life could be arranged in a continuous series in which each link would be almost indistinguishable from the next. In all respects, whether in structure, or mode of life, or reproduction and rearing, or sensation and feeling, there are minute gradations and progressions from the lowest organisms to the highest.[21] At the bottom of the scale we can scarcely divide the living from the "dead": "nature makes so gradual a transition from the inanimate to the animate kingdom that the boundary lines which separate them are indistinct and doubtful"; and perhaps a degree of life exists even in the inorganic. Again, many species cannot with certainty be called plants or animals. And as in these lower organisms it is almost impossible at times to assign them to their proper genus and species, so similar are they; so in every order of life the continuity of gradations and differences is as remarkable as the diversity of functions and forms. But in the midst of this bewildering richness of structures certain things stand out convincingly: that life has grown steadily in complexity and in power;[22] that intelligence has progressed in correlation with complexity of structure and mobility of form;[23] that there has been an increasing specialization of function, and a continuous centralization of physiological control.[24] Slowly life created for

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[21] *Hist. Animalium,* viii.
[22] *De Anima,* ii, 2.
[23] *De Partibus Animalium,* i, 7; ii, 10.

itself a nervous system and a brain; and mind moved resolutely on towards the mastery of its environment.

The remarkable fact here is that with all these gradations and similarities leaping to Aristotle's eyes, he does not come to the theory of evolution. He rejects Empedocles' doctrine that all organs and organisms are a survival of the fittest,[25] and Anaxagoras' idea that man became intelligent by using his hands for manipulation rather than for movement; Aristotle thinks, on the contrary, that man so used his hands because he had become intelligent.[26] Indeed, Aristotle makes as many mistakes as possible for a man who is founding the science of biology. He thinks, for example, that the male element in reproduction merely stimulates and quickens; it does not occur to him (what we now know from experiments in parthenogenesis) that the essential function of the sperm is not so much to fertilize the ovum as to provide the embryo with the heritable qualities of the male parent, and so permit the offspring to be a vigorous variant, a new admixture of two ancestral lines. As human dissection was not practiced in his time, he is particularly fertile in physiological errors: he knows nothing of muscles, not even of their existence; he does not distinguish arteries from veins; he thinks the brain is an organ for cooling the blood; he believes, forgivably, that man has more sutures in the skull than woman; he believes, less forgivably, that man has only eight ribs on each side; he believes, incredibly and unforgivably, that woman has

[24] *De Partibus Animalium*, iv, 5-6.
[25] *De Anima*, ii, 4.
[26] *De Part. An.*, iv. 10.

fewer teeth than man.[27] Apparently Aristotle's relations with women were of the most amicable kind.

Yet he makes a greater total advance in biology than any Greek before or after him. He perceives that birds and reptiles are near allied in structure; that the monkey is in form intermediate between quadrupeds and man; and once he boldly declares that man belongs in one group of animals with the viviparous quadrupeds (our "mammals").[28] He remarks that the soul in infancy is scarcely distinguishable from the soul of animals.[29] He makes the illuminating observation that diet often determines the mode of life; "for of beasts some are gregarious, and others solitary—they live in the way which is best adapted to . . . obtain the food of their choice."[30] He anticipates Von Baer's famous law that characters common to the genus (like eyes and ears) appear in the developing organism before characters peculiar to its species (like the "formula" of the teeth), or to its individual self (like the final color of the eyes);[31] and he reaches out across two thousand years to anticipate Spencer's generalization that individuation varies inversely as genesis—that is, that the more highly developed and specialized a species or an individual happens to be, the smaller will be the number of its offspring.[32] He notices and explains reversion to type—the tendency of a prominent variation (like genius) to be diluted in mating and lost

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[27]Gomperz, iv. 57; Zeller, i, 262, note; Lewes, 158, 165, etc.

[28]*Hist. An.* i, 6; ii, 3.

[29]*Ibid.*, viii, 1.

[30]*Politics*, i, 8.

[31]*Hist. An.* i, 6; ii, 8.

[32]*De Generatione Animalium*, ii, 12.

in successive generations. He makes many zoological observations which, temporarily rejected by later biologists, have been confirmed by modern research—of fishes that make nests, for example, and a species of shark that boasts of a placenta.

And finally he establishes the science of embryology. "He who sees things grow from their beginning," he writes, "will have the finest view of them." Hippocrates (b. 460 B. C.), greatest of Greek physicians, had given a fine example of the experimental method, by breaking a hen's eggs at various stages of incubation; and had applied the results of these studies in his treatise "On the Origin of the Child." Aristotle followed this lead and performed experiments which enabled him to give a description of the development of the chick which even today arouses the admiration of embryologists.[33] He must have performed some novel experiments in genetics, for he disproves the theory that the sex of the child depends on what testis supplies the reproductive fluid, by quoting a case where the right testis of the father had been tied and yet the children had been of different sexes.[34] He raises some very modern problems of heredity. A woman of Elis had married a negro; her children were all whites, but in the next generation negroes reappeared; where, asks Aristotle, was the blackness hidden in the middle generation?[35] There was but a step from such a vital and intelligent query to the epochal experiments of Gregor Mendel (1822-1882). *Prudens quaestio dimidium scientiae—*

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[33] *De Part. An.*, iii, 4.
[34] Lewes, 112.
[35] Gomperz, iv, 169.

to know what to ask is already to know half. Surely, despite the errors that mar these biological works, they form the greatest monument ever raised to the science by any one man. When we consider that before Aristotle there had been, so far as we know, no biology beyond scattered observations, we perceive that this achievement alone might have sufficed for one life-time, and would have given immortality. But Aristotle had only begun.

V. METAPHYSICS AND THE NATURE OF GOD

His metaphysics grew out of his biology. Everything in the world is moved by an inner urge to become something greater than it is. Everything is both the *form* or reality which has grown out of something which was its *matter* or raw material; and it may in its turn be the matter out of which still higher forms will grow. So the man is the form of which the child was the matter; the child is the form and its embryo the matter; the embryo the form, the ovum the matter; and so back till we reach in a vague way the conception of matter without form at all. But such a formless matter would be no-thing, for every thing was a form. Matter, in its widest sense, is the possibility of form; and form is the actuality, the finished reality, of matter. Matter obstructs, form constructs. Form is not merely the shape but the shaping force, an inner necessity and impulse which moulds mere material to a specific figure and purpose; it is the realization of a potential capacity of matter; it is the sum of the powers residing in anything to do, to be, or to become. Nature is the conquest of matter

by form, the constant progression and victory of life.[36]

Everything in the world moves naturally to a specific fulfilment. Of the varied causes which determine an event, the final cause, which determines the purpose, is the most decisive and important. The mistakes and futilities of nature are due to the inertia of matter resisting the forming force of purpose—hence the abortions and the monsters that mar the panorama of life. Development is not haphazard or accidental (else how could we explain the almost universal appearance and transmission of useful organs?); everything is guided in a certain direction from within, by its nature and structure and entelechy;[37] the egg of the hen is internally designed or destined to become not a duck but a chick; the acorn becomes not a willow but an oak. This does not mean for Aristotle that there is an external providence designing earthly structures and events; rather the design is internal, and arises from the type and function of the thing. "Divine Providence

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[36]Half of our readers will be pleased, and the other half amused, to learn that among Aristotle's favorite examples of manner and form are woman and man; the male is the active, formative principle; the female is passive clay, waiting to be formed. Female offspring are the result of the failure of form to dominate matter *(De Gen. An.,* i, 2).

[37]*Entelecheia*—having *(echo,* its purpose *(telos)* within *(entos);* one of those magnificent Aristotelian terms which gather up into themselves a whole philosophy. The informed reader need not be reminded that the "ortho-genic" school of evolutionists finds its first formulation in these passages of Aristotle.

coincides completely for Aristotle with the operation of natural causes."[38]

Yet there is a God, though not perhaps the simple and human god conceived by the forgivable anthropomorphism of the adolescent mind. Aristotle approaches the problem from the old puzzle about motion—how, he asks, does motion begin? He will not accept the possibility that motion is as beginningless as he conceives matter to be: matter may be eternal, because it is merely the everlasting possibility of future forms; but when and how did that vast process of motion and formation begin which at last filled the wide universe with an infinity of shapes? Surely motion has a source, says Aristotle; and if we are not to plunge drearily into an infinite regress, putting back our problem step by step, endlessly, we must posit a prime mover unmoved (*primum mobile immotum*), a being incorporeal, indivisible, spaceless, sexless, passionless, changeless, perfect and eternal. God does not create, but he moves, the world; and he moves it not as a mechanical force but as the total motive of all operations in the world; "God moves the world as the beloved object moves the lover."[39] He is the final cause of nature, the drive and purpose of things, the form of the world; the principle of its life, the sum of its vital processes and powers, the inherent goal of its growth, the energizing entelechy of the whole. He is pure energy;[40] the Scholastic *Actus Purus*—activity *per se;* perhaps the mystic "Force" of modern physics and philosophy. He is not so much a person as a magnetic power.[41]

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[38]*Ethics*, i, 10; Zeller, ii, 329.
[39]*Metaphysics*, ix, 7.
[40]*Ibid*, xii, 8.
[41]Grant, 173.

Yet, with his usual inconsistency, Aristotle represents God as self-conscious spirit. A rather mysterious spirit; for Aristotle's God never does anything; he has no desires, no will, no purpose; he is activity so pure that he never acts. He is absolutely perfect; therefore he cannot desire anything; therefore he does nothing. His only occupation is to contemplate the essence of things; and since he himself is the essence of all things, the form of all forms, his sole employment is the contemplation of himself.[42] Poor Aristotelian God!—he is a *roi-fainéant*, a do-nothing king; "the king reigns, but he does not rule." No wonder the British like Aristotle; his God is obviously copied from their king.

Or from Aristotle himself. Our philosopher so loved contemplation that he sacrificed to it his conception of divinity. His God is of the quiet Aristotelian type, nothing romantic, withdrawn to his ivory tower from the strife and stain of things; all the world away from the philosopher-kings of Plato, or from the stern flesh-and-blood reality of Yahveh, or the gentle and solicitous fatherhood of the Christian God.

VI. PSYCHOLOGY AND THE NATURE OF ART

Aristotle's psychology is marred with similar obscurity and vacillation. There are many interesting passages: the power of habit is emphasized, and is for the first time called "second nature"; and the laws of association, though not developed, find here a definite formulation. But both the crucial problems of philosophical psychology—the freedom of the will and the immortality of the soul—are left

[42] *Meta.* xii, 8; *Ethics,* x, 8.

in haze and doubt. Aristotle talks at times like a determinist—"We cannot directly will to be different from what we are"; but he goes on to argue, against determinism, that we can choose what we shall be, by choosing now the environment that shall mould us; so we are free in the sense that we mould our own characters by our choice of friends, books, occupations, and amusements.[43] He does not anticipate the determinist's ready reply that these formative choices are themselves determined by our antecedent character, and this at last by unchosen heredity and early environment. He presses the point that our persistent use of praise and blame presupposes moral responsibility and free will; it does not occur to him that the determinist might reach from the same premises a precisely opposite conclusion —that praise and blame are given that they may be part of the factors determining subsequent action.

Aristotle's theory of the soul begins with an interesting definition. The soul is the entire vital principle of any organism, the sum of its powers and processes. In plants the soul is merely a nutritive and reproductive power; in animals it is also a sensitive and locomotor power; in man it is as well the power of reason and thought.[44] The soul, as the sum of the powers of the body, cannot exist without it; the two are as form and wax, separable only in thought, but in reality one organic whole; the soul is not put into the body like the quicksilver inserted by Daedalus into the images of Venus to make "stand-ups" of them. A personal and particular soul can exist only in its own

[43] *Ethics*, iii, 7.
[44] *De Amina* ii.

body. Nevertheless the soul is not material, as Democritus would have it; nor does it all die. Part of the rational power of the human soul is passive: it is bound up with memory, and dies with the body that bore the memory; but the "active reason," the pure power of thought, is independent of memory and is untouched with decay. The active reason is the universal as distinguished from the individual element in man; what survives is not the personality, with its transitory affections and desires, but mind in its most abstract and impersonal form.[45] In short, Aristotle destroys the soul in order to give it immortality; the immortal soul is "pure thought," undefiled with reality, just as Aristotle's God is pure activity, undefiled with action. Let him who can, be comforted with this theology. One wonders sometimes whether this metaphysical eating of one's cake and keeping it is not Aristotle's subtle way of saving himself from anti-Macedonian hemlock?

In a safer field of psychology he writes more originally and to the point, and almost creates the study of esthetics, the theory of beauty and art. Artistic creation, says Aristotle, springs from the formative impulse and the craving for emotional expression. Essentially the form of art is an imitation of reality; it holds the mirror up to nature.[46] There is in man a pleasure in imitation, apparently missing in lower animals. Yet the aim of art is to represent not the outward appearance of things, but their inward significance; for this, and not the external mannerism and detail, is their reality. There may be more human verity in the sternly

[45] *De Anima,* ii, 4; i, 4; iii, 5.
[46] *Poetics,* i, 1447.

classic moderation of the *Œdipus Rex* than in all the realistic tears of the *Trojan Women.*

The noblest art appeals to the intellect as well as to the feelings (as a symphony appeals to us not only by its harmonies and sequences but by its structure and development); and this intellectual pleasure is the highest form of joy to which any man can rise. Hence a work of art should aim at form, and above all at unity, which is the backbone of structure and the focus of form. A drama, e.g., should have unity of action: there should be no confusing sub-plots, nor any digressive episodes.[47] But above all, the function of art is catharsis, purification: emotions accumulated in us under the pressure of social restraints, and liable to sudden issue in unsocial and destructive action, are touched off and sluiced away in the harmless form of theatrical excitement; so tragedy "through pity and fear, effects the proper purgation of these emotions."[48] Aristotle misses certain features of tragedy (e. g., the conflict of principles and personalities); but in this theory of catharsis he has made a suggestion endlessly fertile in the understanding of the almost mystic power of art. It is an illuminating instance of his ability to enter every field of speculation, and to adorn whatever he touches.

VII. ETHICS AND THE NATURE OF HAPPINESS

And yet, as Aristotle developed, and young men crowded about him to be taught and

[47]Aristotle gives only one sentence to unity of time; and does not mention unity of place; so that the "three unities" commonly foisted upon him are later inventions (Norwood, *Greek Tragedy,* p. 42, note).

[48]*Poetics,* vi, 1449.

formed, more and more his mind turned from the details of science to the larger and vaguer problems of conduct and character. It came to him more clearly that above all questions of the physical world there loomed the question of questions—what is the best life?—what is life's supreme good?—what is virtue?—how shall we find happiness and fulfilment?

He is realistically simple in his ethics. His scientific training keeps him from the preachment of superhuman ideals and empty counsels of perfection. "In Aristotle," says Santayana, "the conception of human nature is perfectly sound; every ideal has a natural basis, and everything natural has an ideal development." Aristotle begins by frankly recognizing that the aim of life is not goodness for its own sake, but happiness. "For we choose happiness for itself, and never with a view to anything further; whereas we choose honor, pleasure, intellect . . . because we believe that through them we shall be made happy."[49] But he realizes that to call happiness the supreme good is a mere truism; what is wanted is some clearer account of the nature of happiness, and the way to it. He hopes to find this way by asking wherein man differs from other beings; and by presuming that man's happiness will lie in the full functioning of this specifically human quality. Now the peculiar excellence of man is his power of thought; it is by this that he surpasses and rules all other forms of life; and as the growth of this faculty has given him his supremacy, so, we may presume, its development will give him fulfilment and happiness.

The chief condition of happiness, then, barring certain physical pre-requisites, is the life of reason—the specific glory and power of

[49] *Ethics*, i, 7.

man. Virtue, or rather excellence,[50] will depend on clear judgment, self-control, symmetry of desire, artistry of means; it is not the possession of the simple man, nor the gift of innocent intent, but the achievement of experience in the fully developed man. Yet there is a road to it, a guide to excellence, which may save many detours and delays: it is the middle way, the golden mean. The qualities of character can be arranged in triads, in each of which the first and last qualities will be extremes and vices, and the middle quality a virtue or an excellence. So between cowardice and rashness is courage; between stinginess and extravagance is liberality; between sloth and greed is ambition; between humility and pride is modesty; between secrecy and loquacity, honesty; between moroseness and buffoonery, good humor; between quarrelsomeness and flattery, friendship; between Hamlet's indecisiveness and Quixote's impulsiveness is self-control.[51] "Right," then, in ethics or conduct, is not different from "right" in mathematics or engineering; it means correct, fit, what works best to the best result. The golden mean, however, is not like the mathematical mean, an exact average of two precisely calculable extremes; it fluctuates with the collateral circumstances of each situation, and discovers itself only to ma-

[50]The word *excellence* is probably the fittest translation of the Greek *arete*, usually mistranslated *virtue*. The reader will avoid misunderstanding Plato and Aristotle if, where translators write *virtue*, he will substitute *excellence*, *ability*, or *capacity*. The Greek *arete* is the Roman *virtus;* both imply a masculine sort of excellence (*Ares*, god of war; *vir*, a male). Classical antiquity conceived virtue in terms of man, just as medieval Christianity conceived it in terms of woman.

[51]*Ethics*, i, 7.

ture and flexible reason. Excellence is an art won by training and habituation: we do not act rightly because we have virtue or excellence, but we rather have these because we have acted rightly; "these virtues are formed in man by his doing the actions";[52] we are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, then, is not an act but a habit: "the good of man is a working of the soul in the way of excellence in a complete life: . . . for as it is not one swallow or one fine day that makes a spring, so it is not one day or a short time that makes a man blessed and happy."[53]

Youth is the age of extremes: "if the young commit a fault it is always on the side of excess and exaggeration." The great difficulty of youth (and of many of youth's elders) is to get out of one extreme without falling into its opposite. For one extreme easily passes into the other, whether through "over-correction" or elsewise: insincerity doth protest too much, and humility hovers on the precipice of conceit.[54] Those who are consciously at one extreme will give the name of virtue not to the mean but to the opposite extreme. Sometimes this is well; for if we are conscious of erring in one extreme "we should aim at the other, and so we may reach the middle position, . . . as men do in straightening bent timber."[55] But unconscious extremists look upon the golden mean as the greatest vice; they "expel towards each other the man in the middle position; the brave man is called rash by the coward, and cowardly by the rash man, and in other cases

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[52]*Ethics*, ii, 4.
[53]*Ibid*, i, 7.
[54]"The vanity of Antisthenes" (the Cynic), said Plato, "peeps out through the holes in his cloak."
[55]*Ethics*, ii, 9.

accordingly";[56] so in modern politics the "liberal" is called "conservative" and "radical" by the radical and the conservative.

It is obvious that this doctrine of the mean is the formulation of a characteristic attitude which appears in almost every system of Greek philosophy. Plato had had it in mind when he called virtue harmonious action; Socrates when he identified virtue with knowledge. The Seven Wise Men had established the tradition by engraving, on the temple of Apollo at Delphi, the motto *meden agan*,—nothing in excess. Perhaps, as Nietzsche claims,[57] all these were attempts of the Greeks to check their own violence and impulsiveness of character; more truly, they reflected the Greek feeling that passions are not of themselves vices, but the raw material of both vice and virtue, according as they function in excess and disproportion, or in measure and harmony.[58]

But the golden mean, says our matter-of-fact philosopher, is not all of the secret of happiness. We must have, too, a fair degree of worldly goods: poverty makes one stingy and grasping; while possessions give one that freedom from care and greed which is the source of aristocratic ease and charm. The noblest of these external aids to happiness is friendship. Indeed, friendship is more necessary to the happy than to the unhappy; for happiness is

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[56] *Ethics*, ii, 8.

[57] *The Birth of Tragedy.*

[58] Cf. a sociological formulation of the same idea: "Values are never absolute, but only relative. . . . A certain quality it ought to be; therefore we place a value upon it, and . . . encourage and cultivate it. As a result of this valuation we call it a virtue; but if the same quality should become superabundant we should call it a vice and try to repress it."—Carver, *Essays in Social Justice.*

multiplied by being shared. It is more important than justice: for "when men are friends, justice is unnecessary; but when men are just, friendship is still a boon." "A friend is one soul in two bodies." Yet friendship implies few friends rather than many; "he who has many friends has no friend"; and "to be a friend to many people in the way of perfect friendship is impossible." Fine friendship requires duration rather than fitful intensity; and this implies stability of character; it is to altered character that we must attribute the dissolving kaleidoscope of friendship. And friendship requires equality; for gratitude gives it at best a slippery basis. Benefactors are commonly held to have more friendship for the objects of their kindness than these for them.

The account of the matter which satisfies most persons is that the one are debtors and the other creditors, . . . and the debtors wish their creditors out of the way, while the creditors are anxious that their debtors should be preserved. Aristotle rejects this interpretation; he prefers to believe that the greater tenderness of the benefactor is to be explained on the analogy of the artist's affection for his work, or the mother's for her child. We love that which we have made.[59]

And yet, though external goods and relationships are necessary to happiness, its essence remains within us, in rounded knowledge and clarity of soul. Surely sense pleasure is not the way: that road is a circle; as Socrates phrased the coarser Epicurean idea, we scratch that we may itch, and itch that we may scratch. Nor can a political career be the way; for therein we walk subject to the whims of the

[59] *Ethics,* viii and ix.

people; and nothing is so fickle as the crowd. No, happiness must be a pleasure of the mind; and we may trust it only when it comes from the pursuit or the capture of truth. "The operation of the intellect . . . aims at no end beyond itself, and finds in itself the pleasure which stimulates it to further operation; and since the attributes of self-sufficiency, unweariedness, and capacity for rest, . . . plainly belong to this occupation, in it must lie perfect happiness."[60]

Aristotle's ideal man, however, is no mere metaphysician. "He does not expose himself needlessly to danger, since there are few things for which he cares sufficiently; but he is willing, in great crises, to give even his life,—knowing that under certain conditions it is not worth while to live. He is of a disposition to do men service, though he is ashamed to have a service done to him. To confer a kindness is a mark of superiority; to receive one is a mark of subordination . . . He does not take part in public displays . . . He is open in his dislikes and preferences; he talks and acts frankly, because of his contempt for men and things . . . He is never fired with admiration, since there is nothing great in his eyes. He cannot live in complaisance with others, except it be a friend; complaisance is the characteristic of a slave . . . He never feels malice, and always forgets and passes over injuries . . . He is not fond of talking . . . It is no concern of his that he should be praised, or that others should be blamed. He does not speak evil of others, even of his enemies, unless it be to themselves. His carriage is sedate, his voice deep, his speech measured; he is not given to hurry, for he is concerned about only a few things; he is not

[60] *Ethics*, x, 7.

prone to vehemence, for he thinks nothing very important. A shrill voice and hasty steps come to a man through care . . . He bears the accidents of life with dignity and grace, making the best of his circumstances, like a skillful general who marshals his limited forces with all the strategy of war . . . He is his own best friend, and takes delight in privacy whereas the man of no virtue or ability is his own worst enemy, and is afraid of solitude."[61]

Such is the Superman of Aristotle.

VIII. POLITICS

1. COMMUNISM AND CONSERVATISM

To so aristocratic an ethic there naturally follows (or was the sequence the other way?) a severely aristocratic political philosophy. It was not to be expected that the tutor of an emperor and the husband of a princess would have any exaggerated attachment to the common people, or even to the mercantile bourgeoisie; our philosophy is where our treasure lies. But further, Aristotle was honestly conservative because of the turmoil and disaster that had come out of Athenian democracy; like a typical scholar he longed for order, security, and peace; this, he felt, was no time for political extravaganzas. Radicalism is a luxury of stability; we may dare to change things only when things lie steady under our hands. And in general, says Aristotle, "the habit of lightly changing the laws is an evil; and when the advantage of change is small, some defects whether in the law or in the ruler had better be met with philosophic toleration. The citizen will gain less by the change than he will lose by acquiring the habit of disobedience."[62] The

[61] *Ethics*, iv, 3. [62] *Politics*, ii, 8.

power of the law to secure observance, and therefore to maintain political stability, rests very largely on custom; and "to pass lightly from old laws to new ones is a certain means of weakening the inmost essence of all law whatever."[63] "Let us not disregard the experience of ages: surely, in the multitude of years, these things, if they were good, would not have remained unknown."[64]

"These things" of course, means chiefly Plato's communistic republic. Aristotle fights the realism of Plato about universals, and the idealism of Plato about government. He finds many dark spots in the picture painted by the Master. He does not relish the barrack-like continuity of contact to which Plato apparently condemned his guardian philosophers; conservative though he is, Aristotle values individual quality, privacy, and liberty above social efficiency and power. He would not care to call every contemporary brother or sister, nor every elder person father or mother; if all are your brothers, none is; and "how much better it is to be the real cousin of somebody than to be a son after Plato's fashion!"[65] In a state having women and children in common, "love will be watery. . . . Of the two qualities which chiefly inspire regard and affection—that a thing is your own, and that it awakens real love in you—neither can exist in such a state" as Plato's.[66]

Perhaps there was, in the dim past, a communistic society, when the family was the only state, and pasturage or simple tillage the only form of life. But "in a more divided state of society," where the division of labor into unequally important functions elicits and en-

[63] *Politics,* v, 8.
[64] *Ibid,* ii, 5.
[65] *Politics,* ii, 3.
[66] *Ibid.,* ii, 4.

larges the natural inequality of men, communism breaks down because it provides no adequate incentive for the exertion of superior abilities. The stimulus of gain is necessary to arduous work; and the stimulus of ownership is necessary to proper industry, husbandry and care. When everybody owns everything nobody will take care of anything. "That which is common to the greatest number has the least attention bestowed upon it. Everyone thinks chiefly of his own, hardly ever of the public, interest."[67] And "there is always a difficulty in living together, or having things in common, but especially in having common property. The partnerships of fellow-travelers" (to say nothing of the arduous communism of marriage), "are an example to the point; for they generally fall out by the way, and quarrel about any trifle that turns up."[68]

"Men readily listen" to Utopias, "and are easily induced to believe that in some wonderful manner everybody will become everybody's friend, especially when someone is heard denouncing the evils now existing, . . . which are said to arise out of the possession of private property. These evils, however, arise from quite another source—the wickedness of human nature."[69] "Political science does not make men, but must take them as they come from nature."[70]

And human nature, the human average, is

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[67] *Politics*, ii, 3.
[68] *Ibid.*, ii, 5.
[69] *Ibid.* Note that conservatives are pessimists, and radicals are optimists, about human nature, which is probably neither so good nor so bad as they would like to believe, and may be not so much nature as early training and environment.
[70] *Ibid.*, i, 10.

nearer to the beast than to the god. The great majority of men are natural dunces and sluggards; in any system whatever these men will sink to the bottom; and to help them with state subsidies is "like pouring water into a leaking cask." Such people must be ruled in politics and directed in industry; with their consent if possible, without it if necessary. "From the hour of their birth some are marked out for subjection, and others for command."[71] "For he who can foresee with his mind is by nature intended to be lord and master; and he who can work only with his body is by nature a slave."[72] The slave is to the master what the body is to the mind; and as the body should be subject to the mind, so "it is better for all inferiors that they should be under the rule of a master."[73] "The slave is a tool with life in it, the tool is a lifeless slave." And then our hard-hearted philosopher, with a glimmer of possibilities which the Industrial Revolution has opened to our hands, writes for a moment with wistful hope: "If every instrument would accomplish its own work, obeying or anticipating the will of others, . . . if the shuttle would weave, or the plectrum touch the lyre, without a hand to guide them, then chief workmen would not need assistants nor masters slaves."[74]

This philosophy typifies the Greek disdain

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[71] *Politics*, i, 5.

[72] *Ibid.*, i, 2. Perhaps *slave* is too harsh a rendering of *doulos;* the word was merely a frank recognition of a brutal fact which in our day is perfumed with talk about the dignity of labor and the brotherhood of man; in nothing do we so far surpass the ancients as in making phrases.

[73] *Ibid.*, i, 5.

[74] *Ibid.*, i, 4.

for manual labor. Such work in Athens had not become so complicated as it is today, when the intelligence demanded in many manual trades is at times much greater than that required for the operations of the lower middle class, and even a college professor may look upon an automobile mechanic (in certain exigencies) as a very god; manual work was then merely manual, and Aristotle looked down upon it, from the heights of philosophy, as belonging to men without minds, as only fit for slaves, and fitting men only for slavery. Manual labor, he believes, dulls and deteriorates the mind, and leaves neither time nor energy for political intelligence; it seems to Aristotle a reasonable corollary that only persons of some leisure should have a voice in government.[75] "The best form of state will not admit mechanics to citizenship. . . . At Thebes there was a law that no man could hold office who had not retired from business ten years before."[76] Even merchants and financiers are classed by Aristotle among slaves. "Retail trade is unnatural, . . . and a mode by which men gain from one another. The most hated sort of such exchange is . . . usury, which makes a gain out of money itself, and not from its natural use. For money was intended as an instrument of exchange, and as the mother of interest. This usury (*tokos*), which means the birth of money from money, . . . is of all modes of gain the most unnatural."[77] Money should not breed. Hence "the discussion of the theory of finance is not unworthy of philosophy; but to be en-

[75] *Politics,* iii, 3; vii, 8.

[76] *Ibid.,* iii, 5.

[77] *Ibid.,* i, 10. This view influenced the medieval prohibition of interest.

gaged in finance, or in money-making, is unworthy of a free man."[78]

2. MARRIAGE AND EDUCATION

"Woman is to man as the slave to the master, the manual to the mental worker, the barbarian to the Greek. Woman is an unfinished man, left standing on a lower step in the scale of development.[79] The male is by nature superior, and the female inferior; the one rules and the other is ruled; and this principle extends, of necessity, to all mankind." Woman is weak of will, and therefore incapable of independence of character or position; her best condition is a quiet home life in which, while ruled by the man in her external relations, she may be in domestic affairs supreme. Women should not be made more like men, as in Plato's republic; rather the dissimilarity should be increased; nothing is so attractive as the different. "The courage of a man and that of a woman are not, as Socrates supposed, the same: the courage of a man is shown in commanding; that of a woman in obeying. . . . As the poet says, 'Silence is a woman's glory.'"[80]

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[78] *Politics*, i, 11. Aristotle adds that philosophers could succeed in such fields if they cared to descend into them; and he proudly points to Thales, who, foreseeing a good harvest, bought up all the reapers in his city, and then, at harvest time, sold them at his own sweet price; whereupon Aristotle observes that the universal secret of great riches is the creation of a monopoly.

[79] *De Gen. Animalium*, ii, 3; *Hist. Animalium*, viii, 1; *Pol.*, i, 5. Cf. Weininger; and Meredith's "Woman will be the last thing civilized by man" (*Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, p. 1). It appears, however, that man was, (or will be) the last thing civilized by woman; for the great civilizing agencies are the family and a settled economic life; and both of these are the creations of woman.

[80] *Politics*, i, 13.

Aristotle seems to suspect that this ideal enslavement of woman is a rare achievement for man, and that as often as not the scepter is with the tongue rather than with the arm. As if to give the male an indispensable advantage, he advises him to defer marriage till the vicinity of thirty-seven, and then to marry a lass of some twenty years. A girl who is rounding the twenties is usually the equal of a man of thirty, but may perhaps be managed by a seasoned warrior of thirty-seven. What attracts Aristotle to this matrimonial mathematics is the consideration that two such disparate persons will lose their reproductive power and passions at approximately the same time. "If the man is still able to beget children while the woman is unable to bear them, or *vice versa*, quarrels and differences will arise. . . . Since the time of generation is commonly limited within the age of seventy years in the man, and fifty in the woman, the commencement of their union should conform to these periods. The union of male and female when too young is bad for the creation of children; in all animals the offspring of the young are small and ill-developed, and generally female." Health is more important than love. Further, "it conduces to temperance not to marry too soon; for women who marry early are apt to be wanton; and in men too the bodily frame is stunted if they marry while they are growing."[81] These matters should not be left to youthful caprice, they should be under state supervision and control: the state should determine the minimum and maximum

[81] *Politics*, vii, 16. It is apparent that Aristotle has in mind only the temperance of women; the moral effect of deferred marriage upon men does not seem to agitate him.

ages of marriages for each sex, the best seasons for conception, and the rate of increase in population. If the natural rate of increase is too high, the cruel practice of infanticide may be replaced by abortion; and "let abortion be procured before sense and life have begun."[82] There is an ideal number of population for every state, varying with its position and resources. "A state when composed of too few is not, as a state should be, self-sufficing; while if it has too many . . . it becomes a nation and not a state, and is almost incapable of constitutional government,"[83] or of ethnic or political unity. Probably anything in excess of a population of 10,000 is undesirable.

Education, too, should be in the hands of the state. "That which most contributes to the permanence of constitutions is the adaptation of education to the form of government. . . . The citizen should be moulded to the form of government under which he lives."[84] By state control of schools we might divert men from industry and trade to agriculture; and we might train men, while keeping property private, to open their possessions to discriminately common use. "Among good men, with respect to the use of property, the proverb will hold, that 'friends should have all things in common.'"[85] But above all the growing citizen must be taught obedience to law else a state is impossible. "It has been well said that 'he who has never learned to obey cannot be a good commander.' . . . The good citizen should be capable of both." And only a state system of schools can achieve social unity amid ethnic heterogeneity; the state is a plurality which must be made into a unity and a community by

[82] *Politics.*
[83] *Ibid.*, vii, 4.
[84] *Ibid.*, v. 9; viii, 1.
[85] *Ibid.*, vi, 4; ii, 5.

education.[86] Let youth be taught, too, the great boon it has in the state, the unappreciated security which comes of social organization, the freedom that comes of law. "Man, when perfected, is the best of animals; but when isolated he is the worst of all; for injustice is more dangerous when armed, and man is equipped at birth with the weapon of intelligence, and with qualities of character which he may use for the vilest ends. Wherefore if he have not virtue he is the most unholy and savage of animals, full of gluttony and lust." And only social control can give him virtue. Through speech man evolved society; through society, intelligence; through intelligence, order; and through order, civilization. In such an ordered state the individual has a thousand opportunities and avenues of development open to him which a solitary life would never give. "To live alone," then, "one must be either an animal or a god."[87]

Hence revolution is almost always unwise; it may achieve some good, but at the cost of many evils, the chief of which is the disturbance, and perhaps the dissolution, of that social order and structure on which every political good depends. The direct consequences of revolutionary innovations may be calculable and salutary; but the indirect are generally incalculable, and not seldom disastrous. "They who take only a few points into account find it easy to pronounce judgment"; and a man can make up his mind quickly if he has only a little to make up. "Young men are easily deceived, for they are quick to hope." The suppression

[86] *Politics*, iii, 4; ii, 5.

[87] *Ibid.*, i, 2. "Or," adds Nietzsche, who takes nearly all of his political philosophy from Aristotle, "one must be both—that is, a philosopher."

of long-established habits brings the overthrow of innovating government because the old habits persist among the people; characters are not as easily changed as laws. If a constitution is to be permanent, all the parts of a society must desire it to be maintained. Therefore a ruler who would avoid revolution should prevent extremes of poverty and wealth,—"a condition which is most often the result of war"; he should (like the English) encourage colonization as an outlet for a dangerously congested population; and he should foster and practice religion. An autocratic ruler particularly "should appear to be earnest in the worship of the gods; for if men think that a ruler is religious and reveres the gods, they are less afraid of suffering injustice at his hands, and are less disposed to conspire against him, since they believe that the gods themselves are fighting on his side."[88]

3. DEMOCRACY AND ARISTOCRACY

With such safeguards in religion, in education, and in the ordering of family life, almost any of the traditional forms of government will serve. All forms have good and bad commingled in them, and are severally adapted to various conditions. Theoretically, the ideal form of government would be the centralization of all political power in the one best man. Homer is right: "Bad is the lordship of many; let one be your ruler and master." For such a man law would be rather an instrument than a limit: "for men of eminent ability there is no law—they are themselves a law. Anyone would be ridiculous who should attempt to make laws for them; they would probably retort what, in the fable of Antisthenes, the lions

[88] *Politics*, iv, 5; ii, 9; v, 7; ii, 11.

said to the hares when, in the council of beasts, the latter began haranguing and claiming equality for all—"Where are your claws?"[89]

But in practice monarchy is usually the worst form of government, for great strength and great virtue are not near allied. Hence the best practicable polity is aristocracy, the rule of the informed and capable few. Government is too complex a thing to have its issues decided by number, when lesser issues are reserved for knowledge and ability. "As the physician ought to be judged by the physician, so ought men in general to be judged by their peers. . . . Now does not this same principle apply to elections? For a right election can only be made by those who have knowledge: a geometrician, e.g., will choose rightly in matters of geometry; or a pilot in matters of navigation. . . . [90] So that neither the election of magistrates nor the calling of them to account should be entrusted to the many."

The difficulty with hereditary aristocracy is that it has no permanent economic base; the eternal recurrence of the *nouveaux riches* puts political office sooner or later at the disposal of the highest bidder. "It is surely a bad thing that the greatest offices . . . should be bought. The law which permits this abuse makes wealth of more account than ability, and the whole state becomes avaricious. For whenever the chiefs of the state deem anything honorable, the other citizens are sure to follow their

[89] *Politics*, iii, 13. Aristotle probably had Alexander or Philip in mind while writing this passage, just as Nietzsche seems to have been influenced towards similar conclusions by the alluring career of Napoleon.

[90] *Ibid.*, iii, 11. Cf. the modern argument for "occupational representation."

example" (the "prestige imitation" of modern social psychology); "and where ability has not the first place there is no real aristocracy."[91]

Democracy is usually the result of a revolution against plutocracy. "Love of gain in the ruling classes tends constantly to diminish their number" (Marx's "elimination of the middle class"), "and so to strengthen the masses, who in the end set upon their masters and establish democracies." This "rule by the poor" has some advantages. "The people, though individually they may be worse judges than those who have special knowledge, are collectively as good. Moreover, there are some artists whose works are best judged not by themselves alone, but by those who do not possess the art; e.g., the user or master of a house will be a better judge of it than the builder; . . . and the guest will be a better judge of a feast than the cook."[92] And "the many are more incorruptible than the few; they are like the greater quantity of water which is less easily spoiled than a little. The individual is liable to be overcome by anger, or by some other passion, and then his judgment is necessarily perverted; but it is hardly to be supposed that a great number of persons would all get into a passion and go wrong at the same moment."[93]

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[91] *Politics*, ii, 11.

[92] *Ibid.*, iii, 15, 8, 11. In these passages we have a fair outline of a desirable amendment to democracy; administration by experts democratically chosen by occupational ballot, and pursuing ends determined by the whole community.

[93] *Ibid.*, iii, 15. Tarde, Le Bon and other social psychologists assert precisely the contrary; and though they exaggerate the vices of the crowd, they might find better support than Aristotle in the behavior of the Athenian Assembly 430-330 B. C.

Yet democracy is on the whole inferior to aristocracy.[94] For it is based on a false assumption of equality; it "arises out of the notion that those who are equal in one respect (e.g., in respect of the law) are equal in all respects; because men are equally free they claim to be absolutely equal." The upshot is that ability is sacrificed to number, while numbers are manipulated by trickery. Because the people are so easily misled, and so fickle in their views, the ballot should be limited to the intelligent. What we need is a combination of aristocracy and democracy.

Constitutional government offers this happy union. It is not the best conceivable government—that would be an aristocracy of education—but it is the best possible state. "We must ask what is the best constitution for most states, and the best life for most men; neither assuming a standard of excellence which will be above ordinary persons, nor an education exceptionally favored by nature or circumstance, nor yet an ideal state which will be only an inspiration; but having in mind such a life as the majority will be able to share, and a form of government to which states in general can attain." "It is necessary to begin by assuming a principle of general application, namely, that that part of the state which desires the continuance of the government must be stronger than that which does not";[95] and strength consists neither in number alone, nor in property alone, nor in military or political ability alone, but in a combination of these, so that regard has to be taken of "freedom, wealth, culture and noble birth, as well as of mere numerical superiority." Now where shall we

[94] *Politics*, ii, 9. [95] *Ibid.*, iv, 11, 10.

find such an *economic* majority to support our constitutional government? Perhaps best in the middle class: here again we have the golden mean, just as constitutional government itself would be a mean between democracy and aristocracy. Our state will be sufficiently democratic if the road to every office is open to all; and sufficiently aristocratic if the offices themselves are closed except to those who have traveled the road and arrived fully prepared. From whatever angle we approach our eternal political problem we monotonously reach the same conclusion: that the community should determine the ends to be pursued, but that only experts should select and apply the means; that choice should be democratically spread, but that office should be rigidly reserved for the equipped and winnowed best.

IX. CRITICISM

What shall we say of this philosophy? Perhaps nothing rapturous. It is difficult to be enthusiastic about Aristotle, because it was difficult for him to be enthusiastic about anything; and *si vis me flere, primum tibi flendum.*[96] His motto is *nil admirari*—to admire or marvel at nothing; and we hesitate to violate his motto in his case. We miss in him the reforming zeal of Plato, the angry love of humanity which made the great idealist denounce his fellow-men. We miss the daring originality of his teacher, the lofty imagination, the capacity for generous delusion. And yet, after reading Plato, nothing could be so salutary for us as Aristotle's skeptic calm.

Let us summarize our disagreement. We are bothered, at the outset, with his insistence on

[96] "If you wish me to weep you must weep first"—Horace *(Ars Poetica)* to actors and writers.

logic. We want him to describe his ideal, and he describes a perfect syllogism; not content with that he makes his syllogism judge of our ideals. He thinks the syllogism a description of man's way of reasoning, whereas it merely describes man's way of dressing up his reasoning for the persuasion of another mind; he supposes that thought begins with premises and seeks their conclusions, when actually thought begins with hypothetical conclusions and seeks their justifying premises,—and seeks them best by the observation of particular events under the controlled and isolated conditions of experiment. Yet how foolish we should be to forget that two thousand years have changed merely the incidentals of Aristotle's logic, that Occam and Bacon and Whewell and Mill and a hundred others have but found spots in his sun, and that Aristotle's creation of this new discipline of thought, and his firm establishment of its essential lines, remain among the lasting achievements of the human mind.

It is again the absence of experiment and fruitful hypothesis that leaves Aristotle's natural science a mass of undigested observations. His specialty is the collection and classification of data; in every field he wields his categories and produces catalogues. But side by side with this bent and talent for observation goes a Platonic addiction to metaphysics; this trips him up in every science, and inveigles him into the wildest presuppositions. Here indeed was the great defect of the Greek mind: it was not disciplined; it lacked limiting and steadying traditions; it moved freely in an uncharted field, and ran too readily to theories and conclusions. So Greek philosophy leaped on to heights yet unreached again, while Greek science limped behind. Our modern danger is precisely opposite; inductive data fall upon us

from all sides like the lava of Vesuvius; we suffocate with uncoordinated facts; our minds are overwhelmed with sciences breeding and multiplying into specialistic chaos for want of synthetic thought and a unifying philosophy. We are all mere fragments of what a man might be.

Aristotle's ethics is a branch of his logic: the ideal life is like a proper syllogism. He gives us a handbook of propriety rather than a stimulus to improvement. An ancient critic spoke of him as "moderate to excess." An extremist might call the *Ethics* the champion collection of platitudes in all literature; and an Anglophobe would be consoled with the thought that Englishmen in their youth had done advance penance for the imperialistic sins of their adult years, since both at Cambridge and at Oxford they had been compelled to read every word of the Nicomachean Ethics. One longs to mingle fresh green *Leaves of Grass* with these drier pages, to add Whitman's exhilarating justification of sense joy to Aristotle's exaltation of a purely intellectual happiness. One wonders if this Aristotelian ideal of immoderate moderation has had anything to do with the colorless virtue, the starched perfection, the expressionless good form, of the British aristocracy. Matthew Arnold tells us that in his time Oxford tutors looked upon the *Ethics* as infallible. For three hundred years this book and the *Politics* have formed the ruling British mind, perhaps to great and noble achievements, but certainly to a hard and cold efficiency: one wonders what the result would have been if the masters of the greatest of empires had been nurtured, instead, on the holy fervor and the constructive passion of the *Republic*.

After all, Aristotle was not quite Greek; he had been settled and formed before coming to

Athens; there was nothing Athenian about him, nothing of the hasty and inspiriting experimentalism which made Athens throb with political *élan* and at last helped to subject her to a unifying despot. He realized too completely the Delphic command to avoid excess: he is so anxious to pare away extremes that at last nothing is left. He is so fearful of disorder that he forgets to be fearful of slavery; he is so timid of uncertain change that he prefers a certain changelessness that near resembles death. He lacks that Heraclitean sense of flux which justifies the conservative in believing that all permanent change is gradual, but justifies the radical in believing that no changelessness is permanent. He forgets that Plato's communism was meant only for the élite, the unselfish and ungreedy few; and he comes deviously to a Platonic result when he says that though property should be private its use should be as far as possible common. He does not see (and perhaps he could not be expected in his early day to see) that private control of the means of production was stimulating and salutary only when these means were so simple as to be purchasable by any man; and that their increasing complexity and cost lead to a dangerous centralization of ownership and power, and to an artificial and finally disruptive inequality.

But after all, these are quite inessential criticisms of what remains the most marvelous and influential system of thought ever put together by any single mind. It may be doubted if any other thinker has contributed so much to the enlightenment of the world. Every later age has drawn upon Aristotle, and stood upon his shoulders to see the truth. The varied and magnificent culture of Alexandria found its

scientific inspiration in him. His *Organon* played a central rôle in shaping the minds of the medieval barbarians into disciplined and consistent thought. The other works, translated by Nestorian Christians into Syriac in the fifth century A. D., and thence into Arabic and Hebrew in the tenth century, and thence into Latin towards 1225, turned scholasticism from its eloquent beginnings in Abélard to encyclopedic completion in Thomas Aquinas (1227-1274). The Crusaders brought back more accurate Greek copies of the philosopher's texts; and the Greek scholars of Constantinople brought further Aristotelian treasures with them when, after 1453, they fled from the besieging Turks. The works of Aristotle came to be for European philosophy what the Bible was for theology—an almost infallible text, with solutions for every problem. In 1215 the Papal legate at Paris forbade teachers to lecture on his works; in 1231 Gregory IX appointed a commission to expurgate him; by 1260 he was *de rigueur* in every Christian school, and ecclesiastical assemblies penalized deviations from his views. Chaucer describes his student as happy by having

> At his beddes hed
> Twenty bookes clothed in blake or red,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophie;[97]

and in the first circles of Hell, says Dante,

> I saw the Master there of those who know,
> Amid the philosophic family,
> By all admired, and by all reverenced;
> There Plato too I saw, and Socrates,
> Who stood beside him closer than the rest.[98]

Such lines give us some inkling of the honor

[97] Quoted by Benn, i, 276.
[98] *Inferno*, iv, 131f.

which a thousand years offered to the Stagirite. Not till new instruments, accumulated observations, and patient experiments remade science and gave irresistible weapons to Occam and Ramus, to Roger and Francis Bacon, was the reign of Aristotle ended. No other mind had for so long a time ruled the intellect of mankind.

X. LATER LIFE AND DEATH

Meanwhile life had become unmanageably complicated for our philosopher. He found himself on the one hand embroiled with Alexander for protesting against the execution of Callisthenes (a nephew of Aristotle), who had refused to worship Alexander as a god; and Alexander had answered the protest by hinting that it was quite within his omnipotence to put even philosophers to death. At the same time Aristotle was busy defending Alexander among the Athenians. He preferred Greek solidarity to city patriotism, and thought culture and science would flourish better when petty sovereignties and disputes were ended; and he saw in Alexander what Goethe was to see in Napoleon—the philosophic unity of a chaotic and intolerably manifold world. The Athenians, hungering for liberty, growled at Aristotle, and became bitter when Alexander had a statue of the philosopher put up in the heart of the hostile city. In his turmoil we get an impression of Aristotle quite contrary to that left upon us by his *Ethics*: here is a man not cold and inhumanly calm, but a fighter, pursuing his Titanic work in a circle of enemies on every side. The successors of Plato at the Academy, the oratorical school of Isocrates, and the angry crowds that hung on Demosthenes' acid eloquence, intrigued and clamored for his exile or his death.

And then, suddenly (323 B. C.), Alexander died. Athens went wild with patriotic joy; the Macedonian party was overthrown, and Athenian independence was proclaimed. Antipater, successor of Alexander and intimate friend of Aristotle, marched upon the rebellious city. Most of the Macedonian party fled. Eurymedon, a chief priest, brought in an indictment against Aristotle, charging him with having taught that prayer and sacrifice were of no avail. Aristotle saw himself fated to be tried by juries and crowds incomparably more hostile than those that had murdered Socrates. Very wisely, he left the city, saying that he would not give Athens a chance to sin a second time against philosophy. There was no cowardice in this; an accused person at Athens had always the option of preferring exile.[99] Arrived at Chalcis, Aristotle fell ill; Diogenes Laertius tells us that the old philosopher, in utter disappointment with the turn of all things against him, committed suicide by drinking hemlock.[100] However induced, his illness proved fatal; and a few months after leaving Athens (322 B. C.) the lonely Aristotle died.

In the same year, and at the same age, sixty-two, Demosthenes, greatest of Alexander's enemies, drank poison. Within twelve months Greece had lost her greatest ruler, her greatest orator, and her greatest philosopher. The glory that had been Greece faded now in the dawn of the Roman sun; and the grandeur that was Rome was the pomp of power rather than the light of thought. And then that grandeur too decayed, that little light went almost out. For a thousand years darkness brooded over the face of Europe. All the world awaited the resurrection of philosophy.

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[99]Grote, 20. [100]Grote, 22; Zeller, i, 37 note.

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 1167
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

The Sinister Sex

And Other Stories of Marriage

Ben Hecht

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THE SINISTER SEX

I

A spiritual dyspepsia was upon Ballad McArthur. Thus his soul was lean and yellow. There are some men who are able, because of a peculiar capacity for illusion, to look upon life and perceive it to be a roaring and fascinating affair. Give them a smile from a long-legged ape of a woman with a pair of shining eyes and they walk about with their chests out, and tap their cigarettes on the backs of their hands before lighting them, and exhibit a gusto incomprehensible to one face to face with the ultimate nothingness of things, incomprehensible to Ballad McArthur.

A curious race, these men. Bustling about their business as if it all meant something or mattered a whoop! Primping and grimacing before women as if there was something, some great and luxurious twist to that! Planning and scheming about these women, fencing, intriguing and giving vent to violent excitements as if there was something unusual and mysterious about the business!

The soul of Ballad McArthur, when it had passed its thirty-fourth year, grew leaner and yellower. He had his philosophy. Indeed, given a vocabulary, he might have put Schopen-

hauer to shame. But although his adjectives were few and dependent chiefly upon the Deity for their punch, his manner was complete, his bearing left nothing in doubt. It was his custom to hold brief and cosmic conversation with Padraic Rafferty, the white-aproned adjutant presiding behind the bar off Runson's Cafe. At five o'clock each afternoon McArthur presented himself for the ministrations of Padraic Rafferty, fortifying himself for his evening's work with two shots of Bourbon and eight minutes of joy-shattering and illusion-smashing converse.

The theme of this daily dialogue was usually no less a matter than Life, with Woman as a sinister side issue. Concerning life, Ballad McArthur held forth in words of arresting finality. Concerning Woman his discourse was ever primitive and unbeautiful. That the ladies were all alike and that all of them were bad was The Ballad's pithy argument. And having delivered himself thereof and wiped his lips, it was his wont to progress with the indifference of a man deaf, dumb and blind through the smear of tables, drinkers, waiters and bus boys that crowded the flamboyant interior of Runson's Cafe at 5:30 each afternoon. Then, seating himself at the piano, he nodded curtly to the violin and clarinet, invariably on the job ahead of him. He threw back his head, his eyes fastend with stoical calm upon the torso of a nymph stenciled with other decorations high on the wall, and then he cut loose.

There was about the nightly performance of

Ballad McArthur at the piano in Runson's Cafe a precision of touch, an infallibility of tempo which stamped him as a man of accomplishments. And, in fact, in Ballad's repertoire there were no distinctions. A Chopin valse or "The Livery Stable Blues," a thing from Brahms or one of the rollicking cacophonies of his own invention, "Hearts and Flowers," "The Spring Song," "The Boyards' March," the "Humoresque, "The Danse Macabre," the latest hit in rag and the oldest concert knockout, he played them all—a lean and immobile mandarin of the piano. They were, these tunes, part and parcel of the ultimate nothingness of things, the monotonous obligatos to which a world drank beer, nibbled club sandwiches, four-flushed about the labels and the temperatures of wine bottles, and disported itself with a mysterious though pathetic zeal on the dance floor between the tables from 5:30 until 1, when a benevolent municipality released him, Ballad McArthur, from further duties.

Such cynicism as was McArthur's is not achieved casually and in the way one acquires a knowledge of the distance from Zenia, Ohio, to Passadumkeag, Maine. A vast schooling is necessary, a close attention to detail, a constant application to the business in hand. And in achieving his attitude toward life McArthur had not leaped to conclusions. Rather had these conclusions overtaken him. And thus The Ballad's cynicism was not the cynicism of callow and pompous youth—the out-of-tune vibrations of a vacuous vanity! It will only add to the unnecessary detail of this record to

dwell even with caution upon The Ballad's past. Let it be known that he had with painstaking effort tasted of this and of that, loved here and loved there, graduated from the agitations of adolescence, that he had, in short, as the romanticists put it, lived. And that at thirty-four his soul was indeed an encyclopedia of experience, his heart a mausoleum of as many emotions as it is given a man with an undeveloped vocabulary to experience.

And having thus taken the Ballad's unsavory and disillusioning past for granted, and having touched lightly upon the characteristics of the present which somewhat distinguished him above the rank and file of pianobodies, we arrive fresh and open for further information at a rather difficult twist in the dyspeptic evolution of McArthur's lean and yellow soul. He fell in love. By this is not meant that he underwent a birth of raptures and desires, a rejuvenation of jaded corpuscles. To one privy to the intricate idiocies of sex, profoundly grounded in the ultimate nothingness of things, love does not come in the guise dear to the new and old O. Henrys.

It was a night in April when she appeared beside the Ballad's piano, a sheaf of music in her hand and a curious timidity in her eye.

"I'm Dolores," she said, holding forth the music, "and I'm to sing here."

McArthur turned and confronted a young woman dressed with an almost exaggerated modesty, wide-eyed, dark-haired, oval-faced and hesitant. For a moment she stared with a strange intensity at McArthur.

"Mr. McArthur," she faltered; "you are Mr. McArthur? Here . . . is my music."

The Ballad experienced a sudden and inexplicable irritation. Something about the creature speaking to him thus for the first time leaped out and entangled itself in his emotions. He returned her stare, accepted the music from her and slapped it into place on the piano.

"All right," he said and wheeled about on his stool.

Dolores' debut in Runson's Cafe was attended with more than the normal success in such matters. There was about her a charm, a certain quaint anachronism, for she was, or affected to be, timid. She sang in a sweet round voice, such as is sometimes revealed by a maiden performing for company in the parlor of her parents' home. Runson's, while not a rendezvous of evil, was yet accustomed to other things than this manner of Dolores. The mischievous abandon of young women who sang sly songs and kicked up their dresses at the proper intervals, who flashed stockings and adroit lingerie, who winked their eyes and pouted with their lips had invariably been part of the entertainment provided. And so, by the added ruse of neither winking nor pouting, Dolores arrested the attention of her audience.

The success of her debut was repeated night after night, and as is the case among a people secretly addicted to pious thoughts, the girl's modesty and virtue became more than her other talents a topic for conversation among those who ate, drank and danced in Runson's.

Her age was also a matter of beguiling mystery. To men with bald heads she was eighteen. To men more weighted with hair and less with years she was all of twenty-one. To women she was twenty-five if a day. To Ballad McArthur she was an ageless, irritating verification of his cherished theory that all women are born idiots and suffer a rapid decline from the day of their weaning.

For The Ballad had not yet become aware that the emotions Dolores aroused within him were the cramped and distorted heralds of love. Night after night he played her accompaniments, listened with a critically unmoved ear to her round, almost lisping voice, and wondered mildly how she had ever drifted into the business. Concerning the modesty and virtue which had distinguished Dolores from the first, he passed through several cynical attitudes. His keen eyes had noted the absence of jewelry and had been startled once by a glimpse of the most depressing of all sanities, cotton stockings. Nevertheless, he held out.

Things in this unnecessary world are not always what they seem and all that is gilded is not gold—a ripe philosophy, if somewhat withered in spots. And yet McArthur found himself more and more engaging in a sort of dual monologue. There was a part of him which continued cold and unmoved by the evidence. And there was a part of him which took note of the fact that spring had come into the city, that the sun shone vividly upon the great buildings, that cotton stockings after

all argued either an absence of taste or a presence of super-virtue, and that the clarinet and the violin had been rebuked without hysteria for certain cynical overtures.

II

The throes of love's maturing are of interest chiefly to old maids. They have neither the psychology nor the logic which appeals to a thinking, seasoned reader. We pass them by, saluting them with an all-wise smile, and arrive at a night late in May on which certain events important to this record transpired.

It happened, as such things sometimes do when a man's nature is in conflict with itself, that The Ballad was loitering without the Cafe long after the hour appointed for his work. A desire which he refused to admit to himself kept him from quitting the pavement. Dusk had fallen. The lights of the city were beginning to write their yellow script in the air. People were streaming by in endless little syncopating groups. McArthur kept his eye upon them, an eye which waited, aye hungered, for a blue hat with a ribbon about it and a pair of familiar wide dark eyes. The Ballad's innermost and uppermost emotion was guilt—savage, desperate guilt. The flush of shame crept in and out of his cheek, the warmth of indignation vivified his spirit. In vain did he offer soft and delicate vindications to himself.

Walking almost hidden in the crowd, he spied her, and by the leap and the inane convolutions of his thought he knew with the

clarity that comes to men doomed that he, McArthur, was lost.

"I would like," he said as she paused beside him, "to take you home tonight, if you don't mind."

An eager little smile moulded the lips of the woman into a crescent. She did not mind. She would be pleased. And clearing his throat in lieu of further speech, The Ballad watched her go in through the ladies' entrance, as he made his own way toward the belated ministrations of his friend, Padriac Rafferty. The daily dialogue this time, strange as it may appear to the untutored, was more violent and acrimonious than ever. McArthur even outdid himself. Several of the thirsty, sensing diversion, mooched over along the bar and contributed an attentive ear. But even as he talked, cursed and fumed against things as they were and were not, there was in McArthur an unreasoning elation. There was in him the Spring which eternally threatens all men, whatever the condition of their souls. And later, at the piano, McArthur banged out the fandangoes of the dance, ripped through the snorting syncopate with a gusto not easily to be reconciled in a man so profoundly grounded in the ultimate nothingness of things.

As he played this time the music entered The Ballad's mind, and raced from cell to cell after his thought, entangling it, confusing it. And what The Ballad thought, although perhaps immaterial as a contribution toward the progress of the race, will bear setting down. For it was strange thought, all things consid-

ered. It was thought of the Dolores who sang, the Dolores of the photograpn rack outside the Cafe, of smiles that might illumine the eyes of Dolores and curve her lips in a manner remarkably fetching. It was thought of the miracle of encountering modesty and charm after so many years of disillusion, of discovering a woman who had escaped the disgusting and natural heritage of her sex—deceit and vanity.

Forgotten, as if made of mist and blown out of existence by a puff, was the cynicism of April. Dead the shrewd, tongue-in-cheek attitude of February. And the memories which might have warned, might have pointed their sapient fingers into the future, were likewise strangely dormant. Here was a woman above all other women, a creature pure and noble, to whom sin was a word and no more, and to whom life was the caress of sweet thoughts and gentle virtue. Somewhat garbled, to be sure, these meditations. But Ballad McArthur played them on the piano, sang them in his heart and smiled them upon the torso of the nymph stenciled high above his head. Thus do the mighty fall, thus the Caesars of cynicism shed their hard-earned laurels.

There is, in the streets of the city after midnight, a loneliness as corrupting as the silence of country lanes. And there is about the moon which kindles its ghost faces in the windows of many buildings a seduction as potent as the silver which ravishes the seashore in the night.

The Ballad's fingers had closed upon the fingers of his companion and without words they walked on and on. And because only of

the physical law that all journeys must end, they at length ceased their walking and took to standing in front of a little wooden house that crouched in the shadows. Here it was that Dolores lived. Here they remained standing and what happened, happened, and what was, was.

"Dolores," whispered McArthur, the erstwhile saturnine McArthur, "Dolores, Dolores, I never thought I'd love like this. But you're so different."

But why eavesdrop upon the great and inevitable inanity? There are some scribblers who reveal an almost loathsome morbidity in such matters. With deliberate elation they chatter of caresses and phrases, of vows and activities sacred to the idiocy of the race. We pass on, adverting the eye, sealing the lips. Truly there are some things which no self-respecting realist of records will suffer to come between him and art. And thus we touch with a deft tolerance upon this night and upon subsequent nights, upon these kisses and upon their inevitable repetitions. McArthur was lost. In his ears sang the angels, in his heart the seraphim rioted, in his eyes were ever sunsets and sunrises and the will-o'-the-wisp colors of illusion. At the piano his fingers betrayed their long training and stumbled. His chords leaped forth violent and confused. There was love in his heart.

III.

For a month such things as have been hinted at endured and increased. Alone in the hotel

he had inhabited for five years, Ballad McArthur communed with himself. The wariness which had at first succeeded in tempering his flights of communing was now another part of the past. Over and over he communed concerning his great fortune, his undeserved fortune. And through the cadenzas of his communing ran always the note which sounded most sweetly in his soul. There were exceptions in the theory he had in his misery achieved. There were women like Dolores. There was Dolores.

It was well along in June that McArthur's brain entered the situation. From some limbo emerged the idea of marriage. This was foreign matter for The Ballad to speculate upon. It had the lure of novelty, the fascination of all unknown things. And above all it appealed vigorously because of its simple and practical nature. To think, for McArthur, was to act, and the proposal with its "Yes" marked an epoch in his emotions.

Two days thereafter he was seated in the modest parlor of the modest rooming house in which Dolores lived. He had persuaded the manager at the Cafe to give him a two weeks' respite and Dolores had received a similar vacation. They were, on this evening, discussing the future. Ah, this future! It was a topic to which McArthur of late reverted in thought or speech on the slightest provocation. This future was something otherwise than the past, something as strange as a journey into fairyland.

"Dolores," said McArthur, sitting close and

speaking softly, "what's the use of waiting? Let's hustle the thing up."

Smiling in the darkness that had come into the room—it was early evening—Dolores nodded her head.

"I'm willing, Bal," she answered. "But . . . I've been wanting to tell you something first. I don't want to marry you without telling you this something."

McArthur, as men do with whom the Fates make sport, laughed amiably.

"Very well," said he, "out with your little something and then away to the clergyman's."

For reply Dolores coiled an appealing arm about his neck and drew his head toward her. "Oh, you're going to be so surprised," she murmured. "But I'm afraid. . . ."

"Come, come," said The Ballad, and egged her on with a kiss.

"Well," Dolores began, and into her voice crept a curiously solemn note, "I really don't have to tell you, but I'm going to. It wouldn't be fair. I've always been a good girl . . . since."

"Since!" echoed McArthur.

"Yes, since," said Dolores. She was looking at him intently. "You've spoken so often of my . . . goodness and everything, I think it's only fair. . . ."

And despite the amazing seriousness of the situation, Dolores exploded in a strange little laugh. "Oh, Bal," she gurgled, "you're so funny."

McArthur, whose heart had been indulging in miserable pyrotechnics during this prelude,

seized upon her little laugh and cuddled it, spread it over this thought, listened to it with his soul long after it had ended. For McArthur was trembling. A man cannot have lived for years privy to the ultimate nothingness of things without retaining some shred of shrewdness even under such conditions as these.

"It was when I was a little girl about sixteen, going on seventeen," Dolores went on, her voice still mysteriously elated. "I was a waitress in my dad's hotel in Goshen. I was so young, Bal, and so tired of living in a little town, and I'd never seen anybody real before."

"For God's sake!" McArthur blurted forth. "What are you talking about? Tell me, quick."

His trembling had assumed the proportions of an ague.

Dolores, with a quaint little note of mockery in her voice, a note that utterly escaped the feverish attention of McArthur, went on.

"Don't get the fidgets so, Bal. You make me feel like something in a melodrama. Now listen quietly and don't interrupt, please, dearest. There was a man came to Goshen. He was an actor and he stopped at dad's little hotel. He played the piano in the little vaudeville theater on Main Street. And I waited on him at meal time and we talked. And then one evening, oh, Bal! don't please. Listen to it all and don't be so excited."

"Go on," groaned McArthur. He was sitting stiff and upright in his chair.

"That's better, dearest," Dolores continued. "And then one evening we went walking. He was such a wonderful man. I fell in love with

him. It was the first time I'd been in love. And he said he loved me. I believed him, just as I believed you this time. But I was a kid then—and,—well . . ."

Dolores regarded the silent, immobile figure of her sweetheart, noted the pallor of his face which shone in the dark, and then, with another strange little laugh, leaned toward him and whispered: "Don't you remember?"

The question went unanswered. No word came from Ballad McArthur, no sound.

"Don't you remember, Bal, the little waitress in Goshen, Indiana, nine years ago, that you made love to and . . . left the next day without a word. Oh, Bal, think!"

Ballad McArthur turned his eyes toward the young woman and opened his mouth. "Remember?" he echoed.

"Yes, darling, it was you. O, it was you. That's . . . that's why I told you. I recognized you the first night I came to the cafe. I hadn't seen you since or heard from you. But I knew you."

"Me!" cried McArthur. "You're insane!"

Dolores bit her lip. Tears came out of her eyes. In a voice somewhat broken she rushed on: "Bal, you haven't forgotten? Tell me you haven't. Don't you remember? You sat at the table under the window with the vines around it. And you always ordered grapefruit in the morning."

An inarticulate noise issued from the throat of McArthur. Receiving no reply, Dolores hurriedly continued: "Yes, and you were at the Goshen Opera House and played the piano

there with another man who sang and played the banjo. A short little man, Bal. And you told me you loved me. And I . . . I believed you. . . ."

A silence fell upon the two. McArthur's deep breathing was the only sound in the room. From the distance came the derisive cry of an auto horn. At length McArthur spoke.

"It wasn't me," he said. "It wasn't me. It was somebody else."

"For God's sake," Dolores cried, seizing his arm, "dont! . . . Bal, you're breaking my heart!"

"It was somebody else," groaned Ballad McArthur. "I don't remember. . . ."

"Bal . . . Bal . . . Stop and think. We walked along the road. . . . Oh, Bal . . . You said——you said——"

"It wasn't me," groaned McArthur again.

"And you sang 'Coon, Coon, Coon, I Wish My Color Would Fade.' And the little short man played the banjo. I mean he sang it and you played it on the piano. 'Coon, Coon, Coon. . . .'"

Ballad McArthur's hand went slowly to his eyes. His lips compressed and he drew a long breath.

"Now you remember," went on Dolores. "In Goshen, the little waitress. You called me Forgetmenot. . . . Little Forgetmenot. . . . Now you remember, don't you? . . ."

"I remember," spake the McArthur slowly, "of doing a vaudeville turn, yes, but I don't remember playing in Goshen. Wait a minute."

"The Ivy Hotel," blurted Dolores.

"The Ivy Hotel," repeated McArthur softly.

"Oh, how can you forget?" Dolores went on, her voice becoming tearful. "I never forgot. I waited to hear from you—so long. . . . I was true to you—so long. Until I met you I never looked at another man. I came to Chicago and took music lessons after dad died. And when I saw you at the piano that first night, I knew that God—that God had guided me. . . ."

"Goshen," whispered McArthur, "I——I—— recall now. Oh!"

With an abrupt movement he jumped to his feet.

"And you forgot!" murmured Dolores. "You forgot all about it! You forgot the little waitress!"

Into McArthur's brain crept a memory vague and distant as some dim shape upon far waters. It drew closer, struggling out of the mists of time, struggling as if for life. It swept past McArthur's inner eye, a vague, confused thing, out of focus, out of line.

Upon it crowded other memories, memories of girls with yellow hair, other than the hair of Dolores, memories of towns never before remembered, memories of walks through village streets. Which one, which one? A dizziness assailed McArthur. Faces—strange dim faces, —floated back and forth within his thought. Names, garbled and jumbled, leaped into his brain. Ah, now he remembered. But no, that was in Ohio somewhere, after he had split with Chesty Collins. He remembered Chesty. Chesty played the banjo and sang. They had

toured the Middle West on a small vaudeville circuit, he, Ballad, at the piano. Goshen! Good God! What had happened in Goshen nine years ago?

And then slowly into McArthur's thoughts drifted a clear image, a clear recollection. The faces vying for recognition retreated before it. Like wraiths they had come out of the tomb of McArthur's heart to haunt him. Now only one of them remained, the girlish, dark-eyed face of a little waitress . . . nine years ago . . . the Ivy Hotel . . . Yes!

"I remember," whispered the McArthur slowly. "But . . . I didn't think it was you. I—I thought you—you were different."

"Different!" cried Dolores. "What do you mean, dear?"

"I thought—," but Ballad McArthur could not articulate the strange and intricate thought which struggled within him, which darkened something within him.

Dolores, at his side on the parlor couch, was weeping. Her soft little sobs were punctuated with a phrase: "And you forgot!"

McArthur's hand caressed the hair of her lowered head.

"I didn't, I didn't," he repeated over and over. "Only I wasn't thinking of you as being someone who—" the word stuck deep in his throat and fell back into his heart like some barbed thing—"sinned!" The word echoed monotonously in his mind. Bending forward, he kissed Dolores on the lips. It was still early, but an unrest had come into McArthur. He sighed.

"I want to think," he said softly. I'll call you up in the morning."

Dolores, propelled by a bewildering intuition, leaped to her feet. Her arms circled her distracted lover.

"Oh, Bal," she cried against his coat. "Don't go—like this!"

IV.

The following week in the life of Ballad McArthur was a period during which it was given to the accomplished pianist of Runson's Cafe to perceive the futility of thought, to understand the strange mercurial quality of meditation. For three days he absented himself from the presence of Dolores. He walked the streets by sunlight and by moonlight. Like some strong swimmer battling in a horizonless sea was McArthur in the tumbling and chaotic mass of the thoughts, the queries, the conclusions which assailed him from moment to moment. For these three days he sought truthfully and sincerely to straighten out the curious snarl in which the situation presented itself.

After all, had he been the man? There was a slight chance that Dolores was mistaken. His own memory of the affair was so vague, so tenuous. Yes, he had been the man. He remembered. But this Ballad McArthur of nine years ago! He remembered him, too, a worthless fellow, a low, fanciful debauchee. And it was to such a one that Dolores had given herself! And he had believed her, by the nine Gods he had believed her—otherwise. That was why he had fallen in love with her. Hell and damnation! . . . All women were alike. . . .

It was this last conclusion which took the deepest root. Let us be varied in our metaphors. This last conclusion was the rock upon which the submerged McArthur climbed out of his sea. Hell and damnation . . . all women were alike! To bed with McArthur went this sinister thought. Into the street it followed him. A dark, sullen grimace returned, which Padraic Rafferty, the bartender, recognized and hailed with delight when The Ballad hove into view in the second week of his vacation. It was the old McArthur come to his senses, and Padraic Rafferty, who was a man of perceptions, knew and in his own way understood.

"What'll it be?" said he.

"Bourbon," said McArthur. "Have one, Pat."

And they drank as men drink when they plight a troth. And having drunk, the McArthur wiped his lips and smiled, a lean, sallow smile. His eyes gleamed into the eyes of his friend.

"Ho," he grinned, "you know what I've always told you? Well, it's true. True as the Gospel ain't. Women are born deceivers. And what's more, there ain't a mother's daughter among them that is any better than the rest."

McArthur gazed defiantly into the yes of Rafferty. "'S true," he said and waited for some insane contradiction.

"I've always agreed with you, Mac," answered Padraic Rafferty, "and I always will on that point."

"That being settled," smiled McArthur, "where's the boss? I think I'll get back into harness. Tonight."

And thus it came about that Ballad McArthur at 5:30 walked through the smear of tables, drinkers, waiters, that crowded the flamboyant interior of Runson's Cafe and seated himself at the piano with a curt nod at the clarinet and the violin. He had determined. There was in his heart a strange ache, the ache of something not quite dead. But at this he smiled. Soon it would drag its tired self into the mausoleum wherein many other such things lay in peace.

"Dolores." He repeated the name as he fumbled with the leaves of a new march. She wouldn't come back. McArthur's brain had long ago closed itself to the finer points of the situation, to certain elastic and almost insufferable thoughts which had kept him awake for six nights. There remained only the thought, "I believed in her. I thought she was good. And . . . she was like the rest. . . ."

So, with the curious smile of a man privy to the ultimate nothingness of things, Ballad McArthur banged forth in precise and infallible tempo a thing of sharps and flats and wailing harmonies whose very title was unknown to him.

HAPPINESS

I.

Having betrayed her husband, broken all her vows, bartered her honor, Mrs. Henry Duncan experienced a bitter and peculiar sense of disappointment. She had expected a change, some flaming metamorphosis of soul. She had looked forward with a certain grim elation to some strange and piquant laceration of conscience, moods of intricate despair, emotions of paradoxical intensities.

She sat now in the modest library of her home, her hands folded listlessly over an open book in her lap. She was the same Mrs. Henry Duncan. She was the same Alice. Four days had passed and no change yet. Mrs. Duncan had been reared upon the theory that the world was divided into two classes, people who sinned and people who did not sin. She was twenty-seven and had been married five years. Mrs. Duncan saluted the twenty-seven years of her past with a puzzled sigh, and closed the book in her lap in order that she might think more clearly.

People who sinned and people who did not sin, people who obeyed the laws of God and people who did not obey them; she had crossed the vast and mysterious gulf which yawns between these two divisions of the race. She had not been swept across it or hurled across it or dragged across it. The crossing had been a curious and deliberate business. For four years

she had associated day after day with Henry Duncan. She did not include the first year of their marriage in her memories. She did not include it because in the light of the four years which followed, this first year became a difficult matter to fix in her thought—more and more difficult.

She had had illusions during this first year. Chief among them had been the illusion that good honest love between good honest husbands and wives endures unto the grave. Curious illusion. Love, considered as a quality which contributes a purpose and charm to life, which heightens the cheek at the sight of another, which keeps one filled with delicious and meaningless dreams, had succumbed in Mrs. Henry Duncan at twenty-three. It had been an unreasonable death. She had awakened one morning and said to herself as she was fixing her hair before her dressing table that she no longer loved her husband. She had paused, a hair pin waiting in her fingers, and stared at herself in the mirror, bewildered.

No longer in love with Henry! What a shocking idea! And yet, come to think of it, she could not remember having been in love with him for at least the last four months. Had she ever been in love? What was love?

Sitting thus before her dressing-table mirror arranging her luxurious hair, Mrs. Duncan's pretty, almost girlish face became clouded then with a curious, emotionless sorrow. The raptures she had imagined that were to endure forever, the inexplicable excitements of the heart, the little thrills that certain thoughts

brought to her—odd that she had not noted their absence before! Henry and she had become perfectly placid married folk. She might, indeed, have continued for years without ever having even thought of the fact if not for—for what?

II

Before Mrs. Duncan had finished her toilette at the dressing-table that morning, she had become quite a philosopher. She had initiated herself into the vast masonic cult to which married women and married men silently and secretly belong. There are certain immortal truths which the members of this esoteric and world-wide sect are pledged to keep hidden from each other's eyes and from the eyes of the uninitiate. These truths are:

1. Marriage is a snare and a delusion.
2. Love is a delusion and a snare.
3. Marital affection, conjugal bliss, and matrimonial happiness are terms carefully fostered, deceptions carefully and cunningly carried on, for the more or less cosmic purpose of keeping the race alive.

Having become privy to these precepts of the inner shrine of domesticity, Mrs. Duncan arose from her dressing-table and went about her business with the same complacent precision which had always characterized her. There had been no change in her attitude toward Henry. Their affairs went on exactly as before. Their separate interests combined in the well-ordered routine of all contented and mildly affluent homes. Duncan presided during the

day as head of a local branch of a large insurance company. Mrs. Duncan spent the day directing her maid, paying calls, shopping, attending to certain regular social necessities, planning small dinner parties, having frocks fitted, reading now and then some novel which fell, by chance, into her way. And in the evenings Henry Duncan and his wife Alice sat in the same room, remained as a rule silent, thinking of the trifles which had come into their lives during the day, exchanging monosyllables, making comments concerning the activities of their friends, activities as open and placid as their own, and, now and then, indulging in argument.

These arguments, which sometimes achieved the dignity of quarrels, were the high points in the lives of Duncan and his wife. Although neither could be said to look forward to them, to seize upon them with a curious greediness, to prolong them needlessly or to start them unwisely, there was yet about these quarrels a certain fascinating quality. They were, however, too artificial to distract for long or disturb more than surfacely the souls of the Duncans.

For the purpose of real and vibrant quarreling there must be a real and vibrant divergence of opinion, a real and vibrant conflict of ideals or ideas. The Duncans, were, however, cast too much in the same mould to achieve such reality and vibrancy. They had been born both in the town in which they lived, a place of some seventy thousand people, an hour or so from New York. They had both

attended the same church, inhaled the same sermons, built their purity and faith upon the same immortal rocks. They believed as if with one brain in the damnation of people who sinned and, what is more discouraging to domestic excitement than all else, in the unchangeable definitions of those things which constitute sin.

Thus Mrs. Duncan lived the four years, her precise prettiness maturing, her figure acquiring a sophistication not quite matronly. And in the spring of the fourth year Mrs. Duncan experienced the unrest and became for the first time privy to another of the immortal truths emblazoned on the inner shrine of matrimony. This truth was that all married women at least once in their lives tire of their husbands, as do all husbands of their wives, and desire forthwith to be divorced and liberated.

III

It was while attending an afternoon tea at the home of Mrs. George Hyler that Mrs. Duncan walked full upon this latest revelation.

Mrs. Hyler was a woman somewhat older, barely thirty, perhaps; a precise woman, a modest and virtuous wife, an entirely estimable and moral force in life. And yet, it was while gazing upon this woman that the revelation came to Mrs. Duncan. There were other women in the room, eight of them, all drinking tea, all talking—what? Nothing. Merely talking, as they merely lived. Animated husks of women, women without emotions, without dreams. Women who were no longer women but insti-

tutions with rules and by-laws, with defined architectures and regulated hours. Women who were, in short, like herself.

Mrs. Duncan ceased smiling and stared earnestly out of the window of the Hyler home. She saw College Avenue with its old-fashioned red brick pavement, its square, well kept, solid houses on which the vines of many years' growth were beginning to bud. The air was clean and fresh. The sunlight bright and exhilarating. It was spring, a polite, wholesome, unmysterious spring. To the women in the Hyler home it meant polite, wholesome and unmysterious expenditures for hats and clothes, drives into the country while their husbands discoursed behind the steering wheel of new makes or tires.

"These women," Mrs. Duncan thought to herself as she stared earnestly into College Avenue, "are all like myself. They don't hate or love anything or anybody. They are all happily married. I wonder how many of them are thinking what I'm thinking?"

Mrs. Duncan was giving birth to an ego. It was an unfamiliar process and made her head feel light. All women give birth to egos at least once in their lives. The egos die. Mrs. Duncan's ego should have died as she walked from the Hyler home down the cool, vivid, lazy spring street. Instead it continued to live and wax strong on the peculiarly unfamiliar smells which greeted Mrs. Duncan's pretty nose, smells of grass and trees and air, and of the polite perfume which arose in apologetic whiffs from her blue Georgette crepe waist as

she walked. Mrs. Duncan, however, did not yet think of sin.

She arrived at her home curiously distracted. Her husband followed her by some twenty minutes. He was tired, unusually bored, unusually aloof. He kissed her. Mrs. Duncan kissed him. He took a bath. Mrs. Duncan brought him some fresh towels. He arose and shaved. He came in and ate dinner.

He said, "We had a pretty lively day at the office. Six rather big contracts. Not bad, eh?"

Mrs. Duncan said, "No, that's fine."

It was, on the whole, no different an evening, this one, than had been all the other evenings. Mrs. Duncan felt, on the whole, no chagrin over her husband's boredom or his silence. She preferred that he remain so.

Ennui is the most subtle and indefinable of all human poisons. It corrodes the heart, eats out the conscience, devours the soul, and yet manages more often than not to leave its victim entirely unchanged. Its action is as delicate and imperceptible as the action of time. It fades the spirit even as cunningly as age whitens the red of youth. But in some rare instances it breaks through on the surface and its victim, staring at himself as into a mirror, sees for the first time its ravagings as the disfigurements of some long latent disease.

Mrs. Duncan, toying idly with an undarned sock—she had achieved all the domestic virtues—thought to herself that she was bored, bored with life, tired of life, wearied of her own brain. Of a sudden the past four years

presented themselves for her contemplation. Hollow, empty, meaningless years!

There was in Mrs. Duncan, as has been suggested, a mysterious faculty of introspection. She had been educated upon the normal department-store classics which make up the curriculum of the high-schools. She had been taught to obey, to reverence, to pray and to worship, to believe implicity that certain things were right and their opposites wrong. She had been taught to believe that certain kinds of writing, of statuary, of people, of thoughts and of actions were indecent and conducive of evil.

Now, in her twenty-seventh year she believed what she had been taught to believe. She experienced no radicalizing of ideas, no revolution of standards. She had always been precise and proper, from her feet to her imagination. And now, from the bastile of her manifold virtues she gazed out upon the forbidden land. From the pinnacles of her morality she cast an eye across the gulf which reached to the broad and easy roads of another world—a world in which people suffered and joyed, sinned and were damned. A world, in short, containing a strange and unfamiliar folk whose souls were torn from morning till night with strange and unfamiliar emotions.

IV

It was two weeks after this night that Mrs. Duncan encountered Edgar Kendall Brown. He was a tall man with a shock of curly brown hair and a rugged face. He came to the small city from New York to lecture for four nights at the Metropolitan Theater, which faced Monu-

ment Square, on "The Relation of the Drama to Life."

Mrs. Duncan, and all the women whom Mrs. Duncan knew, subscribed to the entire course of four lectures. They were to be given in the afternoon. Mrs. Duncan attended the first in company with her husband, whose office was several doors away. In the evening she again encountered Edgar Kendall Brown at the home of Mrs. Frank Currety, who had given a "reception" for the distinguished lecturer. Her husband was again at her side.

Returning to her home from the reception, Mrs. Duncan experienced the first torment which had ever come upon her spirit. She entered the house gasping. She could barely believe the thoughts which moved quite calmly enough in her brain. And, believing them, she sought with an automatic superficiality to dismiss them. They remained.

Mrs. Duncan's thoughts may be conjectured, in a general way. She had for two weeks been preparing herself for them. Like some hypochrondriac nursing a vague ailment, Mrs. Duncan had nursed and coddled the unrest which had come into her. She had held long talks with herself. She had indulged in wild moments of philosophizing.

She had informed herself over and over again that the people who lived on the other side of the gulf did not live as she. Life to them was different. It was a wild, vivid thing full of unthinkable excitements, tortures, ecstacies.

The thoughts which were now in Mrs. Dun-

can's brain as she moved about preparing for the night, oblivious of her equally oblivious husband, were, however, of a more material and practical nature. Within ten minutes they had ceased to frighten her.

V.

The remainder of Mrs. Duncan's journey across the gulf was merely a problem in simple logic. It ended at five o'clock two afternoons later in the arms of the somewhat astounded Edgar Kendall Brown. Details are unnecessary. Time, place, manner, all these things are to the true connoisseur of psychology extraneous. Mr. Brown showed himself a philosopher and a gentleman. He neither offered to elope nor sought to probe with guileful questioning the past or present of his lady. He permitted himself but one abstract remark.

"You suffer," he said, "from a starved soul."

The minutae of such a relation as sprang up between Mrs. Duncan and Mr. Brown and endured for three days, might be the basis for another and differently purposed paper on psychology than this. On the fourth day Mr. Brown passed on to new worlds, promising fidelity and discretion. Mrs. Duncan returned to her home. Having betrayed her husband and bartered her honor, she sat as has been revealed, with a peculiar and bitter sense of disappointment in her soul, a book closed in her lap and her mind touching agilely upon the inscrutable stuff of life.

She had done this dreadful and not to be

whispered thing in the manner that one stretches and yawns as a relief from ennui. She had expected to become, heaven knows what, but something, something vastly different than she had been—a sinner. Instead she was Mrs. Henry Duncan. If she was a sinner she was as yet unaware of it. Boredom, subtle and complete as ever, was settling again upon her heart, upon her thought, upon her life. In a dim way Mrs. Duncan knew that she had penetrated to another immortal truth which is perhaps emblazoned upon the shrine of Hell. The people who sin are no different than the people who do not sin, because sin is no different than virtue and outside the circuit court virtue is indistinguishable from sin.

The thing was, like the matter of her love and its death, merely another illusion gone. Beauty, passion, ecstacy—mere words which people bandied among themselves, too polite to admit that the Creator had overlooked these things in his creating.

Such was the cynicism which came to Mrs. Duncan. Such things, she told herself, existed only in the irresponsible and impractical fancies of the poets. It would be well if some truth-bringer were to arise and announce the fact. She did not, however, yearn for the role of truth-bringer. She smiled sadly to herself. She had crossed the gulf only to discover there was no gulf or, at least, that the world was just the same on the other side as on the side where she had lived for twenty-seven years. And she had, she told herself wistfully, felt for a number of moments, a curious, wild and

unreasoning affection for Edgar Kendall Brown.

Mrs. Duncan rose from her chair in the modest library of her home and walked sedately into the kitchen. She was supervising the manufacture of a cake for her husband. He had remarked the evening previous that he would like a change of dessert. They had been having canned peaches. Mrs. Duncan entered the kitchen, spoke briefly to the kitchen maid, and then suddenly put her hand to her mouth.

"What if Henry knew?"

The thought flashed unbidden through her brain. She had been careful, circumspect. Mr. Brown was, to boot, a gentleman and a lecturer. But nevertheless what if, through some unforseen oversight, Henry discovered what had happened? Curious thought! Wild conjecture! A shot of pain transfixed Mrs. Duncan for an instant and left her white and smiling.

"Henry must never know."

Henry must never know! It would kill him. He might kill her. It would ruin their lives. There was no doubt of this. She must, at all costs, be careful, cautious, cunning.

Mrs. Duncan had not given this a thought before, this matter of being careful and cunning. Now, however, she gave it a number of thoughts. She grew excited thinking about it. She started humming a song as she moved about, her brain already busy with odd plans.

He must never suspect. She would have to

divert him, to keep his mind from ever dwelling upon such a possibility.

Mrs. Duncan, flushed and strangely elated, returned to her modest library. Here she could think more clearly.

The boredom, the ennui which had returned to her less than a half hour ago, had vanished. There was, in her eyes, a light—a gleam, in fact. Swiftly Mrs. Duncan went over sundry methods of deception. By some process of psychology which will not be here elaborated, Mrs. Duncan, as she meditated, gradually envisaged Henry Duncan, her husband, as a creature of subtle penetrations, as a reader of complex thoughts. He became in her mind endowed with super-cunning powers of super-cunning psychology. He became one who would fasten upon the merest slip, the merest cough or blush as a signal of guilt.

In short, Henry Duncan became a man worthy of his wife's most tempered metal.

He arrived a half hour earlier than was his wont.

Mrs. Duncan paled as he entered the room. She paled still more when he switched on the light and gazed at her.

"You're . . . you're home so early. What's the matter?" she inquired.

She was conscious of a peculiar and intricate elation, the elation of fear, suspense, doubt.

"Nothing," said Duncan curtly.

Yes, he did speak curtly. There was no mistaking that.

He regarded her closely.

"You look flushed," he added. "Sick?"

Mrs. Duncan arose to her feet. A dizzy sensation passed over her. She approached her husband slowly. Her arms went around his neck. She spoke in a low tone.

"Oh, Henry, I do feel rather ill."

She kissed him. Duncan patted her shoulder perfunctorily.

"You'll be all right," he said. "Why, what's the matter? You're crying."

"Oh, nothing," answered Mrs. Duncan, "nothing at all. Kiss me, Henry, please."

He obeyed, wondering somewhat and smiling vaguely.

It was not for several days that Henry Duncan began to remark the change which had come over his wife. She was, come to look at her, almost a different woman. He remembered with odd starts of emotion the girl he had married. She had been something like this, quick, eager, moody, laughing, full of kisses and caresses. Henry Duncan ceased to marvel and accepted his good fortune. He came home one evening, it was almost summer, with a flower in his lapel. Upon another occasion he produced a box of candy.

"Women are strange," he said to an intimate. "You can't understand them. All I've got to say is that after five years of it, I find myself more happily married than ever. But it's all in getting a decent, faithful, and unselfish woman. I suppose."

VI.

Mrs. Henry Duncan sits in the modest library of her home, between five or six each afternoon waiting for her husband. She seems younger than she seemed in the Spring. Her eyes are quick and lighted. Her friends, Mrs. Hyler and Mrs. Currey among others, have complimented her frequently upon her curious change.

"You get so much out of life," says the somewhat envious Mrs. Hyler.

"And you really are getting younger every day," chimes in the totally envious Mrs. Currey.

Little they know, thinks Mrs. Duncan, as she sits in the modest library of her home. Henry will be home soon. A shiver glides down Mrs. Duncan's spine and circles into her heart. Her cheeks pale. A peculiar and complicated emotion seizes her. Her eyes grow moist. She murmurs.

"Henry, poor Henry. He must never know I must be careful. I must watch out."

Henry comes in. He has another flower in his coat lapel. It is summer. Mrs. Duncan rises and approaches him with a slow, cat-like tread. She bends her head to a side and gazes coquettishly at her husband. She laughs in her throat and extends her arms with an abrupt and graceful gesture. . . .

"Henry," she exclaims, "you haven't kissed me yet. . . ."

FIFTEEN MINUTES

Before he was married, Thompson was in a state of mental and physical inertia that had earned him the reputation of a young man of excellent habits and unusual virtues. Where other youths of his acquaintance squandered their little earnings in sad little debauches and shifted restlessly from one pusillanimous job to another, sometimes even packing their goods and turning their faces to new horizons, Thompson buried himself in the hole of his own digging, gravitated placidly in the rut of his own making, and serenely regarded the world outside his ken with the intolerant smile of a superior nature.

His prejudice against drink, his frequent dissertations concerning the evil of cabarets, the mysterious dangers surrounding the modern dances, and the lamentably vulgar trend of the generation in general, convinced the veteran prune-eaters of Mrs. Severin's boarding-house that he was a man of ideals.

Women of the better sort took to him instinctively, recognizing in him a fine, chivalrous conception of their sex. This conception inspired him to remove his hat in department store elevators, to inquire solicitously of Mrs. Severin every evening of the nine years if she would mind if he smoked, and to pat little children on the head and ask of them with engaging earnestness how old they were. Further, it caused him to look askance—if not

sometimes with actual horror—upon the growth of immodesty that was worse among, as he termed them, "the rouged and misguided home-wreckers who have forgotten the beauties of the fireside." He did not, he affirmed, believe in men allowing their women to share their vices.

Many other illuminating comments could be made on the character of Thompson before his marriage. Suffice to recount that his physical laziness and his utter vacuity established him during these nine years as a splendidly steady, high-minded young man. And also he was always in demand by the two school-teachers, the bald-headed photographer, the very stout widow and such other finer elements as formed the élite of Mrs. Severin's table, for all their elaborately organized expeditions to the movies and the theater and their Sunday excursions to the heart of nature when, with the aid of opera-glasses, they delighted themselves discovering wonderful birds in the wilds littered with crackerjack boxes and abandoned picnic plates.

At twenty-eight Thompson married a woman whom even his closest friends agreed was his equal. That is, it was conceded by them that the woman Thompson had selected to marry was a creature worthy of the noble standards he had held always of the sex. She had appeared at Mrs. Severin's table, shy, well mannered, modestly dressed and with a keen appreciation of her new neighbors' worthiness. After the second week she had asked timidly to be permitted to remain in the parlor following

dinner until the rain ceased outside. Inasmuch as it was the night usually set aside for readings from the poets by Mr. Thompson, the favor was only dubiously granted. But there was none to regret the young woman's presence. She revealed, in fact, as fine and keen an appreciation of literature as could be expected of one denied the advantages of the many evenings which had preceded her. As it was, she sat silent during the debate led by the two school-teachers, but thrilling perceptibly to Thompson's sonorous recitations from Longfellow and Whittier.

II.

Ten months after this event Thompson and the young woman, whose name happened to be Elsie, were married. The courtship must be left to the imagination of such readers as fancy themselves possessed of a sophisticated humor. The exemplary elations of the bridal pair must likewise be denied precious white paper. If it were not for the fact that six years after his marriage Thompson sat in the "library" of his home, an odd frown on his face, a desperate perplexity in his thought, the whole matter of the Thompsons might indeed be intelligently dropped. But in the lives of Thompson and his wife there are fifteen minutes worthy of the hurried historian. What followed these fifteen minutes and what preceded them are things too holy for recording by any other than the angel of heaven or perhaps the author of "Pollyana."

So—at a quarter of eight on an evening in May six years after his marriage—Thompson

sat, as chronicled, frowning oddly and perplexed. Elsie was still in the kitchen tidying up. When she finished she would come in and turn on the light. In the meantime he would sit in the dark. It somehow suited his mood.

Thompson with a mood! To select the fifteen minutes of a man's life when he steps out of character—when he does, says or thinks things which he never has done, said or thought before, and never will again! To limit the saint when he exchanges his halo for the bladder and the slapstick, to spotlight the villain in his single act of charity! By such ruses may truth for a moment be surprised—a hussy caught in negligée.

How it happened that Thompson arrived at such a condition is one of the phenomena of life concerning which your puppeteer must for the present at least keep gravely silent. But there it was—the mood, the peculiar twilight of emotion, the wandering barb of retrospection, crawling bewilderedly through the virgin caverns of his heart and mind. The thing had started earlier in the day and he had gone about his business as clerk in the commission house fronting the river with a sense of detachment from things about him. He had come home and eaten his dinner in silence. And he sat now contemplating, as one might contemplate the rather sudden appearance of a third arm on one's person, the perplexing fact that his life was empty.

Like a machine long junked and rusted, Thompson's brain had of its own volition stirred itself into action. Thoughts were creaking out

of it. As a man of ideals, Thompson had naturally never found it necessary to think, or perhaps even advisable. There were certain ideas—ideas of right and wrong, for instance—which he had long ago fitted into his head. There were certain highly proper, noble theories which he had carefully inserted whole into his gray matter. And presto!—the business of life had been solved. In emergencies, moral or conversational or ethical, recourse to this catalogued mental stock pointed the way, solved the difficulty. Thus by reaching to the shelf for an adage, a commandment, a properly tagged and price-marked code—in short, by accepting grimly, idealistically, what he knew—Thompson had through his life found no impulse to disorder the fine, accurate balance of his ideas with any thinking.

For instance—and the digression establishes a bit firmer the background for these fifteen minutes with which the present history most concerns itself—after his marriage Thompson had taken a lofty inventory of this stock of his. A woman's place was in the home and a man's duty was to love, honor and obey his wife. These were mental commodities of imposing bulk in his warehouse. Accordingly Mrs. Thompson had remained in her home and he to the best extent of his abilities had loved, honored and obeyed her. A man's home was his first and deepest concern, his wife his first and chiefest interest.

Upon these premises the Thompsons had lived and thrived, doing solemnly only those things which befitted respectable folk, exchanging with

solemnity only such fancies as did not violate the ideal of Puritania. And as a result—to the scurrilous there is nothing quite so hideous as the success of virtue—life for the Thompsons had been a business approaching nobility of spirit. They had consorted with the amiable yet high-minded tolerance of persons honestly intent upon living in the light of their finest perceptions. They had moved in a continual Sabbath.

To find life empty after such painstaking piety! With the thought, the chill of an emotion approaching terror coursed through Thompson as he sat in the dark. He struggled to recover the balance of ideas, the innocuous complacency of former meditations. But the thing persisted, flaunting itself as from some external source when he had hurled it from his conscious thought. Empty and desolate. Living in a humdrum of trifles. Imprisoned by four walls bearing the name Home. With a world unknown tumbling about outside his cell.

Like a man surrendering himself to an undertow encountered in a placid stretch of sea, Thompson went down, down into the depths of his mood. Hallucinations beset him. Visions of horrible outline crossed his eye. And what were these things that Thompson saw? They were nothing other than he had seen all his life. It is the familiar which becomes most monstrous, most absurd, when beheld in an unfamiliar light. It is the norm which is the true gargoyle to the eye turned inward.

And the light in which Thompson now be-

held the familiar outlines of his life was the wholly strange tint of his mood. He had lived the six years not only content, but with the elation which comes to a man who accomplishes firmly an appointed task. He had never strayed in thought beyond the accepted confines of what were in his mind labeled virtue and righteousness, duty and decency. And now there had come upon him a nostalgia for lands never visited.

The emotion, though intense, was vague. It did not name precisely for him things that were desirable—the sway and lilt of women, the shouts of laughter of men drinking, the fancy-free adventure over the seas of the earth—yet these generally he desired, visioning them as a man blind might vision objects about him and their colors.

The vagueness of his desires, the uncentered spur of his restlessness, was equalled by a specific detail, which on the other hand complicated his mood with a disgust approaching nausea. This detail concerned itself with the familiar—with the appearance, the thoughts, the doings of his wife, with the odors of his home, with the paraphernalia of his own day. He saw them as things monotonous, felt them like a seething about his lungs. The careful unselfishness toward Elsie, the observation of a thousand intricate trifles of conduct, the coming home each evening to the same walls, the same face, and—worst idiocy of all—to the identical words, gestures, grimaces of the day before. Other men did things. Just what Thompson was unable to declare for himself.

Other men went to stag parties, for instance. They did something anyway, something wonderfully and violently different than he did.

A part of Thompson remained observant and terrified as he sank deeper. It was as if he had divided himself into the two classical complements of being. One of these remained wringing its hands at the spectacle of the other—a teetotaler Siamese watching its umbilical twin engaged in terrific debauch.

As he journeyed into the depths of his mood the detail that had nauseated him gave place abruptly to the vagueness of his unrest. And Thompson the complacent, the idealist, the immaculate husband, thirsted for things which may discretely be labelled adventure. It was a thirst which had never come upon him in his pre-marital days. But, like a belated springtime, it burst suddenly to bloom. He grew dizzy and shut his eyes. And visions crowded upon him. The word sex included everything but his wife. The thought of love and beauty evolved images of women with roses in their teeth and black shawls slung across red-satined shoulders.

So much for the Thompson who went plunging head first toward the bottom of his mood. The other Thompson, the terrified creature who remained on the brink wringing his hands, is perhaps of more psychological, if elusive, importance. This was the real, or to strain at the Darwinian proprieties, the unreal, Thompson—this the fellow loaded with chunks of ideas and bulging with carefully labelled ethics. And during these moments—fifteen of

them—he perceived himself in various astounding lights. The things he had hoarded with miserly zeal he saw now being plucked from their shelves and tumbled upon the air. He saw himself sinning. And yet he knew it could not be sin, if he was accomplishing it.

Was there something wrong with him? Why didn't Elsie hurry in from the kitchen? No, he would get up and follow himself, as it were, into the night. Walk, walk. Go somewhere. Do something. This living between four walls! This carrying the four walls about with him! This not daring to live as men lived. And how was it men lived? Any way but his way. With their brains somehow different. With different ideas and faces. Anything but the insufferable emptiness of a life based upon doing things always the same and always without meaning. That was it—meaning. Other men had meaning in their lives. He had none. He would break away.

And here for the moment both Thompsons united again, both stood overlooking with awed and enchanted eyes a promised land. A land in which there were no Elsies, no Thompsons.

A pain passed through Thompson's head as he stared at the dark of the room. He lifted his hand and caressed his brow.

III.

It was the maid's day off. Mrs. Thompson hung the frying pan on its appointed hook, smoothed out her apron and raised her hand

toward the chain of the electric light. As she did so a distressing pain shot through her. She paused, her hand in mid-air, her pleasant face contorted mildly. Dropping her arm to her side she increased this contortion into a frown. With eyes a bit too earnest for observing, she searched the ordered walls of her kitchen with its rows of utensils hung from the mid-wall moulding, its white enameled sink, its business-like tables and its innumerable cloths.

Of late Mrs. Thompson had found this part of her day the most difficult. Perhaps it was that the day tired her. But why? She did nothing. She fastened a particularly earnest stare at the frying pan. Nothing but prepare the dinner for Harold, tidy the house, shop, visit a half hour with some wholly uninteresting creature who, like herself, did nothing, and, therefore, had never anything to say.

Mrs. Thompson thought of Harold awaiting her in the "library." A warmth came into her thought immediately. But also another distressing attack of the pain occurred. The warmth vanished, Harold did nothing. It seemed to her that after all people never did anything at all in the world. But what a shameless thing to have such an idea. Mrs. Thompson frowned at herself. Wasn't she the happiest married woman in the world? And wasn't Harold dear and sweet and good? Yet there was no evading the fact that they never did anything but just sit and look at each other. While other people did things. On their way to Billy Sunday's revival, for instance, they

had passed thousands of people who were hurrying to places to do things.

Mrs. Thompson still remained under the lighted electric globe. In a moment she would go in and join Harold. She sighed. She felt restless. Her eyes turned from the wall toward the window and she observed the night. For several moments she stood thinking nothing, but feeling an inexplicable sadness. Then she said to herself:

"I've eaten something that doesn't agree with me. Oh, what an awful pain. It must have been that canned salmon. I wonder if Harold has felt it?"

She became at once concerned. Reaching up this time, she turned out the light without further hesitation and walked toward the "library." She was startled as she approached it to see it in darkness. Where was Harold?

A curious sense of fear possessed her. Something had happened to him! She caught her breath and walked swiftly into the room. A moment later she stood on the threshold staring at her husband. He was sitting in his large chair, his hand passing haltingly over his forehead, and blinking at the sudden light.

She smiled with relief. What an odd fear that was that had come over her in the hall.

"Do you feel ill, Harold?" she asked. "I've had the worst pains in my tummy just now. It must have been that canned salmon."

Thompson stared at her, his eyes still blinking. A grimace slowly wrinkled his face.

"Yes, I have them, too," he answered, covering his waistcoat with his hands. "I've been

having them for the last fifteen minutes. It must have been that salmon. I thought it tasted odd."

"It was," announced Mrs. Thompson with conviction. "You can never trust canned salmon. I only hope it's nothing serious."

Thompson groaned suddenly in his chair.

"Oh, dear," his wife exclaimed, "Isn't it dreadful? I'll go get the pills."

A light broke over Thompson's face. He raised his eyes and, with a smiling tenderness, watched his wife turn and walk toward the bathroom.

THE MAN HUNT

They were hunting him. Squads of coppers with rifles, detectives, stool pigeons were hunting him. And the people who had read the story in the newspapers and looked at his picture, they too, were huntng him.

Tommy O'Connor looked out of the smeared window of the room in which he sat and stared at the snow. A drift of snow across the roofs. A scribble of snow over the pavement.

There were automobiles racing through the streets loaded with armed men. There were crowds looking for a telltale face in their own midst. Guards, deputies, coppers were surrounding houses and peering into alleys, raiding saloons, ringing doorbells. The whole city was on his heels. The city was like a pack of dogs sniffing wildly for his trail. And when they found it they would come whooping toward him for a leap at his throat.

Well, here he was—waiting. It was snowing outside. There was no noise in the street. A man was passing. One of the pack? No. Just a man. The man looked up. Tommy O'Connor took his face slowly away from the window. He had a gun in his pocket and his hand was holding it. But the man was walking away. Huh! If that guy knew that Lucky Tommy O'Connor was watching him from a window he'd walk a little faster. If the guy knew that Lucky O'Connor, who had busted his way out of jail and was being hunted by a million people with

guns, was sitting up here behind the window, he'd throw a fit. But he didn't know. He was like the walls and the windows and the snow outside—quiet and peaceful.

"Nice boy," grinned Tommy O'Connor. Then he began to fidget. He ought to go out and buy a paper. See what was doing. See what became of Mac and the rest of the boys. Maybe they'd all been nabbed. But they couldn't do him harm. On account nobody knew where he was. No pal. No dame. Nobody knew he was sitting here in the room looking at the snow and just thinking. The papers were probably full of cock-and-bull stories about his racing across the country and hiding in haystacks and behind barns. Kid stuff. Maybe he should ought to of left town. But it felt better in town. Some rube was always sure to pick out a stranger beating it down a empty road. And there was no place to hide. Long, empty stretches, where anybody could see you for a mile.

Better in town. Lots of walls, alleys, roofs. Lots of things like that. No hare-and-hounds effect like in the country. But the papers were probably full of a lot of bunk. He'd take a walk later and buy a few. Better sit still now. There was nothing harder to find than a man sitting still.

Tommy O'Connor yawned. Not much sleep the night before. Well, he'd sleep tonight. Worrying wasn't going to help matters. What if they did come? Let them come. Fill up the street and begin their damn shooting. They didn't

think Lucky Tommy was sucker enough to let them march him up on a scaffold and break his neck on the end of a rope. Fat chance. Not him. That sort of stuff happened to other guys, not to Lucky Tommy.

Snowing outside. And quiet. Everybody at work. Funny about that. Tommy O'Connor was the only free man in the city. There was nobody felt like him right now—nobody. Where would he be exactly this time a week from now? If he could only look ahead and see himself at four o'clock next Monday afternoon. But he was free now. No breaking his neck on the end of a rope. If worst came to worst—if worst came to worst—O'Connor's fingers took a grip on the gun in his pocket. They were hunting him. Up and down the streets everywhere. Pacing around in taxis, with rifles sticking out of the windows. Well, why didn't they come into this street? All they had to do was figure out: Here's the street Tommy O'Connor is hiding in. And that looks like the house. And then somebody would yell out: "There he is! Behind that window! That's him!" Why didn't this happen?

Christmas, maybe, he'd call on the folks. No. Rube stuff. A million coppers would be watching the house. But he might drop them a letter. Too bad he didn't have any paper, or he might write a lot of letters. To the chief of police and all the head hunters. Some more rube stuff, that. They could tell by the postmark what part of the city he was hiding in and they'd be on him with a whoop.

Funny how he had landed in this room. No plans, no place in particular to head for. That was the best way. Like he'd figured it out and it turned out perfect. Grab the first auto and ride like hell and keep on changing autos and riding around and around in the streets and crawling deeper into the city until the trail was all twisted and he was buried. But he ought to shave his mustache off. Hell. What for? If they came whooping into the street they'd find him, mustache or no mustache. But what if he wanted to buy some papers?

It was getting darker now. The snow was letting up. Just dribbling. Better if it would snow a lot. Then he could sit and have something to watch—snow falling on the street and turning things white. That was on account of his headache he was thinking that way. Eats might help, but he wasn't hungry. Scared? No. Just waiting. Hunters winding in and out like the snow that was falling. People were funny. They got a big thrill out of hunting a live man who was free in the streets.

He'd be walking some day. Strolling around the streets free as any of them. Maybe not in town. Some other town. Take a walk down State Street. Drop in at a movie. Kid stuff. Walk over to Mac's saloon and kind of casually say "Hello, fellows." And walk out again. God, they'd never hang him. If the worst came to the worst—if the worst came to the worst—but they'd never hang him.

Dark now. But the guys hunting him weren't going to sleep. Lights were going on in the

windows. Better light up the room. People might notice a dark window. But a lighted one would look all right. It was not snowing any more. Just cold.

Well, he'd go out in a while. Stretch his legs and buy the papers and give them a reading. And then take a walk. Just walk around and take in the streets and see if there was anybody he knew. No. Rube stuff, that. Better stick where he was.

Lucky Tommy walked around in the room. The drawn window blind held his eye. Wagons were passing. What for? Yes, and there was a noise. Like people coming. Turn out the light, then. He's take a look.

Tommy O'Connor peeled back the blind carefully. Dark. Lights in windows. Some guys on the corner. Hunting him? Sure. And they were coming his way. Straight down the street. They were looking up. What for? A gun crept out of Tommy O'Connor's pocket. He pressed himself carefully against the wall. He waited. The minutes grew long. But this was the hunt closing in. They were coming. Black figures of men floating casually down the street. All right—let them come.

Lucky Tommy O'Connor's eyes stared rigidly out of the smeared window at a vague flurry of figures that seemed to be coming, coming his way.

GRASS FIGURES

You will sometimes notice when you sit on the back porch after dinner that there are other back porches with people on them. And when you sit on the front steps, that there are other front steps similarly occupied. In the park when you lie down on the grass you will see there are others lying on the grass. And when you look out of your window you can observe other people looking out of their windows.

In the streets when you walk casually and have time to look around you will see others walking casually and looking around, too. And in the theater or church or where you work there are always the inevitable others, always reflecting yourself. You might get to thinking about this as the newspaper reporter did. The newspaper reporter got an idea one day that the city was nothing more nor less than a vast, broken mirror giving him back garbled images of himself.

The newspaper reporter was trying to write fiction stories on the side and he thought: "If I can figure out something for a background, some idea or something that will explain about people, and then have the plot of the story sort of prove this general idea by a specific incident, that would be the way to work it."

Thus, when the reporter had figured it out that the city was a mirror reflecting himself,

he grew excited. That was the kind of idea he had always been looking for. But at night in his bedroom when he started to write he hit a snag. He had thought he held in his mind the secret of the city. Yet when he came to write about it the secret slipped away and left him with nothing. He sat looking out of his bedroom window, noticing that the telephone poles in the dark alley looked like huge, inverted music notes. Then he thought: "It doesn't do any good to get an idea that doesn't tell you anything. Just figuring out that the city is a mirror that reflects me all the time doesn't give me the secret of streets and crowds. Because the question then arises: "Who am I that the mirror reflects, and what am I? What in Sam Hill is my motif?"

So the newspaper reporter decided to wait awhile before he wrote his story—wait, at least, until he had found out something. But the next day, while he was walking in Michigan Avenue, the idea he had had about the mirror trotted along beside him like some homeless Hector pup that he couldn't shake. He looked up eagerly into the faces of the crowd on the street, searching the many different eyes that moved by him for a "lead."

What the newspaper reporter wanted was to be able to begin his fiction story by saying something like this: "People are so and so. The city is so and so. Everybody feels this and this. No matter who they are or where they live, or what their jobs are they can't escape the mark of the city that is on them."

It was after 7 o'clock and the people in Michigan Avenue were going home or sauntering back and forth, looking into the shop windows, with nothing much to do. The street was still light, although the sun had gone. Hidden behind the buildings of the city, the sun flattened itself out on an invisible horizon and spread a vast peacock tail of color across the sky. In Grant Park, opposite the Public Library, men lay on their backs with their hands folded under their heads and stared up into the colors of the sky. The newspaper reporter stood abstractedly on the corner counting the automobiles that purred by to see if more taxicabs than privately owned cars passed a given point in Michigan Avenue. Then he walked across the street for no other reason than that there were for the moment no more automobiles to count. He stopped on the opposite pavement and stood looking at the figures that lay on the grass in Grant Park.

The newspaper reporter had been lying for ten minutes on his back in the grass when he sat up suddenly and muttered: "Here it is. Right in front of me." He sat, looking intently, at the men who were lying on the grass as he had been a moment before. And his idea about the city's being a mirror giving him back images of himself started up again in his mind. But now he could find out what these images of himself were. In fact, what he was. Whereupon he would have his story.

Being a newspaper reporter there was nothing unusual in his mind about walking up to one of the figures and talking to it. For years

and years he had done just that for a living—walked up to strangers and asked them questions. So now he would ask the men lying on their backs what they were lying on their backs for. He would ask them why they came to Grant Park, what they were thinking about and how it happened that they all looked alike and lay on their backs like a chorus of figures in a pastoral musical comedy.

The first figure the newspaper reporter approached listened to the questions in surprise. Then he answered: "Well I dunno. I just came into the park and lay down." The second figure looked blank and shook its head. The reporter tried a third. The third figure grinned and answered: "Oh, well, nothing much to do and the grass rests you a bit."

The reporter kept on for a few minutes, asking his questions and getting answers that didn't quite mean anything. Then he grew tired of the job and returned to his original place on the grass and lay down again and stared up into the colors of the sky. After a half-hour, during which he had thought of nothing in particular, he arose, shook his legs free of dirt and grass and walked away. As he walked he looked at the figures that remained. The arc lamps on the park shafts and on the Greek-like fountain were popping on and the avenue was lighting up like a theater with the footlights going on.

"Funny about them," the newspaper reporter thought, eyeing the figures as he moved away; "they lie there on their backs all in the same

position, all looking at the same clouds. So they must all be thinking thoughts about the same thing. Let's see; what was I thinking about? Nothing."

An excited light came suddenly into the newspaper reporter's eyes.

"I was just waiting," he muttered to himself. "And so are they."

The newspaper reporter looked eagerly at the street and the people passing. That was it. He had found the word. "Waiting." Everybody was waiting. On the back porches at night, on the front steps, in the parks, in the theaters, churches, streets and stores—men and women waited. Just as the men on the grass in Grant Park were waiting. The only difference between the men lying on their backs and people elsewhere was that the men in the grass had grown tired for the moment of pretending they were doing anything else. So they had stretched themselves out in an attitude of waiting, in a deliberate posture of waiting. And with their eyes on the sky, they waited.

The newspaper reporter felt thrilled as he thought all this. He felt thrilled when he looked closely at the people in Michigan Avenue and saw that they fitted snugly into his theory. He said to himself: "I've discovered a theory about life. A theory that fits them all. That makes the background I'm looking for. Waiting. Yes, the whole pack of them are waiting all time. That's why we all look alike. That's why one house looks like another and one man walking looks like another man walking, and

why figures lying in the grass look like twins —scores of twins."

The newspaper man returned to his bedroom and started to write again. But he had been writing only a few minutes when he stopped. Again, as it had before, the secret had slipped out of his mind. For he had come to a paragraph that was to tell what the people were waiting for and he couldn't think of any answer to that. What were the men in the grass waiting for? In the street? On the porches and stone steps? They were images of himself—all "waiting images" of himself. Therefore the answer lay in the question: "What had be been waiting for?"

The newspaper reporter bit into his pencil. "Nothing, nothing," he muttered. "Yes, that's it. They aren't waiting for anything. That's the secret. Life is a few years of suspended animation. But there's no story in that. Better forget it."

So he looked glumly out of his bedroom window, and, being a sentimentalist, the huge inverted music notes the telephone poles made against the dark played a long, sad tune in his mind.

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PROSTITUTION IN THE MODERN WORLD

INTRODUCTION

Most historians accept the beginning of the sixteenth century as a convenient mark of division between medieval and modern times. In fact, however, the intellectual and social development which took place in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was much more important than that of the fifteenth and sixteenth. Europe in 1600 had far more in common with the civilization of the Middle Ages than with our own.

For the history of prostitution, nevertheless, the decade just preceding the year 1500 and the two or three succeeding decades are of particular significance. In 1492 Christopher Columbus discovered the West Indies. Among other things, the New World contributed to Europe tobacco, potatoes—and syphilis. In 1517 Luther posted his ninety-five theses upon a church door in Wittenberg. In 1529 Jean Calvin "became converted." By 1500 the printing press had been fully developed. It helped to spread Greek thought throughout Europe. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 had scattered Byzantine scholars and harlots through the western countries. The Italian cities were the first to benefit from the special knowledge of these two classes.

Only gradually did the Renaissance, the

Reformation, and the exploration of America change the manner of life of the common people of Europe. In general, medieval life continued for a considerable period beyond the year 1500. The harlot and her patrons in 1700 were much what they had been in 1300—not greatly different, in fact, from what they had been 1300 B. C.* But we are concerned chiefly with changes in making a history. In the period between 1500 and 1850, the conservatism which had been characteristic of the Middle Ages became less and less marked. Indeed a great upheaval became possible in France at the end of the eighteenth century. More lasting, perhaps, were the effects of the great Industrial Revolution of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

*Little Blue Books Nos. 286 and 1111 deal respectively with prostitution in the ancient and in the medieval world.

SYPHILIS

The question of the origin of syphilis has not yet been settled to the satisfaction of all investigators. Some evidence favors the theory that this disease was unknown in Europe until after Columbus had discovered America. Other venereal diseases—probably gonorrhea and soft chancre, with which we are still familiar—appear to have existed long before then in the Old World. The ancient and medieval physicians were not able to distinguish the venereal maladies from each other or from certain other dermal affections. However, a great many skeletons of persons who lived in Europe and Asia before 1492 have been examined. These have not been found syphilitic. The old medical literature never deals with venereal disease of a general or systemic sort. It is possible that some of the men who sailed with Columbus brought the disease with them from Hayti in 1493 and 1494.*

Certainly it became epidemic in Europe at the end of the fifteenth century. The first great outcry came from Naples in 1495. When Charles VIII of France entered that city, he found it suffering from what the inhabitants called "the French malady." They believed it to have been brought by the French soldiers. The Spanish mercenaries whom Charles had

*See Dr. William Allen Pusey's excellent brief treatise on syphilis, Little Blue Book No. 903. The history of the disease has been dealt with in three large volumes by the late Dr. Iwan Bloch, *Der Ursprung der Syphilis.*

hired were no doubt directly responsible. A great horde of prostitutes accompanied the army, and the soldiers of that time did not hesitate to seduce or to rape the wives and daughters of honest citizens. Therefore the new disease spread with great rapidity. New maladies are always especially dangerous. Against the older infections a racial immunity gradually grows up. Early syphilis was considerably more severe than the syphilis of the present time. It is possible, indeed, that syphilis will in time cease to plague mankind. Of course it is not a necessary result of "sin." Like the rain, it is visited alike upon the just and unjust.

Francastoro, who wrote a poem about syphilis which was published in 1530, describes the symptoms of the disease:

> The patients were low-spirited, their faces were pale. Most of them had sores upon the organs of generation. These sores, when cured in one place, reappeared in another, and the work was never done. Pustules with a hard surface appeared upon the skin. . . They burst after a few days, and discharged an incredible quantity of vile fetid fluid matter. When they began to suppurate, they became true gangrenous ulcers, eating away both flesh and bone. . . Some patients lost their lips, others the nose, others the whole organs of generation.

The *morbus gallicus* or French malady of Italy soon became the Spanish disease of England and the northern coast of Africa, the Castilian disease of Portugal, the Frankish or Christian disease of the Levant, the Portuguese disease of the Far East. Soon it was generally known that this dreadful infection was spread

by means of sexual intercourse, especially by prostitutes. Even before 1500, this knowledge led in several places to the abolition of all brothels. In a large number of cities, orders were issued that no harlot suffering from syphilis should continue to ply her trade.

Physicians were in general disinclined to undertake the cure of the new infection. Even the few who were willing to defy professional ethics found themselves altogether impotent to stay the course of the disease. The wood of the lignum-vitae tree was a favorite remedy. Pest-houses for syphilitics were soon established—in Venice in 1496, in Paris in 1497—but the inmates were left to die or to cure themselves as best they could.

It was well enough to issue decrees against syphilitic prostitutes, but usually the mischief was done before the authorities knew that a woman was diseased. Even after it became necessary to send physicians from brothel to brothel to examine the harlots, only those in whom the malady was considerably advanced were recognized as possible sources of infection. To this day, there has been found no infallible diagnosis for syphilis. The palpably diseased women were usually sent out of the city. Knowing nothing of other ways of earning a living, they were likely to resume their trade upon the highway or in some place where the authorities were less severe. Seeking such places, they naturally went to regions where the disease was still unknown. The primitive prophylactic methods served, then, chiefly to spread the in-

fection into the most remote regions of Europe and Asia.

In the Spanish city of Valencia, a system of medical inspection was inaugurated at least as early as 1501. Every woman who wished to enter a brothel was required to receive a certificate from the physician appointed to this duty that he had examined her and found her free from all contagious diseases, especially from the "French malady." A special department for venereal diseases was established in the municipal hospital. Here the prostitutes were treated when the official physician believed them to be syphilitic. The brothel mistresses were required to report all suspicious cases to him at once. At best, however, the sanitary control was of little advantage. The venereal department of the hospital was ordinarily overcrowded and filthy, and the municipal phisician had little time to devote to any individual case. Yet the quarantine system was a great improvement over the banishing of infected harlots.

It was not until 1614 that the authorities of Paris opened a hospital which was in any way adequate for the care of syphilitic persons. Up to that year diseased prostitutes had not been received at any place for medical treatment. Men had been admitted in small numbers into the small venereal hospital already referred to and into the general hospital.

Between 1614 and the end of the century, syphilitic women who desired treatment had to submit to arrest as vagabonds. Accordingly they were severely whipped upon admission and

just before they were discharged as cured. It can readily be imagined that the prostitutes were not anxious to enter the hospital upon such terms.

Well into the eighteenth century, the diseased prostitutes of Paris had reason to avoid public medical treatment. In both of the hospitals which were open to them, food was bad and living conditions almost unbelievably unpleasant. We are told that eight syphilitic women slept in a single bed. Medical treatment—such as it was—could not be obtained for months after admission. The women waited their turn, their disease gradually becoming incurable. Facilities for bathing did not exist. There was very little bed-linen, and it was seldom or never washed. In one of the hospitals for venereal diseases, we are told, the average yearly mortality during the eighteenth century was one hundred women and sixty men.

Under the republic, many reforms were brought about. A new hospital was established for syphilis, with gardens and baths, and with ample facilities for treatment. Later the male patients were provided with a hospital for themselves. Previously they had been in the habit of amusing themselves with the women in adjoining wards. In the early part of the nineteenth century, a dispensary was founded for the treatment of persons who did not wish to be admitted to the hospital. It was found, however, that this system allowed dangerous women to engage in prostitution without interruption, and it was later abandoned.

Not until 1803 were the harlots of Paris required to submit to regular medical inspection. At first they had to pay a specified fee to the official examiner. He found it easiest to take his money without going to the trouble of examining the women. Later the method of medical control was improved, and better physicians were obtained for the work.

Soon after syphilis became epidemic in Europe, the problem of personal prophylaxis was considered by a number of physicians and others. Several pamphlets were issued warning young men to stay away from the brothels. Probably these had little effect, except for a brief period after the ravages of syphilis had first manifested themselves in a city. There can be little doubt that prostitution is proportionately less widespread now than it was during the Middle Ages. Yet the fear of syphilis is only one among a number of causes of this change.

Some of the devices and drugs used to prevent infection with venereal disease also serve to prevent conception. For this reason and because of the idea that syphilis is a divinely sent visitation upon sinners, their use has been condemned not only by priestly moralists but by scientists and physicians as well. The situation has changed a great deal since the sixteenth century in this regard, but there is still room for improvement. If all thoughts of sinfulness and shame were removed from the consideration of the venereal maladies, they could be handled much more efficiently.

If, as Krafft-Ebing pungently remarked, modern civilization is intimately connected with

syphilization, this is not necessarily true for the future. But prudery must not be permitted to conceal the fact that a grave problem exists, one which cannot be solved by the mere prohibition of extramarital sexual intercourse. The history of prostitution since the end of the fifteenth century justifies this conclusion.

In one way the fear of syphilis has operated to promote the growth of the brothel. It is far easier to carry out a regular medical inspection of women who are concentrated in a few houses than to deal with scattered prostitutes. The mistress or manager of the brothel has at times been required to assume a certain amount of responsibility in the attempt to take diseased women out of their profession. But the person in charge of such a house is not in sympathy with the rigid application of preventive measures. At least a third of all active prostitutes are capable of transmitting syphilis, gonorrhea, or both. Moreover, when a woman has once been infected with syphilis, even though she is properly treated, she is likely to transmit the disease if she has sexual relations within two or three years. The strict elimination of the diseased prostitute would require the brothel keeper to be forever replacing his women with young girls. As a matter of fact, the decline of the brothel in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been due in large part to the difficulty of such recruiting. The prostitute is in many respects better off when she lives by herself or in an apartment with one or two other young women.

From the point of view of the harlot herself,

the compulsory retirement from her profession is a greater danger than the ravages of disease. Usually she is fit for no other work, either because of lack of training or because the habits she has acquired make the labors she could perform seem exceedingly monotonous and exhausting. To be confined in a hospital is never pleasant. When the house in which medical care is given is at the same time a prison or something very like it, when it is a filthy place like the hospitals of old Paris, it is small wonder that the prostitute should avoid medical examination or bribe the examining physician when she can. The modern prostitute has had better reason than her medieval predecessor to avoid registration.

But we must understand that the attempts to control syphilis during the period dealt with in the present work (1500-1850) were only sporadic. Where laws existed, they were laxly enforced. The old idea that the brothel (or prostitution in some form) is an absolutely necessary evil persisted, despite the attempts at abolition with which we shall presently be concerned. Moreover, we do not even now thoroughly understand infectious diseases. What we do know has been almost entirely learned since 1850.

It was during the middle of the nineteenth century that Ricord and Virchow did their important work in the study of venereal diseases. The experiments of Metchnikoff and Neisser were performed in the twentieth century. Wassermann's method of diagnosis and Schaudinn's investigations fall also into our own time.

Even the best of the older specialists we must now designate as ignorant.

In 1497, King James IV of Scotland tried to drive all venereally infected persons out of the city of Edinburgh. They were to go in boats provided for them to Inchkeith, "and thair to remain quhill God provyd for thair health." Those who tried to evade the ordinance were to be branded on the forehead that they might be recognized immediately in the future. Now we know that such drastic measures are unnecessary. We know that almost always syphilis is spread in the sexual embrace, and we are familiar with the somewhat exceptional other ways in which the disease is transmitted.

For many years the regulation of the Middlesex Hospital, London, provided that every patient entering with a venereal disease should pay a special fee of forty shillings—which was a large sum in the eighteenth century. The directors thought that admiting syphilitics on the same basis with other patients would amount to the encouragement of vice.

It should be obvious that as a matter of public health the treatment of venereally diseased women—chiefly, although by no means entirely, prostitutes—is more important even than caring for men suffering from these diseases. In general, however, they were poorly provided for during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The whole matter was considered from a personal rather than from a communal point of view. They were leading sinful lives, these scarlet women, and God had inflicted a proper punishment upon them. It

was almost forgotten that they were also sources of infection. Or if this was remembered, the prostitutes were simply ordered to leave the town.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION

When Martin Luther made his pilgrimage to Rome, in the year 1511, he was a devout Roman Catholic. What he saw in Rome made a Protestant of him. The evils of simony (the sale of ecclesiastical positions) and of nepotism (favoritism shown to the pope's relatives) were glaring enough. What impressed him most, however, was the sexual immorality which prevailed at the papal court. For Luther was not a cold and unworldly man, like the later reformer, Jean Calvin. Quite evidently it cost him a considerable struggle to live up to his vow of chastity. Rome was swarming with prostitutes and with the mistresses of high church officials. Religious zeal was altogether absent. The young German priest did not at once formulate a new creed. He did not immediately rationalize the reasons for his revolt against the medieval church. It was not until 1517 that Tetzel's sale of indulgences caused Luther publicly to proclaim his doctrine of "salvation through faith alone." Two years later the reformer declared that popes and general councils of the church were alike fallible. In 1525—and for us this is especially important—Martin Luther married Katherina von Bora, who had been a nun and therefore pledged, like Luther, to eternal chastity. Luther

had for some time been preaching against the ecclesiastical vows.

It is as natural, he said, for men and women to come together as it is for them to eat and drink and sleep. "The principle of marriage." he declared in one of his table talks, "runs through all creation, and flowers as well as animals are male and female." Therefore, priestly celibacy is absurd. It is a highly exceptional man, Luther thought, who is able to eliminate sexual life. Most of the priests of his time confirmed his opinion by actually engaging in fornication. Would it not be much better, asked the Protestant reformer, if they should be married and bring up children whom they might openly acknowledge as their own?

Luther believed in the inferiority of woman. The wife, he emphatically declared, should submit herself to the will of her husband. Nevertheless he was not in favor of a double standard of sexual morality. He approved the bigamy of Philip of Hesse and he declared polygyny to be better than divorce. Also he advised women who remained childless in marriage secretly to wed a second husband for the purpose of securing legitimate children, whose paternity should be ascribed to the first husband. For woman is incomplete except in maternity, he thought. Luther spoke fervently against the medieval view that women are repulsive and that they alone are sinful and dirty.

But he had little sympathy with the view that prostitution is a necessary evil. He knew from personal experience that continence be-

fore marriage is possible even for sensually inclined young men. The idea that it is necessary to sow one's wild oats early in life he denounced as heathenish. Therefore he spoke out plainly against the toleration of the brothel. In one of his writings he warned the university students of Wittenberg against the prostitutes of the town. "For such a French harlot"—meaning one diseased with syphilis rather than one who had come from France—"can ruin ten, twenty, thirty, or a hundred honest people's children, and she is therefore to be considered a murderess, far worse than one who administers poison."

Luther spoke chiefly in terms of religion—fornication is prohibited in the Bible—but the fear of venereal disease helped somewhat toward the favorable reception of his abolitionistic views. We find both Catholic and Protestant cities of the Holy Roman Empire attempting to drive out prostitutes, but the tendency was strongest in the Lutheran territory. When the authorities of Nuremberg closed the city brothel in 1562, they explained that the spread of syphilis as well as the preaching of several Protestant ministers had influenced them to this decision. In Ulm the "women's house" was closed in 1530 as the result of a number of denunciatory sermons. The same thing happened at Frankfurt and other cities. Not in every case did the brothels remain long under the ban, however.

As for Luther himself, he came toward the end of his life to modify his views concerning

matters "of the flesh." Sexual desire began to appear like a hereditary disease inherited from sinful old Adam. His friend, Melancthon, said very clearly that it is better to remain chaste than to marry. If Luther advised monks and nuns to marry, this was because he thought that they were almost sure otherwise to engage in fornication, homosexual acts, or masturbation. He wanted them to commit the lesser sin rather than the greater. The sexual act, even between husband and wife, he branded as unclean. When they do cohabit, he thought, this should be for the purpose of begetting children, not for their own pleasure. Of course, he demanded an impossibility. Moreover, it is well to notice, the existence of such a theory has often led to an increase in extramarital sexual relations. If congress with one's wife is intended merely for the production of boys and girls, husbands are wont to seek the delights of love elsewhere. We have but to think of the Pathan proverb: "Women for breeding, boys for pleasure, melons for delight." Perhaps it would be fair to ask if Luther himself defended the canon law and took a wife to himself only because of Jehovah's command to the Israelites: "Increase and multiply." But in a measure he defended himself against such a criticism when he said: "We are all fornicators." To this the Catholic church could only reply by exhibiting an actually chaste body of persons consecrated to religion.

A reform of that nature could not be brought about immediately. That it has to some extent been accomplished is only in part the work of

the Roman ecclesiastical authorities. The fact that the religious vows are not absolutely binding for life is the greatest aid to the chastity of the secular and regular clergy. If a man finds that the promises he made as a mere child are difficult to keep in his full maturity, he may be able to make his own way in the outer world. The enterprising and ungodly monks of the sixteenth century considered how they might best beguile their time with fair nuns or with the wives of honest citizens. The rebellious monk of our time wonders if he will be able to earn a livelihood outside the walls of his monastery. No longer can he be compelled to return.

According to Professor Carlton Hayes, the Reformation brought about a condition in which "the individual faithful Catholic or Protestant was encouraged to vie with his neighbor in actually proving that his particular religion inculcated a higher moral standard than any other." There is a certain amount of truth in this statement. Yet the deists and other skeptics of the eighteenth century still found a broad target in the sexual irregularities of the clergy. It seems to me that their attacks did more to bring about a reformation within the Catholic ranks than did the writings and the sermons of Luther and Calvin.

Some of the more radical Protestant groups which sprang up in Luther's time practiced promiscuous sexual relations. In their eyes their moral standard was no doubt higher than that of the Catholics and the Lutherans. It is distinctly against the commands of Christ, they

argued, to hold property of any kind individually. Among the Moravians or United Brethren it was customary to mate men and women by lot, because of the doctrine that they should not seek individuality but the spirit of Christ in one another. We need not enter here into the history and practices of various communistic sects, although they have played an important part in the social history of Europe and America. Every student in the present field must soon learn, however, that religious zeal is by no means always the enemy of sexuality. Mysticism and pietism are not at all synonymous with sexual chastity. Frequently the leaders in such movements are sexually hyperesthetic.

But even a sincere asceticism defeats its own purposes. This we must bear in mind as we consider the career of Jean (or John) Calvin and the history of that type of Protestantism which has been named after him. Born in France of middle-class parents, he was educated for the church. When his father suggested that he should become a lawyer instead, young Calvin agreed, largely because he saw that the ecclesiastical establishment was thoroughly corrupt. At the age of twenty, however, he suddenly decided that he had work to do as a reformer. Quickly he became a leader among the Frenchmen who wished to purify the church.

Forced to leave his native country, he settled in the Swiss city of Geneva, where his power soon became very great. Not only was he chief preacher but also political head. There

was first developed that Puritanism which—not without alteration, to be sure—is so mighty and so harmful in the United States today.

Calvin was calm and cold and ascetic. His first thought was to suppress prostitution. But this was by no means enough. He forbade the celebration of holidays, he closed the theatres, he stopped all festivities, he denounced all joy. John Knox, with a temperament like Calvin's own, carried the new doctrines into Scotland, where they flourished under the name of Presbyterianism.

Of course it is impossible that Calvinists and the sons of Calvinists should all be such men as Calvin and Knox. Therefore it has often happened that the repression of gaiety has brought about a quiet epidemic of fornication and various sexual aberrations. This happened in Puritan New England in the seventeenth century. It is happening in the American Middle West at the present moment. To close all brothels is difficult, to suppress prostitution is almost impossible—but when the reformers succeed so far, they cause the normal male to try his hand at the seduction of women not engaged in the profession. The normal young female, too, must have excitement in one form or another.

An excess of Puritanism may sometimes be succeeded by open libertinism. This was notably the case for some time after the Restoration in England. People acted then as if they were anxious to make up for lost time in the gratification of their passions.

Catholic pietism, to which the Protestant

revolt gave something of an impetus, has never in modern times been as thoroughgoing as that of the Calvinists. "For the good are always the merry," as Yeats makes his Irish fiddler sing, "save by any evil chance." In general, the Catholic priests understand human nature, and they do not try to force asceticism upon the community at large.

In the sixteenth century, indeed, chiefly because of the syphilis epidemic, but also because of the new pietism, a number of Catholic preachers denounced the brothels. As the result of their efforts, houses were closed in Naples, Palermo, Valencia and various French cities. Prostitution was forbidden also in a number of Catholic towns in Switzerland and the German states. But these successes of the abolitionists were only temporary. There were too many economic considerations involved. Presently the Catholic church returned to its teaching that the brothel is a necessary evil. The fact that the popes received large sums in taxes from the prostitutes helped greatly to make them accept the old teaching of St. Augustine.

THE RENAISSANCE

In such a humanist as Petrarch (1304-1374) we find the indications of a struggle between the medieval, Augustinian view of love and that held in the old classical countries. Though Francesco passionately loved his Laura—who was probably a married woman, incidentally—he did not openly rebel against the medieval idea that love between man and woman is sin-

ful. On another woman he begot two children. Thus he acted like many another monk of the Middle Ages. But the papal city of Avignon seemed to him "a hell on earth." As he declares, it "contained everything fearful which had ever existed or been imagined by a disordered mind."

To some of the later humanists no difficulty presented itself. Accepting the medieval teaching that the sexual impulses are the result of the fall of man, they took over also the practical morality of the Middle Ages. To this they added the Greek tradition, so far as they could understand it from books and from the courtesans who came from the Byzantine east. The Greek spirit was alien to them.

In many ways the blending of the medieval and the revived ancient had rich cultural effects. Certainly the civilization of the important Italian cities in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries deserves our ample admiration. The foundations of the new culture were Greek, Roman, Gothic (or western medieval) and even Mohammedan.

The revival of pagan literature constituted one aspect of the Renaissance. Regarded at first with suspicion by the Catholic authorities, it won over at the beginning of the sixteenth century, many churchmen, including the popes Julius II and Leo X. The father of Leo X, Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent, had been renowned as a poet, a scholar and a patron of literature and art. He had established a library of Latin and Greek works in Florence. The son did not lose his taste for life and

letters because of his ecclesiastical position. Many of the popes of this time were worldly. Some were, judged by most moral standards, pretty vicious men. Others had a normal taste for pleasure unspoiled by too much thought about the other world or their position as Vicar of Christ in this one. At least one or two had little faith in revealed religion.

Medieval art had been concerned almost entirely with the church. The cathedral, the sacred painting and statue, the hymn, had been the principal products of the great artists. Even erotic art had been largely ecclesiastical; a beautiful woman offering her breast to a child represented the Virgin Mary, a seductive maiden revealed in her nakedness was a Christian martyr being thrown to the lions or cast into a lupanar for refusing to worship the heathen gods.

The painters and sculptors of the Renaissance looked back to the classical masters. They did not give up their work for the churches all at once, but they soon discovered that the Roman and Greek artists had done much in the service of sensual pleasure. Specifically erotic (one might almost say aphrodisiac) literature and art assumed great importance in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The same artists who portrayed saints were also interested in the delineation of courtesans.

A Spanish priest, Francisco Delicado, wrote a book called *La Lozana Andaluza* (The Pretty Andalusian Woman) which was published in 1528. This was evidently modeled after Lu-

cian's dialogues. The heroine is a gay Spanish girl who comes to Rome where she is at various times prostitute, bawd, or both. After many adventures she finally decides to abandon her old calling and live a holy life.

Famous are the *Dialogues* of the "divine" Pietro Aretino. Here the life of the Italian prostitute of the sixteenth century is fully described. Of its kind the book is an undoubted masterpiece. But great works of this sort are not discussed by prudish school teachers and literary critics. Nor, in general, are they available to the reader who is limited to English books. John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (London, 1749) is said to be the only pornographic book originally written in English which has any considerable literary merit. Of course many great works of the eighteenth century and of earliest times discuss sexual matters with a freedom not permitted to present-day writers. Still, our youngsters are not likely to rush to read *Tom Jones* while confession stories are available. The erotic episodes in *Tom Jones* are too far apart.

The Renaissance, beginning in Italy, spread through all Europe. Its full flowering took place in the northern Italian cities in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. "The Englishman Italianate," the English traveler of the sixteenth century who stayed in Italy long enough to be influenced by the new fashions, perhaps brought home to his own country a love for Latin and Greek literature and for the painting, sculpture and architects of Florence, Rome and Venice. He was more likely to be

influenced by the improved table manners, to tell his friends about the luxuries of the rich. If he attended at a cardinal's dinner table, he was likely to notice that the vase into which fruit-rinds and bones were thrown was made of heavy silver. Perhaps he would not notice that the vase was the work of an artisan who was also a great artist. Certainly he could not help learning much about the sexual aberrations. All that the Greeks and Romans had discovered about sensual delight was put into use by the wealthy amateurs of Italy. The poor and the inexperienced followed as best they could.

In sixteenth century Rome, a great genius might kill and rob almost with impunity. When Benvenuto Cellini was unable to defend himself, he found popes, cardinals and great lords eager to come to his defense. Vulgar counterfeiters were hanged, but those who were able to design coins for the pope were freed and paid well for their work.

But our English traveler, coming from a country which was still medieval, could perhaps not understand the new worship of beauty. He could only see vices which were strangely very attractive, fine cloths and precious metals and diamonds which were frequently stained with blood. Loveliness and such an eager clutching at the pleasures of life that sudden death was common: this, in a brief summary, was the Italian Renaissance. By the casual student perhaps it may best be understood through a reading of the *Memoirs* of Cellini.

The greatest esthetic hindrance to perfect love-making was the prevalence of the "French disease." Many a great man suffered from it, with considerable inconvenience and pain, but hardly with any resulting shame. Cellini believed himself to have acquired syphilis from a girl of thirteen or fourteen, the maid of a Bolognese courtesan called Faustina. The latter, he tells us, "was a very beautiful woman, though she was about thirty years old." The woman ripens quickly in the warm south.

Faustina was no brothel wench, like the prostitute of the medieval town. She had fine jewels and clothes, she was attended by a servant. And she was one of class. The hetaira of old Greece was revived in her. It became possible once more for a harlot to have an individuality of her own, to exert an influence upon literature and politics.

Most of the fine courtesans, to be sure, were distinguished for personal beauty alone. But that in itself, to the Hellenizers, was equivalent to virtue. Cellini tells us that he was universally trusted because of the symmetry of his face and body.

Some of the courtesans who were most sought after were actually of Greek or Byzantine origin. These were supposed to be most familiar with the finer arts of love. Women came from all over Europe to Rome, Venice, Naples, Bologna and Florence. Some of them remained. If they were attractive, they found prostitution not unprofitable. Some of them returned to their own countries to spread the gospel of a luxurious and refined sexual system.

Like the hetaira, these women might often be concubines or mistresses. But usually such relations were only temporary. A girl might stay a few years with a priest, then live for a while with a wealthy merchant, then find herself abandoned in favor of a younger and fresher lass just come from Spain or the Low Countries. For a while she might give herself to any man who could pay a moderate fee. Finally at thirty-five or forty, she would be considered an old woman. If she had saved some money, she might comfortably retire, with ample time to say prayers and do good works, that she might be forgiven for the sins she had committed. Otherwise she might become a procuress, or assist in the dressing and beautifying of the new beauties. She might even dabble —as the gay Andalusian woman did— in magic and the cure of the French disease. Or if she were particularly unlucky, she might herself die of that malady while still a young girl.

A very few of the Italian prostitutes of the Renaissance were well educated and intelligent women. Many of them had some knowledge of literature and music. Some of them were famous for their wit and for their brilliancy as conversationalists. But they had no monopoly in this respect. Considerable freedom prevailed among honest matrons, who competed in wit and fine clothes with the courtesans. To be sure, the men were more ready than the women to concede the beauty and the intellectual attainments of the gay ladies.

One or two of the courtesans distinguished themselves as poets. Others dabbled in the

fine arts. Many more contributed indirectly to the culture of the *cinquecento* by inspiring writers and by serving as models to the famous painters and sculptors of the age. Their work was rather to be beautiful than to create beauty. The cosmetic arts assumed great importance.

The daily bath came into favor among the better courtesans. Soap and water were supplemented by costly perfumes. It appears that chaste women slowly learned from the prostitutes the advantages of bathing. The ideal of cleanliness came into the modern world for cosmetic rather than sanitary reasons.

Among the Italian women of the sixteenth century, whose hair was in most cases naturally dark, blond beauty was in high favor. Practically all the prostitutes not endowed by nature with golden tresses employed bleaches of various sorts and exposed their hair to the rays of the sun.

The better known courtesans spent large sums of money on clothing and jewelry. It was a time when men, too, paid much attention to their clothes, when some poor fellows wore their whole fortune on their backs. Changes in fashion came quickly. Those prostitutes who were able to do so carefully copied the richly decorated robes of the court ladies.

It has been argued that the courtesans set the fashions, and that the wealthy matrons followed where they led. Perhaps this happened in some cases, but usually it was the other way. For the more distinguished and more fortunate prostitutes, who might possibly have

led the fashions, were anxious not to advertise themselves for what they were. The young girls new to the profession might cover their faces and their bosoms with red and white. This was necessary, also, to the harlots of a lower grade, who found patrons where they might. But the women of the hetaira class practiced the refinements of luxury. In general, they employed paint and powder and dyes, not to direct attention to themselves in a glaring way, but simply to mend the defects of nature. After a sleepless night, we find one experienced old woman advising a young courtesan, it is very well to apply a little rouge to pale lips to make them assume their natural color. But red and white should never be smeared on crudely.

The half-concealing, half-revealing which the prostitute always and the chaste woman frequently has practiced now is chiefly a matter of the legs. A century ago it was customary to accentuate the buttocks. (The mannish modes, tight-fitting knickers and riding breeches still show a tendency in this direction.) In earlier times, the half-nudity against which preachers declaimed most frequently meant the revelation of the breasts. This is characteristic of the Italian Renaissance and then of the French Revolutionary period.

The special garments and badges which the medieval prostitutes had been forced to wear came gradually to be abandoned. The sumptuary regulations fell into desuetude. A lady who stepped from a splendid carriage with a graceful nod to her pages and other servants

might be the wife of a rich merchant, the mistress of a cardinal, or a courtesan who gave her favors to all who were able to pay the price. Chaste matrons wore splendid silks and satins and cloths that were heavy with gold. So did the prostitutes who could afford such luxuries. The poorer harlots imitated their luckier sisters as best they could. Many who wore clothing worth a small fortune at the height of their careers were soon after begging on the streets. In this they followed the spirit of the age. However, the customary attitude toward dress simply accentuated the love of splendid ornamentation which still drives so many women into a life of prostitution. We may consider it a form of exhibitionism, a by-product of the sexual life. As every woman knows, fine clothing is not worn simply to attract the male. Nor is it intended merely, as skeptics sometimes say, to make other women jealous. It is an end in itself.

Many a good mother of sixteenth century Italy stayed awake nights wondering if her Giulia or Margherita would not be best off as maid and apprentice to the beautiful Imperia or some other celebrated courtesan. It would be sinful, a little, of course. Perhaps it would be better to have her enter a convent. Then she would be surer of the delights of the world hereafter. She might marry, but without a dowry, without money for a trousseau, who could she get other than a journeyman tailor or perhaps some old widower of a grocer?

On the other hand, such a beautiful girl could not help prospering as a lady of the pleasure

giving profession. She would have many delights, too. Poets and painters and great churchmen would come clamoring to her doors. Her haughty doorman would announce, "My lady is occupied," whenever some less desirable patron presented himself. There would be many servants, of course. Naturally the fond mother would picture the magnificent palace, hung with amazing tapestries, furnished with all sorts of golden ornaments, which her daughter might have. As for her certainly very venial sin, she could make up for that by keeping images of the Virgin and Mary Magdalene in her bedchamber. She would cover them or turn them to the wall when a man came in, of course. And she would have money, large sums of money, enough to give many candles to the church, or even to found a charitable institution of her own. For all this was truly possible to a woman whose beauty and wit won the favor of the rich.

At best, of course, the path of the courtesan was one where thorns were mingled with the roses. Her career was necessarily a short one. After ten or fifteen years of boundless luxury came inevitably a swift descent. Very few prostitutes had any money left after their beauty had declined. Their impulse was always to spend the whole of their income without thought for the morrow. After all, it would have been fatal to consider the future too anxiously. It was always likely that the French disease should sweep them suddenly into the grave. Some jealous lover might come in stealthily with his sword or his stiletto.

Besides, prostitution is not a thoughtful profession, in general. Never, even in the Italian Renaissance, have the majority of courtesans been intellectuals. They lived for the day, never letting the dregs of the future spoil the wine they were drinking with gusto.

After their lovers stopped coming and gifts no longer poured in, there were many positions connected with prostitution which they might still fill. Especially if they were clever, they became bawds, hairdressers, compounders of beautifying and syphilis curing salves. Or they were given work in the kitchen or the boudoir of some courtesan whose beauty was still fresh. If all these failed, they might still beg on the streets. Surely people would be kind. Or charms enough to attract a poor apprentice or a drunken sailor might still remain.

In truth, most harlots never won any great amount of luxury for themselves. They lived in poorly furnished rooms, hardly able to pay the rent. A generous fee went immediately to purchase stuff for a fine gown. A week later it might be necessary to sell or pawn the robe. Mary Magdalene was not always generous to the girls whose patron saint she was. Sometimes magic formulas failed, too. Still, there was always the possibility that some magnifico or ambassador might catch a glimpse of the gay lady's throat and shoulders, becoming her slave forever. Tulla and Angela, who were no more beautiful, had hosts of servants at their beck and call, they reasoned. The

possible rewards were great, or seemed to be great. Actually the miseries were greater still.

Some prostitutes were fortunate enough to contract good marriages or to become the permanent concubines of churchmen. Others were received into Magdalene houses or convents. The medieval notion that it is a virtuous act to wed a harlot or in some other way to draw her out of her profession persisted in the Catholic countries. This did not invalidate the doctrine that prostitution is a necessary evil.

As a matter of fact, many learned and eloquent upholders of the old religion had ample opportunity to discourse with the courtesans about the sinfulness of their ways. But perhaps they found more interesting things to talk about. Not necessarily love, of course—it might, as we have seen, be about the newest work of Michelangelo or even about Horace and Theocritus.

The word *courtesan*, we may pause to notice, is probably derived from the French *courtisane*, meaning a female of a princely court. Directly or indirectly it comes from the Italian *cortegiana*, which we find in the sixteenth century applied chiefly to the hetaira, but also to harlots of all degrees. From this bit of etymology it would appear that the court mistress gave tone to the higher grades of prostitution. She might be the wife of a courtier who was something more than gracious to her prince. She might be some peasant's daughter whose beauty had brought her suddenly into high society. Certainly refined and luxurious prostitution as it was practiced in the *cinquecento*

was not merely an echo of old Roman and Greek conditions. It has been developing during the latter centuries of the Middle Ages, chiefly at royal, papal, and other princely courts. As wealth came pouring into Italy and a flood of pagan ideas was released, it became possible for the courtly luxuries to spread among the merchants and the artists. Later all forms of Italian culture were propagated in France, England, the Low Countries and the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation.

Throughout the Middle Ages, homosexual prostitution remained firmly rooted in Italy, despite the vigorous efforts to extirpate it which were made from time to time. The new freedom and the revival of Greek ideas made it much more important at the time of the Renaissance. The worship of beauty extended to the male as well as to the female form. When Luther came to Rome, he found pederasty very widespread. This was one of the things which caused him to attack the papal system.

Even in earlier times, the courtesans of Italy had felt the keen competition offered by male prostitutes. In Venice they were for a time accustomed to wear men's clothes and to dress their hair like boys, hoping thus to attract bisexual patrons.

From Italy the epidemic of homosexuality was transmitted to France. King Henry III became renowned as a seducer of men and women both. Under Louis XIV, homosexual clubs flourished at the court. At the time of the Restoration, pederasty flourished among the English nobles.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CHANGES

We have not sufficient room here to enter into all the changes in social organization which distinguish modern from medieval times. Yet they are more important for the history of prostitution than legal enactments and philosophical or theological theories. It should be obvious that the harlot's profession is not the same in the city that it is in the country, that it is something else when slavery or serfdom flourishes than it can be among free citizens, that it is much affected by the growth of luxury and the development of commerce. At the risk of being superficial, then, we must consider some of these matters.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the great majority of the people of Europe were engaged in agriculture. They lived in little villages, in almost complete isolation from the rest of the world. Occasionally peddlers and strolling musicians came to visit them. Their world was a single hamlet and the farm land surrounding it. Their idea of magnificence was the cathedral in the nearest large city—which perhaps they had only heard about but had never seen. Townsfolk had a less limited horizon. They came into contact with merchants who had traveled far. Religious pilgrimages and several great wars, notably those against the Saracens, had done most to bring men of different nationalities together. Nationality amounted to little until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, however. Ordinary people had little in common with

those who lived more than a day's walking distance away. Scholars had a common language in Latin. The church and the universities were international. The canon law, especially important for violations of sexual morality, prevailed over most of Europe.

Going from medieval to modern times, we pass from comparative uniformity to great diversity. Some regions developed quickly, in others industry and commerce remained for a long time as they had been in the Middle Ages. People began to think in terms of patriotism. Even where national unity came late, as in Italy and Germany, the growth of standard writing and speech broke down the old internationalism as well as the old provincialism. Instead of a single hierarchy and ritual through all western and central Europe, a complexity of ecclesiastical organizations appeared. Some, but not all, of the new church systems were national in nature.

At the same time, communication between countries and between continents vastly increased. Coffee and tea were brought in, and soon the coffee houses and tea rooms were serving the purposes of prostitution. Perfumes from far countries sweetened the courtesans of Venice and Paris. Tobacco came from America. Presently there were tobacco shops, where, especially in the German cities, panders and harlots were frequently to be found. Prostitutes quickly came to like the cigarette. So familiar did this connection become that women who smoke are still condemned as immoral.

Alcoholic drinks had been much in use dur-

ing the Middle Ages. Probably the *per capita* consumption has steadily increased since the sixteenth century, nevertheless. Workingmen have had more money to spend on such luxuries. Brandy and gin became the favorite drinks of the lower classes. The rich began to pay close attention to the quality of their wines. Champagne has been much associated with the highest strata of prostitution.

All through the period with which we are dealing, the taverns and wine-cellars were closely connected with prostitution. The cabaret, in our present day use of the word, developed in eighteenth century France. The taverns of England, which were somewhat less luxurious, also served as places of rendezvous or as brothels.

The development of commerce and industry caused the rise of great cities. London had about 35,000 inhabitants in the fourteenth century, about a quarter of a million in 1600 nearly 700,000 in 1700, and it was approaching a population of a million in 1800. Paris, which was more important during the Middle Ages, had then perhaps a hundred thousand inhabitants. In 1700 it had half a million, and about 650,000 at the outbreak of the Revolution. Vienna, with possibly 50,000 people during the Middle Ages, had four times as many by 1800. Hamburg, which was an important commercial city in medieval times, had then about 20,000 people. In the eighteenth century it had about a hundred thousand. Many places which were mere villages in the Middle Ages were great cities by 1850. This represents not merely the

national increase of population. There has been a steady movement from country to city since 1500.

The growth of free prostitution in the first modern centuries was perhaps part of the general movement toward the freeing of industrial, commercial and agricultural life. The French Revolution brought about the repeal of many bothersome restrictions, but the gilds and the paternalistic rules of the Middle Ages had for some time previously been decaying.

Spain was of great importance in the sixteenth century, partly as the result of colonial acquisition. Perhaps half the population depended at one time upon trade and industry, especially upon the manufacture of silk and woolen goods. But intolerance exterminated or drove out the Moors and the Jews, who had been the principal traders and manufacturers. For centuries Spain remained a poor agricultural country. Only recently has a second development of commerce and manufacture come about. A number of Italian cities which had been important at the close of the Middle Ages sank into decay in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This was notably the case with Venice.

But in general growth was steady. England and the Low Countries developed quickly in the first centuries of modern times. Then Germany, especially Prussia, increased in importance. As the medieval shackles fell off, the scientists went to work with a will. Soon their discoveries become the bases for inventions and mechanical improvements which were des-

tined to make the great cities and even the fields of grain assume an appearance far different from that of the year 1000.

The Industrial Revolution took place in England in the last decades of the eighteenth century and in the first two or three of the nineteenth. Then it spread through the rest of Europe to America and to Asia. It consisted of the development of machines and methods of transportation and the building of great factories. The machines made it possible for one farmer or town workman to do the work of many laborers equipped with crude tools. They brought wealth not only to the successful *entrepreneur* but also to the proletariat. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the beggar of our times possesses more luxuries than the medieval king.

The new capitalists, sometimes attaining great wealth, soon began to set the pace in luxury and fashion. In the medieval days, a courtesan's great ambition was to prove pleasing in the sight of a monarch or feudal lord. In sixteenth century Italy, a cardinal or a merchant prince might be expected to be liberal. In eighteenth century France, the farmers of the taxes gave tone to "high life." More recently, the sons of self-made millionaires have constituted the most profitable patronage of the more cunning purveyors of pleasure.

The social readjustments incident to the Industrial Revolution brought about a greater semblance of poverty than had previously prevailed. Actually the peasants of the Middle Ages had lived much more precarious lives.

At best, they had coarse food enough to eat, cheap beer or watery wine to drink, rough clothing enough to wear. In time of famine, there were no reserves of food and no easy way existed of bringing supplies from a distance. When the country people got very hungry, they sometimes revolted against their lords. But usually they starved to death without much ado. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, it was still possible for a queen of France to ask, "If they have no bread, why do they not eat cake?"

But the crowding of the proletariat into the slum districts of poor cities made poverty more glaring. Especially during the first years of the Industrial Revolution, the introduction of new machinery was wont to throw a great many skilled workmen out of fairly profitable positions. Whereas the general effect of the new methods was to increase the wealth of all classes, any given change might prove disastrous to large numbers of people.

Let us consider, for example, a weaver. Perhaps he had several skilled journeymen in his employ, each capable of weaving two pieces of shirting per week. Machines were introduced with which an inexperienced child could make ten or twenty such pieces in the same length of time. The price of shirting fell, to the ultimate advantage of all. But this was small consolation to the weaver whose business was ruined. He had to give up the few petty luxuries to which he was accustomed. Then he found himself unable to provide even the necessities of life for his family. Perhaps he sent his chil-

dren to the new mill to work for a pittance. His daughters, no longer able to depend upon their father for a new dress or a cheap bracelet, were easily tempted by wily bawds. If they went to work in a factory, they were treated with scant respect. At times the supply of laborers so greatly exceeded the demand that wages hovered about the amount just sufficient to keep the working people alive. The capitalists, into whose hands wealth was pouring, possessed great political power. A law was passed by the British parliament in the early nineteenth century which forced pauper children to work. Boys and girls of five and six were chained to machines for thirteen or fourteen hours a day. The overseers became accustomed to the methods of slave-drivers. If the weaver's daughters overslept a little and came to work at five minutes past six instead of at six o'clock, they were likely enough to be met at the door by a foreman with a whip in his hand. The mill superintendents and overseers of twentieth century New England, simply through their power to discharge, have often enough forced their female employes to grant them great favors. To the bewildered boys and girls who were thrust suddenly into factories in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a foreman seemed very like a god. Under the old laws regulating the conduct of master and servant, he had the right to chastise lazy or insolent working people.

The sexual morality of the girls who worked in the mills was naturally not very strict. To be taken into a brothel was a clear gain. There

was more time to sleep and practically no work to do. Food could not be much worse and clothing was almost sure to be better. Even if the master or mistress of the house proved tyrannical, the change was from one form of slavery to a milder form.

Due partly to meliorative laws but more especially to economic changes, these conditions did not last very long. Crowded slums still exist, of course; and it cannot be denied that poverty yet remains a factor of some importance in the supplying of prostitutes.

In the year 1848, a correspondent of the London *Times* visited a workhouse (or, as we should say, a poorhouse) in the city. He noticed that the children all seemed healthy and contented—a great change from the state of affairs twenty or thirty years before. He asked the master of the house what became of the girls. He was told that at the age of fourteen they were sent out to work, either as domestic servants or in other capacities, but continuing to sleep in the workhouse. However, nine-tenths of them eventually became streetwalkers.

During the period of our present survey, brothels became of less relative importance in most of the countries of Europe, although the number of prostitutes living in them rose somewhat. The lupanar did come into prominence in eighteenth century France, but since 1800 it has declined rapidly almost everywhere. Free prostitution, depending largely upon streetwalking, is the characteristic form in our own time.

The unattached courtesans soon learned that they might find patrons in a variety of public

and semi-public places. The cheap tavern where musical entertainment was furnished came into popularity in the seventeenth century, notably in Amsterdam. Prostitutes quickly drove out the citizens' families which had first been attracted to these resorts. The new clientele consisted largely of sailors. Erotic dances were introduced. Some of these taverns were in reality brothels, the upper stories being given over to rooms where the entertainers, waitresses, and female guests might retire with the male visitors in whose eyes they found favor.

Pleasure gardens, modeled after Vauxhall, the favorite haunt of Londoners, become popular in a number of European cities during the eighteenth century. At Vauxhall, as we can see from Fanny Burney's novel, *Evelina*, it was hardly safe for a chaste lady to walk unaccompanied. The dark walks particularly served the prostitutes.

Bathhouses as brothels or meeting-places for prostitutes existed in England all through the Middle Ages. They remained important down through the eighteenth century. The fashionable spas and beaches arose in several countries between 1800 and our own time. These proved useful to mistresses and courtesans of high degree.

The theaters have been much used in the service of prostitution. In Shakespeare's day, the playhouses were usually located near brothels. Perhaps the chief reason for this was the fact that both sorts of houses were by preference built in convenient locations which were yet outside the city limits. At this time, no

women appeared on the stage and most of those in the audience wore masks. The latter fact, although it enabled chaste women to see the play without damage to their reputations, also aided the well-known prostitutes, who might otherwise have been refused admittance to the theater. After the return of the Stuarts from exile, the relations between the theaters and the harlots became still more intimate. Female parts were taken by women, many of them of easy virtue. In France, during the latter part of the seventeenth century and throughout the eighteenth, the actress-mistress was a well-known type. In the lobbies and galleries of the theaters, prostitutes swarmed. In certain theaters they seem to have constituted an important attraction, for they were admitted without charge.

The great wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the brothels were losing some of their old importance, brought out a great many young women as followers of the armies. In fact, as we have seen, this situation had developed before 1500; and the army harlots helped to spread syphilis in Italy in the wars of Charles VIII.

As a result, wandering prostitution in general was greatly stimulated. The roadside harlots had much in common with the vagrants, strolling jugglers and players, runaway apprentices, cheats and robbers who infested the highways. Some of the women watched carefully for fairs, church councils, and other gatherings of crowds. Others joined pilgrimages and helped to entertain the holy travelers. Many served as decoys

for robbers and swindlers. In the cities, the districts where brothels and the lodgings of prostitutes were common were usually close to the haunts of criminals.

PROSTITUTION IN FRANCE, 1500-1850

We have considered various aspects of prostitution which were of European importance. Although we studied the Renaissance chiefly as it appeared in sixteenth century Italy, we noticed what the effects were elsewhere. Although our study of the Industrial Revolution was focussed chiefly on England around the year 1800, we observed that it spread through the civilized world. For the rest of this book, we shall be concerned chiefly with national and local tendencies, as shown in the laws and elsewhere. The French Revolution, indeed, with which we shall be concerned in the present section, was by no means a strictly national matter. Even before 1789, the eyes of the luxury-loving world were fixed on Paris. What Italy had been in the sixteenth century, France was in the age of Louis XIV. We shall therefore consider his reign, that of his successor, and the period of the Revolution itself more carefully than the other reigns.

Under Francis I, from 1515 to 1547, Italian influences began to be felt strongly, especially at the royal court. We are told that Francis dismissed the body of prostitutes which had been maintained at the court and called upon the court ladies to take their place. "The ladies of the town," says Sanger, "followed the example of those of the court, and but little was

wanting but that every woman in France became a prostitute." This is somewhat exaggerated, no doubt. Nevertheless it is certain that manners became very free.

His successor, Henry II, was very much devoted to his mistress, the celebrated Diana de Poitiers. If she had not been a courtesan, at least, as we are told, she had "obliged many persons" in her youth. The courtiers of the king indulged in sexual orgies, in which homosexual and other aberrations played an important part. During this reign there was a considerable importation of erotic statues, pictures, and other objects of art into France from Italy.

Catherine de Medici, whose influence predominated in the three following reigns, is said to have brought hundreds of Italian prostitutes with her to France. We are told that she employed these women for political purposes. They were charged with discovering the secrets of the court politicians and reporting them to Catherine.

Under Charles IX, a law was passed intended to suppress all the brothels of Paris. Violations were to be punished with the rod or the branding iron. Apparently the open brothels were indeed closed, but secret prostitution and private immorality increased. It was found necessary several times thereafter to repeat the order banishing prostitutes and bawds. An ordinance of 1635 established the penalty of condemnation to the galleys for life for all men concerned in the traffic of prostitutes. The prostitutes themselves, without formal trial, were to be whipped, shaved, and banished for

life. Obviously this law enabled the great noblemen and those commoners who had influence with the police to revenge themselves upon all women who had offended them. It does not appear, however, that public morality was particularly improved by these strict measures.

During the seventeenth century in France, edicts were passed by which the men who visited brothels might be fined. We have the record of at least one case in which this was done.

The police were given wide authority. Several times they made use of it to send Parisian mistresses and prostitutes to the French colonies in America. This practice is probably most familiar from *Manon Lescaut*, the book and the opera. Many of the loose women were married to prosperous inhabitants of Quebec and New Orleans. Others kept up the traditions of the French brothels beyond the seas.

It appears that during the period between 1724 and the outbreak of the Revolution, brothels were licensed or tolerated by the police despite the laws against prostitution. In fact, they were sometimes very noisy and riotous places, but they were never troubled unless the neighbors complained. It seems that certain streets were entirely occupied by brothels.

It is perhaps unnecessary for us to consider in detail the *liaisons* of King Louis XIV. The list of his mistresses is a long one. The most remarkable among them was Madame de Maintenon, widow of the poet Scarron. When she was introduced to the king, both had outgrown

their youthful passions. Presently she became an earnest pietist, and Louis came fully under her influence. For a period of twenty years, the standard of public decency in Paris was remarkably high. Intrigues were carried on quietly, smutty jokes were banished from the theater. In part it was a case with the king and his mistress of giving good advice when they could no longer set a bad example.

Under the Regency, this prudery—this high morality, if you will—collapsed. When Louis XV became old enough, he started his own career with courtesans and mistresses. Of these the Marquise de Pompadour and Madame du Barry were the most important. He caused to be built for himself a private brothel or seraglio and sent panders through all France to find girls of fifteen for him. Madame du Barry, far from objecting, acted as chief bawd. The children were thrust out after a short stay in the Parc aux Cerfs. Then they were usually enticed without much difficulty into the brothels of Paris.

Louis XVI and his wife appear to have observed a much stricter morality. Some of the princes and great noblemen ably preserved the traditions of Louis XIV's manhood and of Louis XV's, however. A number of private brothels—"little houses" was the euphonious phrase for them—were established by nobles and other wealthy men. Here prostitutes, mistresses, adulterous wives, and other women who could be seduced by fair words or hard cash were brought.

The "little houses" served comparatively few

men, but they set the fashion. A German traveler who visited Paris in the middle of the eighteenth century was impressed by the number of persons he found to be directly or indirectly supported by prostitution. There were hosts of pimps, some of whom went not only into the French provinces but through all Europe in search of attractive girls who might be enticed into the private or the public brothels. Men and women of all classes of society helped to recruit prostitutes. There is mention of a Catholic regular priest who engaged in this work. Many parents forced their children to become harlots. Especially when the agents of Louis XV offered large sums of money for pretty young virgins, they found a great many parents willing to rate wealth higher than chastity. To become the mistress of a king, they thought, was in any case no great disgrace. Meanwhile the law punishing bawds was still nominally effective. But such laws are not meant to restrict the actions of kings and noblemen and farmers of the taxes and bishops and other great and mighty people. They are useful to be directed against poor devils who do not stand in the good graces of the police.

The Parisian brothels of the eighteenth century contained French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch and German girls, with scattered representatives from other countries, including even a few Negresses. Some of the girls came from good middle class families. Some were drawn from the convents.

The houses were well advertised. Men stood

on the street to hand foreigners and strangers in the city the addresses of the brothels on cards which stated the specialties of each. There were also guides who walked upon the boulevards in the evening.

The minimum price was low, but men of wealth sometimes paid great fees to the better-known courtesans. These might be rented out to a man for a month or so, in which case the pander got a large part of the sum which was paid. The brothel managers derived large profits from the sale of food and wine. Frequently their houses also served for gambling, which, honestly or dishonestly, they made profitable to themselves. Occasionally pockets were picked by the master of the house, his valet, or his wench. When, as was usual, the head of the house was a woman, she was likely to be a retired prostitute, with more cunning than most members of her profession. The girls who lived in the house were practically slaves. Those who came from lodgings when the brothel was busy had much more freedom.

In the house of amusement called the Palais Royal, we are told that 1,500 prostitutes used to assemble nightly. Here there were theaters, restaurants, and fashionable shops, as well as furnished rooms and apartments in which some of the harlots lived. A few of the women of the Palais Royal were distinguished for their wit and beauty. But all tastes and practically all pocketbooks were accommodated.

A great many fashionable men and women were organized in clubs for the purpose of debauchery. These were important enough in

Paris and various provincial cities to constitute something of a competition to the professional harlots.

The police made use of their authority to serve their own lusts and those of the great lords. We are told of one Parisian chief of police, the Marquis d'Argenson, who installed his mistress in a convent that she might seduce the nuns for him. Later the police were required by Madame de Pompadour to report for the king's pleasure what had taken place each day in the brothels of Paris.

In the days of the Terror, republican France proved even better disposed toward the prostitutes than the sensual kings had been. The sadistic orgies brought the passions of men and women up to the boiling point. Life seemed cheap, and people rushed to make the most of their possibly few remaining days and nights among the living. At one time the prostitutes were accused of royalistic sympathies —for under the republic the great fees which kings and great nobles had paid them were no longer possible. Nevertheless they were vindicated and permitted to wander where they wished and to carry on their professions as seemed best to themselves. With the removing of all restrictions, there was a tendency to take young children into the brothels.

In 1798 was inaugurated a system of compulsory inscription and regular physical examinations for all prostitutes. This spread quickly over most of the continent of Europe.

In 1810, according to some writers, there were 18,000 or 20,000 prostitutes in Paris. If

we are to believe the police rolls, however, there were only about a tenth of these numbers. In the year 1832 the city contained 220 officially registered brothels. They were not permitted on certain boulevards and streets, or near churches, schools, or boarding houses. Each house was in charge of a woman whose name was enrolled with the police. The mistress was almost always one who had been a prostitute herself, but who had never been convicted of any crime. She was required to keep a careful register of the prostitutes in her house, stating among other things the date of each examination by the official physician.

At this time the chief recruiting ground for harlots is said to have been the Hospital du Midi, where venereally diseased women were treated. Also there were many bawds in the country towns regularly employed by the brothel mistresses. During the middle of the nineteenth century, there was a considerable international traffic in prostitutes. Some of the girls were more ready to ply their new trade at a distance from home. Others were led astray by promises of employment abroad in a theater or as teachers and governesses.

The Parisian brothel prostitutes of the 1840's and 1350's received no pay. They got food, lodging and clothes. If they wished some trinket or luxury, they had to borrow from the mistresses. Since they seldom were able to pay off such debts, they found themselves compelled to remain in the brothels, virtual slaves. The keepers of these houses often derived considerable profits from them.

Minor prostitutes had to secure the consent of their parents before being enrolled. There were various other provisions in the law intended to protect girls who had been forced into prostitution against their will or who were being cheated by the mistresses. To cohabit for pay or to solicit in a seemly manner was in itself not a violation of any law.

PROSTITUTION IN ENGLAND, 1500-1850

During the sixteenth century, there were several attempts in England to repress prostitution. It was possible to close the stews on the Thames for a while, but not to keep brothels from being established all over the city of London. Shakespeare had evidently seen women flogged for prostitution. He makes Lear—who has certainly had the experiences of an Elizabethan rather than those of an ancient Briton—call out in his madness:

> Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
> Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
> Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
> For which thou whip'st her.

Yet Shakespeare knew Doll Tearsheet of the Boar's-head Tavern, whom he presents in the second part of *Henry IV*, and many others of her kind.

The Puritans adopted extremely stern measures against the harlots. By a law of 1650, bawds were condemned to be publicly whipped, set up in the pillory, branded with the letter B, and imprisoned for three years. The death

penalty was provided for brothel-keepers and pimps who were twice convicted.

When Charles II "came home from his travels," the gay cavaliers overturned the morality of the Roundheads. However, the new debauchery had little influence on the middle-class population. Although Samuel Pepys stood just on the fringe of court society, he and his friends disapproved of the royal sports. Pepys was sympathetic with the Presbyterians, but he believed in ecclesiastical conformity, like a good citizen who was getting rich from sinecures, harmless bribes, and good will offerings. He took vows regularly against the drinking of wine, but he became "foxed"—drunk, that is—on occasion. He was capable of appraising an attractive leg, too.

The Puritans had closed the theaters. The plays that were produced after 1660 dealt freely with sexual relations. In general, they put the adulterer in a heroic light. Love intrigues were borrowed from French literature or invented by ingenious playwrights.

The outstandingly witty and attractive courtesan, whose type had arisen in the modern world in Italy and then passed over to France, came into prominence at the court of Charles II. In England she was usually an actress. Nell Gwyn was one of the most fortunate of these courtesans. As a child of twelve, she sold oranges in the Theatre Royal. The orange girls were considered to be all prostitutes. For a time, Nell sang in a tavern. A brothel mistress, attracted by her pretty face, gave her the rudiments of an education and taught her

something of singing. Several actors, meeting her in the brothel, decided that she had talents for the stage. She first appeared as an actress at the age of fifteen, by which time she had clearly lost most of her childish ingenuousness. Her royal master found her attractive and took her to be his concubine. She still continued on the stage, however, although her talents do not appear to have been of the first order. She seems to have been pretty and likable rather than strikingly beautiful.

Among Nell Gwyn's rivals for the favors of King Charles were Lady Castlemaine and Louise de Querouaille, the latter of whom apparently was sent to keep the king under the political influence of France. The queen, especially because she bore no children, was much neglected.

James II, although his temperament was not so gay as that of Charles, and he took his pleasures more seriously, also had several mistresses. He was strongly attracted to Catharine Sedley, daughter of the famous rake, Sir Charles Sedley.

During these two reigns, the lower middle classes of England had not renounced their old Puritanism. When this began to decline, it was powerfully revived by John Wesley (1703-1791), the founder of Methodism. Toward the end of Wesley's life, as we have seen, some of the temporary results of the Industrial Revolution were beginning to stimulate prostitution. Perhaps Methodism has done more for hypocritical prudery than for the advancement of public morals. The revival meeting has done

as much as the saloon, no doubt, to intoxicate and excite young people.

Robert Burns, who was only too familiar with strict Scotch Presbyterianism, describes a prayer meeting in "The Holy Fair." When all is over,

> There's some are fou o' love divine;
> There's some are fou o' brandy;
> An mony jobs that day begin,
> May end in houghmagandie
> Some ither day.

Puritanism gradually invaded the highest circles of English society. George III seems to have believed in domestic virtue, although his sons certainly did not. George IV had a large number of mistresses. It was Victoria who gave her definite approval to chastity and frowned upon the idea that under voluminous skirts there might still be legs. Respectability, the chief god of middle class England, came to dwell for a time in royal courts.

Of course this does not mean that prostitution was stamped out in Victorian England. It means simply that ladies pretended not to know that there were such things as street-walkers. Sometimes they really did not know, and then they were likely to prove easy victims to a clever procuress.

Sanger, writing of conditions in the middle of the nineteenth century, says:

> It is said that women even attend regularly at churches and Sunday-schools for the purpose of decoying female children. . . They have been known to take the children away in the presence of the teacher, who, seeing them act as acquaintances, had no suspicion of the real nature of their associations.

Although streetwalking was illegal at this time, it was usually tolerated. Sanger estimates that there were in London in 1858 about five thousand brothels and houses of rendezvous. Some of the houses used for such purposes belonged to the chapter of Westminster Abbey and to other churches. Many of the most prudish ladies of England lived on the rent of tenements occupied by cheap prostitutes.

PROSTITUTION IN THE GERMAN STATES, 1500-1850

As we have seen, the rise of Lutheranism brought about repressive laws against the brothels in the sixteenth century, in both the Protestant and the Catholic parts of the Holy Roman Empire. All acts of extramarital sexual intercourse were condemned in several imperial orders. These seem to have been aimed especially against priests' concubines. An edict of the Emperor Charles V, dated 1533, threatened bawds with flogging, cutting off of the ears, banishment, and other penalties. Many of the cities and states of Germany passed ordinances to the same general effect. After a short time, the brothels were openly re-established. If neighbors objected, however, they could usually count upon the police to enforce the abolitionistic laws.

In the seventeenth century, Hamburg and some other German cities established workhouses where prostitutes, especially those who had committed some breach of the peace, were

confined. Formerly they had been sent out of the city, flogged, or made to stand in the pillory. In the workhouses the women were sometimes kept for long periods of time, made to spin or perform other labors, and severely disciplined. Yet prostitution by no means disappeared. In Hamburg the harlots seem for a time to have worked hand in hand with the police, notifying the authorities when a traveler had come into a brothel and receiving part of the fine which was imposed upon him.

In Frankfurt, during the seventeenth century, prostitutes were exposed in cages or upon wooden horses. In Vienna a cage was also erected. Public whipping was a common penalty. Probably the punishments which were intended to put harlots to shame did more to attract patrons to them than to discourage them from their profession. More than this, some women who had committed occasional acts of fornication or adultery and who were pilloried or caged were thus driven out of decent society and into the company of bawds and prostitutes.

Prostitution in Germany was greatly stimulated by the French Revolution. The fugitive nobles belonged to the class which best supported the bawds and courtesans of Paris. Abroad they continued as best they could to live their old lives. Very soon after they had come to Coblenz, we are told, no virgins over the age of twelve were to be found in the city. Every tavern in town became a brothel. Women flocked in from the country and from distant cities to share in the money which the

French nobles were flinging away. The Rhine towns all became infected with syphilis, which was called "the emigrants' gallantry."

Those of the *émigrés* who had brought little or no money with them in their flight were disinclined to hard labor. Many of them became pimps or bullies, living on the earnings of harlots who admired their manners and their fine speech.

In Hamburg, the Frenchmen introduced refinements never before practiced in the brothels. According to a contemporary writer, "Our drinking shops became pavilions, our cellars became halls, our girls became young ladies; in short, we were thoroughly polished by the immoral horde of emigrants. The crowd strode quickly and without restraint over our pleasant streets, and modesty and respectability fled with averted faces, while the few good men sorrowed."

The "young ladies" fitted up their brothels and apartments with luxurious furniture, hoping thus to attract the richest and most generous patrons. Prostitutes of the first grade ordinarily received a louis d'or, amounting to at least ten dollars of our money. Such fees had previously been unknown in Hamburg.

Meanwhile the laws against prostitution had not been repealed, and the noisier or unluckier harlots were frequently punished. But it seemed that women were unable to resist French gallantry. First servants and waitresses, then honest shopkeepers' daughters, then the wives of the citizens, were seduced.

In 1807, prostitution was officially recognized by the authorities of Hamburg. Harlots were taxed and required to register with the police and undergo regular physical examinations. The money brought in by the taxes, above that required to enforce the ordinance, went to the municipal hospital.

In 1834, Hudtwalcker, director of police in Hamburg, issued the regulations known as the "Blue Book." He made it plain that prostitution was "only tolerated, but not permitted or even authorized or approved." This proviso amounted to little more than a play on words, however. The important fact was that the police agreed not to molest prostitutes or keepers of brothels who conformed to the rules.

Every harlot, whether living in a brothel or privately, was required to be enrolled upon the police register. Every house serving the purposes of prostitution had to contain at least one registered woman. This regulation enabled the police to control houses of rendezvous, the landlords of which might otherwise have contended that they were not brothels within the meaning of the ordinance. Kept mistresses were required to be registered, but they did not need to submit to the regular medical examinations unless they actually had relations with several men. Girls under twenty who had not previously engaged in prostitution were to be discouraged from registering unless they had previously been seduced and knew no other way of supporting themselves. When possible, the consent of their parents was to be obtained.

No woman under the age of twenty-five not enrolled as a prostitute was to live in a brothel as a servant or relative of the master or mistress. No children over the age of ten years were to live in any brothel. Solicitation upon the street was forbidden, and no prostitute was to go out after eleven o'clock at night without a male companion, or to walk in certain specified parts of the city. Men under the age of twenty were not to be permitted to enter brothels. No music or gaming was permitted in brothels, and a special license was required for the sale of food and drink. Riotous conduct, blackmailing, and acts of violence against the patrons or the prostitutes were forbidden. No woman who wished to leave a brothel was in any way to be restrained. No woman who was venereally diseased was to cohabit with any man, nor was any prostitute to permit any man whom she believed to be infected to have congress with her. At least once a week, each enrolled prostitute was medically examined. Fines, loss of the right to maintain a brothel, imprisonment on bread and water or with hard labor, were among the penalties imposed for violation of these orders.

Hudtwalcker's regulations have been considered thus at length because they are very much like the rules adopted in many parts of Europe in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The thought that prostitution cannot be eradicated and therefore should be controlled by the police for the avoidance of scandal and the control of disease has inspired

most of the Continental laws and ordinances dealing with prostitution since 1800.

From the police rolls of Hamburg in the 1840's, it appears that there were about twice as many harlots living in the brothels as there were in private houses. Of the latter, however, undoubtedly a great many remained unregistered.

In Prussia, prostitution was tolerated by law after 1700 as a necessary evil. Fortnightly medical examinations were required. In 1792, a new code of regulations was issued. Prostitutes were forbidden to use rouge or to wear distinctive clothing. Women who wished for the first time to engage in prostitution had to register their names with the police. Prostitutes were instructed by physicians regarding the symptoms of the venereal diseases, that they might recognize it in themselves or in prospective patrons. Bawds, male and female, were sent to the house of correction. The maximum punishment consisted of three years' imprisonment, with a whipping upon admission and before discharge. Parents and teachers who prostituted girls in their charge were liable to six years in the workhouse. Brothels were to be permitted only in large cities. Men who came into the public houses when they were diseased were liable to the women whom they infected in intercourse for the cost of treatment and were also subject to criminal prosecution leading to a fine and imprisonment.

In the year 1808, there were in Berlin fifty brothels containing 230 women and there were

203 private prostitutes registered with the police. In addition, there were known to be 400 illicit prostitutes. At this time, the population of the city was perhaps 150,000.

In 1814, there was much agitation in Berlin for the closing of the brothels. The officials of Breslau, where the houses had been closed since 1812, reported that illicit prostitution and probably syphilis as well had much increased. Nothing was done at this time in Berlin. In 1840, brothels on some of the busy streets were required to remove to a place called the Koenigsmauer. From 1845 to 1851 the brothels of Berlin were closed. The result was that syphilis and sexual crimes of all sorts vastly increased. Prostitution was then recognized by the police as legal, and they resumed their old control.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, most of Europe had come to tolerate prostitution and to place it under the control of the police and sanitary authorities. There was much opposition to such toleration, but practically all authorities on public health and safety considered it to be necessary Even where the laws forbade prostitution, the police were little inclined to enforce them. Where repressive laws had been enacted, they had failed of their purpose.

OTHER LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Social Hygiene and Ethics

1111 Prostitution in the Medieval World
286 Prostitution in the Ancient World
83 Evolution of Marriage. Leo Markun
95 Determination of Sex. William J. Fielding
172 The Evolution of Sex. Clement Wood
202 [illegible] Rights of Women. Havelock Ellis
711 Modern Sexual Morality. Clement Wood
209 Aspects of Birth Control. Adolphus Knopf
177 Subjection of Women. John Stuart Mill
176 Four Essays on Sex. Havelock Ellis
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Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Life of John Brown

Michael Gold

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FOREWORD.

John Brown's life is a grand, simple epic that should inspire one to heroism. No one asks for dates and minute details on hearing the life of Jesus or Socrates. There are men who have proved their superiority to the pettiness of life, and who seem almost divine. John Brown is one of them. I think he was almost our greatest American. I know that he was the greatest man the common people of America have yet produced.

He did not become a President, a financier, a great scientist or artist; he was a plain and rather obscure farmer until his death. That is his greatness. He had no great offices, no recognition or applause of multitudes to spur him on, to feed his vanity and self-righteousness. He did his duty in silence; he was an outlaw. Only after he had been hung like a common murderer, and only after the Civil War had come to fulfill his prophecies, was he recognized as a great figure.

But in his life he was a common man to the end, a hard-working, honest, Puritan farmer with a large family, a man worried with the details of poverty, and obscure as ourselves. Now we are taught as school-children that only those who become Presidents and captains of finance are the successful ones in our democracy. John Brown proved that there is another form of success, within the reach of everyone, and that is to devote one's life to a great and pure cause.

John Brown was hung as an outlaw; but he was a success, as Jesus and Socrates were suc-

cesses. Some day school-children will be taught that his had been the only sort of success worth striving for in his time. The rest was dross; the personal success of the beetle that rolls itself a huger ball of dung than its fellow-beetles, and exults over it.

John Brown is a legend; but I still see him in the simple, obscure heroes who fight for freedom today in America. That is why I am telling his story. It is the story of thousands of men living in America now, did we but know it. John Brown is still in prison in America; yes, and he has been hung and shot down a hundred times since his first death. For his soul is marching on; it is the soul of liberty and justice, which cannot die, or be suppressed.

LIFE OF JOHN BROWN

WHEN SLAVERY WAS RESPECTABLE

To understand any of the outstanding men of history one must also understand something of their background. The Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius persecuted and burned the primitive Christians; yet he is accounted one of the most religious and humane of historical figures, and his Meditations are commonly considered a book of the gentlest and wisest counsel toward the good life.

You cannot understand this paradox unless you know the history of the Roman state. And you cannot understand John Brown unless you understand the history of his times.

John Brown, until the age of fifty, had lived the peaceful, laborious life of a Yankee farmer with a large family. He hated war, and was almost a Quaker; had never handled fire-arms, and was a man of deep and silent affections. He was deeply religious, read the Bible daily; Christianity imbued all the acts of his daily existence.

This man, nearing his sixtieth year, assembled a group of young men with rifles and took the field to wage guerrilla war on slavery. He became a warrior, an outlaw. What drove him to this desperate stand?

I think the answer is: Respectability. There is nothing more maddening to a man of deep moral feeling than to find that slavery has become respectable, while freedom is considered the mad dream of a fanatic.

The slavery of black men had become the most respectable institution in America in John Brown's time. It had had a dark and bloody history of a hundred years in which to become firmly rooted into American life.

There had been slavery in Europe for centuries before the discovery of America—but it was white slavery. Each feudal baron owned hordes of serfs—white farmers—who were as much a part of his land-holdings as his castles, horses and ploughs.

With the invention of printing, gunpowder and machine production the system of feudalism declined. The French Revolution helped deal it a death blow. The last country where this ancient slavery of white men was not dead was in Russia; but African slavery, the slavery of Negroes, who were heathens, and therefore could morally be bought and sold by Christians, had been reintroduced on the northern coast of the Mediterranean by Moorish traders. In the year 990 these Moors from the Barbary Coast first reached the cities of Nigrita, and established an uninterrupted exchange of Saracen and European luxuries for black slaves.

Columbus tried to introduce Indian slavery into Europe but the church forbade it, for Indians were accounted Christians when converted. The unhappy Negroes were not considered convertible; their slavery was sanctified by the church. And for the next few centuries the African slave-trade was the most lucrative traffic pursued by mankind. Black slaves were to be found in the whole vast area of Spanish and Portuguese America, also in Dutch and French Guinea and the West Indies. It was black men who cleared the jungles, tilled the fields, built the cities and roads and laid down, in their sweat and blood, the foundations of civilization in the New World. Great

jealous and prosperous monopolies were formed in this traffic of slaves; and its profits were greedily shared by philosophers, statesmen and kings.

In 1776, the American colonies were inhabited by two and a half million white persons, who owned half a million slaves. Many of the most rational and humane leaders of the Revolution saw the inconsistency of slave-holders making a revolution in the name of freedom. There was some early agitation against slavery, but the humanitarians were in a minority. Even then slavery had become respectable and profitable. It would have been easy and cheap to have freed the slaves then. It would have been the most practicable thing the young nation could have done. Not a life would have been lost; and the development of the country might have been even more rapid. But it was not done; such acts need more far-sightedness than the average man possesses.

Slavery grew by leaps and bounds, as the country was growing.

The slave trader, shrewd, intelligent and rich, kidnapped young men and women in Africa and did a huge business. His markets became the feature of every Southern town. The planters lolled at their ease, and devised ways and means of forcing their slaves to breed more rapidly. The slaves were treated as impersonally as animals. Mothers were sold away from their children, and husbands from their wives. Generations of black men died in bondage, and left their children only the sad inheritance of slavery.

The South developed an aristocrat class of indolent white men and women who looked down on all work as ignominious, and who used their minds, not in the arts or sciences, but to find new moral justifications for slavery.

Slavery was respectable. "It is an act of philanthropy to keep the Negro here, as we keep our children in subjection for their own good," said a Southern statesman. Slavery was moral. Even most of the respectability of the North enlisted in its defense. In 1826, Edward Everett, the great Massachusetts statesman, said in Congress that slavery was sanctioned by religion and by the United States Constitution.

The churches of almost every denomination were solidly behind slavery. The Supreme Court ruled that it was constitutional. A pro-slavery President occupied the White House, and Senator Sumner, a lonely abolitionist, was beaten down with a loaded cane on the senate floor because he dared say a brave word against the nation's crime.

In 1838 William Lloyd Garrison founded the Liberator, first of the abolitionist journals. He said that "the constitution is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell," and he fought slavery with all his power. "Our country is the world, our countrymen all mankind," was the slogan of his journal. Garrison was beaten by a mob in a northern city for his courage; and other abolitionists were tarred and feathered, lynched, and attacked by mobs of respectable northern merchants and churchgoers, much as pacifists were beaten by mobs during the late war.

Slavery was respectable. Negro field hands sold for $1,000 each, and innocent black babies were worth $100 each to the white master as they suckled at a Negro mother's breast.

To attack slavery was to attack the constitution, the church, the government, and the institution of private property. To attack respectability has always been the crime of the saviours, and respectability is the cross on which they are forever hung.

HOW JOHN BROWN BECAME AN ABOLITIONIST

In the pagan ages and in the more distant days of savagery, men were individuals. They had no social imagination. They could stand by and see another man writhe in tortures, and laugh at him. Civilization has been developing social imagination; it has been breeding more and more the type of human being who feels the suffering and injustice of another as his own.

John Brown was perhaps born with this strain in him. In 1857, when he had already plunged into his life-work, and was in the thick of bloody fights in Kansas, he sat down to write a most charming and tender letter to a little boy who was the son of one of his friends in the east. Those who think of fighters like John Brown as possessed by only a lust for battle, ought to read this letter. It reveals how soft was his heart under the grim mask of the Kansas warrior.

The letter is autobiographical. It tells how John Brown first became acquainted with the horrors of slavery, and what effect it had on his imagination.

This letter is so touching, and so remarkable for the picture it gives of John Brown's early years, also for the picture of the man's mature character as revealed by his own words, that I am tempted to give it in full. I shall give only parts of it, however.

THE LETTER TO MASTER HENRY L. STEARNS

"My dear Young Friend:—I had not forgotten my promise to write you; but my constant care and anxiety have obliged me to put it off a

long time. I do not flatter myself I can write anything that will very much interest you; but have concluded to send you a short story of a certain boy of my acquaintance; and for convenience and shortness of name, I will call him John.

"This story will be mainly a narration of follies and errors, which I hope you may avoid; but there is one thing connected with it, which will be calculated to encourage any young person to persevering effort, and that is the degree of success in accomplishing his objects which to a great extent marked the course of this boy throughout my entire acquaintance with him; notwithstanding his moderate capacity, and still more moderate acquirements.

"John was born May 9, 1800, at Torrington, Connecticut; of poor and hard-working parents; a descendant on the side of his father of one of the company of the Mayflower who landed at Plymouth, 1620. His mother was descended from a man who came at an early period to New England from Amsterdam, in Holland. Both his father's and his mother's fathers served in the war of the revolution; his father's father died in a barn at New York while in the service, in 1776.

"I cannot tell you of anything in the first four years of John's life worth mentioning save that at an early age he was tempted by three large brass pins belonging to a girl who lived in the family; and stole them. In this he was detected by his mother; and after having a full day to think of the wrong, received from her a thorough whipping.

"When he was five years old his father moved to Ohio, then a wilderness filled with wild beasts and Indians. During the long journey which was performed in part or mostly with an ox-team, he was called on by turns to assist

a boy five years older, and learned to think he could accomplish smart things in driving the cows and riding the horses. Sometimes he met with rattlesnakes which were very large, and which some of the company generally managed to kill.

"After getting to Ohio he was for some time rather afraid of the Indians, and of their rifles; but this soon wore off, and he used to hang about them quite as much as was consistent with good manners, and learned a trifle of their talk. His father at this time learned to dress deer skin, and John, who was perhaps rather observing, ever after remembered the entire process of deer skin dressing, so that he could at any time dress his own leather such as squirrel, raccoon, cat, wolf or dog skins; and also he learned to make whip lashes, which brought him in some change at various times, and was useful in many ways.

"At six years old John began to be quite a rambler in the new wild country, finding birds and squirrels, and sometimes a wild turkey's nest. Once a poor Indian boy gave him a yellow marble, the first he had ever seen. This he thought a good deal of, and kept it a good while; but at last he lost it one day. It took years to heal the wound, and I think he cried at times about it. About five months after this he caught a young squirrel, tearing off its tail in doing it; and getting severely bitten at the same time himself. He however held on to the little bob-tailed squirrel and finally got him perfectly tamed, so that he almost idolized his pet. This, too, he lost, by its wandering away; and for a year or two John was in mourning; and looking at all the squirrels he could see to try and discover Bobtail, if possible. He had also at one time become the owner of a little ewe lamb which did finely until it was about two-thirds grown, when it

sickened and died. This brought another protracted mourning season; not that he felt the pecuniary loss so heavily, for that was never his disposition; but so strong and earnest were his attachments. It was a school of adversity for John; you may laugh at all this, but they were sore trials to him.

"John was never quarrelsome; but was excessively fond of the roughest and hardest kind of play; and could never get enough of it. He would always choose to stay at home and work hard, rather than go to school. To be sent off alone through the wilderness to very considerable distances was particularly his delight; and in this he was often indulged; so that by the time he was twelve years old he was sent off more than a hundred miles with companies of cattle; and he would have thought his character much injured had he been obliged to be helped in such a job. This was a boyish feeling, but characteristic, nevertheless.

"When the war broke out with England in 1812 his father soon commenced furnishing the troops with beef cattle, the collection and driving of which afforded John some opportunity for the chase, on foot, of wild steers and other cattle through the woods. During this war he had some chance to form his own boyish judgment of men and measures; and the effect of what he saw was to so far disgust him with military affairs that he would neither train nor drill, but got off by paying fines; and got along like a Quaker until his age had finally cleared him of military duty.

"During the war with England a circumstance occured that in the end made him a most determined Abolitionist and led him to swear eternal war with slavery. John was stopping for a short time with a very gentlemanly landlord, since made a United States Marshal. This

man owned a slave boy near John's age, a boy very active, intelligent and full of good feeling to whom John was under considerable obligation for numerous little acts of kindness.

"The Master made a great pet of John; brought him to table with his finest company and friends and called their attention to every little smart thing he said or did, and to the fact of his being more than a hundred miles from home with a company of cattle alone; while the Negro boy (who was fully if not more than his equal) was badly clothed, poorly fed and lodged in cold weather, and beaten before John's eyes with iron shovels or any other thing that came first to hand.

"This brought John to reflect on the wretched, hopeless condition of fatherless and motherless slave children; for such children have neither fathers or mothers to protect and provide for them.

"He sometimes would raise the question in his mind: Is God, then, their father?"

HOW JOHN BROWN EDUCATED HIMSELF

There are other matters treated in this long and charming letter, written by an outlaw 57 years old, to a boy of twelve. One detail that is important is the analysis of his own character. John Brown says his father early made him a sort of foreman in his tanning establishment, and that though he got on in the most friendly way with everyone, "the habit so early formed of being obeyed rendered him in after life too much disposed to speak in an imperious or dictating way." John Brown was ever humble, and severely chastised his own faults, but

this habit of being a leader served him in good stead, and made him the born captain of forlorn hopes he later became.

Another detail that interests us is his account of his early reading. Working-class Americans, and they are the majority of the nation, do not go to the high schools and universities. Neither did John Brown. But they can read history, as he did at ten years, and they can study and make themselves proficient in some field, as he made a surveyor of himself by home study. He also read passionately, he says, the lives of great, good and wise men; their sayings and writings; the school of biography that seems to have nurtured so many great men. John Brown never went to school after his childhood; but he became an expert surveyor, he learned the fine points of cattle breeding and tanning, he was a student of astronomy, he knew the Bible almost by heart, he studied military tactics later in life, he was familiar with the lives and times of most of the great leaders of mankind, and best of all, he knew how to stir men to great deeds, and lead them in the battle.

Great men do not need to own a college diploma; they teach themselves, they are taught by Life.

How meaningless college degrees would sound if attached after the names of Brutus, Pericles, Socrates, Caius Gracchus, Buddha, Jesus, Wat Tyler, Jefferson, Danton, William Lloyd Garrison!

As for instance: Jesus Christ, D.D.; Robert Burns, M.A.; Victor Hugo, B.S.; John Brown, Ph.D.! How superfluous the titles of man's universities, when Life has crowned the student with real and greener laurels! Yes, there are many things not taught in the colleges!

THE MOULDING OF JOHN BROWN

And so by his own pen, we have had illuminated for us the life of John Brown up to his twentieth year. We see him, a big, strong boy, fond of hard work, capable in all he put his hand to, a young man bred in the hard college of life in an early pioneer settlement. He was fond of reading good books, and improving his mind; he was rather shy, and yet filled with an extraordinary self-confidence, which made him a born leader, one who could show the way to men older than himself, and command them, and himself, in the straight line of duty.

The subsequent life of John Brown cannot be understood unless one knows all the environmental forces and the heredity that went to mould him. John Brown, a Puritan in the austerity of his manner of living, the narrow yet burning reality of his vision, and the hardships he later underwent, came of a family of American pioneers. To John Brown life from the outset meant incessant strife, first against unconquered nature, then in the struggle for a living, and finally in that effort to be a Samson to the pro-slavery Philistines in which his existence culminated.

At twenty John Brown married Dianthe Lusk, a plain but quiet and amiable girl, as deeply religious as her young husband, and as ready as he to assume all the serious burdens of life.

He was working in his father's tanning establishment at this time, at Hudson, Ohio. But in May, 1825, John Brown moved his family to Richmond, near Meadville, Pennsylvania, the first of his many moves for he was imbued with a deep restlessness, the hunger of the pioneer for virgin lands and new enterprises.

Here, with his characteristic energy, he cleared twenty-five acres of timber land, built

a fine tannery, sunk vats, and in a few months had leather tanning in all of them. Like his father, Owen Brown, John was of a marked ethical and social nature. He proved of great value to the new settlement at Richmond by his devotion to the cause of religion and civil order. He surveyed new roads, was instrumental in building school houses, procuring preachers, "and encouraging anything that would have a moral tendency." It became almost a proverb in Richmond, so an early neighbor records, to say of a progressive man that he was "as enterprising and honest as John Brown, and as useful to the county."

In Richmond the family dwelt for ten years. John Brown raised corn, did his tanning, brought the first blooded stock into the county, and became the first postmaster. Here, also, at Richmond, the first great grief came into John Brown's life, to school him in that stoicism that later made him the hero of a great cause. A four year old son died in 1831, and the next year his wife, Dianthe, died after having lived and worked beside him like a good, faithful woman for twelve years, giving birth to seven children in that time, five of whom grew to vigorous manhood and womanhood.

Nearly a year later John Brown was married for the second time, to Mary Anne Day, daughter of a blacksmith. She was then a large, silent girl of sixteen, who had come to John Brown's home with an older sister to care for his children after his wife's death. He quickly grew fond of the young pioneer girl; one day he gave her a letter offering marriage. She was so overcome that she dared not read it. Next morning she found courage to do so, and when she went down to the spring for water for the house, he followed her and she gave him her answer there.

Mary Brown was the best wife a John Brown

could have found. She had great physical ruggedness, and she bore for her husband thirteen children, seven of whom died in childhood, and two of whom were killed in early manhood at Harper's Ferry. She did more than her full share of the arduous labor of a large pioneer household, and she endured hardships like a Spartan mother. She was strong; and she had a noble and unflinching character. It was only a heroic woman such as this who could have been the wife of a hero; who could have given husband and sons cheerfully to the cause of abolition, and been so silent and brave even after their death.

John Brown worked hard; he had no vices, he was honest and painstaking, but somehow success in business always eluded him. This was another of the griefs of his life. He blamed himself for his failures, but it was really not his fault. It requires a real worship of money to make one a business success, and John Brown never took money as seriously as it demands of its lovers. After ten years in Pennsylvania, of much hard work with little results, he moved to Franklin Mills, in Ohio, where he entered the tanning business with Zenas Kent, a well-to-do business man of that town. Here he also became involved in a land development scheme that was ruined by a large corporation's maneuvers. He was so deeply involved in this and other ventures that in the bad times of 1837 he failed. In 1842 he was again compelled to go through bankruptcy proceedings.

In after years John Brown explained these failures to his oldest son as the result of the false doctrine of doing business on credit.

"Instead of being thoroughly imbued with the doctrine of pay as you go," he wrote, "I started out in life with the idea that nothing could be done without capital, and that a poor man must use his credit and borrow; and this pernicious

doctrine has been the rock on which I, as well as many others, have split. The practical effect of this false doctrine has been to keep me like a toad under a harrow most of my business life. Running into debt includes so much evil that I hope all my children will shun it as they would a pestilence."

John Brown never gave up in despair anything he had attempted; his business failures bruised him sorely, but he arose each time like a rugged wrestler and began a new endeavor. In 1839, at one of his darkest periods, he began a sheep growing and wool marketing venture in which he engaged for many years, going into partnership with Simon Perkins, a wealthy merchant of Akron, Ohio. This partnership was the longest and final one of Brown's business career.

So that is how one must think of Brown, too; not only as the consecrated, almost inhuman battler and martyr, but also as the sane, plodding, patient farmer, tanner, surveyor, real estate speculator, and practical shepherd. He was a tall, spare, silent man, terribly pious, terribly honest, a good neighbor and community leader, and the father of a large family of sons and daughters—a patriarch out of the Bible, tending his flocks and gathering about him a tribe of young and stalwart sons.

He was a typical pioneer American of those rough days in the settling of the middle west. He had no time for frivolity, though there was a grim humor in the man; he brought his children up strictly, yet with a justice that made them all love, revere and respect him until the end; and he had his share of those private sorrows that crush so many men; his first beloved wife had died, with an infant son; he had failed in business; and he had lost by death no less than nine children, three of whom perished in one month in those hard

surroundings, and one of whom, a little daughter, was accidently scalded to death by an elder sister. These deaths hurt John Brown cruelly, for though stern and stoic, he was a fiercely tender father; all his affections were fierce, though inexpressible and deep, as a lion's.

"I seem to be struck almost dumb by the dreadful news," he wrote his family, when he heard of this accident. "One more dear little feeble child I am to meet no more till the dead, small and great, shall stand before God. I trust that none of you will feel disposed to cast an unreasonable blame on my dear Ruth on account of the dreadful trial we are called to suffer. This is a bitter cup indeed; but blessed be God; a brighter day shall dawn; and let us not sorrow as they who have no hope."

The Browns had made at least ten moves in the years from 1830 to 1845, and John Brown had engaged in no less than seven different occupations. But always, under the business man and farmer, there had been the solemn philosopher brooding on God and the mystery and terror of life; and always, under the sober father and citizen, there had been planning and brooding and suffering keenly the tender humanitarian, the Christ-like martyr, the relentless fighter who would finally pay with his life to strike a blow at Slavery, "that sum of all villainies."

In this patriarchal farmer of the middle west, Freedom was forging and sharpening a terrible weapon that was some day to be turned against Tyranny. Quietly, in peaceful surroundings the work was being done; no one knew the fire in this man, least of all himself.

THE GROWTH OF AN ABOLITIONIST

For though John Brown had always been an abolitionist, though he had learned from his father, and from his own experiences to hate slavery and its manifold brutalities, it was not until his thirty-fifth year that John Brown showed any more active hatred of it than did hundreds of Ohio farmers around him. Like them, he aided when he could, in the work of the Underground Railroad. Thousands of free Negroes and white abolitionists were engaged in this work of passing fugitive slaves from the South up over the Canadian line, where they were being restored to manhood under the flag of monarchism.

But John Brown, in 1834, began thinking that education of the Negroes might be an important way toward the solution of their problems. He formed plans of starting a school for them. He and his family at this time, though his wool-business was going comfortably, lived in extreme frugality, for they had agreed to save all they could toward the establishment of some such school. For years John Brown dreamed of such ventures as these; and he read all the journals of the small abolitionist groups, and met many of the leaders. He always spoke against slavery in churches or political meetings where he happened to be; and he made friends with many Negroes, and showed a deep interest in all their problems. But not yet had he formed any of those belligerent plans that later were his whole life. He still believed that abolition might be effected by education and peaceful agitation.

Events were piling up too rapidly against such a view, however. The South grew more aggressive every day. The slave system seemed to carry everything before it. It had broken

the agreement of 1820 by extending slavery above the Mason and Dixon line into Missouri. It had forced the war against Mexico, and had carved out huge new tracts for slavery. It dominated the government of the United States. All of the Presidents were pro-slavery, or they could not hope for office. Congress was pro-slavery, and the Senate, too.

And it was not only in the South that the life of an abolitionist was worth little more than a pinch of snuff. The slavery venom had crept into the North, for powerful economic reasons. The Northern merchants and manufacturers made their profits by selling machinery, and the goods made by machinery, to the agricultural, cotton-raising South. And the South threatened to secede from the union, or at the least, to force a low tariff on imports, and buy its goods in Europe, if the abolitionists were not curbed.

There were not many of these abolitionists; but they were outspoken, intense, and made themselves heard at all costs. They paid a heavy price for this courage. They were persecuted, tarred and feathered, and in many cases lynched by the Northern mobs.

Then the Southern slave system seemed to have reached a triumphant climax in two events: the first, the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law, in 1851, and the other, the battle over the admission of Kansas as free soil or slave territory.

The fugitive slave law incensed John Brown to fury, as it did every other abolitionist. It was a federal law forced by the South which forced the state officials of every Northern state, however much they might hate slavery, to join in the hunt for runaway slaves and their helpers.

A United States sloop was sent to bring back

a slave who had fled to Boston. The abolitionists tried to rescue him, but were foiled, with two men killed. Scenes such as these marked, everywhere in the North, the enforcement of the law. Abolitionists were arrested in communities where everyone of their neighbors was also anti-slavery. Slaves, who had been freemen for years and years in the North, were captured and dragged back to bondage by government officials.

The abolitionists became more fiery in their desperation. Many of them, like Garrison, began preaching that the North set up a government of its own: "No Union With Slaveholders!" was the slogan,

And the Kansas affair heaped coal on this fire. Under the Missouri Compromise, both North and South had agreed to restrict slavery within the states already burdened with it; they had agreed also, that the citizens of a new territory could decide whether or not they wanted slavery or freedom, and could vote their choice when the territory was admitted to the union. In other words, both sides would keep their hands off new territory; and the federal government would not interfere.

Kansas was such a territory; it was being rapidly settled, and in a few years was to come up for admission as a state.

And what was happening was that the South was flooding this territory with spurious settlers; idle, whiskey-drinking ruffians armed with shotguns and revolvers, who were intimidating the Northern settlers who had come, and were stealing the elections from them, by force of arms.

The South was openly breaking its agreement with the north; it was openly declaring its intent to make Kansas another addition to the slave states.

To the abolitionists in the North this seemed like the last straw. The South was at its flood-tide of domination; it controlled everything in the American union; and now it was moving forward to make its domination permanent by any means; even by the means of murder and intimidation.

Reports of assassinations, whippings, and the burning down of Northern settlers' cabins came every week from Kansas. The abolitionists began raising emigrant companies of Northerners who would go to Kansas to vote for freedom, even though the South sent its cannon against them.

The Brown family had by now moved to North Elba, New York, a little Adirondack colony of fugitive Negroes who had settled on the lands owned by Gerrit Smith, a wealthy and sincere abolitionist. John Brown had been of much practical service to the Negroes there; but he and his sons, like every other foe of slavery, were deeply shaken by the events in Kansas.

It seemed horrible to everyone, that after twenty years of bitter agitation, slavery was not waning, but was stronger than ever—indeed, was threatening to swallow up even the North.

Strong men were needed in Kansas; and so John Brown's sons went there. They were men of peace; they went there as bona fide settlers, to take up claims, and to cast their vote, when the time came, for freedom. But in two months they were writing letters to North Elba asking their father to send them all the rifles he could collect.

"We have seen some of the curses of slavery, and they are many," wrote one of the sons in the very first letter home. "The boys have all their feelings worked up, and are ready to

fight. Send us arms; we need them more than we do bread."

John Brown collected the arms; and what was more, he delivered them with his own hands. He wound up his business affairs, left his strong, patient wife in charge of the North Elba farm, and went to join his sons in Kansas. The curtain was now rising in the first act of the universal drama called John Brown. The man of God, the tender friend of little slave children, and old, tortured slave mammies, the man of the plough and the counter, the patriarch and citizen was at last ready to become Captain John Brown of Osawotamie; John Brown, the outlaw, the warrior, the soldier of freedom.

At the mere mention of his name Border Ruffians and swashbuckling adherents of slavery were soon to tremble and even fly, as though a devil were behind. And he was bowed with cares and rapidly turning gray; and he had never handled fire-arms; and he was at the age when other men begin to talk of retiring from business and life, when they long for peace and reflection, in some quiet country scene, away from the world and its problems.

He was fifty-five years old.

THE SITUATION IN KANSAS

As John Brown left for Kansas, he turned to his wife and the remaining members of his family and said: "If it is so painful for us to part with the hope of meeting again, how must it be with the poor slaves, who have no hope?"

John Brown was always sanguine in his ventures; but the events before him would have

tried the hope of a superman; they were to be bloody, exacting, terrible. It was what he needed, however, for John Brown went to Kansas with a greater project in his mind, the attack on Virginia and the South, and Kansas was to be for him the rough, harsh school in which he could train himself for that supreme effort.

With his youngest son, Oliver, then about eighteen years old, and a son-in-law, Henry Thompson, John Brown left Chicago in August. The party had a heavily loaded wagon drawn by a "nice, stout young horse," that was stricken with distemper when they reached Missouri, and could barely drag himself along. Their progress was therefore slow; a scant seven or eight miles a day. But it gave them an opportunity to see and hear things in Missouri, then fiercely pro-slavery, and the reservoir from which were drawn most of the Border Ruffins who were raiding Kansas, and trying to force it into the phalanx of slavery states.

Companies of armed men were constantly passing and re-passing on the route to Kansas, and they were continually boasting "of what deeds of patriotism and chivalry they had performed there, and of the still more mighty deeds they were yet to do." As Brown wrote home in a letter. "No man of them would blush when telling of their cruel treading down and terrifying of defenceless Free State men; seemed to take peculiar satisfaction in telling of the fine horses and mules they had killed in their numerous expeditions against the damned Abolitionists."

John Brown was roused by all this; already he was changing from the peaceful patriarch to the fearless warrior in the field. One incident illustrates this. When the little party reached the Missouri River at Brunswick, Missouri,

they sat themselves down to wait for the ferry. There came to them an old man, frankly Missourian, frankly inquisitive after the manner of the frontier. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To Kansas," replied John Brown. "Where from?" asked the old man. "From New York," answered John Brown.

"You won't live to get there," the old Missourian said, grimly.

"We are prepared," John Brown answered, "not to die alone." Before that spirit and that eagle eye the old Missourian quailed; he turned and left.

It was in October, after an arduous trip, that John Brown and his party reached the family settlement at Osawotamie. They arrived weary and all but destitute, with about sixty cents between them. And they found the settlement in great distress; all of the Browns, except the wife of John, Jr., were completely prostrated with fever and ague, gotten from the rough conditions. They were living in a tent exposed to the chill winds, and were shivering over little fires on the bare ground. All the food left was a small supply of milk from their cows, some corn and a few potatoes. It was an unusually cold winter that year; on October 26 John Brown saw the hardest freezing he had ever witnessed south of his bleak farm-house in the Adirondacks; and all the Kansas pioneers suffered in it as did the Browns.

Nobody in Kansas that first winter knew what comforts were. While the Browns paid the penalty for living on low ground in a ravine and in tents, their bitter experience with sickness and hunger was not as bad as that of many other Northern families. Starvation and death looked in at many a door where parents lay helpless, while famished children crawled about the dirt floors crying for food, and shriek-

ing with fear if any footstep approached, lest the comer be a Border Ruffian, (as the Southerners were called) instead of a friend. For pure misery and heart-breaking suffering these pioneer tales of Kansas are not surpassed by any in the whole history of the winning of the West.

But old Jonn Brown was indomitable; he put new life and energy into his six sons; by November two shanties were well advanced, and the food problem had been lightened. They were getting into good shape for the winter, and preparing to take up their share in the settling of Kansas, when the hot breath of war scorched all these plans, as it did many another Northern settler's.

There would be little time for growing corn for the Browns thereafter, or for the other settlers; the slavery question demanded an answer first.

One dread that had worried the Browns before leaving home proved unnecessary. It was their fear of the Indians. The Browns were terrified when the first big band of Sacs and Foxes in war-paint surrounded their tent, whooping and yelling, but they had the good sense to ground their arms, and the Indians did likewise. Thereafter both sides were great friends. John, Jr., went often to visit their old chief; once, when in the following summer, the Indians came to call again, they were "fought" with gifts of melons and green corn. "That," said Jason Brown, "was the nicest party I ever saw."

John Brown, Jr., used to ask the old chief questions, as. "Why do you Sacs and Foxes not build houses and barns like the Ottawas and the Chippewas? Why do you not have schools and churches like the Delawares and Shawnees? Why do you have no preachers and teachers?" And the chief replied in a staccato which sum-

med up wonderfully the bitter, century-long experience of his people: "We want no houses and barns. We want no schools and churches. We want no preachers and teachers. We bad enough now."

No, the Indians were friends. The men really to be feared were not long in putting in their appearance. One night six or seven heavily-armed Missourians rode up to the door, and asked whether any stray cattle had been seen. The Browns replied in the negative; and then, as newcomers, they were asked, in the border slang, how they were "on the goose."

"We are Free State," was the answer, "and what is more, we are Abolitionists."

The men rode away, but from that moment the Browns were marked for destruction. They did not shrink from danger, however. They nailed their flag to the mast; armed themselves, and plunged into the thick of all the political battles then raging. In a short time their settlement was to become known as a center of fearless, and if necessary, violent resistance to all who wished to see human slavery introduced into the Territory. John Brown's life work had begun.

THE BORDER RUFFIANS HOLD AN ELECTION

No fair-minded reader of history can doubt, in glancing over the records of that time, that the South took the first bloody and brutal offensive in their attempt to force slavery on Kansas. Later, the Free State men from the north, under leaders like John Brown, General Lane and Captain James Montgomery, took up arms, too, and defended themselves bravely; but at first, they were victims of the South's determination to carry its point.

The Southerners began the attack by stealing the elections for the Territorial legislature. Thousands of Missourians, on horseback and in wagons, with guns, bowie-knives, revolvers and plenty of whisky, poured over the line in November, 1854, and encamped near the polling places. The ballot boxes were extravagantly, even humorously, stuffed; the elections were carried for the South. There was nothing concealed about the affair; in fact, the Missouri newspapers had gaily whipped up recruits for the raid.

Many of these men, Border Ruffians, as the North called them, were hired for the work. Others came for the fun; others because they hated Yankees; others because they were devout believers in Slavery.

"They wore the most savage looks and gave utterance to the most horrible imprecations and blasphemies," said Thomas Gladstone, a relative of the great statesman of that name, who was in Kansas at the time. "In groups of drunken, bellowing, blood-thirsty demons, armed to the teeth, they crowded about the bars and shouted for drink, or made the night hideous with noise on the streets."

Their fraudulent Pawnee legislature convened and passed a code of punishments for Free State men. Under the code, no one opposed to slavery in any manner could serve on a jury, or hold any office in Kansas.

Death itself was the penalty for advising slaves to rebel, or even supplying them with literature that would have that effect.

The mere voicing of a belief that slavery was illegal in Kansas was made a grave crime. Any person who said in public that slavery was wrong, or any person who even "introduced into the Territory, any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet or circular,"—saying this, was to be punished by imprisonment at hard labor for

a term of not less than five years.

This notorious Clause 12 was obviously aimed at the New York Tribune and other anti-slavery journals, and was meant to shut off every whisper of free speech. And it did not work.

For the Free State settlers would not recognize the legality of the Legislature, and held an election of their own. And so there were two legislatures in Kansas Territory, two governors and governments. All the fighting that followed centered about this dualism, and about the mad, desperate butcheries and burnings begun by the Southerners, when they saw they could not cow the Northerners into submission.

President Pierce, who was pro-slavery, sent a message to Congress in which he sided with the fraudulent legislature and its code, declaring it legal, and threatening the Free State men, whom he called traitors, insurrectionists, and seditionists against the United States government.

In all the Kansas conflict, he threw federal troops and federal politicians against the Free State men. The South rejoiced at his stand, but the Free State men went on with their work. And John Brown and his sons took a leading position in the fight.

THE SACK OF LAWRENCE

"Yet we will continue to tar and feather, drown, lynch and hang every white-livered abolitionist who dares to pollute our soil," said a flamboyant editorial in the Squatter Sovereign, a pro-slavery paper published at Atchison, Kansas, a Border Ruffian stronghold.

The Slaveryites lived up to this promise. The Free State men at this time had not begun to arm, but doggedly and quietly went about organizing their own government at Topeka.

Their actions infuriated the Southerners. Now began the long list of crimes that made the soil of Kansas reek with blood.

It would be impossible to give a full record here of all those crimes. The least that happened was the destruction of newspapers that protested against Southern injustice, such as the Parkville, Missouri, Luminary, which was burned down, the machinery thrown in the river, and the editors threatened with a similar fate if they indulged in further free speech.

There were hundreds of abolitionists murdered in Kansas; hundreds of their wives and children were gibed at and threatened and terrified; hundreds of their cabins were burnt down, and thousands of head of cattle stolen.

One of the murders was the killing of Samuel Collins, owner of a saw-mill near Atchison, by Patrick Laughlin, a pro-slavery man. No effort was made to punish him by the authorities. But something was done by them in another case. Charles Dow, a young Free State man from Ohio, was cruelly shot down from behind by Franklin Coleman, a pro-slavery settler from Virginia.

What the authorities did in this case was to arrest Jacob Branson, with whom the dead man had lived. A pro-slavery sheriff charged Branson with having made threats to revenge his friend. Branson was rescued by a group of his friends with rifles, and taken to Lawrence for protection, Lawrence being entirely settled by the Free State men.

The Sheriff called on the Governor, and the Governor called on the militia, and with the aid of Missouri citizens, about twelve hundred armed men marched on Lawrence, to "put down the rebellion."

The men of Lawrence sent out a call to all Northerners; and John Brown and his men were among those who responded. There were

five hundred settlers in Lawrence, and they feverishly fortified the town with embankments; but the whole affair ended by a compromise; there was no fighting; only two men were killed in a light skirmish.

The Southerners left, weak with all the whisky they had drunk on the expedition, according to reliable observers, and angered that they had not been given the chance to burn Lawrence down.

For Lawrence was a sore spot to the pro-slavery men. It was the largest Free State town in Kansas, and the center of all the political activities of that group. It publishe a newspaper, and its Free State Hotel was the headquarters of the Northerner's government.

There were other murders, despite the treaty signed at this time. And then in February, as Free State men were holding another of their elections, they were assaulted at Leavenworth, and many of them forced to flee to Lawrence.

One of the leaders of the Free State men, as he was returning from Leavenworth after the election, was captured by a company of Border Ruffian militia. Wounded and defenceless though he was, they literally hacked the unfortunate foe of slavery into pieces with their hatchets and knives. Not an effort was made to punish these murderers, though their names were known by everyone. Some of the slavery journals even praised the deed, and called for more. Said the Kansas Pioneer of Kickapoo:

"Sound the bugle of war over the length and breadth of the land, and leave not an Abolitionist in the Territory to relate their treacherous and contaminating deeds. Strike your piercing rifle balls and your glittering steel to their black and poisonous hearts."

And in May of that year, after further alarms and disturbances, Sheriff Jones returned with an army of 750 "swearing, whisky-drinking ruffians," armed with rifles, and even two pieces of artillery. This time the Free State men were unprepared. John Brown was not there, nor any other real leader. The Free State men still believed in peace, and legality. And they saw their Free State Hotel go up in flames, their newspaper plant destroyed, and an orgy of drunken destruction let loose among their homes.

"Let Yankees tremble, Abolitionists fall,
Our Motto is, Give Southern Rights to All."

This was the inscription on one of the banners of the invading army. Lawrence was the first city to receive these rights. Thereafter Free State men knew what to expect; they began forming companies of riflemen and guerrilla fighters to protect their communities against Southern rights.

THE LIBERTY GUARDS

One of these companies was the Liberty Guards, as commander of which John Brown first received his historic title of Captain. Besides four of Brown's stalwart sons, there were fourteen other Free State settlers in the company, and they were present at the first attempted raid on Lawrence, which had resulted in a compromise and an abortive "treaty."

Captain John Brown had gathered his men, and was on the way to Lawrence for the second time when they were informed by a messenger that Lawrence had already been destroyed. The Border Ruffians had captured the town without meeting any resistance, and had razed it

to the ground, the breathless courier reported. This startling news was received in a bitter silence by the little company. They pushed on, nevertheless, and encamped near Prairie City, hearing from passing stragglers further reports of burnings, killings and drunken threats of the Southern invaders.

It was a period of great excitement. The Kansans felt as if war had commenced in earnest on them, and that they were to be wiped out. Some of the men who lived on the Pottawotamie Creek, near Dutch's Crossing, heard reports that their women had been threatened by a group of the toughest pro-slavery ruffians who lived there.

"We expect to be butchered, every Free State settler in our region," one of these men told John Brown.

Here was a story John Brown heard a few days before from the lips of a pretty young girl named Mary Grant, a settler's daughter in the region:

"Dutch Bill arrived at our house, horribly drunk, with a whisky bottle with a corncob stopper, and an immense butcher knife in his belt. Mr. Grant, my father, was sick in bed, but when they told him that Bill Sherman was coming, he had a shot gun put by his side. 'Old woman,' said the ruffian to my mother. 'you and I are pretty good friends, but damn your daughter, I'll drink her heart's blood.' My little brother Charley succeeded in cajoling the drunken man away."

An old settler named Morse was hung and let down again by this same group of ruffians. Then they threatened to kill him with an axe, but his little boys set up a terrible wailing, and begged for his life. The ruffians spared him, but gave him until sundown to leave the community. He wandered in the brush for two

or three days with his children, frightened to death, and finally died of the excitement.

There were other such tales, including one horrible story of a similar attack on a woman in childbirth. The ruffians had also put up a notice, advising every Free State settler to leave the community in thirty days or have his throat cut.

John Brown and his men discussed this matter, and grimly decided to "do something to show these barbarians we have some rights." They moved down that night on the Pottawatomie, and calling out the five men who had done most of the killing, threatening, and burning down of houses in the region, executed them as a measure of self-defense.

It was a bloody, stern act, but it proceeded out of the same inflamed spirit with which the miners at Herrin recently shot down the armed strikebreakers who had been brought into their section. Many, including some sympathetic historians like Oswald Garrison Villard, have condemned this brutal deed, and have called it a stain on John Brown's life. Murder is murder, and it cannot be defended on ethical or logical grounds. But when a thug assails one with a gun, or threatens one's wife and children, is one to practice non-resistance on him? Is his life more valuable than one's own? In such moments men do not think, they act as nature tells them to; even a Villard would refuse to yield up his life to a thug; he would forget logic and ethics, and defend himself. And that was what John Brown did; his act was a stern and immediate answer to the long-continued murders and threats against the Free State men of Kansas. It shook the Territory to its foundations, and it made of John Brown a hunted outlaw. Thereafter he grew

no more corn and built no more cabins for his family; he was a guerrilla captain in the field.

AFTER POTTAWATOMIE

John Brown, Jr., and Jason Brown, two of the fighter's sons, were captured by Missourians and suffered incredible tortures after the Pottawatomie affair. Both men were burning with fever, but they were dragged at the ends of ropes for two or three days, beaten, hung up and then let down, and then chained to ox-carts in the wind and rain. John Jr., always of a nervous temperament, went temporarily insane under this treatment, but his captors had no mercy. Though he shrieked wildly, and though his brother Jason begged that the Southerns have pity, their hearts were hard as flint.

The following scene is described by Jason:

"Captain Wood said to me: 'Keep that man still.' 'I can't keep an insane man still,' said I. 'He is no more insane than you are. If you don't keep him still, we'll do it for you.' I tried my best, but John had not a glimmer of reason and could not understand anything. He went on yelling. Three troopers came in. One struck him a terrible blow on the jaw with his fist, throwing him on his side. A second knelt on him and pounded him with his fist. The third stood off and kicked him with all his force in the back of the neck. 'Don't kill a crazy man!' cried I. 'No more crazy than you are, but we'll fetch it out of him.' After that John lay unconscious for three or four hours. We camped about one and a half miles southeast of the Adairs. There we stayed about two weeks. Then we were

ordered to move again. They drove us on foot, all the prisoners, chained two and two. At Ottawa ford young Kilbourne dropped of a sun-stroke.'"

The men were later released, for they had done nothing that could be prosecuted in the court where the pro-slavery government "troops" had driven them. This was the sort of thing John Brown was fighting; it was life and death, and no mercy could be expected from the Southerners. Mr. Villard and other timorous friends of John Brown do not seem to understand the nature of the battle; and they do not understand what giant faith and courage it must have taken for an old farmer of fifty-five to continue fighting in such an atmosphere.

John Brown did not flinch. Another son, Frederick, was shot down in cold blood on the steps of the family home at Osawatomie, but the old fighter, shedding a silent tear for the loss, for he deeply loved his children, went on his stern path.

The spuriously-elected slavery governor offered a reward of $3,000 for John Brown, and the President of the United States a reward of $250. Federal troops scoured the territory for him. For months he and his men slept out in the fields, flitting from place to place, and fighting in many battles.

With only nine men he fought off a troop of twenty-three Southerners at the "battle of Black Jack," and forced them to surrender. In August, 250 men moved on Osawatomie, to destroy it as they had destroyed Lawrence. John Brown gathered about forty men to resist the Southerners, and a hot battle was fought, in which, of course, Brown had to retreat. The town was thoroughly wiped out, and also granted "Southern rights."

There were many other skirmishes; the name of Captain John Brown, old Brown of Osawatomie, became a legend in Kansas. He became a sort of Pancho Villa figure to the South; a hundred times he was reported dead or captured; a hundred times he was blamed for wild deeds he had never done.

Here are two contemporary pictures of John Brown in the field. The first is written by August Bondi, a brave and able young Austrian Jew, who put himself under Brown's leadership after the Pottawatomie affair:

"We stayed here up to the morning of Sunday, June 1st, and during those few days I fully succeeded in understanding the exalted character of my old friend, John Brown. He exhibited at all times the most affectionate care for each of us. He also attended to the cooking. We had two meals daily, consisting of bread, baked in skillets; this was washed down with creek water, mixed with a little ginger and a spoon of molasses to each pint. Nevertheless, we kept in excellent spirits; we considered ourselves as one family, allied to one another by the consciousness that it was our duty to undergo all these privations for the good cause. We were determined to share any danger with one another, that victory or death might find us together; and we were united, as a band of brothers, by the love and affection toward the man who with tender words and wise counsel, in the depth of the wilderness of Ottawa creek, prepared a handful of young men for the work of laying the foundation of a free commonwealth.

"His words have ever remained firmly engraved in my mind. Many and various were the instructions he gave during the days of our compulsory leisure in this camp. He expressed himself to us that we should never al-

low ourselves to be tempted by any consideration to acknowledge laws and institutions to exist if our conscience and reason condemned them.

"He admonished us not to care whether a majority, no matter how large, opposed our principles and opinions. The largest majorities were sometimes only organized mobs, whose howlings never changed black to white or night into day. A minority convinced of its rights, based on moral principles, would, under a republican government, sooner or later become the majority."

The other description is that of William A. Phillips, then a correspondent of the New York Tribune, and later a Colonel in the Civil War. Brown, still an outlaw, was on his way to Topeka, to be on hand at whatever crisis might arise at the opening of the legislature elected by the Free State settlers. Phillips met him on the way.

His account is important, for it shows that John Brown saw much farther than his own times. He knew that there were many other things wrong with the social system in America besides slavery. There are plain indications here, as in other accounts, that John Brown was one of those early American Socialists, such as Horace Greeley, Albert Brisbane, father of Arthur Brisbane, Bronson Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and others, who felt that the abolition of slavery was only the first step toward a free America. Wendell Phillips, for instance, one of this abolitionist band, became after the Civil War one of the leading champions of the rights of workingmen in their battle against the capitalists.

But here is Colonel Phillips giving his charming picture, in the Atlantic Monthly for December, 1879, of that night ride and the con-

versation he had with Brown as they lay bivouacking in the open beneath the stars:

"He seemed as little disposed to sleep as I was, and we talked; or rather, he did, for I said little. I found that he was a thorough astronomer; he pointed out the different constellations and their movements. 'Now,' he said, 'it is midnight,' as he pointed to the finger marks of his great clock in the sky. The whispering of the wind in the prairies was full of voices to him, and the stars as they shone in the firmament of God seemed to inspire him. 'How admirable is the symmetry of the heavens; how grand and beautiful! Everything moves in sublime harmony in the government of God. Not so with us poor creatures. If one star is more brilliant than others, it is continually shooting in some erratic way into space.'

"He criticized both parties in Kansas. Of the pro-slavery men he said that slavery besotted everything, and made men more brutal and coarse; nor did the Free State men escape his sharp censure. He said we had many true and noble men, but too many broken down politicians from the older states, who would rather pass resolutions than act, and who criticized all who did real work.

"A professional politician, he went on, you could never trust; for even if he had convictions, he was always ready to sacrifice his principles for his advantage.

"One of the most interesting things in Captain Brown's conversation that night, and one that marked him as a thinker, was his treatment of our forms of social and political life. He thought society ought to be reorganized on a less selfish basis; for while material interests gained by competition for bread, men and women lost much by it. He condemned

the sale of land as a chattel, and thought there was an infinite number of wrongs to right before society would be what it should be, but that in our country slavery was the sum of all villainies, and its abolition the first essential work."

THE GREAT PLAN EVOLVES

Much more can be written of this Kansas period in John Brown's life; a large bibliography of Robin Hood literature has gathered about it. John Brown, and other men like him, hastened the solution of the slavery question by their firm stand in Kansas. If the South had been allowed to add Kansas to the roster of slave states, it would have crept further north, until perhaps there would have been slavery up to Canada. It is easy for any institution to become permanent; man is a creature of conventions. Slavery, like cannibalism among savages, would have in time become a matter-of-fact doctrine with all America, had not the Kansas abolitionists challenged it.

John Brown left Kansas in 1857, and made a trip through New England, gathering friends, money, arms and recruits for a new great plan that was working in his mind.

He saw that the abolitionists would be successful in making Kansas a free state. The job was already half done; but when it was completed, what next? There would still be the vast groaning empire of slavery in the South; there would still be five million black folk bought and sold like cattle; beaten, raped, murdered as if they were lower than cattle. The South would still be in the saddle at the

White House; the fugitive slave law would still be enforced; and churches, business men, newspapers, mobs, and United States troops, all would join in upholding the devil's doctrine that slavery was respectable, the law of the land.

The Abolitionists, with their few journals, were ever agitating against this infamy that was being protected by the United States flag. But John Brown knew that only a bold deed could shake the union; could make men see clearly what slavery was.

Slavery had become so firmly settled into the national life that the few thousand abolitionists only seemed like gadflies biting at the hide of a rhinoceros. John Brown saw that a pick-axe was needed to draw the blood. The pocket-books of the slave-holders must be attacked. Slavery must be sabotaged, and made unprofitable. It was such a safe and sane business now; it must be made dangerous. John Brown planned to go boldly into Virginia, with a band of men, and start there a large movement of runaway slaves. When slaves were no longer meek and submissive, when every slave became a potential runaway and rebel, slavery would cease to be a paying business. Thus reasoned John Brown.

In December, 1858, with things at last peaceful in Kansas Territory, and a Free State almost assured, John Brown made a last stirring raid into Missouri. A Negro slave named Jim Daniels had come to one of Brown's men with a pathetic tale. He and his wife and babies were to be sold at auction in a few weeks, and perhaps separated forever. He was a fine-looking, intelligent mulatto, and he wept as he told the story. John Brown and ten of his men rescued Daniels' little family and carried off to freedom eleven other slave

of the vicinity. At dawn the next day the caravan of freedom set forth on its long journey to the Northern Star—to Canada, where slaves were free. It was a perilous and arduous undertaking. The party had to sleep by stealth in barns and icy fields, with armed sentinels posted all night. The Governor of Missouri wired to Washington; money rewards were offered for Brown, armed posses were sent searching for him, the Federal troops combed the state. There were prairie snowstorms, and there were little provisions. But the old lion brought his charges through to Canada.

One incident of the trip is worth repeating. It shows what a terror the mere name of John Brown had become in Kansas.

At one place, the ford of a river, Brown's party learned there was a posse of 80 armed slavery ruffians waiting to capture him. The old man did not turn back, though he had only 22 men, black and white. He marched down on the ruffians. "They had as good a position as 80 men could wish," wrote one of Brown's men, "they could have defeated a thousand opponents, but the closer we got to the ford, the farther they got from it. We found some of their horses, for they were in such haste to fly that some of them mounted two on a saddle, and we gave chase and took three or four prisoners, whom we later released. The marshal who led them went so fast one would think he feared the fate of Lot's wife."

"Old Captain Brown is not to be taken by boys," said the Leavenworth Times, now Free State, "and he invites cordially all pro-slavery men to try their hands at arresting him."

On March 12th the slaves were safe in Canada, rejoicing in their happy fortune, after

having been brought in the dead of winter, through hostile country, some 1,100 miles in 82 days. One of the slave women had had six masters, and four of the party had served sixteen owners in all. Now they were free. And their little children were free, and would never be whipped by a Southern gentleman, or stood on the auction block like a horse or cow. The outlaw John Brown had done what was forbidden by the Supreme Court and the President of the United States; and now he was planning greater deeds.

THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY

John Brown was now fifty-nine years old, and in the last year of his life. He had been disciplined in a terrible school in Kansas, but what he was about to attempt seemed so mad, so reckless, and so suicidally brave that many men of the South claimed, after the attempt, that he was but an insane man, and many of his conservative friends chose to take this view of the case, also.

Yet John Brown was not insane. Cooly, rationally, like a clear-headed strategist, he had figured out the situation. He was an Abolitionist, and was determined to do anything to end the brutal slave-system. Peaceful agitation had been going on for decades, but the North was still apathetic, and the South was only more inflamed and settled in its ideas.

What John Brown felt was needed now, was to make the men of the North and the South realize that there would be no peace in the land while slavery endured. What they must see was that men like himself would

rise to break that loathsome peace. He would go to the South, capture the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, and run off all the slaves he could find. He would take the hills about the Ferry, and with a guerrilla band move through the countryside, making slavery a shaky institution.

If he failed, he could but lose his life. He would at least stir the nation on the issue of slavery, and force men to take sides. There was too much neutrality and silence in the land on this issue, this institution that to him was a bloody crime against God and humanity. He could not fail, he felt; success or failure would achieve the same results. Events proved that he was right.

John Brown spent that winter and spring in New England, giving occasional lectures, and meeting all the leading men of the Abolition movement, who collected money for him, though he did not fully reveal his plans to anyone.

George L. Stearns, Gerrit Smith, the philanthropist, Frank B. Sanborn, the Concord schoolmaster and author; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a brave, noble commander in the Civil War, and a charming man of letters afterward; Theodore Parker, one of the greatest and most sincere Christian clergymen produced in America; Samuel G. Howe, and others were among John Brown's supporters. Thoreau and Emerson he also met at various times, and both were passionate admirers of the stern, pure soldier of liberty.

While their Captain was gathering arms and money for the raid, some of Brown's men were quartered in a farm-house near Harper's Ferry, while others were studying the region, and mapping out routes for the attack and the retreat to the hills.

It was a cool fall night, the 16th of October, 1859, when Captain John Brown gave the command his men had been impatiently awaiting for months: "Men, get on your arms; we will proceed to the Ferry." Says Mr. Villard, at times an eloquent chronicler:

"It took but a minute to bring the horse and wagon to the door, to place in it some pikes, fagots, a sledge hammer, and a crow-bar. The men had been in readiness for hours; they had but to buckle on their arms and throw over their shoulders, like army blankets, the long gray shawls which served some for a few brief hours in lieu of overcoats, and then became their winding sheets. In a moment more, the commander-in-chief donned his old battle-worn Kansas cap, mounted the wagon, and began the solemn march through the chill night to the bridge into Harper's Ferry, nearly six miles away.

"Tremendous as the relief of action was, there was no thought of cheering or demonstration. As the eighteen men with John Brown swung down the little lane to the road from the farmhouse that had been their prison for so many weary weeks, they bade farewell to Captain Owen Brown, and Privates Barclay Coppoc and F. J. Meriam, who remained as rear-guard in charge of the arms and supplies. The brothers Coppoc read the future correctly, for they embraced and parted as men do who know they are to meet no more on earth. The damp, lonely night, too, added to the solemnity of it all, as they passed through its gloom. As if to intensify the sombreness, they met not a living soul on the road to question their purpose, or to start with fright at the sight of eighteen soldierly men coming two by two through the darkness as though risen from the grave.

"There was not a sound but the tramping of the men and the creaking of the wagon,

before which, in accordance with a general order, drawn up and carefully read to all, walked Captains Cook and Tidd, their Sharp's rifles hung from their shoulders, their commission, duly signed by John Brown, and officially sealed, in their pockets. They were detailed to destroy the telegraph wire on the Maryland side, and then on the Virginian, while Captains John H. Kagi and Aaron D. Stevens, bravest of the brave, were to take the bridge watchman and so strike the first blow for liberty. But as they and their comrades marched rapidly over the rough road, Death himself moved by their side."

THE ARSENAL IS CAPTURED

Events flashed sharp and terrible and swift as lightning after this sombre opening of the storm. The telegraph wires were cut, the watchman at the bridge captured, guards were placed at the two bridges leading out of the town, and many citizens were taken from the streets and held as prisoners in the Arsenal.

Perhaps the most distinguished prisoner was Colonel Lewis W. Washington, a great-grand-nephew of the first President, and like him, a gentleman farmer and slave-owner. He lived five miles from the Ferry, and with the instinct of a dramatist, John Brown seized him and freed his slaves as a means of impressing on the American imagination that a new revolution for human rights was being ushered in.

The little town was peaceful and unprepared for this sudden attack, as unprepared as it would be today for a similar raid. By morning, however, the alarm had been spread; the church bells rang, military companies from Charles-

town and other neighboring towns began pouring in, the saloons were crowded with nervous and hard-drinking men, and there was the clamor and furor of thousands of awe-struck Southerners. No one knew how many men were in the Arsenal. No one knew whether the whole South was not being attacked by abolitionists, or whether or not all the slaves had armed and risen against their masters, as they had attempted to years before in Nat Turner's and other rebellions.

By noon the Southerners had begun the attack. They killed or drove out all the guards John Brown had stationed at various strategic points in the town; they murdered two of Brown's men they had taken prisoners, and tortured another. They managed to cut off all of Brown's paths of retreat, and by nightfall, he and the few survivors of his men were in a trap.

His young son Oliver, only twenty years old, and recently married, died in the night. He had been painfully wounded, and begged, in his agony, that his father shoot him and relieve him from pain. But the old Spartan held his boy's hand, and told him to be calm, and to die like a man. Another young son, Watson, had been killed earlier in the fighting. John Brown had now given three sons to freedom, and was soon himself to be a sacrifice.

There were left alive and unwounded but five of Brown's men. The Virginia militia, numbering, with the civilians in the town, up to the thousands, seemed afraid to attack this little group of desperate men. In the dawn of the next morning, however, United States marines, under the famous commander, Robert E. Lee, then a Colonel in the Federal forces, attacked the arsenal and captured it easily. John Brown refused to surrender to the last; and he stood waiting proudly for the marines when

they broke down the door and came raging like tigers at him.

A fierce young Southern officer ran at him with a sword, that bent double as it pierced to the old man's breast-bone. The young Southerner then took the bent weapon in his hands and beat Brown's head unmercifully with the hilt, bringing the blood, and knocking senseless the old unselfish and tender champion of poor Negro men and women. Those near him thought John Brown was dead; but he was still alive; he had still his greatest work to do.

JOHN BROWN'S MEN

I have written almost entirely of John Brown, and because of necessities of space I have given little attention to the brave youths who fought under him at Harper's Ferry. Yet here I must stop and with only the facts, paint some portrait of the men who followed John Brown. It will be seen that they were no ordinary ruffians, no bandits, adventurers or madmen, as the South called them at the time. They were young crusaders, thoughtful, sensitive and brave. They had a philosophy of life; and they were filled with passion for social justice. One may disagree with such men, but one must not fail to respect them.

There were twenty-one men with John Brown at Harper's Ferry, sixteen of whom were white and five colored. Only one was of foreign birth; nearly all were of old American pioneer stock.

John Henry Kagi was the best educated of the raiders, largely self-taught, a fine debater and speaker, and an able correspondent for the New York Tribune and the New York Evening Post. He had been a school-teacher in Virginia,

and had come to know and hate slavery there, protesting so vigorously that he was finally run out of the State. He practised law in Nebraska, but left this to join John Brown in the Kansas fighting. He was killed at Harper's Ferry.

Aaron Dwight Stevens was in many ways the most attractive and interesting of the personalities about John Brown. He ran away from his home in Massachusetts at the age of sixteen, and joined the United States army, serving in Mexico during the Mexican War. Later he was sentenced to death for leading a soldiers' mutiny against an offensive pro-slavery Major at Taos, New Mexico. President Pierce commuted the sentence to three years at hard labor in Fort Leavenworth. Stevens escaped from this prison, and joined the Free State forces in Kansas, for he had always been a firm abolitionist. Stevens came of old Puritan stock, his great-grandfather having been a captain in the Revolutionary War. He was a man of superb bravery and of wonderful physique; well over six feet, handsome, with black penetrating eyes and a fine brow. He had a charming sense of humor, and a beautiful baritone voice, with which he sang in camp and in prison. He was hung soon after John Brown for the Harper's Ferry raid.

John E. Cook was a young law student of Brooklyn, New York, a reckless, impulsive and rather indiscreet youth, to whom much was forgiven because of his genial smile and generous nature.

Charles Plummer Tidd escaped after the raid, and died a First Sergeant in one of the battles of the Civil War. He had not much education, but good common sense, and was always reading and studying in an attempt to repair his lack of training. Quick-tempered, but kind-

hearted, a fine singer and with strong family affections.

Jeremiah Goldsmith Anderson, killed at Harper's Ferry in his 27th year, was also of Revolutionary American stock. A sworn abolitionist, he wrote in a letter three months before his death: "Millions of fellow-beings require it of us; their cries for help go out to the universe daily and hourly. Whose duty is it to help them? Is it yours? Is it mine? It is every man's, but how few there are to help. But there are a few to answer this call, and dare to answer it in a manner that shall make this land of liberty and equality shake to the center."

Albert Hazlett, executed after Brown, was a Pennsylvania farm worker, "a good-sized, fine-looking fellow, overflowing with good nature and social feelings."

Edwin Coppoc, also one of those captured and hung, was well-liked even by the Southerners who saw him in jail, and some of them hoped to get him pardoned. He came of Quaker farmer stock.

Barclay Coppoc, his brother, was not yet twenty-one when he fought at the Arsenal. He escaped after the raid, but was killed in the Civil War. After the raid he had returned to Kansas, and had nearly lost his life in an attempt to free some slaves in Missouri.

William Thompson, a neighbor of the Browns at North Elba, in New York, was killed at Harper's Ferry, in his 26th year. He was full of fun and good nature, and bore himself unflinchingly when face to face with death.

Dauphin Osgood Thompson, his brother, was only twenty years old, when he met the same fate for the cause of freedom. Dauphin was a handsome, inexperienced country boy, "more like a shy young girl than a warrior, quiet and good," said one of the Brown women later.

Oliver Brown, John Brown's youngest son, was also twenty years old when he died at Harper's Ferry. His girl-wife and her baby died early the next year. "Oliver developed rather slowly," says Miss Sarah Brown. "In his earlier teens he was always pre-occupied, absent-minded—always reading, and then it was impossible to catch his attention. But in his last few years he came out very fast. His awkwardness left him. He read every solid book that he could find, and was especially fond of Theodore Parker's writings, as was his father. Had Oliver lived, and not killed himself with over-study, he would have made his mark. By his exertions the sale of liquor was stopped at North Elba."

John Anthony Copeland, a free colored man, 25 years old, was educated at Oberlin College. He was dignified and manly, and in jail there were prominent Southerners who were forced to admit his fine qualities. He was hung for the raid.

Stewart Taylor, the only one of the raiders not of American birth, was a young Canadian wagon-maker, 23 years old. He was fond of history and debating, and heart and soul in the abolition cause. Killed in the Arsenal.

William H. Leeman, the youngest of the raiders, killed in his 19th year. He had gone to work in a shoe factory at Haverhill, Mass., when only 14 years old, and though with little education, "had a good intellect and great ingenuity." He was the "wildest" of Brown's men, for he smoked and drank occasionally, but the Old Puritan captain liked him, nevertheless, for he was boyish, handsome, and brave.

Osborn Perry Anderson was also a Negro. He escaped after the raid, and fought through the Civil War.

Francis Jackson Meriam, was a wealthy,

young abolitionist who put all his fortune into the cause, and came from New England to join John Brown in the raid. He escaped also, and died in 1865, after having been the captain of a Negro company in the Civil War.

Lewis Sheridan Leary, colored, left a wife and a six-months-old baby at Oberlin, Ohio, to go to Harper's Ferry. He was a harness maker by trade, and descended on one side from an Irishman, Jeremiah O'Leary, who fought in the Revolution. Leary was 25 years old when he died of his terrible wounds in the Arsenal fighting.

Owen Brown, another of John Brown's sons, was stalwart and reliable, and is reported original in expression and thought, like all the Browns. He is also said to have been quite humorous. He survived the raid, and died in Pasadena, Calif., in 1891.

Watson Brown, another son, 24 years old when killed at the Ferry, was tall and rather fair, very strong, and a man of marked ability and sterling character.

Dangerfield Newby was born a slave in Virginia, but his father, a Scotchman, freed him with other mulatto children. Newby had a wife and seven children still in slavery, and he was trying to raise money to buy them, for they were to be sold further south. He failed at this; and joined John Brown in desperation. He was killed at the Ferry, and so failed to free his poor family, as he had dreamed.

Shields Green, colored, was also born a slave, but escaped, leaving a little son in slavery. He met Brown through Frederick Douglass, the great Negro orator, and joined in the raid, though many warned him it would mean his death. He was uneducated, but deeply emotional, and deeply attached to the "ole man,"

as he called John Brown. He was hung after the raid; his age 23.

They were all young men; the average age of the band was 25 years and five months. They were all strong, intelligent, in love with life and eager for the future; but they chose to attempt this mad, dangerous deed rather than consent any longer to the lie and to the power of black slavery.

John Brown they followed and loved as one would a strong and kindly father. There was always something patriarchal about John Brown and his soldiers, many observers said. It made his deed seem like some story out of the Bible, the swift and terrible justice of the Lord of Hosts.

THE "NIGGER-THIEF"

When the South heard of John Brown's raid, there was a wave of immediate fury. Men poured by the thousands into the little Virginia town, and the bars were filled with savage, half-drunk men, who talked of lynching the "old nigger-thief." Governor Wise had come down from the capital, and he and others prevented any such disgraceful procedure. He himself was mystified by the raid. It seemed an incredible performance, for these Southerners could not understand the moral passion that animated the Abolitionists. To the south Negroes were property—private property. And an attempt to free slaves was to them insane, illegal and criminal. When men came with arms for this purpose and Southerners were killed in defending slavery, the crime became doubly damnable.

John Brown, after his capture, was taken with

Aaron Stevens to a room nearby. Lying on a cot, his head bandaged, his hair clotted and tangled, hands and clothing powder-stained and blood-smeared, the old lion was questioned by Governor Wise and a party of officials, who included Robert E. Lee, Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, Senator Mason, Congressman Vallandigham of Ohio, and other pro-slaveryites.

Their questions were a summary of the attitude of the South to such as he. And John Brown, though he was wounded and a prisoner, though everywhere enemies surrounded him, and the gallows stared him full in the face, answered their questions calmly and courteously, without the slightest show of fear.

"Who sent you here?" one official asked. They were trying to worm out the names of Northerners who had given Brown money for the raid, so as to prosecute them for conspiracy in murder.

"No man sent me here," John Brown answered calmly. "It was my own prompting, and that of my Maker, or that of the devil, which ever you please. I acknowledge no man in human form."

"What was your object in coming?"

"I came to free the slaves."

"And you think you were acting righteously?"

"Yes. I think, my friends, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity. I think it right to interfere with you to free those you hold in bondage. I hold that the Golden Rule applies to the slaves, too."

"And do you mean to say you believe in the Bible?" some one said, incredulously. They could not understand this man; they only saw a wild, mad "nigger-thief" in him.

"Certainly I do," John Brown said with dignity.

"Don't you know you are a seditionist, a traitor, and that you have taken up arms against the United States government?"

"I was trying to free the slaves. I have tried moral suasion for this purpose, but I don't think the people in the slave states will ever be convinced they are wrong."

"You are mad and fanatical."

"And I think you people of the South are mad and fanatical. Is it sane to keep five million men in slavery? Is it sane to think such a system can last? Is it sane to suppress all who would speak against this system, and to murder all who would interfere with it? Is it sane to talk of war rather than give it up?"

Thus John Brown uttered his challenge to the South; but they failed to understand.

THE TRIAL AT CHARLESTOWN

And they failed to understand that it was not he who was on trial at the Charlestown court-house a month later, but the whole slavery system.

Every moment of that trial was reported in the newspapers of the nation. Every reader in America knew of the wonderful strength and majesty of John Brown in the court-room. The North began thinking about slavery as it had never thought before. John Brown was so manifestly pure in his intentions; manifestly a crusader, and people were forced to try to understand why an old, gray-haired farmer should have taken up arms at the age of sixty, after a life spent in useful occupations.

His dignity, his piety, his reputation as a terrible fighter, and the Biblical sublimity of the picture of this white-bearded patriarch sur-

rounded by his seven sons, all of them armed with rifles, all of them ready to die for the cause of abolition—these had their powerful effect on the imagination of the North. Hosts of new friends rose up in Brown's defense; legislatures passed resolutions asking for his pardon, Congressmen began speaking out, newspapers suddenly found themelves in danger of losing their subscribers if they spoke against John Brown; everywhere in the North men found themselves waking from a dream, and coming into the clear, white vision of John Brown. They saw slavery as if for the first time in all its horrors; they could not help taking sides. And the South became more and more inflamed with rage as the trial progressed, and those reverberations reached it from the North.

John Brown was tried on three charges, murder, treason, and inciting the slaves to rebellion. The trial was quickly over; it was but a formality. The jury, of course, returned the verdict of guilty, and John Brown, lying on his cot in the court-room, said not a word, but turned quietly over on his side, when he heard it.

A few days later, Judge Parker pronounced the sentence of death, and this time John Brown rose from his cot, and drawing himself up to his full stature, with flashing eagle eyes, and calm, clear and distinct tones, he addressed the citizens of America. He said many things that they were soon to understand clearly on the battlefields of the Civil War.

"Had I taken up arms in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, or any of their class, every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than of punishment. But this Court acknowledges

the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which is the Bible, and which teaches me that all things that I would have men do unto me, so must I do unto them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I fought for the poor; and I say it was right, for they are as good as any of you; God is no respecter of persons.

"I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, I did no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I say, let it be done."

Judge Parker fixed the date for hanging on December 2nd, 1859, a month away. It was a fatal mistake for the South, and John Brown's finest gift at the hands of the God he believed in.

THE AGITATOR IN JAIL

For in that month, John Brown accomplished more for abolition than even the stern deeds of Kansas had effected. He had put by the sword forever, and now for a month took up the pen and made it as powerful a weapon. He wrote innumerable letters to Northern friends and they were published and read everywhere. Their tone was Christ-like; no longer was Brown the militant Captain in the field, but the sweet, patient martyr waiting for his end in tranquil joy. In many letters he repeats the statement that he is glad to die; that his death is

of more value to the cause than ever his life could have been. This was no vainglorious hysterical gesture with John Brown; he was calmly certain of it; he slept peacefully as a child at night, and wrote his letters by day, secure in his tranquil wisdom. Friends were planning an attempt to rescue him, but he forbade them to try, for he really felt that his death was necessary. "I am worth now infinitely more to die, than to live," he said.

And in his letters he gave Americans his last warning on the slavery question. He told them it must be settled; it could not go on. His letters were so strong, manly, and yet so touching, that even the jailor wept as he censored them in the course of his duties. As Wendell Phillips said, the million hearts of his countrymen had been melted by that old Puritan soul.

With absolute equanimity, John Brown wrote his will, wrote his last few letters to his family, determined the coffin in which he was to be buried, and the inscription on the family monument, said farewell to his fellow-prisoners and jail-keepers. On the morning of December 2nd he stood calmly on the steps of the scaffold and gazed about him. Before leaving his cell he had handed to another prisoner the following last and uncompleted message:

"I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that without much bloodshed it might be done."

Now, as he looked about, he could see massed beyond the fifteen hundred soldiers Virginia had felt necessary for this execution, the hazy outlines of the Blue Ridge mountains. The sun was shining; the sky was blue, and his heart was at peace. "This *is* a beautiful country," he said, "I never had the pleasure of really

seeing it before." He walked with perfect composure up the steps, watched by the eyes of the soldiery and officialdom of slave-holding Virginia. They saw not a tremor in his face or body; not even when the cap was drawn over his head, his arms pinioned at the elbows, the noose slipped around his neck. He had refused to have the solace of any ministers, for they believed in slavery, and he told them he did not regard them as Christians. He needed no man's solace; he was braver than any one there. "Shall I give you the signal when the trap is to be sprung?" said a friendly sheriff. "No, no," the serene old man answered, "just get it over quickly."

And quickly enough, it was all over for John Brown. The trap was sprung; his body hung between heaven and earth. In the painful silence that followed, the voice of Colonel Preston declaimed solemnly, the official epitaph, "So perish all such enemies of Virginia! All such enemies of the Union! All such foes of the human race!"

That was the verdict of the South, still infatuated and blinded by its slave system. But on the other side of the Mason-Dixon line men were pronouncing a different verdict on John Brown, and on the other side of the Atlantic, the greatest man of letters in Europe, Victor Hugo, was saying:

"In killing Brown, the Southern States have committed a crime which will take its place among the calamities of history. The rupture of the Union will fatally follow the assassination of Brown. As for John Brown, he was an apostle and a hero. The gibbet has only increased his glory, and made him a martyr."

HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON

John Brown was hung on December 2, 1859. Exactly eleven months later Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. Exactly eight months after that, Northern troops were marching southward, to put down the rebellion of the slave states that had hung Brown.

No one at the time believed events would march so swiftly after Brown's death. There were many who knew that some sort of conflict between the North and South was inevitable; it had been brewing for decades. But there were as many more who were confident that slavery would win its legal fight, and would spread over the whole continent. And the great mass of Americans just faintly understood the issues involved; to most of them, John Brown seemed some kind of mad fanatic.

President Lincoln's election undoubtedly provoked the Civil War. And his election was undoubtedly due to the discussion on slavery that raged after John Brown's deed. Lincoln was the first Northerner to be elected in forty years; the South had always carried things before it, and would have done so again had not John Brown roused the entire North to a consciousness of what slavery meant.

He did more than all the abolitionists had been able to do in their fifty years of agitation.

And yet even most of his friends thought him mad at the time of the deed. Abraham Lincoln, in a campaign speech at Cooper Union, in New York, said: "Old John Brown has been executed for treason against a state. We cannot object, even though he agreed with

us in thinking slavery wrong. That cannot excuse violence, bloodshed and treason."

Only men of the stamp of Wendell Phillips fully understood what John Brown had done. His funeral oration at the last resting place of John Brown's body had all the vision of the prophets:

"Marvelous old man!....He has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say that this is too much. Our neighbors are the very last men we know. The hours that pass us are the ones we appreciate the least. Men walked Boston streets, when night fell on Bunker Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, 'Foolish man! Thrown away his life! Why didn't he measure his means better?' Now we see him standing colossal on that blood-stained sod, and severing that day the tie which bound Boston to Great Britain. That night George III ceased to rule in New England. History will date Southern emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine in your hills, it looks green for months, for a year. Still, it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slave system; it only breathes—it does not live—hereafter."

Wendell Phillips was a prophet; and even men of wide vision like Lincoln could not attain his lofty view. At first there was a rush of Northern politicians to disavow and condemn John Brown's deed. Later, there was approval; still later understanding; still later, worship.

Yes, the old man seemed mad, as all pioneers are mad. Gorky has called it the madness of the brave. But such madness seems necessary

to the world; the world would sink into a bog of respectable tyranny and stagnation were there not these fresh, strong, ruthless tempests to keep the waters of life in motion.

Who knows but that some time in America the John Browns of today will be worshipped in like manner? The outlaws of today, the unknown soldiers of freedom.

"And his soul goes marching on."

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INTRODUCTION

In this I have not compiled a guide to rhetoric in the conventional style of the Correspondence Schools. My aim has been to convey to you a number of ideas. When you have read the book, there should remain, forever fixed in your mind, this:

Truth is the final test of merit in literature.

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I.

ON CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

This, let me say, is my third attempt to write this booklet. Two drafts went into the waste basket. The truth is that I found them too stiff and formal, and in the doing of that which I wish to do, formality must be sedulously avoided, for, otherwise, we run on a rock and get nowhere. It seems to me that the best plan in telling you what I have to say will be one in which curtness and directness is observed, for very direct and brief I have always found those to have been who were instructors and not teachers. Not in long and labored discourses have I found valuable lessons, but rather in very sudden "Don'ts" and "Do's," in warnings and in checkings. Indeed, something of that would seem to be the natural way, especially if you consider how wonderfully children learn from children. Youngsters never lecture one another, yet they teach their fellows all manner of elaborate games with a few simple directions. On the other hand, not only teachers, but also parents, too often flounder in a mist of explanation and so fail to make anything clear. I know that in my own life almost everything that I have learned I seem to have acquired suddenly. In the midst of much struggle, a warning word, a caution shot from someone who knew did what tons and volumes of

theoretical instruction had failed to do. There was swimming for instance. As a lad I had read books on the art, diligently going through arm and leg motions at night while balanced on a stool. I had memorized instructions and had filled my memory with facts as to swimming contests among the ancient Egyptians. Then, one day, floundering in a pool with a secret vision of a slow and painful death burdening me, an older lad shouted, "Push at the water with your feet—push hard," and lo! the trick was learned. It was much the same when I learned to ride a bicycle. I had made sudden swoops and turns, had borne down on rocks, and holes, and ruts, with strange accuracy. I had hit all that I tried to avoid. Then my brother yelled at me, "Don't bear so heavy on the handle bars," and a great light dawned, for I saw that my misdirected energy had been my drawback. Then, too, when learning to shear sheep in South America. The sheep, the shears, the fleece, and I seemed to be dangerously mixed, and, while other men about me did their hundred and seventy ewes a day with ease, I sweated and groaned over twenty-five. But a wise old Irish shepherd who was watching me gave me a hint. As he walked away, he growled, "Keep the shears flat on the hide and take big bites." And again the curtain was lifted, so that that day I tallied my hundred and ten.

For these and other reasons I have always been suspicious of elaborate books of instructions, and also of professors, of correspondence schools, and of institutes purporting to teach

this, that and the other: how to raise your salary: how to be prosperous: how to be a society success: how to acquire a mastery of the English langauge while shaving: how to develop the qualities of leadership and rule others: how to write short stories and become a successful author. And, indeed, talking with other men, I find that each holds that his own business, profession, or calling, most certainly cannot be taught by mail, nor acquired in such manner that the reader of a dozen or more mimeographed letters may hope to make a living by it. On this every man is emphatic. Nor scanning advertisements, lists of men wanted, do I see this: "graduates of correspondence schools preferred." Certainly, when I was an employer in the railroad business, I never employed a locomotive engineer on the strength of a diploma dated from Scranton, Pa. Nor have I met a banker, stone mason, professional hobo, concert pianist or a farmhand who, good at his life's work, had clipped and mailed a coupon, received a hundred page book, and, from such humble beginnings achieved mastery of his chosen task. Further, being once idle and mischievous I made a list of names of several who offer to teach the Demosthenian art. These, in the course of time, I visited at "Department 1234," or at the Cicero Institute in Chicago, or wherever the office was located, but although I have reached the inner circles in giant corporations, in government houses, in banking institutions, I failed to pass the guardian stenographer and so

reach the orator himself. Neither, on further investigation, could I find that Chauncey Depew, Ingersoll, Billy Sunday, Henry Ward Beecher, Herbert S. Bigelow or William Jennings Bryan ever took lessons in a correspondence school. Still pursuing my quest, I also made a list of names of those teaching the art of short story writing, whether they were hidden in the arcana of correspondence schools, taught in the marble halls of colleges or universities, or in the shacks of the Y. M. C. A., to find that those names did not appear as authors in the table of contents of well-known magazines, nor anywhere else where one might reasonably suppose that they would be eager to see their own names as practitioners of the art they professed to teach. Nor did it transpire that executives and those who have control of men, captains of industry or those who weld others to their own desires, college professors or bishops, had, before gaining their present eminence, risen up one dark morn in a dull December to make a test of their efficiency by answering for themselves a list of forty questions as propounded in the advertising section of some magazine, and, realizing their lack of Personality, had straightway enrolled themselves for a "correspondence course," in the course of time to receive a diploma and become a Gary, a Schwab, a Wanamaker, a Woodrow Wilson, a Harriman or a Lloyd George. No. No. Things do not come that way.

From all of which, you can see that I do not

believe that much good can be done in the way of teaching by mail, nor even by book. Nor can you, I hold, by reading an analysis of a short story or a novel, write one. You can no more do that than you can, after dissecting a human corpse, construct a man. True, you may, with some advantage read the things other men have done, but it does not therefore follow that you yourself can do them, even though you have the desire and the will. For instance, I am a very poor mechanic. To handle machinery is a thing distasteful to me. I might read twenty-four books on the method of adjusting a timer on an automobile, but, when my own timer gets out of order I am dumfounded, nor will all my theoretical knowledge stand me in stead. My son, on the other hand, who has never read a book on the mechanism of an automobile, actually rejoices when the car stalls. The light of joy is in his eye and he leaps from the seat and goes to work with enthusiasm, pooh-poohing such things as I tell him from my corner in the car as the result of my reading. He is contemptuous of authority and is all for independent verification.

Why then, in the face of all this, do I write this booklet? For, admittedly, I cannot teach you to write a short story although I have written dozens of them.

Here is the answer. If you have both the ability and the desire to write, I can tell you of some pitfalls to be avoided and can give you a hint or two. I can also give you the result of my own experience, and that is about all.

It may result in something, and again it may not. Certainly during the past year, I have had the pleasure of seeing three young writers get their work in print as a result of some such advice as I propose to write here. But I shall not, I promise you, pad the book, nor copy out stories written by masters in the art, in the approved way of the correspondence schools and the "institutes." That would sadly waste both your time and mine. So, to work.

II.

THE KEY NOTE.

In the first place there must be *Sincerity*. Without that nothing can be done. Sincere work will be good work, and sincere work will be original work. With sincerity, you will have honesty and simplicity, both of which are cardinal virtues in the literary man. Also, with sincerity there will be courage. You know, as well as I know, that when you meet an insincere man, you detect him at once. Were you ever deceived, for instance, by the rounded periods of some political rhetorician? Perhaps for a moment you may have been carried away in spite of your better sense, but, certainly, the effect was not lasting. Examining yourself, you will certainly remember that before you could persuade others, you had to be thoroughly convinced of the essential right of the thing itself. In the same fashion then, you must be persuaded of the truth of that which you wish to be accepted when writing. I do

not speak of controversial matters. I write of fiction. You must have so thoroughly identified yourself with your characters that they are as living creatures to you. Then only shall they be living characters to your readers. If you have read the Pickwick Papers and have learned to know and love *Samuel Pickwick*, you will know exactly what I mean. In that character, the young Charles Dickens lost himself. In creating Mr. Pickwick he was entirely sincere. He watched the character grow from a somewhat simple-minded old gentleman to a lovable, jolly fellow to meet whom you would walk half round the world. Pickwick was real to Dickens, therefore he is real to us. Observe this too; he had his faults. *Mr. Pickwick* would not have been considered a good or a moral character to many of the "unco guid" of today. He often drank too much. Had there been nation wide prohibition in England in his day, he would certainly have drunk home brew with *Ben Allen* and *Bob Sawyer*, exactly as he went to prison for conscience sake. He and his companions enjoyed the pleasures of the table too well for latter-day tastes. He was obstinate on occasion, just as I am obstinate. Had Dickens been insincere, he might have been tempted to sponge out the bad spots in his character. But then he would have given us something that was not a man. The truth is that we want something of the senuous and the gross in those about us. None of us want to live with angels and saints. So we reject instinctively as impossible and unpleasant, those perfect, etherealized crea-

tions some times found in stories—those cre tures all compounded of nobility, courage, beauty, generosity and wisdom which insincere writers try to foist upon us. They do not ring true. We detect their hollowness just as we detect the hollowness of the flamboyant boastings of the political orator.

Indeed, to a reading man, the creations of the imagination of sincere writers are much more real than the famous characters of history. At least they are so to me. I read of a Washington with all his ugly spots carefully painted out; of a Napoleon carefully deified; of a Garfield carefully haloed; and I mentally reject them as impossible. On the other hand I become acquainted with a *Captain Costigan*, a *Becky Sharp*, a *Jack Falstaff*, an *Uncle Toby*, a *Tom Jones*, a *Martin Wade*, a *Peter Whiffle*, an *Ann Veronica* and they enter into my life. I know them utterly. I meet their twins in life. This woman has the green eyes of Becky. That man has his aspirations, leads a life that he knows to be a wrong way but still leads it, exactly as did *Tom Jones*. Or I recall a foolish fellow whose interest in life led him into all sorts of odd corners and am immediately reminded of *Peter Whiffle*. But I never meet a man who reminds me of Napoleon or of Washington, because there are no such men. In other words, the sane fiction writer has been sincere—the historian has been insincere. In the effort to give a mere man a heritage of honorable fame, the historian created something infamous, something inhuman.

III.

ON CHARACTER MAKING IN FICTION.

As my own personal character is by no means perfect, or even complete though imperfect, it follows that I cannot teach you how to draw a character. Certainly, I have, however sketchily, drawn a few characters in different stories, but I find that they were all more or less an aspect of myself. I have never yet committed a murder, but I have hated some people so fiercely that I have imagined the killing of them. So, the mood being on me, I once wrote a story called "Ebro" in which the hero was a murderer. But, in a way, *Ebro* was myself. Again, once in the long ago, when I was young and beautiful, I started on a wild trip in a small sail boat from the Straits of Magellan bound for the Falkland Islands. We had been in search of hidden treasure, which we did not find, and, having been in forbidden places, were forced to flee. Now some two hundred miles from shore we ran into a storm and there was much to do. During that storm I was terribly afraid. Like any other coward, I died a hundred deaths. That experience I remembered and it came to light when I wished to write the story, "My Friend Julio," wherein was portrayed a man much terrified by wind and water. So, in my imagination, one way or another, I have broken each and every one of the ten commandments. Some, of course, I have broken in reality. The heroes, or characters I draw then, as I see it, are merely pictures of myself seen

from this angle or that, the same individual in his varied moods. It is somewhat like the watching of a diamond and seeing different colored rays as the light from this facet or that is caught. In every man are many vices as well as many virtues. Each must know himself, see himself naked and as he is, without idealistic fig leaves.

Still, though I cannot tell you what to do, I can chart a few shoals so that you shall not run aground too early in your literary voyage.

First of all then, as I have said, there is the prime necessity of Sincerity. Second, no man can possibly write anything at all worth while except he see straight. By that I mean that most men do actually see things in a distorted kind of a way. I do not mean by this the habit of careless seeing, nor even of blurred seeing. What I do mean is that habit of not seeing at all for oneself, but seeing through the eyes of others. Take, for example, the people who have lived in a small town for a great many years and have heard political orators, Chautauquan lecturers, candidates for this office and that talk about the "handsome men and beautiful women, the intelligent children and public-spirited citizens" in the burg. You will find that many who have listened to that kind of thing year in and year out, do actually come to believe that their fellow townsmen and townswomen are thus and so. They become firmly convinced that theirs is a favored spot in which beauty abounds. Of course, a glance at any well-filled kodak album will reveal the fact that in place of a

wide-spread beauty, there is an incredible amount of vulgar and quite healthy ugliness. Or, again, if you ask a dozen men to describe the average American youth, eleven of them will conjure up a vision of some long-legged, square-shouldered fellow unlike anything on earth, or of some square-chinned, bright salmon-colored lad. Their notions, you will find, are derived, not from their own observation, but from seeing advertisements put out by wholesale clothing warehouses and makers of men's collars. Or imagining the American girl, they will see not what you may see, girls flabby, skinny, awkward, sloppy, tall, short, lopsided, sometimes pimpled, and, very rarely, one now and then really beautiful, but instead, some baby-faced creature with idiotic simper in the style of a magazine cover. Or again they will be led into unquestioning belief when the politician aforementioned who, ringing the changes upon all the familiar phrases of political oratory, and intoxicated with his own flamboyant boastings, perhaps whooping things up for war, declares that military training has made a generation of square-shouldered, deep-chested lads. People listening to him, who make the sign of the cross every time The Star Spangled Banner is played, will be quite oblivious to the fact that a moment's glance into any street will reveal the truth that, in spite of three years in the trenches, the young men of today slouch and stoop, lean and shuffle, and lounge against corners and posts just as much as ever they did before 1914. It will never occur to them that the square-shoul-

dered effect of the khaki-clad lad was entirely due to the odd cut of the coat. So, I add this then. SEE STRAIGHT.

Here is another law, or commandment, or guide, or whatever you choose to call it. I give it to you in seven words. SET DOWN THE THING AS IT IS. Do that and you get somewhere. Fail to do it and you inevitably get nowhere. That rule, of course, loops back on the one preceding it, for before the thing can be set down as it is, one must be sure that it is seen as it is. The trouble is that so much is about us that tends to distort. Pictorial artists, newspaper men, moving picture producers are all in league to get a "feature" angle on things, so it comes about that presently we are in such fix that we actually mistrust the evidence of our own senses. Not so long ago I attended a piano recital in which the performer played several compositions which I know so well that I could tell you every note in every chord. But the clumsy fellow came a cropper, turning his minor chords here and there into majors, dropping his octaves and making a great muddle of things. From force of habit, or convention, the audience applauded and the player bowed with happy smile, whereupon the audience cheered the more lustily. The next day the local paper came out with an account of the affair praising the player in terms which, if applied to a Liszt, would still be extravagant. After that, you could no more shake the audience in its admiration of the player as a highly skilled fellow than you could persuade it

that the moon had turned to green cheese. Ignorance won the day. Hearing the applause, even those who knew something of music mistrusted their senses. Let a word be dropped in criticism, and the newspaper report was produced. There it was. What more was needed? A wrong notion was born because of convention, and fostered because of wilful or ignorant distortion, with the result that hundreds of young children for years to come would learn music from an incompetent fellow. Nor, probably, would those children, with one or two exceptions, ever learn to play straight.

Again go to a picture theater in which is being shown a reel or two of Current Events. Roughly speaking, you would imagine, judging from the scenes displayed, that all that was ugly, hideous, vulgar had disappeared from the world. And naturally so, because active selection has been at work. To get a "good" picture, the camera man and his assistants had seen to it that undesirable sights were avoided or hidden. In the course of time, seeing hundreds or thousands of such pictures, the average man arrives at wrong notions as to things about him. Indeed, it is only when the same man goes far from home to another country, or to a far away city, that his eye and mind begin to function. Then new things strike him. He compares them, not with the things as they are in his own home, but with the things he has seen portrayed, which is a vastly different matter. As a consequence, he finds the new to compare very unfavorably with the

old as he imagines the old to be. Then he becomes verbose and a nuisance to those around him, telling of the glories of things in Tucumcari or wherever he may have hailed from. He forgets, or never saw, that in his native habitat there was ugliness, brutality, debauchery, disease and deformities. So presently, your traveler returns home, tells tales of foreign parts and deplores the state of things abroad which are, after all, exactly the same as in his own home town. You see, in the new place his eyes were opened. He was shocked into seeing. In his own town he saw so often that he ceased to see, or, being incurious, saw through other eyes. So I have heard men deplore the poverty in rural districts in other countries, telling of women and children toiling in the fields under a hot sun, of families that ate little or no meat or fats from one end of the week to another, quite oblivious of the fact that in their own land also, children of tender age are taken from school to the field, and that in thousands of places throughout this country, sweet potatoes and beans form the staple diet. The same men will make merry at the expense of a simple Mexican who crosses himself when the thunder roars, or who wears a charm to ward off rheumatism, all unconscious of the fact that there are Americans in plenty who hold that a buckeye carried in the hip pocket will cure piles, or that the position of the quarter moon foretells dry or wet weather according to the way in which the horns are "up" or "down." Verily, I say unto you, it is the rarest of rare

things to find a man who can see straight, and except he see straight, how shall he set down things as they are?

To take this important matter from another angle, have you ever looked at a set of engravings by Hogarth? To be sure there are pictures by other artists, his contemporaries, but in them it is clear that there was elimination and distortion. But not so with Hogarth. He saw things as they were and so set them down. As a result, his work is as valuable to students of social manners and customs as are the diaries of Samuel Pepys. Not for him was the false picturization, the idealistic conception. To be sure the London of his day had its fine lords and ladies, but it had also its filthy beggars, its distorted and deformed men and women, its untidy children and haggard workers, its unfortunates with blotched and pimpled faces. So he gave us what he saw. Therefore Fame crowned him. First he was sincere, second he saw straight, and thirdly he set down the thing as it was. Pepys too did that. So did Holinshed and Fielding. Their names live. Aphra Behn played the game the other way and is forgotten. Also vanished the names of "Ouida" and of Charles Brockden Brown.

IV.

PREJUDICE.

Still, let a man set himself deliberately to see straight, to look at things without either rose-colored or smoke-dimmed glasses, and even then it is not certain that there is free-

dom from distortion. Just as the children studying music, of which I wrote a few pages back, were all unconsciously heavily handicapped, so are we also handicapped through no fault of our own. For one thing there has been grounded into us a certain prejudice called patriotism. It is really a reflex egoism. Because of it we are predisposed to look upon our own nation as standing alone on star-crowned heights and to regard all other nations and peoples as being in the gulf of ignorance, poverty and despair. So we get a one-sided impression. Blinded by national self-love, we see all good in our own people and little but evil in others, except those others be our allies, when we grant them some modicum of decent behavior and common sense just so long as, and no longer than, they identify their interests with ours. Nationally, we go in for the cygnification of geese on a gigantic scale. As may easily be seen, carried to excess, that kind of thing often results in hate. Not carried to such lengths, it means the ridiculing, as well as the misunderstanding of others, and in addition the fooling of ourselves. Consider the so-called "comic sheets" and the cheap vaudeville stage where the Frenchmen, Germans, Jews, Irishmen, Mexicans and all South Americans are used as laughing stocks. The reverse of the situation is seen in common, cheap literature where the American stands as the type of all that is admirable. Or, if you keep an attentive ear, you will not fail to note that the notion permeates in such strange way that it becomes very gen-

erally held, and even accepted to so wide an extent, that teachers teach their charges that there exist very strongly-marked national characteristics, as that the Dutch are very clean, the Mexicans very treacherous, Jews very much given to cheat, Germans to villainy and rape, Italians to idleness, Afro-Americans to light-heartedness, the French to immorality, the Irish to wit, the Scandinavians to pessimism, the Swiss to thrift and so on.

All of which is idle and pernicious clap trap, as a moment's quiet reflection will show. For each and every man in his experience has known among his own countrymen those who were clean and those who were dirty, those who were honest and those who were dishonest, those who were gloomy and those who were cheerful, those who were idle and those who were energetic. Moreover, every man knows that his own mood changes as the wind and he who is merry a-Monday may be very sad on Saturday, while he who is in the pink of honesty at 9 a. m. may easily be a thief at 9:30. Yet, for all the testimony of the daily papers and in spite of the records of the criminal courts, ninety-nine men out of a hundred are very thoroughly imbued with the idea that their country and its people have a practical monopoly of all the virtues. So, as might be expected, the notion gets into literature, modified it is true, but nevertheless it gets there.

To show it in its most crude form, I give an instance. It happened since I commenced this essay. A man called upon me and his eyes were bright and shining with excitement, for

he had what he imagined to be a good plot for a story, and had cut across lots to tell it to me. It ran something like this and I quote his words as nearly as possible.

"Here is a good plot for a short story or a moving picture. There's a young woman on the train, a Canadian, and she is a stranger to this here country. On the car she begins to talk with a well dressed drummer. She is innocent and all that kind of thing. But sitting across the aisle is a soldier. Well, at the depot this here drummer gets the girl to go with him to a hotel and just as they are getting into a taxi, up comes the soldier, and 'Biff,' he lands the drummer one that lays him flat. So the girl's safe. After a year or so the soldier comes from the war and finds the girl who is the daughter of a rich man. He's poor of course, the soldier. Well they marry and live happy . . . Of course, you can show the American ideals in this tale and also use it to bring about good relation between the English speaking people."

I will not insult the intelligence of the reader by pointing out the utter idiocy of the plot. Still, though the man who told me the story was intelligent, a lawyer in the government service, and a reader of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *American Magazine*, several daily papers, and voted the straight party ticket every election, he failed to see the utter banality of the tale he suggested. But, it is a fair sample of the stuff with a "patriotic" base that many hundreds send to editors, and, more or less modified, watered, or spiced, you will at

times see something of the kind in moving-picture theaters.

So see this then; there are no characteristic national virtues and vices. Make your hero a negro, a Chinaman, an Eskimo or a Patagonian. It does not matter which. Man is man the world over, and it is, despite the old saying to the contrary, a safe rule to measure other's corn with your own bushel. What you must do is to conceive a character, then show him, not acting in any cut or dried fashion, but in a certain fashion. I say a certain fashion, but might have said an uncertain fashion, because your character will be more or less like yourself, a being with faults, virtues, vices, meannesses, ideals and hopes, and in him the potential angel will be mixed with a good deal of the ape, the tiger and the pig. Then, with your creation endowed with all the virtues and vices inextricably mixed, you have a character compounded of subtle and profound elements. Thus one sees that an action in a given case is indeed problematical. A man, witnessing overtures that may lead to the seduction of a girl, a stranger to him, whether the man was in uniform or not, would hardly be likely to make an assault upon the supposed seducer. To make him do that sort of thing is but to cater to the basest taste which glories in brute force. What a character would do would depend on many things—on his mood at the moment, whether he was drunk or sober, his immediate environment, his early training, what he had had for breakfast, what manner of rascal his grandfather was, how much money he

had in his purse at the time. Or it might depend on a mixture of many of these. Or again, the fictional personage might ponder and hesitate, finally taking no action at all, which, as a sensible man and being familiar with the old warning, "mind your own business," would very probably be his course. But the character might well be supposed to be wavering in a storm of emotion, perhaps to be swayed by subordinate characters, and, in the end, some action might be shown which would, as it were, grow out of the collision of the characters. For, bear in mind, the subordinate characters must not be made mere silhouettes—they also must have their prejudices and motives and ambitions, and the very form of their minds, too, must be made as evident to the reader as if they were in his presence.

Character drawing, as you see then, is a highly complicated business. Many, even among apparently sensible men, do not suspect this. For instance, not so long ago, I heard of a poet who declared that he could write a dozen good short stories between Tuesday and Saturday. His notion of fictional characters of course was of the allegorical order, a ticketed dummy in the form of the Sunday school book or of the transpontine melodrama, a row of Mr. Goodman's, Mr. Evil-Livers, Mr. Close-pennies and so on. It never for a moment occurred to him that the test of good workmanship lay in the ability of the author to make a distinct impression on the reader, to make him remember the fictional personage as vividly as he remembered characters met in real life.

At this point, should you be earnest in your quest, really ambitious to go further, I recommend to your reading as masterpieces of character drawing, Conrad's *Lord Jim*, Thackeray's *Becky Sharp*, Cunninghame Grahame's *Minor Prophet* in his "Brought Forward," H. G. Dwight's *Like Michael* in his "Emperor of Elam," *Uncle Toby* in Sterne's Tristram Shandy, and the portrait of *Mrs. Poyser* in George Eliot's Adam Bede. Or, failing these, if you are a very busy man, buy in the present series, Nos. 41 and 72, and study the character of *Old Scrooge* in Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol, and of *The Scab* in the Color of Life.

V.

DANGEROUS ENTHUSIASM.

But there is another dangerous shoal, another literary Goodwin Sands strewn with the wreckage of ambitious but unskilled voyagers. For of all people urged to write, those generous souls eager to lend a hand in the making of a paradise on earth are hardest pressed. The very fact that a young author hates tyranny and injustice in a thorough and unhesitating way, results in a kind of distortion. For him the evil pit of controversiality and partisanship yawns darkly. In his excess of zeal he paints with pigments too glaringly bright and too muddily brown. He makes his characters too black or too white, all evil or all good, according to their position in society. He is afflicted with an egoism of class, a fault every whit as gross as the

reflex egoism called patriotism. His judgment is warped by class prejudice. Because he burns with zeal, because he is carried away with enthusiasm, there is distortion. His heroes are those poor in this world's goods, his villains the wealthy, the powerful, the aristocratic. That wealth as well as poverty may entail hardship and unhappiness, the author with sociological bent often refuses to see, or seeing, wilfully denies. That worry and weariness and disappointment is not removed when one has mounted a little out of the pit, is a fact that escapes him. That injustices suffered by wage earners would be no less were the administration of affairs discharged by men taken from their own ranks, is entirely lost sight of. So there comes about a gross exaggeration and a painting of types. You may see something of this in George Bernard Shaw's "Unsocial Socialist." Walt Whitman sinned in like manner in his earlier days of writing. The fictional literature of advanced movements is full of class consciousness.

That kind of thing, of course, is fundamentally due to a kind of disguised self-interest once removed. It is really the inordinate love of self, or of class, as such. Consequently, it is bad art. And being that, it accomplishes nothing, because the reader sees through the ulterior motive. Furthermore, to do that kind of thing is to set down the thing as it is not. For, as you know, there are both rascals as well as gentlemen among wage-earners, just as there are rascals as well as gentlemen among

capitalists. There are scoundrelly poor people just as there are scoundrelly rich people. Honesty and dishonesty, truthfulness and lying, fair dealing and foul dealing are matters entirely apart from rank and position. Indeed, a story or a novel based on such insecure foundation, must, of necessity, ring false from first to last. There will be no health in it. The characters will be shown with glib phrases rolling off their tongues, talking as no man ever talks who expects to be taken seriously. The dialogue will be false and strained, and rich man and poor will talk like fourth-rate evangelists, camp-meeting hot-gospellers or insane tub thumpers. As a terrible example, turn to the socialistic speech made in a drawing room by *Cashel Byron*, the pugilist, in George Bernard Shaw's novel. The older, more experienced Shaw makes no such mistake. Contarst *Cashel Byron* for instance with his *Major Barbara.*

On the other hand, to see what a master craftsman can do, you must take "The Dream of John Ball" by William Morris, No. 37 of this series. If you have read it, you will not have forgotten the good, earnest priest, a most uncompromising truth-teller who had so profound a belief in realities and held an equally profound hatred of sham, cruelty and injustice. Looking back, you will recall in the little story a peculiar vein of pleasantry and delicate fancy with occasional touches of tenderness and of pathos that is extremely attractive. I call your particular attention to that story because it was written by a man

actuated by a passionate sympathy for humanity. For Morris was a radical to be sure, but his radicalism was tempered by a profound and logical sense of justice, by devotion to truth and reality and by intellectual ability and clarity. Perhaps in the whole field of English literature there is no better instance of pure intellect combined with enthusiasm for justice. And yet with all this, the aim of the story was to lead people to an understanding of the cause he had at heart, which was socialism. Yet withal, any one utterly opposed to that cause may read the book with keen pleasure, and not only that, but will inevitably be led to sympathize with the aims of *John Ball.*

Why is this? How does it come that one man burning with zeal for a cause will repel those he seeks to win to his side, while Morris won opposing minds to a sympathy with a doctrine they had denounced? If for a moment you try to imagine a Baptist, we will say, writing a book in such fashion that Catholics will not only read it with enjoyment but by its means will become interested in the Baptist creed, the magnitude of the task Morris accomplished will be manifest. The fact of the matter is that Morris did his work so well, felt the joys and the griefs of his characters so keenly, in a word was so sincere, that the reader lost his prejudices in the ideal life portrayed and was impelled to identify himself with the creatures of Morris' fancy in such wise that what hurt them, also hurt him. Both writer and reader overlooked the social

philosophy by reason of immense delight in the characters themselves. So also it was with those who read Dickens' "Nicholas Nickelby" and "Little Dorrit" and both books had so far-reaching an influence that the first resulted in the reformation of the private school system and the second in the abolition of imprisonment for debt.

In this connection I think that you will gain much advantage and get some good ideas if you will read "The Man of Property," by John Galsworthy, "The Growth of the Soil," by Knut Hamsun, and by Cunninghame Grahame, "Success," "Brought Forward," "Faith" and "Progress." I find in this series as valuable, "He Renounced the Faith," by Jack London and "The Miraculous Revenge" by George Bernard Shaw.

VI.

MURDER AND VIOLENCE.

A word should be said as to murder, bloodshed, suicide and other cheap effects. When you come to think of it, there is an appalling amount of bloodshed in our literature. I can go to my daughter's book shelf and take down novel after novel, turn the pages swiftly with a glance here and there, to hit upon the murder which I know instinctively is there with unerring accuracy. Or I can pass to the bookshelf in which the boys keep their favorites, and find brute force galore. Men are knocked down, punched, run through, thrown down stairways, kicked and cuffed. On every other

page there is manifest a mighty recklessness.

Now of that kind of thing I am suspicious. Looking back in my own life, which has been far from a quiet one, many years of which were spent in uncivilized places, I find that I have seen but few deeds of violence, as between man and man. I do not refer to riots, wars and organized bloodshed. I remember seeing one man killed outright, one duel with knives, one saloon rumpus and perhaps four men knocked down. My experience has been exceptional. Talking with friends, I find many who tell me that apart from school-boy days, they have never as much as seen a man knocked down or a blow struck. That, I believe, is the common experience. Many may easily go through life without witnessing a single act of violence. Certainly, the vast majority of men never dream of striking another. The world is prosaic. There are more *Doctor Primroses* in it than there are *Squire Westerns*. Men are more given to have a fancy for oratorical tirades and philosophical discussions like *Mr. Shandy*, than for fighting and battering one another about like *Everett True*. It would seem that since the advent of the four-reel thriller in the picture shows, murder in literature has somewhat gone out of fashion. There has, indeed, been a gradual letting down in the matter of violence since the days of Shakespeare and his forerunners. Time was when men and women had to be glutted with horrors and cruelties. Nothing less than blood or death would satisfy them. They had to be dazzled with the full bright-

ness of evil lusts. Only tales in which lewdness, cruelty, love of gold, shamelessness or vice were portrayed met with favor. No character was unmixed with sensuality in the days of Massinger and Ford. The fact is that the early writers, in constructing a man, did not dig down deep into the foundations.

Today it is different. There is a genuine attempt to become acquainted with man in his fullness. Especially is this seen in the work of the makers of present-day literature such as Conrad, Grahame, Galsworthy, Hergesheimer, Lawrence. The days are past when, if it became necessary to portray a man of courage, there was a digging into the depths of diabolical and unchained nature. Unrestrained will is no longer the keynote. The newer and higher idea hinges solely on character. The Berserker has been retired.

Of course, the main idea intended, was to display evidence of courage. But, any intelligent man may see, with a moment's thought, that the mere fact that a man fights, is no evidence at all of courage. He may fight because he is a coward, and fight to the death, too. For instance, suppose a man is challenged to fight a duel. The writer who has not dug into human nature will see bravery in the fellow who immediately accepts the challenge. To be sure there is a certain brute courage in the act of fighting. But of two men thus fighting a duel, one may be much braver than another. A man of imagination, who foresees pain and death, is obviously braver than another who

has no imagination at all, just as a boy who fears the dark, but yet bottles up his fear and goes into the dark, is braver than a boy without that fear. As is easily seen, the second boy is not brave at all. And in the case of the supposed duel, a man who fears public opinion very much indeed, will fight rather than be counted a coward, and therefore is actually a coward. So, as you see, which is what I wish to point out, there is no *outward* mark by which we can affirm that a particular action is courageous or the reverse. But if you sit down and write a story in which a character is so well portrayed that the reader will see quite plainly that a man fighting to the death is doing it because of his cowardice, you will have made a story that will find a publisher in no time. Handle the theme well, and I promise you that you shall have no rejection slip. One of the stories that O'Brien listed as among the best in 1920 was based on this theme, though it pictured a suicide who coldly and deliberately swam to his death, not that he feared life, but because his conscience hurt him, he having once failed to kill a fellow who was a military brute.

Perhaps you have read Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger," a tale in which the reader is left wondering, is given something to think of. The effect upon the reader is something like the effect left after seeing Ibsen's "Doll's House." So it would be in a tale such as above outlined. The reader would ponder deeply, if indeed he would not be torn between two emotions. Did the fighter fight

because he did not fear death, or did he fight because he feared public opinion more than death? At first blush, you may say, "It is obvious that he was a coward." But, consider a moment. Is the average man given to subtle distinctions? For instance, during the war, when some went to jail for their opinions, were not many torn with conflicting ideas? Were pacifists brave? Were they cowards? Were they actuated by fear of death or were they courageous enough to defy public opinion and the charge of cowardice, to give up their own liberty and happiness for conscience sake?

Take another theme, or rather angle of the same theme. Suppose a character similar to the average man: somewhat timid, careful to keep within the bounds of the law, tied to his business hand and foot, his expenses keeping neck and neck with his income, anxious to avoid publicity of an unpleasant nature. Yet he is a thoughtful man and a law-abiding one, and, therefore, opposed to all forms of mob law. Moreover, like the most of us, he shrinks from physical pain, and cannot kill a chicken without a beating of the heart. We will also suppose that he is violently opposed to war. To him comes one day another, suspected by a lawless mob doing deeds of violence in the name of "patriotism." Call it the Ku Klux Klan, the American Legion, a Law and Order League or what you will. Although trembling, in an agony of terror, fearing for his own life, yet the character we have in mind shelters the fugitive.

Here you have the opposition between physical and moral courage. The searching mob seeing him pale and fearful would know him for an arrant coward, and he himself would certainly admit himself to be that. Yet, knowing his motive, we see that he was essentially brave, since his fear was subordinated by a conscious effort to the end in view.

I believe enough has been said to show why, if you would write a short story involving the exemplification of courage, it is not at all necessary to fall back upon brute force.

It is somewhat in this connection that I would lightly sketch a talk I had with a young writer who had submitted a story in which he outlined a "brave" feminine character—a woman who had faced a little mob. I had held that the mere fact of facing a mob, when a woman did it, was no great sign of courage. But the conversation had not a single beginning. We had talked of other things, and he had objected to a scene in the novel "Dust" in which *Martin* had seemed to hold a light regard for woman's comfort in the chapter in which *Rose* accused him of caring more for the welfare of a fine-blooded cow than for his own wife. *Martin*, you may remember, had held that altogether too much fuss was made by women, and sometimes men, about child-bearing—that it was a natural function just as is teeth growing. My young friend held that the whole scene was derogatory to American ideals of "womanhood." Then we looped back to his short story.

It seems to me that there is a great deal

of what the English call "tosh" about "womanhood." When *Martin* compared the cow with the women to the detriment of the latter, as far as fuss in the matter of young-bearing, he was obviously right. On first reading the passage there came to my mind Whitman's poem in which he tells of his admiration for the cattle in the field because they were so "calm and self-possessed." Like *Martin*, and Whitman, I hold that both men and women have much to learn from animals.

To touch on the other, and co-lateral branch of the subject of our conversation. I held that the act of the woman who stood in front of a little mob bent on mischief was an act apparently, but not really, involving danger. The same act performed by a man most certainly would be courageous, but not in the case of the woman, because she would bank upon popular opinion as to the weakness of her sex. The opinion was her protection. She well knew that the rioters would not club her, a woman, and it was her "womanhood" that she counted on to preserve her. Hers then was a spurious bravery. So also is the man-killing woman a fake heroine. A woman may shoot a man, especially in the case of a so-called seduction, with the chances all in her favor that she will never be found guilty of murder. Pose as a heroine as she will, yet she knows perfectly well that she may rely on the support of a clamorous, sentimental and often hypocritical section of public opinion.

VII.

PLOT AND PROBABILITY.

There seems to be little to be said as to plot. I note that the books of instruction, weighty affairs some of them, more than a third of which seems to be badly assimilated from some handbook of grammar, lay great emphasis on plot. I hold that the first and most important thing is to create a character. You will naturally create secondary characters and out of them a situation will grow, and the situation is the plot. But for the rest of it, I believe that an imaginative man will find ideas for stories in all kinds of odd and unsuspected little things. H. G. Wells has told us somewhere how he saw a leaf floating on a little pool and that leaf suggested a canoe, the canoe again suggesting a lone man. From that grew the story of Epyornis Island. Turning to other of his stories, you can certainly discover for yourself what may have been the germ of the idea. There is his fine "Country of the Blind," which every ambitious writer should read. You easily see that the tale grew out of a pondering over the saying, "In the country of the blind, the one-eyed is king." Again, thousands of men have watched hens scratching in a yard and to them has come the thought of wonder as to what would happen were men creatures of but an inch in stature, with other birds and beasts their present size. But it was Wells who conceived the notion of making a story out of it, and a

gorgeous story it is, as any one who has read "The Food of the Gods" will admit.

Then there is R. B. Cunninghame Grahame, king of short story writers, as I believe. I pick up a book of his tales. It is "Brought Forward." More properly they might be called sketches. I turn to the first at which the book opens. It is "With the North-East Wind," a brief but tremendously vivid account of the funeral of Keir Hardie. I wish you would read it for yourself. Grahame is a wonder. Never did a mind figure to itself with more exact detail or greater energy all the parts and tints of a picture. Read this, which is the opening paragraph:

"A northeast haar had hung the city with a pall of gray. It gave an air of hardness to the stone-built houses, blending them with the stone-paved streets, till you could scarcely see where the houses ended and the street began. A thin gray dust hung in the air. It colored everything, and people's faces all looked pinched with the first touch of autumn cold. The wind, boisterous and gusty, whisked the soot-grimed city leaves about in the high suburb at the foot of a long range of hills, making one think it would be easy to have done with life on such an uncongenial day."

And, while I promised to refrain from long quotations, I cannot but help giving you this from the same sketch, for it seems to me a remarkable description of a crowd of men. I call your attention to Grahame's way of doing it:

"John Ferguson was there, the old time Irish leader, the friend of Davitt and of Butt. Tall and erect he stood, dressed in his long frock coat, his roll of papers in one hand, and with the other stuck in his breast, with all the air of be-

ing the last Roman left alive. Tom Mann, with his black hair, his flashing eyes, and his tumultuous speech peppered with expletives. Behind him, Sandy Haddow of Parkhead, massive and Doric in his speech, with a gray woolen comforter rolled round his neck, and hands like the panel of a door. Champion, pale, slight and interesting, still the artillery officer in spite of socialism. John Burns; and Small, the miners' agent, with his close brown beard and taste for literature. Smilie stood near, he of the seven elections, and then check weigher at a pit. There too, was silver-tongued Shaw Maxwell and Chisholm Robertson looking out darkly on the world through tinted spectacles; with him Bruce Glasier, girt with a red sash and with an aureole of fair curly hair around his head, half poet and half revolutionary."

If you do not see that what I am insisting on is, after all, the main thing, that is the portrayal of character even in those few light touches, then my time is wasted writing this essay.

I turn to another page and find the sketch, "A Minor Prophet." It is the tale of a man moved to preach his gospel of Love and Fellowship, and he preaches on, enwrapped in his subject, quite oblivious of the fact that one by one his little audience leaves, and then:

"He paused, and, looking round, saw he was all alone. The boys had stolen away, and the last workman's sturdy back could be just seen as it was vanishing towards the public house.

"The speaker sighed, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a soiled handkerchief.

"Then, picking up his hat and his umbrella, a far-off look came into his blue eyes as he walked homewards almost jauntily, conscious that the inner fire had got the better of the fleshly tenement, and that his work was done."

A fine ending to a fine piece of writing, indeed. Yet for "plot" the story has nothing but a man moved to preach and finding no hearers. Again, in "The Bathers," by H. G. Dwight, you have a first class piece of work, but nothing happens except a brief wrestle. Yet the story is both stirring and dramatic. A hundred delicate shades of character and temperament are shown us. But set before the reader is the invisible world of inward inclinations and dispositions.

As for probability, or, if you will, plausibility, about both of which the instructors are anxiously concerned, I do not believe that consideration of either enters into the matter of acceptance by editors. Tell a good story, and whether it deals with pterodactyls or fays, devils or angels, it will stand on its own merits as a story. You have seen Wells bringing the world to an end in many different ways: you have seen him carving animals into the shapes of men (Island of Dr. Moreau), or causing angels to be shot (The Wonderful Visit), or leaping into the Fourth Dimension (The Story of Mr. Davidson's Eyes), or travelling into the year 30,000 (Time Machine), but always there is verisimilitude. We know that it cannot be true, the tale he tells, but we are willing to believe with him that it is true. For romance is a legitimate field. If you can imagine a rattling good fairy story, go to it. Mark Twain wrote a good tale about a microbe and Verne wrote a good one about a trip on a meteor to the farthest edge of the solar system. There is plenty of room in be-

tween these for you. True, just at this present moment the pendulum swings toward realism, or, if it has not swung, at any rate there is a mountain of realistic stuff on hand, but at any moment a fantastic romance may leap into favor. So close your ears to the short story professors with their warnings against improbability and all that kind of thing. Write what you feel you must write, for if you must write, you must, and if you are not impelled to writing, not all the reading of books, nor listening to lectures will aid you one whit.

VIII.

ON SEX.

William Marion Reedy said, "In literature just now it is sex o' clock." He was deploring somewhat the insistence upon sex and sex matters that seems to be fashionable. We had a good talk on that, and, presently, that outspoken, clear-minded writer, Frank Putnam, joined in. So there were three editors, neither of whom had puritanical notions, all pretty much in accord. We came to a rough kind of conclusion that there was distortion of a kind when matters of sex occupied too prominent a place in literature. Understand me, no one of us were other than gross in part ourselves, but we knew that the part that sex played in our lives was very small as compared with other things. In some ill-defined way it seemed that in literature it should bear about the same proportion that it does in

actual life. In life, there are women who sell themselves, men who seduce, women who attract seducers, and those who get into all kinds of trouble because of sex, and that being the case, it is folly to hide it, or to pretend that things are otherwise. A writer should not be mealy mouthed. But when there is an over insistence upon sexual appetite, we are forced to believe that it can be explained only by the aberration of a perverted fancy. There is a happy medium between monsters of virtue all correct, constrained and charming, and human billy-goats. To be sure there is an impetuosity of the senses, an upwelling of the blood, but there is something else.

Unfortunately, nationally, we are given to false modesty. Perhaps it is the revolt against that which has made for this over insistence on sex in literature. If so, it will eventually prove to have been a most excellent thing should it succeed in bringing us to our senses. For. as matters are, and according to the accepted standard of "respectability," we would give welcome to neither a Henry Fielding with his "Tom Jones," a Smollett, a Swift, a W. L. George, a Lawrence, a George Moore nor even a Shakespeare with his Sonnets. Much less could we have a Balzac, a De Maupassant, a Murger or a Moliere. As it is, we are debarred from much that is well worth while from the pens of foreign authors, while there is a very active underground trade, as every man knows, in stuff that is frankly pornographic.

IX.

SO THEY MARRIED AND—

Just now, I turned to a pile of common novels, the sort that is here today and gone tomorrow, and opened them at the last page. Somewhere there I found that "she floated into his arms," "the strains of the Wedding March were borne on an afternoon air," "You are the only one I have lived for," or some such sentence.

I also find that of ten short stories submitted for inspection, nine deal with the problem of getting a wife.

Now, as will be clear to every thinking man, the problems of life do not end with marriage. Rather do they begin with them. Marriage is not an ideal state, the end of grief, the solution of all problems. In fact, under present economic conditions, it is exactly what has been called an *egosime a deux.* To throw two people together, in everlasting close proximity, is a dangerous thing to do at any time, and in any conditions. The only possible amelioration is a community of intellectual interests between man and wife, which, as we know, is extremely rare. Lacking that, there must be frequent discontent. The two parties to the contract are thrown too much together. The feminine "moods" get on the nerves of the man. The very fact that convention prevents the man from having other female friends, and the woman from having male friends, ex-

acerbates the trouble. The two become more or less isolated and there is revolt—perhaps openly expressed, perhaps hidden. The first fierce sexual appetite being satisfied, "love" passes into coldness and by a natural transition, coldness into dislike. Then come children perhaps, and marriage sinks into a stern, indissolvable partnership with never ending worry and fret for the man, and unending petty toil for the woman. Utter boredom is called virtue and morality. A musty, fusty old pair, yawning in each other's faces on a front porch in utter vacuity, are pointed out by the conventional as a model of contentment. A volume would not exhaust the list of troubles that come when the marriage state is entered. So, let us in writing, paint things as they are to the end that the young shall hold no illusions. Paint no idyllic picture of love in a cottage, nor present something that has but the remotest reference to life as it is.

Edward Carpenter, in his "Love's Coming of Age" has much to say on this subject. The little book is packed full of sound common sense. Stories on the relations of the sexes that do not touch on the triangle feature have been written in plenty, and the *Smart Set* has had many good pages on the theme. But it has been overlooked by Americans, that William Makepeace Thackeray, a satirist second only to Swift, brought a consummate cleverness to bear on the subject. His married couples pass in review before the reader like a series of warnings. We read with amusement, to recognize with seriousness, moving

among us in life the very characters he portrays. We know his *Miss Blanche*, acting the martyr, eyes ever welling with tears, trying to catch a husband who will sympathize with her sensitive heart. We have seen a *Mrs. O'Dowd*, pompous and boastful and proud, bent on marrying every bachelor she can lay her hands on. We know *Amelias*, wildly jealous, leading a husband a devil of a time. We remember many like *Helen Pendennis*, silly country prudes of no education, full of the harshness of Puritanism. We recall decent women like *Lady Castlewood* married to drunken and imbecile boors, and by contrast, high-strung fellows tied to women who have the minds and the education of a kitchen maid. There are families of *Pontos* yawning in solitude, men whose acquaintances are too vulgar for their wives, and wives who scorn their husbands. . . . Go to Thackeray if you would write, and, when tempted to dismiss your characters with the reflection that marriages are made in Heaven, bear in mind that if such was the case, Heaven was often a bad workman as far as generating earthly happiness is concerned.

XI.

SAMPLE SUBJECT SUGGESTIONS.

Whether I was born with a crooked streak, or whether much travel in odd corners of the world and living with odd people has given me a kind of twist I do not know. Some times I am very sorry for myself: but I cannot see things in the way people tell me I

should see them. The worst of it is that this disability of mine places a bar between me and my fellows more often than not. For instance, I cannot see anything very noble, elevating or inspiring in the ritual of secret societies. The "good lessons" that others tell me are to be learned in the hidden arcana, I never find. I draw the most extravagantly wrong inferences from the ritual. Whenever I hear public speakers say nice things which seem to please my neighbors, my mind goes off at a tangent in a kind of examination as it did the other day when I read a story in which much stress was laid on southern hospitality. I very much doubted that there was in the south any more hospitality than in the north, or the east, or the west. Tramping the roads of the south as I often do, I find that one autoist out of twenty-five or so will offer to carry me to the next town. That is about the proportion I found in the north. Of course, in the south, exactly as in the north, where advantages are to be gained, or where favors are to be expected, there is a rush to do honor. If I am known as a writing fellow, I am taken to see the show places, the local sights, the scenic views. But if I happen along dressed as a common laborer, I meet no more hospitality in the south than anywhere else. The watch-dog south of the Mason and Dixon line is as unfriendly as his cousin in Ohio or Minnesota. I tell this, not by way of persuading you to my viewpoint, but so that you shall examine at first hand some of the notes which I have made from time to time as bases for prospec-

tive short stories. Given time, I shall make stories around them myself, but, if you beat me to it, well and good. My mental attitude in this respect is much like the hen who cackles when she has laid an egg. She has produced the potential chick, if foster mothers make it actual, well and good. So, if you make a story of any one of these, you have my benison.

First. I read a lecture by Conan Doyle in the course of which he assured us that on the other side of the veil we shall meet our soul mates. Soon after that appeared in print, I had no less than five manuscripts of stories based on the idea that although lovers were separated here, there would be a ringing of bells in heaven when they rushed together, with an eternity before them.

Now it seems to me that some of us who have had experiences, and, in the course of time have been happily delivered from our affinities, would not be elated over the prospect that Doyle sets before us. There's a story there.

Second. A fairly well-written pamphlet foretold a time when Labor, uprising in its might would put all executives to work with pick and shovel, hammer and saw, when the day of rejoicing would be at hand.

My note on this would suggest a story to the effect that a couple of dozen really first-class executives drawn from capitalistic enterprises, and paid a higher wage than they could hope for in their old jobs, would marshal the forces of Labor and win for it the victory it craves. The story would go on to show that Labor is

not willing to undertake the sacrifice that would lead to victory: that it is mistrustful and too prone to treat its own friends with coldness, denunciation, ridicule, suspicion; that it is too prone to hot air and sentimentality. The conclusion would be drawn as a salutary lesson to Labor, that while Capital measures all things by dollars and cents, it is not too stingy to pay a good price for what it wants. Consequently it wins, for money gets the man.

Third. An editorial told of the good time coming when Labor and Capital shall meet face to face.

I do not believe in any such good time, and would do all in my power to prevent such a meeting. My reasons would be that in the past, Labor and Capital have met face to face, and the clash of countenances was like unto that when two rams meet, both of whom are enamoured of the same ewe. I project a story then setting that forth, with the ultimate decision arrived at that Capital admits it must get all that it can at the lowest price, and Labor must get all it can at the least exertion cost. Under such circumstances, it is idle to hope for agreement, and my story should show both parties putting aside camouflage and agreeing on the issue.

Fourth. In a secret society, I heard a national official talk for an hour or more on the elevating influence of lodge work, praising the members present for their attention to duty.

My story would show that most men attend lodge as a refuge and a hiding place, to escape the boredom of home, wife and children and

that lodge work was really nothing but solemn play, and neither religion nor a substitute for it.

Fifth. In high wrath, a man wrote a letter to a local paper denouncing the editor for the stand he had taken. The man then felt that he had stung the editor, and imagined him squirming under the blows received.

Write a story showing that under such circumstances a newspaper editor is highly pleased, for the objecting letter shows him that for once the bombastic nonsense he has written was read.

IX.

ON STYLE.

On the subject of style, the authors of books telling how to write, flounder solemnly. They remind me very much of Van Vechten's tale of the rather massive female who tried to explain a cubistic production to an outspoken doubter and coming a cropper in the effort, proved that she knew nothing about the subject. The said doubter had declared that "There's always a lot of talk, but nothing is clear." And it is exactly so when self appointed instructors arise to explain "style" in literature.

Perhaps if you get this into your mind it will serve. To tell a story, two persons are involved—a writer and a reader. It is the business of the writer to win, *to persuade the reader.* All the rest follows. The writer must choose the clearest way, the nearest way, the

most pleasant way. His manner of doing that is his style.

Next, how shall style be attained? Take Thoreau for your teacher in this. He said: "If you have anything to say it will fall from you as a stone falls from your hand." You know that is true. Of course, different men will have different ways of expressing themselves just as they have mannerisms in their daily acts. But we must remember that one man's style will not fit another man. Imitation is idle. That is all I can tell you about style. I could wrap what I have said above into a cloak of ornamental language or cover it layer upon layer with elaborations as the layers of an onion are about a central core, but could say nothing else of value. Still, as many books have been written on the subject by master minds, and as I have those books on my shelves, I shall give you in the paragraph that follows, some idea of what stylists have to say, and, that being done, shall copy for you certain passages from books not very popular and therefore hard to get at, so that for yourself you may see the extraordinary differences in style.

Take Schopenhauer's view. It is to be found in his *Parerga*.

"Every mediocre writer tries to mask his own natural style. . . . If they would go honestly to work, and say, quite simply, the things they have really thought, and just as they have thought them, these writers would be readable and, within their own proper sphere, even instructive.

"But instead of this they try to make the reader believe that their thoughts have gone

much further and deeper than is really the case. They say what they have to say in long sentences that wind about in a forced and unnatural way; they coin new words and write prolix periods which go round and round in the thought and wrap it up in a sort of disguise. They tremble between the two separate aims of communicating what they want to say and of concealing it. Their object is to dress it up so that it may look learned and deep, in order to give people the impression that there is very much more than for the moment meets the eye." And again: "The first rule for good style is that the author should have something to say."

The English novelist, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in a lecture delivered at the University of Cambridge, has this to say: "As technically manifested in literature it (style) is the power to touch with ease, grace, precision, any note in the gamut of human thought or emotion."

Next take the Frenchman, Comte de Buffon. It was he who said: "The style is the man himself." I think you will understand and enjoy the passage that follows:

"But when he has made a plan, when once he has brought together and put in order all the thoughts essential to his subject, he will see easily the instant when he ought to take up his pen, he will feel with certainty that his mind is ready to bring forth, he will be pressed to give birth to his ideas, and will find only pleasure in writing; his ideas will succeed each other easily, and the style will be natural and ready; the warmth born of this pleasure will diffuse itself everywhere and give life to each expression; the animation will become higher and higher; the tone will become exalted; objects will take on color; and feeling blended with intellect will increase the warm glow, will carry it farther, will make it pass from that which one says to that which one is about to say, and the style will become interesting and luminous."

I cull this for you from John Ruskin:

"So long as no words are uttered but in faithfulness, so long the art of language goes on exalting itself; but the moment it is shaped and chiselled on external principles, it falls into frivolity, and perishes." . . . "No noble nor right style was ever yet founded but out of a sincere heart." . . . "No man is worth reading to form your style, who does not mean what he says; nor was any great style ever invented but by some man who meant what he said."

Now here Thoreau again:

"We are often struck by the force and precision of style to which hard working men, unpracticed in writing, easily attain when required to make the effort. As if plainness and vigor and sincerity, the ornaments of style, were better learned on the farm and in the workshop than in the school."

Reading that, consider Jack London the virile, Robert Burns the boy on the stone bruised farm, John Bunyan the tinker, Masefield the sailor and bartender, W. H. Davies the hobo, Caradoc Evans the boy who was always hungry and tired. The last named mastered English through the study of the Bible. The passage below is taken from his book, "My Neighbors." Except perhaps Bunyan, no better example could be given of sheer force and precision of style.

"Our God is a big man: a tall man much higher than the highest chapel in Wales and broader than the broadest chapel. For the promised day that He comes to deliver us a sermon, we shall have made a hole in the roof and take down a wall. Our God has a long, white beard, and he is not unlike the Father Christmas of picture books. Often He lies on his stomach on the Heaven's floor, an eye at one of his myriad of peep holes watching that we keep his laws.

Our God wears a frock coat, a starched linen collar and a black necktie, and a silk hat, and on the Sabbath He preaches to the congregation of Heaven.

"Heaven is a Welsh chapel: but its pulpit is of gold, and its walls, pews, floor, roof, harmonium, and its clock—which marks the days of the month as well as the hours of the day—are glass. The inhabitants are clothed in white shirts in which they were buried and in which they arose at the Call: and the language of God and his angels and of the Company of the Prophets is Welsh, that being the language spoken in the garden of Eden and by Jacob, Moses, Abraham, and Elijah.

"It is no miracle that we are religious. Our God is just behind the preacher, and He is in the semblance of the preacher and we believe in Him truly. It is no miracle that we are prayerful. Our God is by us in our hagglings and cheatings. Bacca Pehffos prays that the dealers' eyes are closed to the disease of her hen; Shon Porth asks the Big Man to destroy his pregnant sister into whose bed Satan enticed him; Ianto Tybach says: 'Give me a nice bit of haymaking weather, God bach. Strike my brother Enoch dead or blind and see I have his fields without any old bother. A champion am I in the religious and there's gifts I give the preacher. Ask Him. That's all."

Now consider a very different style. It is from Charles Lamb who came nearer achieving perfection than anyone in literature. His art is so cunningly concealed that it has the appearance of almost careless discourse.

"I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food.

C— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust for me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts."

At this point I spent a full half hour trying to hit upon a paragraph for reproduction here from Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque." But without success. You can no more tear a paragraph from that admirable essay than you can take a jewel from its setting and have the thing as it was. So you must turn to his essay for yourself. You should also read his "Travels with a Donkey." And, while you are about it, do not forget to read much of De Quincey, and also of Goldsmith.

X.

A NEGLECTED FIELD.

There is opportunity in full, a vast field to exploit in the writing of juveniles, to use the term applied to that branch of literature which appeals to the young. It is especially the case in stories appealing to growing girls who, having passed from the excellent *John Martin's Book* stage and into the *St. Nicholas* age, are unwilling to leap forthright into Gene Stratton Porter and Harold Bell Wright. In England, and imported into the eastern states, there used to be a well edited journal called the *Girls' Own Paper*, but it is imported no

longer. No one has quite taken the place of Louisa May Alcott, or Margaret Sidney with her Pepper Series.

Good stories for boys too are comparatively rare, though the *Youth's Companion*, leader in this field, pays well, is well edited and widely read. Lads of a past generation fared far better for reading matter than those of today. There was a border land as it were, a literature that interested men as well as boys of spirit. The work of Jules Verne, so admirably translated, is with us and our publishers, sadly neglected. His books, together with the stories of adventure by Paul de Chaillu, led millions of lads to higher reading planes. Then there was Harrison Ainsworth with his semi-historical fiction, Ballantyne with his short tales of fire-fighters, sailors, lifeboat men and others in adventurous callings, and Thomas Hughes and his host of followers with bright school-boy tales. England has some good work in that direction today, especially in what is being done by Henry Newbolt who writes of old warriors and new, of deeds of derring-do and wild adventure, nor should we omit Frank T. Bullen with his "Cruise of the Cachalot" and other tales, or Basil Lubbock, fit successor to Dana. I particularly urge ambitious writers to look into this field of literature. Our lads today are fed up to nausea with tales of Boy Scouts, square-chinned lads who, single-handed, routed German regiments, captains of industry in embryo, amateur detectives and all that sort of thing. What we need, is, not to

try to rob boyhood of its golden days and to thrust ideas of business success into them, but to offer them food for lively imaginations. Give them reading for reading's sake and not for some ulterior motive. Boys do not want "lessons" in books any more than they need "lessons" in a ball game. There is where I would take issue with Franklin K. Matthews of the Boy Scout movement who, not so long ago at a publishers' convention, said that there was a great field for exploitation in the ten million boys hungry for reading matter. So far so good, but, urging publishers to cultivate this field, he quoted the wife of a college professor with approval who had expressed her desire to "do something to keep the boys sensibly occupied on Sunday afternoons" and had added that "parents do not believe in dare-devil books which would be of interest to boys."

Now I hold that if we are to raise a generation of readers, we must do exactly contrary to that which is here suggested. Consider. If you read the Matthews' quotation with care, you catch a faint and fusty flavor that recalls "best" rooms with cloth-covered round tables bearing books set at mathematically arranged distances apart, radiating from a center of imitation fruit, done in wax, covered with a glass shade. You will also get a sense of a prim lady handing you a copy of Samuel Smiles' "Self Help," with the injunction, "Be good, because it's Sunday."

With no respect whatever for anyone's opin-

ion, when Mr. Matthews and the wife of a college professor, together with the objecting parents attempt to exercise surveillance over the boy's reading, and affect the illimitable conceit that they know what is, and what is not, proper, they not only stultify themselves, but proclaim themselves the enemies of boys, and, further, take the first step towards disrupting an organization that has a power for good—an organization that so far has not been captured for ulterior motives. Frenzied with the fashionable fever for prohibition, they rush to join that

> Sect whose chief devotion lies
> In odd, perverse antipathies:
> In falling out with that or this
> And finding somewhat still amiss.

Sturdy of growth though the Boy Scout movement is, be sure that any reptant Puritanical interference will most assuredly result in labefaction.

A boy is an unspoilt man, and these are the elements that enter into his character: enthusiasm, fervor, courage and generosity. A boy is both unmoral and unreligious. He has a sublime contempt of custom and of conventionality, and is almost destitute of selfishness. Moreover, he is assured of his right to his own opinion and the correctness of his own choice. That he is a chosen instrument for the emancipation of the human race: that he, once untrammeled, can achieve the triumph of justice over centuries of oppression; that,

once attaining manhood, he will right all wrongs, he is as certain as he is of his own existence. His heroes, he insists, shall be endowed with similar qualities. Further, and this Mr. Matthews and the college professor's wife, with objecting parents, should mark well, the average, normal boy has a deep conviction that parents, preachers and teachers are narrow-minded old fogies, either eternally shamming or showing off, utterly destitute of originality, and full of silly prejudice. The boys are not far wrong. Therefore, the obnoxious officiousness—but what's the use.

As to dare devil books, can any normal, sensible man, not a *Stiggins*, a *Pecksniff*, or a *Uriah Heep*, put his finger on any book of that class, that he read when a lively boy, and say, "If I had not read this, I would have been a better, wealthier, healthier man; I would today have been saner, holier, wiser?" Can any reading man who has lived with those gallant dare-devil creations that he learned to love and admire before he knew *Becky Sharp* or *Hester Prynne*, or *Corporal Trim*, say that he would willingly obliterate the memory of any one of them? On the other hand, mentally reviewing an imaginary parade of boyhood heroes, does not one's heart beat quicker, does there not come a thrill of joy as the golden days before disillusionment are recalled?

Picture the procession! It will do you good. No Barnum and Bailey amalgamation of circuses can match, nor civic pageant pale it.

The great iron gates of the boys' Valhalla fly open with a clang, and the lank-jawed, pestiferous prohibitionist flees before the noble throng. All brave in their Lincoln green, *Robin Hood* and his merry men lead the way. You see *Friar Tuck* and *Little John*, *Will Scarlett*, and *Alan-a-Dale*. *Jack Shephard* follows, keen eyed and lithe, a merry rogue laughing at shackles and handcuffs, to whom Houdini is but a pale ghost. *Dick Turpin* too is there astride of his bonny *Black Bess*, and *Claude Duval* the gallant, with *Cartouche*, and *Monte Cristo* mysterically visible in his sack. Captain Kidd with blood stained bandage marches with Jesse James and the Younger brothers, and *Phileas Fogg* the imperturbable, unsmiling and resolute, touches elbows with John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain. *Quasimodo* comes, and George the runner and Beach the oarsman, *Long John Silver* and old man *Pew*, *Gagool* and *Natty Bumpo*, *Gordon Pym* and the Man in the Iron Mask, *Allen Quatermain* and Gaborieu's detectives. Covered with yellow dust of New Mexico, glittering with silver and gold, ride the immortal Scalp Hunters and the plainsmen of Captain Mayne Reid, while the *Iron Pirate* and *Jack Harkaway* go arm in arm. Sailors, fire fighters, cowboys, whalers, smugglers thicker throng. Spears, banners, bayonets, lassoes, boledores, battle axes and marlinspikes bristle above massed heads. Wild, strange oaths fill the air. Steel clashes on steel. Then comes a crowd of heroes so compact that with difficulty you pick out one here and there—trim *Midshipman Easy*,

Harry Lorrequer, *Peter Simple*, *Handy Andy*, *Percival Keene*, *Baron Munchausen*, *Ned Kelley* the iron clad Australian bush ranger, *Tracy* the outlaw, *Valentine Vox*, Peace the burglar, *Athos*, *Porthos*, *Aramis*, the *Wandering Jew*. Not a woman, not a seducer, not a pestilential prohibitionist in all that glorious, golden, glittering galaxy. Not a saint, a statesman or an uplifter there. Not one could you find to be accused of injustice, of prejudice, of narrow mindedness. Not one but would leap to quarter-staff, to bow, to mace, to dirk, to pistol or musket in defense of liberty and freedom. Not a solitary religious character would you find, except it be Sampson, admitted by reason of his house-wrecking activities.

By all the gods, if this little book shall result in but one rattling good short story, one real good tale of adventure, just one good story for boys that are boys, and not tight fisted men before their time, the writing of it shall have been well worth the while and Mr. Haldeman-Julius will have conferred a benefit on his generation by publishing this. So go to it if you can. Forget "moral lessons," "improvement of the juvenile mind" and all that nonsense and give the best that is in you.

YOUR MARKET.

Use common sense when sending your manuscript. Read the magazines and mark the kind of story they use. For example, should you have a story dealing with the *egoism a deux* called marriage, it would be of no use to send

it to the *Saturday Evening Post.* Similarly, a tale of business success would find no friendly reception in the office of the *Dial.*

There are many magazines, especially the younger ventures, exceedingly hospitable to unknown writers. I name the *Double Dealer*, Vincent Starret's *Wave*, the *Reviewer*, and *Broom.*

For established magazines with editors very much on the *qui vive* for good work, watch the *Century*, *Smart Set*, *Little Review*, *Freeman* and *Midland.* There are probably many others, but I'm speaking from my own experience.

I would advise you to read the editorials and literary criticisms of H. L. Mencken in the *Smart Set*, Glen Frank in the *Century*, and if you care for this, my own periodical *"All's Well."*

There follows a very complete list giving the addresses of magazines using short stories.

Adventure, Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York City.
Ainslee's Magazine, 79 7th Ave., New York City.
All's Well, Fayetteville, Ark.
American Boy, 142 Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich.
American Magazine, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.
Argosy All-Story, 280 Broadway, New York City.
Asia, 627 Lexington Ave., New York City.
Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Black Cat, 229 West 28th St., New York City.

Broom, 3 East 9th St., New York City.
Catholic World, 120 West 60th St., New York City.
Century, 353 4th Ave., New York City.
Collier's Weekly, 416 West 13th St., New York City.
Cosmopolitan Magazine, 119 West 40th St., New York City.
Dial, 152 West 13th St., New York City.
Double Dealer, 204 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.
Everybody's Magazine, Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York City.
Freeman, 32 West 58th St., New York City.
Good Housekeeping, 119 West 40th St., New York City.
Harper's Bazaar, 119 West 40th St., New York City.
Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York City.
Hearst's Magazine, 119 West 40th St., New York City.
Holland's Magazine, Dallas, Tex.
Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Liberator, 34 Union Square East, New York City.
Little Review, 24 West 16th St., New York City.
Little Story Magazine, 714 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.
Live Stories, 35 West 39th St., New York City.
McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th St., New York City.
McClure's Magazine, 76 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Magnificant, Manchester, N. H.
Metropolitan, 432 4th Ave., New York City.
Midland, Glennie, Alcona County, Mich.
Munsey's Magazine, 280 Broadway, New York City.
Outlook, 381 5th Ave., New York City.
Pagan, 7 East 15th St., New York City.
Parisienne, 25 West 45th St., New York City.
People's Favorite Magazine, 79 7th Ave., New York City.

Pictorial Review, 216 West 39th St., New York City.
Popular Magazine, 79 West 39th Ave., New York City.
Queen's Work, 626 North Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Reviewer, 809½ Floyd Ave., Richmond, Va.
Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Red Book Magazine, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Scribner's Magazine, 597 5th Ave., New York City.
Short Stories, Garden City, Long Island, New York City.
Smart Set, 25 West 45th St., New York City.
Snappy Stories, 35 West 39th St., New York City.
Sunset, 460 Fourth St., San Francisco, Calif.
Today's Housewife, Coopertown, N. Y.
Top-Notch Magazine, 79 West 47th Ave., New York City.
Toutchstone, 1 West 47th St., New York City.
The Woman's Home Companion, 381 4th Ave., New York City.
Woman's World, 107 South Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

A word in conclusion. Keep your ears open as well as your eyes. You will find it pays to be somewhat of what Shakespeare called a "snapper up of unconsidered trifles." On every side of us, good things are being said, characters are being revealed. It was but last week when saying something to a lad who was plowing, I being sorry for what I took to be very hard work, he said:

"Why, I love it—turning up the sod, seeing the different things coming up all the time, the smell of the earth, hearing the purr of the plow and the little grunts of the horses—it's fun."

If you do not see strength and ecstasy and philosophy in that, you are hopeless.

At a meeting, I heard a business man say:

"Although there was a talkative crowd there, I ate silently, revolving plans."

The five words "I ate silently, revolving plans" presents a picture. An inexpert writer might waste words in vain putting the idea across to a reader that a man engrossed in his business withdrew from the confusion about him. Observe, the conversation of men is not often clear cut, sharp chiseled. Too often it is a macedoine of tautologies, contradictions, slang and inaccuracy, but let a man think strongly on any one thing, and ten to one what he has to say comes out clear cut. It is the flake of gold in the midst of much gravel that you must learn to catch.

I find this again in my notebook. Two girls were talking in a street car and I could not but help overhear. It was poor stuff and uninteresting, with much of "I says" and "says he to me" and "I says, says I" but in one place this came like a bright light:

"I did not hear the reply, because of the faint rustle of my own movements."

The sentence stands perfect. What it conveys could not be better put.

Once I heard an old sailor telling a tale. He was full of oaths and obscenities and he wandered in the telling of it. Then this came:

"As the sun sank, a patch of trees on the point stood out against the light and it seemed that they had come by magic."

A Texas freighter I heard say of a man:

"He had the gift of friendship."

This was said by a child of seven years: "She was so proud, that she became white and tight lipped."

If you will examine the examples given, you will see that each speaker had something to express, and expressed it directly. There was no stuffing, no padding.

As an example of positive flash of insight, I copy this from the story "Villette" by Currer Bell:

"The cook, in a jacket, a short petticoat, and sabots, brought me supper, to wit, some meat, nature unknown, served in an odd and acid but pleasant sauce; some chopped potatoes made savory with I know not what, vinegar and sugar, I think; a tartarine or slice of bread and butter and a baked pear. Being hungry, I ate and was grateful."

The passage that next follows, I find in my scrap book clipped from *T. P.'s Weekly*. It is the opinion of an old grayheaded man at Rydal Mount who remembered Wordsworth and who, in spite of the evidence of many poems, held that the Lake poet had no interest in children.

"He never cared for childer, however; yan may be cartain of that, for didn't I have to pass him four times in t' week, up to the door wi' meat: and he niver onest said owt. Ye're well aware if he'd been fond of children, he 'ud 'a spoke."

Now watch how Mark Twain does things. His Huckleberry Finn talks as the boys that you know talk, and, like so many of the unlearned, he supports his views with a phil-

osophical tag. He is giving his opinion of the *King* and the *Duke*, two rapscallions who were parasites on the lads.

"It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars wasn't no kings and dukes at all, but just low down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself. It's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels and don't get into no trouble."

And this, for scenic description in miniature, with a record of personal impression is hard to beat:

"It was a-kind of solemn, drifting down the big, still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars; and we didn't feel like talkin' loud and it wasn't often that we laughed, only a little kind of a low chuckle."

One more passage I must quote from Huckleberry. Compare it with the brief remark of the plowboy I copied for you, for Huck might have said what that lad said, or that lad might have talked as did Huck:

"Not a sound anywheres—perfectly still—just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bullfrogs a-clattering maybe. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line—that was the woods on t'other side—you couldn't make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness; spreading around; then the river softened up, away off, and warn't black any more, but gray; you could see little dark spots driftin' along, ever so far away—tradin' scows an' such things; and long black streaks—rafts; sometimes you could hear a sweep

screaking; or jumbled up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by and by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there's a snag there in the swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way."

Perhaps, if you have never tried to write a story, you will think that it is an easy task to put into the words of an unlettered lad a description such as that. But try. If you can come anything near it you will do well. If you can do as well as that your future as a writer is assured. Doubtless, you as a boy loved the still and solemn night, the creatures in the woods—squirrels, turtles, snakes. Doubtless, you too looked with indignation upon the things men did around you. If so, you have the foundation for a story within you. All that remains to be done then is to set down your own experiences without holding back, without exaggeration—to set down the things as they were in simple, plain words; to remember, all the time, that truth is the final test of literature.

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THE FAMOUS EXAMINATION OF BRYAN AT THE SCOPES EVOLUTION TRIAL

FOREWORD

The state of Tennessee passed an anti-evolution law, forbidding teaching in public schools that man is descended or has evolved from lower forms of life. John Thomas Scopes, a teacher, was accused of violating this law, and was tried; ultimately he was found guilty and fined $100. He was guilty, that is, of violation of the law in its literal sense, which was not concerned with the scientific truth or untruth of evolution.

The trial took place in Dayton, Tenn., from July 10 to July 21, 1925. The eyes of the world were fixed upon the Dayton courthouse for those twelve days. Attorneys for the defense were the eminent Clarence Darrow, Arthur Garfield Hays, and Dudley Field Malone. The judge who tried the case was John T. Raulston. William Jennings Bryan was present, as a devout element in the prosecution. It was on July 20th that Clarence Darrow put Mr. Bryan on the witness stand, and cross-examined him: a cross-examination that went down in legal history as one of the most remarkable ever conducted, and which made Bryan the laughing-stock of every educated person. So alluring was the scene of the trial that many famous people were present besides those taking part, including H. L. Mencken and E. Haldeman-Julius.

Attorney-General Stewart, prosecuting the

case for the state, was assisted by Gen. B. G. McKenzie, his son, J. G. McKenzie, and several other lawyers. A preacher opened each day's session with prayer—a procedure which was a point of controversy during the trial.

The cross-examination of William Jennings Bryan—which was not before the jury, since the Court (Judge Raulston) ruled that the evidence was not relevant, but allowed it to be written into the record—was intended to show that the Bible was open to wide and liberal interpretation. Darrow's entire effort was directed to show that the Bible was not accepted literally even by the Fundamentalist Bryan. This point was important, since the anti-evolution law was based on a literal interpretation of the Bible, word for word, as in the accepted (usually King James) version. The day following the cross-examination of Bryan, Judge Raulston, a pious Fundamentalist, reconsidered his action in permitting the examination to go on. He came to the conclusion that the cross-examination was improper evidence to go into the record, and ruled that it should be expunged.

A complete picture of the Scopes trial, and Clarence Darrow's part in it, is given in *Clarence Darrow's Two Great Trials*, by Marcet Haldeman-Julius (Big Blue Book No. B-29). The life of Bryan is available, also, in the Little Blue Book entitled *The Truth About William Jennings Bryan* (Little Blue Book No. 1072). The scientific facts about evolution are available in several Little Blue Books, listed in any catalog.

THE EXAMINATION

Mr. Darrow: Your honor, before you send for the jury, I think it my duty to make this motion. Off to the left of where the jury sits a little bit and about ten feet in front of them is a large sign about ten feet long reading, "Read Your Bible," and a hand pointing to it. The word "Bible" is in large letters. I move that it be removed.

Gen. McKenzie: If your honor please, why should it be removed? It is their defense and stated before the court, that they do not deny the Bible, that they expected to introduce proof to make it harmonize. Why should we remove the sign cautioning people to read the Word of God to satisfy the others in the case?

J. G. McKenzie: If your honor please, I believe in the Bible as strong as anybody else here but if that sign is objectionable to the attorneys for the defense, and they do not want to be repeatedly reminded of the fact that they should read their Bible, I think this court ought to remove it.

Mr. Malone: Your honor, I do not think that is the statement of the position of the attorneys for the defense. We are trying a case here which we believe has very definite issues and aspects; we believe even though the court has moved downstairs for safety and comfort, that everything which might possibly prejudice the jury along religious lines, for or against the defense, should be removed from in front of the jury. The opinions of the mem-

bers of the counsel for the defense, our religious beliefs, or Mr. Darrow's nonbelief, are none of the business of counsel for the prosecution. We do not wish that referred to again. The counsel for the defense are not on trial here. Mr. Scopes here is on trial and we are merely asking this court to remove anything of a prejudicial nature that we may try these issues, and, so the court will be taken out of a prejudicial atmosphere. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Bryan: If the court, please—

The Court: Col. Bryan, I will hear you.

Mr. Bryan: May it please the court, very often in the course of a trial, questions come up which may be decided on one of several grounds. One is the ground as to what is right. There are certain technicalities that are sometimes observed, and then there are decisions made in the spirit of accommodation. I cannot see that there is any inconsistency, even subtechnically, about taking that "Bible" up there off for the defense, if the defense insists that there is nothing in evolution that is contrary to it. (*Applause.*) If their arguments are sound and sincere, that the Bible can be construed so as to recognize evolution, I cannot see why "Read Your Bible" would necessarily mean partiality toward our side. It seems to me that both of us would want to read the Bible if both of us find in it the basis of our belief. I am going to quote the Bible in defense of our position, and I am going to hold the Bible as safe, though they try to discard it from our wall. Paul said: "If eating meat maketh my brother to offend,

I shall eat no meat while the world lasts." I would not go that far—that is, I would not say while the world lasts, but if leaving that up there during the trial makes our brother to offend I would take it down during trial.

Mr. Darrow: Let me say something. Your honor, I just want to make this suggestion. Mr. Bryan says the Bible and evolution conflict. Well, I do not know, I am for evolution. anyway. We might agree to get up a sign of equal size on the other side and in the same position reading, "Hunter's Biology," or "Read your evolution." This sign is not here for no purpose, and it can have no effect but to influence this case, and I read the Bible myself—more or less—and it is pretty good reading in places. But this case has been made a case where it is to be the Bible or evolution, and we have been informed by Mr. Bryan, who, himself a profound Bible student, has an essay every Sunday as to what it means. We have been informed that a Tennessee jury who are not especially educated are better judges of the Bible than all of the scholars in the world. and when they see that sign, it means to them their construction of the Bible. It is pretty obvious that it is not fair, your honor, and we object to it.

Mr. Bryan: I am sure the gentleman does not mean to misrepresent me, but if he will get the record he will find that he has misquoted me.

Mr. Darrow: I am sorry if I did. Perhaps I did.

Mr. Bryan: I said any of the scholars whom

the defense could or would call—that is different from the statement as made by the gentleman. Besides, the gentleman's statement is not pertinent. He said he would put up "Hunter's Biology." We are not both swearing by Hunter's Biology. We are swearing by the Bible, if we can accept in good faith what the defendant has said.

Mr. Darrow: Oh, no, there is a variance.

The Court: The issues in this case, as they have been finally determined by this court, is whether or not it is unlawful to teach that man descended from a lower order of animals. I do not understand that that issue involves the Bible. If the Bible is involved, I believe in it and am always on its side, but it is not for me to decide in this case. If the presence of the sign irritates anyone, or if anyone thinks it might influence the jury in any way, I have no purpose except to give both sides a fair trial in this case. Feeling that way about it, I will let the sign come down. (*The sign was removed.*)

Mr. Hays: Your honor will remember that in my argument the other day I insisted there was no such thing as the Bible, that there are many bibles; but the court took judicial notice that the King James' version was the Bible The court has the right to take judicial notice of other bibles, and I will ask the court to admit in evidence a translation of the Holy Bible from the Vulgate, which I understand is the Catholic Bible, as evidence in this case.

The Court: Let it be filed.

Mr. Hays: Your honor, we wish to introduce as evidence, likewise, the Hebrew Bible; and

we are going to ask that the first two chapters, likewise, be regarded as in evidence. And we believe we can show, through these translations we wish read into the record, that the Bible was not accurately translated into English, and of particular interest on the question of evolution. We have a right to do so to this extent: That if it should appear that the Catholic Bible is different in any part from the King James version, or that the Hebrew Bible is different in any part from the King James version, we have a right to show it. We should be permitted, in our argument, to show that there is a difference, and that it is not merely interpretative.

The Court: The question is whether or not Mr. Scopes taught men descended from the lower order of animals.

Mr. Hays: And whether or not that is contrary to the theory in the St. James version.

The Court: No, not—

Mr. Hays: The defense desires to call Mr. Bryan as a witness, and, of course, since the only question here is whether Mr. Scopes taught what these children said he taught, we recognize what Mr. Bryan says as a witness would not be very valuable. We think there are other questions involved, and we should want to take Mr. Bryan's testimony for the purposes of our record, even if your honor thinks it is not admissible in general, so we wish to call him now.

The Court: If you ask him about any confidential matter, I will protect him, of course.

Mr. Darrow: I do not intend to do that.

The Court: On scientific matters, Col. Bryan can speak for himself.

Mr. Bryan: If your honor please, I insist that Mr. Darrow can be put on the stand, and Mr. Malone and Mr. Hays.

The Court: Call anybody you desire. Ask them any questions you wish.

Mr. Bryan: Then, we will call all three of them.

Mr. Darrow: Not at once?

Mr. Bryan: Where do you want me to sit?

The Court: Mr. Bryan, you are not objecting to going on the stand?

Mr. Bryan: Not at all.

The Court: Do you want Mr. Bryan sworn?

Mr. Darrow: No.

Mr. Bryan: I can make affirmation; I can say "So help me God, I will tell the truth."

Mr. Darrow: No, I take it you will tell the truth, Mr. Bryan. You have given considerable study to the Bible, haven't you, Mr. Bryan?

Mr. Bryan: Yes, sir, I have tried to.

Q—Well, we all know you have; we are not going to dispute that at all. But you have written and published articles almost weekly, and sometimes have made interpretations of various things?

A—I would not say interpretations, Mr. Darrow, but comments on the lesson.

Q—If you comment to any extent these comments have been interpretations.

A—I presume that my discussion might be to some extent interpretations, but they have not been primarily intended as interpretations.

Q—But you have studied that question, of course?

A—Of what?

Q—Interpretation of the Bible.

A—On this particular question?

Q—Yes, sir.

A—Yes, sir.

Q.—Then you have made a general study of it?

A—Yes, I have; I have studied the Bible for about fifty years, or something more than that, but, of course, I have studied it more as I have become older than when I was but a boy.

Q—Do you claim that everything in the Bible should be literally interpreted?

A—I believe everything in the Bible should be accepted as it is given there; some of the Bible is given illustratively. For instance: "Ye are the salt of the earth." I would not insist that man was actually salt, or that he had flesh of salt, but it is used in the sense of salt as saving God's people.

Q—But when you read that Jonah swallowed the whale—or that the whale swallowed Jonah—excuse me, please—how do you literally interpret that?

A—When I read that a big fish swallowed Jonah—it does not say whale.

Q—Doesn't it? Are you sure?

A—That is my recollection of it. A big fish, and I believe it, and I believe in a God who can make a whale and can make a man and make both do what He pleases.

Q—Mr. Bryan, doesn't the New Testament say whale?

A—I am not sure. My impression is that it says fish; but it does not make so much difference; I merely called your attention to

where it says fish—it does not say whale.

Q—But in the New Testament it says whale, doesn't it?

A—That may be true; I cannot remember in my own mind what I read about it.

Q—Now, you say, the big fish swallowed Jonah, and he there remained how long—three days—and then he spewed him upon the land. You believe that the big fish was made to swallow Jonah?

A—I am not prepared to say that; the Bible merely says it was done.

Q—You don't know whether it was the ordinary run of fish, or made for that purpose?

A—You may guess; you evolutionists guess.

Q—But when we do guess, we have a sense to guess right.

A—But do not do it often.

Q—You are not prepared to say whether that fish was made especially to swallow a man or not?

A—The Bible doesn't say, so I am not prepared to say.

Q—You don't know whether that was fixed up specially for the purpose?

A—No, the Bible doesn't say.

Q—But do you believe He made them—that He made such a fish and that it was big enough to swallow Jonah?

A—Yes, sir. Let me add: One miracle is just as easy to believe as another.

Q—It is for you.

A—It is for me.

Q—Just as hard?

A—It is hard to believe for you, but easy

for me. A miracle is a thing performed beyond what man can perform. When you get beyond what man can do, you get within the realm of miracles; and it is just as easy to believe the miracle of Jonah as any other miracle in the Bible.

Q—Perfectly easy to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale?

A—If the Bible said so; the Bible doesn't make as extreme statements as evolutionists do.

Q—That may be a question, Mr. Bryan, about some of those you have known?

A—The only thing is, you have a definition of fact that includes imagination.

Q—And you have a definition that excludes everything but imagination?

Gen. Stewart: I object to that as argumentative.

The Witness: You—

Mr. Darrow: The witness must not argue with me, either.

Q—Do you consider the story of Jonah and the whale a miracle?

A—I think it is.

Q—Do you believe Joshua made the sun stand still?

A—I believe what the Bible says. I suppose you mean that the earth stood still?

Q—I don't know. I am talking about the Bible now.

A—I accept the Bible absolutely.

Q—The Bible says Joshua commanded the sun to stand still for the purpose of lengthening the day, doesn't it, and you believe it?

A—I do.

Q—Do you believe at that time the sun went around the earth?

A—No, I believe that the earth goes around the sun.

Q—Do you believe that the men who wrote it thought that the day could be lengthened or that the sun could be stopped?

A—I don't know what they thought.

Q—You don't know?

A—I think they wrote the fact without expressing their own thoughts.

Q—Have you an opinion as to whether or not the men who wrote that thought—

Gen. Stewart: I want to object, your honor; it has gone beyond the pale of any issue that could possibly be injected into this lawsuit, except by imagination. I do not think the defendant has a right to conduct the examination any further and I ask your honor to exclude it.

The Court: I will hear Mr. Bryan.

The Witness: It seems to me it would be too exacting to confine the defense to the facts; if they are not allowed to get away from the facts, what have they to deal with?

The Court: Mr. Bryan is willing to be examined. Go ahead.

Mr. Darrow: Have you an opinion as to whether—whoever wrote the book, I believe Joshua, the Book of Joshua, thought the sun went around the earth or not?

A—I believe that he was inspired.

Q—Can you answer my question?

A—When you let me finish the statement.

Q—It is a simple question, but finish it.

A—You cannot measure the length of my answer by the length of your question. (*Laughter in the courtyard.*)

Q—No, except that the answer be longer. (*Laughter in the courtyard.*)

A—I believe that the Bible is inspired, with an inspired author. Whether one who wrote as he was directed to write understood the things he was writing about, I don't know.

Q—Whoever inspired it? Do you think whoever inspired it believed that the sun went around the earth?

A—I believe it was inspired by the Almighty, and He may have used language that could be understood at that time.

Q—Was—

A—Instead of using language that could not be understood until Darrow was born. (*Laughter and applause in the courtyard.*)

Q—So, it might have been subject to construction, might it not?

A—It might have been phrased in language that could be understood then.

Q—That means it is subject to construction?

A—That is your construction. I am answering your question.

Q—Is that correct?

A—That is my answer to it.

Q—Can you answer?

A—I might say, Isaiah spoke of God sitting upon the circle of the earth.

Q—I am not talking about Isaiah.

The Court: Let him illustrate, if he wants to.

Q—Is it your opinion that passage was subject to construction?

A—Well, I think anybody can put his own construction upon it, but I do not mean that necessarily that is a correct construction. I have answered the question.

Q—Don't you believe that in order to lengthen the day it would have been construed that the earth stood still?

A—I would not attempt to say what would have been necessary, but I know this, that I can take a glass of water that would fall to the ground without the strength of my hand and to the extent of the glass of water I can overcome the law of gravitation and lift it up. Whereas without my hand it would fall to the ground. If my puny hand can overcome the law of gravitation, the most universally understood, to that extent, I would not set power to the hand of Almighty God that made the universe.

Q—I read that years ago. Can you answer my question directly? If the day was lengthened by stopping either the earth or the sun, it must have been the earth?

A—Well, I should say so.

Q—Yes? But it was language that was understood at that time, and we now know that the sun stood still as it was with the earth.

A—Well, no—

Q—We know also the sun does not stand still?

A—Well, it is relatively so, as Mr. Einstein would say.

Q—I ask you if it does stand still?

A—You know as well as I know.

Q—Better. You have no doubt about it?

A—No. And the earth moves around.

Q—Yes?

A—But I think there is nothing improper if you will protect the Lord against your criticism.

Q—I suppose He needs it?

A—He was using language at that time the people understood.

Q—And that you call "interpretation?"

A—No, sir; I would not call it interpretation.

Q—I say, you would call it interpretation at this time, to say it meant something then?

A—You may use your own language to describe what I have to say, and I will use mine in answering.

Q—Now, Mr. Bryan, have you ever pondered what would have happened to the earth if it had stood still?

A—No.

Q—You have not?

A—No; the God I believe in could have taken care of that, Mr. Darrow.

Q—I see. Have you ever pondered what would naturally happen to the earth if it stood still suddenly?

A—No.

Q—Don't you know it would have been converted into a molten mass of matter?

A—You testify to that when you get on the stand. I will give you a chance.

Q—Don't you believe it?

A—I would want to hear expert testimony on that.

Q—You have never investigated that subject?

A—I don't think I have ever had the question asked.

Q—Or ever thought of it?

A—I have been too busy on things that I thought were of more importance than that.

Q—You believe the story of the flood to be a literal interpretation?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—When was that flood?

A—I would not attempt to fix the date. The date is fixed, as suggested this morning.

Q—About 4004 B. C.?

A—That has been the estimate of a man that is accepted today. I would not say it is accurate.

Q—That estimate is printed in the Bible?

A—Everybody knows, at least, I think most of the people know, that was the estimate given.

Q—But what do you think that the Bible, itself, says? Don't you know how it was arrived at?

A—I never made a calculation.

Q—A calculation from what?

A—I could not say.

Q—From the generations of man?

A—I would not want to say that.

Q—What do you think?

A—I do not think about things I don't think about.

Q—Do you think about things you do think about?

A—Well, sometimes. (*Laughter in the courtyard.*)

The Policeman: Let us have order.

Mr. Darrow: Mr. Bryan, you have read these dates over and over again?

A—Not very accurately, I turn back sometimes to see what the time was.

Q—You want to say now you have no idea how these dates were computed?

A—No, I don't say, but I have told you what my idea was. I said I don't know how accurate it was.

Q—You say from the generation of man—

Gen. Stewart: I am objecting to his cross-examining his own witness.

Mr. Darrow: He is a hostile witness.

The Court: I am going to let Mr. Bryan control—

The Witness: I want him to have all the latitude he wants. For I am going to have some latitude when he gets through.

Mr. Darrow: You can have latitude and longitude. (*Laughter.*)

The Court: Order.

Gen. Stewart: The witness is entitled to be examined as to the legal evidence of it. We were supposed to go into the origin of the case, and we have nearly lost the day, your honor.

Mr. McKenzie: I object to it.

Gen. Stewart: Your honor, he is perfectly able to take care of this, but we are attaining no evidence. This is not competent evidence.

The Witness: These gentlemen have not had much chance—they did not come here to try this case. They came here to try revealed reli-

gion. I am here to defend it, and they can ask me any question they please.

The Court: All right. (*Applause from the court yard.*)

Mr. Darrow: Great applause from the bleachers.

The Witness: From those whom you call "yokels."

Mr. Darrow: I have never called them yokels.

The Witness: That is the ignorance of Tennessee, the bigotry.

Mr. Darrow: You mean who are applauding you? (*Applause.*)

The Witness: Those are the people whom you insult.

Mr. Darrow: You insult every man of science and learning in the world because he does not believe in your fool religion.

The Court: I will not stand for that.

Mr. Darrow: For what he is doing?

The Court: I am talking to both of you.

Gen. Stewart: This has gone beyond the pale of a lawsuit, your honor. I have a public duty to perform, under my oath and I ask the court to stop it. Mr. Darrow is making an effort to insult the gentleman on the witness stand, and I ask that it be stopped, for it has gone beyond the pale of a lawsuit.

The Court: To stop it now would not be just to Mr. Bryan. He wants to ask the other gentleman questions along the same line.

Gen. Stewart: It will all be incompetent.

The Witness: The jury is not here.

The Court: I do not want to be strictly technical.

Mr. Darrow: Then your honor rules, and I accept.

Gen. Stewart: The jury is not here.

Mr. Darrow: How long ago was the flood, Mr. Bryan?

A—Let me see Usher's calculation about it?

Mr. Darrow: Surely. (*Hands a Bible to the witness.*)

A—I think this does not give it.

Q—It gives an account of Noah. Where is the one in evidence? I am quite certain it is there.

A—Oh, I would put the estimate where it is, because I have no reason to vary it. But I would have to look at it to give you the exact date.

Q—I would too. Do you remember what book the account is in?

A—Genesis.

Mr. Hays: Is that the one in evidence?

Mr. Neal: That will have it; that is the King James' version.

Mr. Darrow: The one in evidence has it.

The Witness: It is given here, as 2,348 years B. C.

Q—Well, 2,348 years B. C. You believe that all the living things that were not contained in the ark were destroyed.

A—I think the fish may have lived.

Q—Outside of the fish?

A—I cannot say.

Q—You cannot say?

A—No, except that just as it is, I have no proof to the contrary.

Q—I am asking you whether you believe?

A—I do.

Q—That all living things outside of the fish were destroyed?

A—What I say about the fish is merely a matter of humor.

Q—I understand.

A—Due to the fact a man wrote up here the other day to ask whether all the fish were destroyed, and the gentleman who received the letter told him the fish may have lived.

Q—I am referring to the fish, too.

A—I accept that, as the Bible gives it and I have never found any reason for denying, disputing, or rejecting it.

Q—Let us make it definite, 2,348 years?

A—I didn't say that. That is the time given there (*indicating a Bible*) but I don't pretend to say that is exact.

Q—You never figured it out, these generations, yourself?

A—No, sir; not myself.

Q—But the Bible you have offered in evidence, says 2,340, something, so that 4,200 years ago there was not a living thing on the earth, excepting the people on the ark and the animals in the ark and the fishes?

A—There have been living things before that.

Q—I mean at that time?

A—After that.

Q—Don't you know there are any number of civilizations that are traced back to more than 5,000 years?

A—I know we have people who trace things back according to the number of ciphers they have. But I am not satisfied they are accurate.

Q—You are not satisfied there is any civilization that can be traced back 5,000 years?

A—I would not want to say there is because I have no evidence of it that is satisfactory.

Q—Would you say there is not?

A—Well, so far as I know, but when the scientists differ, from 24,000,000 to 306,000,000 in their opinion, as to how long ago life came here, I want them nearer, to come nearer together before they demand of me to give up my belief in the Bible.

Q—Do you say that you do not believe that there were any civilizations on this earth that reach back beyond 5,000 years?

A—I am not satisfied by any evidence that I have seen.

Q—I didn't ask you what you are satisfied with. I asked you if you believe it?

The Witness: Will you let me answer it?

The Court: Go right on.

The Witness: I am satisfied by no evidence that I have found, that would justify me in accepting the opinions of these men against what I believe to be the inspired Word of God.

Q—And you believe every nation, every organization of men, every animal, in the world outside of the fishes—

A—The fish, I want you to understand, is merely a matter of humor.

Q—I believe the Bible says so. Take the fishes in?

A—Let us get together and look over this.

Q—Probably we would better; we will after

we get through. You believe that all the various human races on the earth have come into being in the last 4,000 years or 4,200 years, whatever it is?

A—No, it would be more than that.

Q—1,927?

A—Some time after creation, before the flood.

Q—1,927 added to it?

A—The flood is 2,300 and something, and creation, according to the estimate there, is further back than that.

Q—Then you don't understand me. If we don't get together on it, look at the book. This is the year of grace 1925, isn't it? Let us put down 1,925. Have you a pencil? (*One of the defense attorneys hands Mr. Darrow a pencil.*)

The Witness: Add to that 4,004?

Mr. Darrow: Yes.

A—That is the date (referring to the Bible) given here on the first page, according to Bishop Usher, which I say I only accept because I have no reason to doubt it. On that page he gives it.

Q—1,925 plus 4,004 is 5,929 years, if a fallible person is right in his addition. Now, then, what do you subtract from that?

A—That is the beginning.

Q—I was talking about the flood.

A—2,348 on that, we said.

Q—Less than that?

A—No; subtract that from 4,000; it would be about 1,700 years.

Q—That is the same thing?

A—No; subtracted it is 2,300 and something

before the beginning of the Christian era, about 1,700 years after the creation.

The Policeman: Let us have order.

Mr. Darrow: If I add 2,300 years, that is the beginning of the Christian era?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—If I add 1,925 to that I will get it, won't I?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—That makes 4,262 years. If it is not correct, we can correct it.

A—According to the Bible there was a civilization before that, destroyed by the flood.

Q—Let me make this definite. You believe that every civilization on the earth and every living thing, except possibly fishes, that came out of the ark were wiped out by the flood?

A—At that time.

Q—At that time. And then, whatever human beings, including all the tribes, that inhabited the world, and have inhabited the world, and who run their pedigree straight back, and all the animals, have come onto the earth since the flood?

A—Yes.

Q—Within 4,200 years. Do you know a scientific man on the face of the earth that believes any such thing?

A—I cannot say, but I know some scientific men who dispute entirely the antiquity of man as testified to by other scientific men.

Q—Oh, that does not answer the question. Do you know of a single scientific man on the face of the earth that believes any such thing as you stated, about the antiquity of man?

A—I don't think I have ever asked one the direct question.

Q—Quite important, isn't it?

A—Well, I don't know as it is.

Q—It might not be?

A—If I had nothing else to do except speculate on what our remote ancestors were and what our remote descendants have been—but I have been more interested in Christians living right now, to make it much more important than speculation on either the past or the future.

Q—You have never had any interest in the age of the various races and people and civilization and animals that exist upon the earth today? Is that right?

A—I have never felt a great deal of interest in the effort that has been made to dispute the Bible by the speculations of men, or the investigations of men.

Q—Are you the only human being on earth who knows what the Bible means?

Gen. Stewart: I object.

The Court: Sustained.

Mr. Darrow: You do know that there are thousands of people who profess to be Christians who believe the earth is much more ancient and that the human race is much more ancient?

A—I think there may be.

Q—And you never have investigated to find out how long man has been on the earth?

A—I have never found it necessary.

Q—For any reason, whatever it is?

A—To examine every speculation; but if I

had done it I never would have done anything else.

Q—I ask for a direct answer.

A—I do not expect to find out all those things, and I do not expect to find out about races.

Q—I didn't ask you that. Now, I ask you if you know if it was interesting enough, or important enough for you to try to find out about how old these ancient civilizations were?

A—No; I have not made a study of it.

Q—Don't you know that the ancient civilizations of China are 6,000 or 7,000 years old, at the very least?

A—No; they would not run back beyond the creation, according to the Bible, 6,000 years.

Q—You don't know how old they are, is that right?

A—I don't know how old they are, but probably you do. (*Laughter in the courtyard.*) I think you would give the preference to anybody who opposed the Bible, and I give the preference to the Bible.

Q—I see. Well, you are welcome to your opinion. Have you any idea how old the Egyptian civilization is?

A—No.

Q—Do you know of any record in the world, outside of the story of the Bible, which conforms to any statement that it is 4,200 years ago or thereabouts that all life was wiped off the face of the earth?

A—I think they have found records.

Q—Do you know of any?

A—Records reciting the flood, but I am not an authority on the subject.

Q—Now, Mr. Bryan, will you say if you know of any record, or have ever heard of any records, that describe that a flood existed 4,200 years ago, or about that time, which wiped all life off the earth?

A—The recollection of what I have read on that subject is not distinct enough to say whether the records attempted to fix a time, but I have seen in the discoveries of archeologists where they have found records that described the flood.

Q—Mr. Bryan, don't you know that there are many old religions that describe the flood?

A—No, I don't know.

Q—You know there are others besides the Jewish?

A—I don't know whether there are records of any other religion which refer to this flood.

Q—Don't you ever examine religion so far as to know that?

A—Outside of the Bible?

Q—Yes.

A—No; I have not examined to know that, generally.

Q—You have never examined any other religions?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—Have you ever read anything about the origins of religions?

A—Not a great deal.

Q—You have never examined any other religion?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—And you don't know whether any other religion ever gave a similar account of the destruction of the earth by the flood?

A—The Christian religion has satisfied me, and I have never felt it necessary to look up some competing religions.

Q—Do you consider that every religion on earth competes with the Christian religion?

A—I think everybody who does not believe in the Christian religion believes so—

Q—I am asking what you think.

A—I do not regard them as competitive because I do not think they have the same source as we have.

Q—You are wrong in saying "competitive."

A—I would not say competitive, but the religious unbelievers.

Q—Unbelievers of what?

A—In the Christian religion.

Q—What about the religion of Buddha?

A—I can tell you something about that, if you want to know.

Q—What about the religion of Confucius or Buddha?

A—Well, I can tell you something about that, if you would like to know.

Q—Did you ever investigate them?

A—Somewhat.

Q—Do you regard them as competitive?

A—No, I think they are very inferior. Would you like for me to tell you what I know about it.

Q—No.

A—Well, I shall insist on giving it to you.

Q—You won't talk about free silver, will you?

A—Not at all.

Gen. Stewart: I object to him—counsel—going any further with this examination and cross-examining his own witness. He is your own witness.

Mr. Darrow: Well, now, general, you understand we are making up a record, and I assume that every lawyer knows perfectly well that we have a right to cross-examine a hostile witness. Is there any doubt about that?

Gen. Stewart: Under the law in Tennessee if you put a witness on and he proves to be hostile to you, the law provides the method by which you may cross-examine him. You will have to make an affidavit that you are surprised at his statement, and you may do that.

Mr. Bryan: Is there any way by which a witness can make an affidavit that the attorney is also hostile?

Mr. Darrow: I am not hostile you you. I am hostile to your views, and I suppose that runs with me, too.

Mr. Bryan: But I think when the gentleman asked me about Confucius I ought to be allowed to answer his question.

Mr. Darrow: Oh, tell it, Mr. Bryan, I won't object to it.

Mr. Bryan: I had occasion to study Confucianism when I went to China. I got all I could find about what Confucius said, and then I bought a book that told us what Menches said about what Confucius said, and I found that there were several direct and strong contrasts between the teachings of Jesus and the teachings of Confucius. In the first place, one of his followers asked if there was any word that

would express all that was necessary to know in the relations of life, and he said, "Isn't *reciprocity* such a word?" I know of no better illustration of the difference between Christianity and Confucianism than the contrast that is brought out there. Reciprocity is a calculating selfishness. If a person does something for you, you do something for him and keep it even. That is the basis of the philosophy of Confucius. Christ's doctrine was not reciprocity. We were told to help people not in proportion as they had helped us—not in proporportion as they might have helped us, but in proportion to their needs, and there is all the difference in the world between a religion that teaches you just to keep even with other people and the religion that teaches you to spend yourself for other people and to help them as they need help.

Q—There is no doubt about that; I haven't asked you that.

A—That is one of the differences between the two.

Q—Do you know how old the Confucian religion is?

A—I can't give you the exact date of it.

Q—Did you ever investigate to find out?

A—Not to be able to speak definitely as to date, but I can tell you something I read, and will tell you.

Q—Wouldn't you just as soon answer my questions? And get along?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—Of course, if I take any advantage of misquoting you, I don't object to being stopped.

Do you know how old the religion of Zoroaster is?

A—No, sir.

Q—Do you know they are both more ancient than the Christian religion?

A—I am not willing to take the opinion of people who are trying to find excuses for rejecting the Christian religion when they attempt to give dates and hours and minutes, and they will have to get together and be more exact than they have yet been able, to compel me to accept just what they say as if it were absolutely true.

A—Are you familiar with James Clark's book on the ten great religions?

A—No.

Q—He was a Unitarian minister, wasn't he? You don't think he was trying to find fault, do you?

A—I am not speaking of the motives of men.

Q—You don't know how old they are, all these other religions?

A—I wouldn't attempt to speak correctly, but I think it is much more important to know the difference between them than to know the age.

Q—Not for the purpose of this inquiry, Mr. Bryan. Do you know about how many people there were on this earth at the beginning of the Christian era?

A—No, I don't think I ever saw a census on that subject.

Q—Do you know about how many people there were on this earth 3,000 years ago?

A—No.

Q—Did you ever try to find out?

A—When you display my ignorance, could you not give me the facts so I would not be ignorant any longer? Can you tell me how many people there were when Christ was born?

Q—You know, some of us might get the facts and still be ignorant.

A—Will you please give me that? You ought not to ask me a question when you don't know the answer to it.

Q—I can make an estimate.

A—What is your estimate?

Q—Wait until you get to me. Do you know anything about how many people there were in Egypt 3,500 years ago, or how many people there were in China 5,000 years ago?

A—No.

Q—Have you ever tried to find out?

A—No, sir. You are the first man I ever heard of who has been interested in it. (*Laughter.*)

Q—Mr. Bryan, am I the first man you ever heard of who has been interested in the age of human societies and primitive man?

A—You are the first man I ever heard speak of the number of people at those different periods.

Q—Where have you lived all your life?

A—Not near you. (*Laughter and applause.*)

Q—Nor near anybody of learning?

A—Oh, don't assume you know it all.

Q—Do you know there are thousands of books in our libraries on all those subjects I have been asking you about?

A—I couldn't say, but I will take your word for it.

Q—Did you ever read a book on primitive man? Like Tyler's "Primitive Culture," or Boaz, or any of the great authorities?

A—I don't think I ever read the ones you have mentioned.

Q—Have you read any?

A—Well I have read a little from time to time. But I didn't pursue it, because I didn't know I was to be called as a witness.

Q—You have never in all your life made any attempt to find out about the other peoples of the earth—how old their civilizations are—how long they had existed on the earth, have you?

A—No, sir, I have been so well satisfied with the Christian religion that I have spent no time trying to find arguments against it.

Q—Were you afraid you might find some?

A—No, sir; I am not afraid now that you will show me any.

Q—You remember that man who said—I am not quoting literally—that one could not be content though he rose from the dead—you suppose you could be content?

A—Well, will you give the rest of it, Mr. Darrow?

Q—No.

A—Why not?

Q—I am not interested.

A—Why scrap the Bible—"they have Moses and the prophets"?

Q—Who has?

A—That is the rest of the quotation you didn't finish.

Q—And so you think if they have Moses and the prophets they don't need to find out anything else?

A—That was the answer that was made there.

Q—And you follow the same rule?

A—I have all the information I want to live by and to die by.

Q—And that's all you are interested in?

A—I am not looking for any more on religion.

Q—You don't care how old the earth is, how old man is and how long the animals have been here?

A—I am not so much interested in that.

Q—You have never made any investigation to find out?

A—No, sir, I have never.

Q—All right.

A—Now, will you let me finish the question.

Q—What question was that? If there is anything more you want to say about Confucius I don't object.

A—Oh, yes, I have got two more things.

Mr. Darrow: If your honor please I don't object, but his speeches are not germane to my question.

Mr. Hicks (Sue K.): Your honor, he put him on.

The Court: You went into it and I will let him explain.

Mr. Darrow: I asked him certain specific questions about Confucius.

Mr. Hicks (Sue K.): The questions he is asking are not germane, either.

Mr. Darrow: I think they are.

The Witness: I mentioned the word *reci-*

procity to show the difference between Christ's teachings in that respect and the teachings of Confucius. I call your attention to another difference. One of the followers of Confucius asked him "what do you think of the doctrine that you should reward evil with good?" and the answer of Confucius was "reward evil with justice and reward good with good. Love your enemies. Overcome evil with good," and there is a difference between the two teachings—a difference incalculable in its effect and in—The third difference—people who scoff at religion and try to make it appear that Jesus brought nothing into the world, talk about the Golden Rule of Confucius. Confucius said "do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you." It was purely negative. Jesus taught "do unto others as you would have others do unto you." There is all the difference in the world between a negative harmlessness and a positive helpfulness and the Christian religion is a religion of helpfulness, of service, embodied in the language of Jesus when he said "let him who would be chiefest among you be the servant of all." Those are the three differences between the teachings of Jesus and the teachings of Confucius, and they are very strong differences on very important questions. Now, Mr. Darrow, you asked me if I knew anything about Buddha.

Q—You want to make a speech on Buddha, too?

A—No, sir; I want to answer your question on Buddha.

Q—I asked you if you knew anything about him.

A—I do.

Q—Well, that's answered, then.

A—Buddha—

Q—Well, wait a minute, you answered the questions—

The Court: I will let him tell what he knows.

Mr. Darrow: All he knows?

The Court: Well, I don't know about that.

The Witness: I won't insist in telling all I know. I will tell more than Mr. Darrow wants told.

Mr. Darrow: Well, all right, tell it, I don't care.

The Witness: Buddhism is an agnostic religion.

Q—To what?—what do you mean by agnostic?

A—I don't know.

Q—You don't know what you mean?

A—That is, what "agnosticism" is—I don't know. When I was in Rangoon, Burma, one of the Buddhists told me that they were going to send a delegation to an agnostic congress that was to be held soon at Rome and I read in an official document—

Q—Do you remember his name?

A—No, sir, I don't.

Q—What did he look like; how tall was he?

A—I think he was about as tall as you, but not so crooked.

Q—Do you know about how old a man he

was—do you know whether he was old enough to know what he was talking about?

A—He seemed to be old enough to know what he was talking about. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Darrow: If your honor please, instead of answering plain specific questions we are permitting the witness to regale the crowd with what some black man said to him when he was traveling in Rang—who, India?

The Witness: He was dark-colored, but not black.

The Court: I will let him go ahead and answer.

The Witness: I wanted to say that I then read a paper that he gave me, an official paper of the Buddhist church, and it advocated the sending of delegates to that agnostic congress at Rome, arguing that it was an agnostic religion, and I will give you other evidence of it. I went to call on a Buddhist teacher.

Mr. Darrow: I object to Mr. Bryan making a speech every time I ask him a question.

The Court: Let him finish this answer and then you can go ahead.

The Witness: I went to call on a Buddhist priest and found him at his noon meal, and there was an Englishman there who was also a Buddhist. He went over as ship's carpenter and became a Buddhist and had been for about six years and while I waited for the Buddhist priest I talked to the Englishman and I asked him what was the most important thing in Buddhism and he said the most important thing was you didn't have to believe to be a Buddhist.

Q—You know the name of the Englishman?

A—No, sir; I don't know his name.

Q—What did he look like?

A—He was what I would call an average looking man.

Q—How could you tell he was an Englishman?

A—He told me so.

Q—Do you know whether he was truthful or not?

A—No, sir, but I took his word for it.

The Court: Well, get along, Mr. Darrow, with your examination.

Mr. Darrow: Mr. Bryan ought to get along.

Q—You have heard of the Tower of Babel haven't you?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—That tower was built under the ambition that they could build a tower up to heaven, wasn't it? And God saw what they were at and to prevent their getting into heaven he confused their tongues?

A—Something like that—I wouldn't say to prevent their getting into heaven. I don't think it is necessary to believe that God was afraid they would get to heaven—

Q—I mean that way?

A—I think it was a rebuke to them.

Q—A rebuke to them trying to go that way?

A—To build that tower for that purpose.

Q—Take that short cut?

A—That is your language, not mine.

Q—Now when was that?

A—Give us the Bible.

Q—Yes, we will have strict authority on it—scientific authority?

A—That was about 100 years before the flood, Mr. Darrow, according to this chronology. It is 2247—the date on one page is 2218 and on the other 2247 and it is described in here—

Q—That is the year 2247?

A—2218 B. C. is at the top of one page and 2247 at the other and there is nothing in here to indicate the change.

Q—Well, make it 2230 then?

A—All right—about.

Q—Then you add 1500 to that—

A—No, 1925.

Q—Add 1925 to that, that would be 4,155 years ago. Up to 4,155 years ago every human being on earth spoke the same language?

A—Yes, sir, I think that is the inference that could be drawn from that.

Q—All the different languages of the earth date from the Tower of Babel, is that right? Do you know how many languages are spoken on the face of the earth?

A—No, I know the Bible has been translated into 500 and no other book has been translated into anything like that many.

Q—That is interesting, if true. Do you know all the languages there are?

A—No, sir, I can't tell you. There may be many dialects besides that and some languages, but those are all the principal languages.

Q—There are a great many that are not principal languages?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—You haven't any idea how many there are?

A—No, sir.

Q—How many people have spoken all those various languages?

A—I don't know.

Q—And you say that all those languages of all the sons of men have come on the earth not over 4,150 years ago?

A—I have seen no evidence that would lead me to put it any further back than that.

Q—That is your belief anyway—that that was due to the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. Did you ever study philology at all?

A—No, I have never made a study of it—not in the sense in which you speak of it.

Q—You have used language all your life?

A—Well, hardly all my life—ever since I was about a year old.

Q—And good language, too; and you have never taken any pains to find anything about the origin of languages?

A—I have never studied it as a science.

Q—Have you ever by any chance read Max Mueller?

A—No.

Q—The great German philologist?

A—No.

Q—Or any book on that subject?

A—I don't remember to have read a book on that subject, especially, but I have read extracts, of course, and articles on philology.

Q—Mr. Bryan, could you tell me how old the earth is?

A—No, sir, I couldn't.

Q—Could you come anywhere near it?

A—I wouldn't attempt to. I could possibly

come as near as the scientists do, but I had rather be more accurate before I give a guess.

Q—You don't think much of scientists, do you?

A—Yes, sir, I do, sir.

Q—Is there any scientists in the world you think much of?

A—I do.

Q—Who?

A—Well, I think the bulk of the scientists—

Q—I don't want that kind of an answer, Mr. Bryan. Who are they?

A—I will give you George M. Price, for instance.

Q—Who is he?

A—Professor of geology in a college.

Q—Where?

A—He was out near Lincoln, Neb.

Q—How close to Lincoln, Neb.?

A—About three or four miles. He is now in a college out in California.

Q—Where is the college?

A—At Lodi.

Q—That is a small college?

A—I didn't know you had to judge a man by the size of the college—I thought you judged him by the size of the man.

Q—I thought the size of the college made some difference?

A—It might raise a presumption in the minds of some, but I think I would rather find out what he believed.

Q—You would rather find out whether his belief corresponds with your views or prejudices

or whatever they are before you said how good he was?

A—Well, you know the word "prejudice" is—

Q—Well, belief, then.

A—I don't think I am any more prejudiced for the Bible than you are against it.

Q—Well, I don't know.

A—Well, I don't know either. It is my guess.

Q—You mentioned Price because he is the only human being in the world so far as you know that signs his name as geologist that believes like you do?

A—No, there is a man named Wright, who taught at Oberlin.

Q—I will get to Mr. Wright in a moment. Who publishes his book?

A—I can't tell you. I can get you the book.

Q—Don't you know? Don't you know it is Revell & Co., Chicago?

A—I couldn't say.

Q—He publishes yours, doesn't he?

A—Yes, sir.

Gen. Stewart: Will you let me make an exception. I don't think it is pertinent about who publishes a book.

Mr. Darrow: He has quoted a man that every scientist in this country knows is a mountebank and a pretender and not a geologist at all.

The Court: You can ask him about the man, but don't ask him about who publishes the book.

Q—Do you know anything about the college he is in?

A—No, I can't tell you.

Q—Do you know how old his book is?

A—No, sir; it is a recent book.

Q—Do you know anything about his training?

A—No, I can't say on that.

Q—Do you know of any geologist on the face of the earth who ever recognized him?

A—I couldn't say.

Q—Do you think he is all right? How old does he say the earth is?

A—I am not sure that I would insist on some particular geologist that you picked out recognizing him before I would consider him worthy if he agreed with your views.

Q—You would consider him worthy if he agreed with your views?

A—Well, I think his argument is very good.

Q—How old does Mr. Price say the earth is?

A—I haven't examined the book in order to answer questions on it.

Q—Then you don't know anything about how old he says it is?

A—He speaks of the layers that are supposed to measure age and points out that they are not uniform and not always the same and that attempts to measure age by those layers where they are not in the order in which they are usually found makes it difficult to fix the exact age.

Q—Does he say anything whatever about the age of the earth?

A—I wouldn't be able to testify.

Q—You didn't get anything about the age from him?

A—Well, I know he disputes what you say

and has very good evidence to dispute it—what some others say about the age.

Q—Where did you get your information about the age of the earth?

A—I am not attempting to give you information about the age of the earth.

Q—Then you say there was Mr. Wright, of Oberlin?

A—That was rather I think on the age of man than upon the age of the earth.

Q—There are two Mr. Wrights, of Oberlin?

A—I couldn't say.

Q—Both of them geologists. Do you know how long Mr. Wright says man has been on the earth?

A—Well, he gives the estimates of different people.

Q—Does he give any opinion of his own?

A—I think he does.

Q—What is it?

A—I am not sure.

Q—What is it?

A—It was based upon the last glacial age—that man has appeared since the last glacial age.

Q—Did he say there was no man on earth before the last glacial age?

A—I think he disputes the finding of any proof—where the proof is authentic—but I had rather read him than quote him. I don't like to run the risk of quoting from memory.

Q—You couldn't say then how long Mr. Wright places it?

A—I don't attempt to tell you.

Q—When was the last glacial age?

A—I wouldn't attempt to tell you that.

Q—Have you any idea?

A—I wouldn't want to fix it without looking at some of the figures.

Q—That was since the tower of Babel, wasn't it?

A—Well, I wouldn't want to fix it. I think it was before the time given in here, and that was only given as the possible appearance of man and not the actual.

Q—Have you any idea how far back the last glacial age was?

A—No, sir.

Q—Do you know whether it was more than 6,000 years ago?

A—I think it was more than 6,000 years.

Q—Have you any idea how old the earth is?

A—No.

Q—The book you have introduced in evidence tells you, doesn't it?

A—I don't think it does, Mr. Darrow.

Q—Let's see whether it does; is this the one?

A—That is the one, I think.

Q—It says B. C. 4004.

A—That is Bishop Usher's calculation.

Q—That is printed in the Bible you introduced?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—And numerous other Bibles?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—Printed in the Bible in general use in Tennessee?

A—I couldn't say.

Q—And Scofield's Bible?

A—I couldn't say about that.

Q—You have seen it somewhere else?

A—I think that is the chronology usually used.

Q—Does the Bible you have introduced for the jury's consideration say that?

A—Well, you will have to ask those who introduced that.

Q—You haven't practiced law for a long time, so I will ask you if that is the King James version that was introduced? That is your marking, and I assume it is?

A—I think that is the same one.

Mr. Darrow: There is no doubt about it, is there, gentlemen?

Mr. Stewart: That is the same one.

Q—Would you say that the earth was only 4,000 years old?

A—Oh, no; I think it is much older than that.

Q—How much?

A—I couldn't say.

Q—Do you say whether the Bible itself says it is older than that?

A—I don't think the Bible says itself whether it is older or not.

Q—Do you think the earth was made in six days?

A—Not six days of twenty-four hours.

Q—Doesn't it say so?

A—No, sir.

Gen. Stewart: I want to interpose another objection. What is the purpose of this examination?

Mr. Bryan: The purpose is to cast ridicule on everybody who believes in the Bible, and I am perfectly willing that the world shall know

that these gentlemen have no other purpose than ridiculing every Christian who believes in the Bible.

Mr. Darrow: We have the purpose of preventing bigots and ignoramuses from controlling the education of the United States and you know it, and that is all.

Mr. Bryan: I am glad to bring out that statement. I want the world to know that this evidence is not for the view Mr. Darrow and his associates have filed affidavits here stating, the purpose of which, I understand, is to show that the Bible story is not true.

Mr. Malone: Mr. Bryan seems anxious to get some evidence in the record that would tend to show that those affidavits are not true.

Mr. Bryan: I am not trying to get anything into the record. I am simply trying to protect the word of God against the greatest atheist or agnostic in the United States. (*Prolonged applause.*) I want the papers to know. I am not afraid to get on the stand in front of him and let him do his worst. I want the world to know. (*Prolonged applause.*)

Mr. Darrow: I wish I could get a picture of these clackers.

Gen. Stewart: I am not afraid of Mr. Bryan being perfectly able to take care of himself, but this examination cannot be a legal examination and it cannot be worth a thing in the world, and, your honor, I respectfully except to it, and call on your honor, in the name of all that is legal, to stop this examination and stop it here.

Mr. Hays: I rather sympathize with the gen-

eral, but Mr. Bryan is produced as a witness because he is a student of the Bible and he presumably understands what the Bible means. He is one of the foremost students in the United States, and we hope to show Mr. Bryan, who is a student of the Bible, what the Bible really means in connection with evolution. Mr. Bryan has already stated that the world is not merely 6,000 years old and that is very helpful to us, and where your evidence is coming from, this Bible, which goes to the jury, is that the world started in 4004 B. C.

Mr. Bryan: You think the Bible says that?

Mr. Hays: The one you have taken in evidence says that.

Mr. Bryan: I don't concede that it does.

Mr. Hays: You know that that chronology is made up by adding together all of the ages of the people in the Bible, counting their ages; and now then, let us show the next stage from a Bible student, that these things are not to be taken literally, but that each man is entitled to his own interpretation.

Gen. Stewart: The court makes the interpretation.

Mr. Hays: But the court is entitled to information on what is the interpretation of an expert Bible student.

Gen. Stewart: This is resulting in a harangue and nothing else.

Mr. Darrow: I didn't do any of the haranguing; Mr. Bryan has been doing that.

Gen. Stewart: You know absolutely you have done it.

Mr. Darrow: Oh, all right.

Mr. Malone: Mr. Bryan doesn't need any support.

Gen. Stewart: Certainly he doesn't need any support, but I am doing what I conceive my duty to be, and I don't need any advice, if you please, sir. (*Applause.*)

The Court: That would be irrelevant testimony if it was going to the jury. Of course, it is excluded from the jury on the point it is not competent testimony, on the same ground as the affidaviting.

Mr. Hicks: Your honor, let me say a word right there. It is in the discretion of the court how long you will allow them to question witnesses for the purpose of taking testimony to the supreme court. Now, we as taxpayers of this county, feel that this has gone beyond reason.

The Court: Well, now, that taxpayers' complaint doesn't appeal to me so much, when it is only fifteen or twenty minutes time.

Mr. Darrow: I would have been through in half an hour if Mr. Bryan had answered my questions.

Gen. Stewart: They want to put in affidavits as to what other witnesses would swear, why not let them put in affidavits as to what Mr. Bryan would swear?

Mr. Bryan: God forbid.

Mr. Malone: I will just make this suggestion.

Gen. Stewart: It is not worth anything to them, if your honor please, even for the record in the supreme court.

Mr. Hays: Is not it worth anything to us if Mr. Bryan will acept the story of creation in detail, and if Mr. Bryan, as a Bible student, states you cannot take the Bible necessarily as literally true?

Mr. Stewart: The Bible speaks for itself.

Mr. Hays: You mean to say the Bible itself tells whether these are parables? Does it?

Gen. Stewart: We have left all annals of procedure behind. This is a harangue between Col. Darrow and his witness. He makes so many statements that he is forced to defend himself.

Mr. Darrow: I do not do that.

Gen. Stewart: I except to that as not pertinent to this lawsuit.

The Court: Of course, it is not pertinent, or it would be before the jury.

Gen. Stewart: It is not worth anything before a jury.

The Court: Are you about through, Mr. Darrow?

Mr. Darrow: I want to ask a few more questions about the creation.

The Court: I know. We are going to adjourn when Mr. Bryan comes off the stand for the day. Be very brief, Mr. Darrow. Of course, I believe I will make myself clearer. Of course, it is incompetent testimony before the jury. The only reason I am allowing this to go in at all is that they may have it in the appellate courts, as showing what the affidavit would be.

Mr. Bryan: The reason I am answering is ot for the benefit of the superior court. It is

to keep these gentlemen from saying I was afraid to meet them and let them question me, and I want the Christian world to know that any atheist, agnostic, or unbeliever, can question me any time as to my belief in God, and I will answer him.

Mr. Darrow: I want to take an exception to this conduct of this witness. He may be very popular down here in the hills. I do not need to have his explanation for his answer.

The Court: Yes.

Mr. Bryan: If I had not, I would not have answered the question.

Mr. Hays: May I be heard? I do not want your honor to think we are asking questions of Mr. Bryan with the expectation that the higher court will not say that those questions are proper testimony. The reason I state this is this: your law speaks for the Bible. Your law does not say the literal interpretation of the Bible. If Mr. Bryan, who is a student of the Bible, will state that everything in the Bible need not be interpreted literally, that each man must judge for himself; if he will state that, of course, then your honor would charge the jury. We are not bound by a literal interpretation of the Bible. If I have made my argument clear enough for the attorney-general to understand, I will retire.

Gen. Stewart: I will admit you have frequently been difficult of comprehension, and I think you are as much to blame as I am.

Mr. Hays: I know I am.

Gen. Stewart: I think this is not legal evidence for the record in the appellate courts.

King James' versions of the Bible, as your honor says—

The Court: I cannot say that.

Gen. Stewart: Your honor has held the court takes judicial knowledge of King James' version of the Bible.

The Court: No, sir; I did not do that.

Gen. Stewart: Your honor charged the grand jury and read from that.

The Court: I happened to have the Bible in my hand, it happened to be a King James' edition, but I will charge the jury, gentlemen, the Bible generally used in Tennessee, as the book ordinarily understood in Tennessee, as the Bible, I do not think it is proper for us to say to the jury what Bible.

Gen. Stewart: Of course, that is all we could ask of your honor. This investigation or interrogation, of Mr. Bryan as a witness, Mr. Bryan is called to testify, was of the counsel for the prosecution in this case, and has been asked something, perhaps less than a thousand questions, of course, not personal to this case, and it has resulted in an argument, an argument about every other question cannot be avoided. I submit your honor, it is not worth anything in the record at all, if it is not legal testimony. Mr. Bryan is willing to testify and is able to defend himself. I except it, if the court please, and ask your honor to stop it.

Mr. Hays: May I ask a question? If your contention is correct that this law does not necessarily mean that the Bible is to be taken literally, word for word, is not this competent evidence?

Gen. Stewart: Why could you not prove it by your scientists.

Mr. Darrow: We are calling one of the foremost Bible students. You vouch for him.

Mr. Malone: We are offering the best evidence.

Gen. McKenzie: Do you think this evidence is competent before a jury?

Mr. Darrow: I think so.

The Court: It is not competent evidence for the jury.

Gen. McKenzie: Nor is it competent in the appellate courts, and these gentlemen would no more file the testimony of Col. Bryan as a part of the record in this case than they would file a rattlesnake and handle it themselves.

Messrs. Darrow, Hays and Malone (in unison): We will file it. We will file it. File every word of it.

Mr. Bryan: Your honor, they have not asked a question legally, and the only reason they have asked any question is for the purpose, as the question about Jonah was asked, for a chance to give this agnostic an opportunity to criticize a believer in the word of God; and I answered the question in order to shut his mouth so that he cannot go out and tell his atheistic friends that I would not answer his question. That is the only reason, no more reason in the world.

Mr. Malone: Your honor, on this very subject, I would like to say that I would have asked Mr. Bryan—and I consider myself as good a Christian as he is—every question that

Mr. Darrow has asked him for the purpose of bringing out whether or not there is to be taken in this court only a literal interpretation of the Bible, or whether, obviously, as these questions indicate, if a general and liberal construction cannot be put upon the parts of the Bible which have been covered by Mr. Darrow's questions. I hope for the last time no further attempt will be made by counsel on the other side of the case, or Mr. Bryan, to say the defense is concerned at all with Mr. Darrow's particular religious views or lack of religious views. We are here as lawyers with the same right to our views. I have the same right to mine as a Christian as Mr. Bryan has to his, and we do not intend to have this case charged by Mr. Darrow's agnosticism or Mr. Bryan's brand of Christianity. (*A great applause.*)

The Court: I will pass on each question as asked, if it is objected to.

Mr. Darrow: Mr. Bryan, do you believe that the first woman was Eve?

A—Yes.

Q—Do you believe she was literally made out of Adam's rib?

A—I do.

Q—Did you ever discover where Cain got his wife?

A—No, sir; I leave the agnostics to hunt for her.

Q—You have never found out?

A—I have never tried to find out.

Q—You have never tried to find out?

A—No.

Q—The Bible says he got one, doesn't it? Were there other people on the earth at that time?

A—I cannot say.

Q—You cannot say. Did that ever enter your consideration?

A—Never bothered me.

Q—There were no others recorded, but Cain got a wife.

A—That is what the Bible says.

Q—Where she came from you do not know. All right. Does the statement, "The morning and the evening were the first day," and "The morning and the evening were the second day," mean anything to you?

A—I do not think it necessarily means a twenty-four hour day.

Q—You do not?

A—No.

Q—What do you consider it to be?

A—I have not attempted to explain it. If you will take the second chapter—let me have the book. (*Examines Bible.*) The fourth verse of the second chapter says: "These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth, when they were created in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens," The word "day" there in the very next chapter is used to describe a period. I do not see that there is any necessity for construing the words, "the evening and the morning," as meaning necessarily a twenty-four hour day, "in the day when the Lord made the heaven and the earth."

Q—Then, when the Bible said, for instance, "and God called the firmament heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day," that does not necessarily mean twenty-four hours?

A—I do not think it necessarily does.

Q—Do you think it does or does not?

A—I know a great many think so.

Q—What do you think?

A—I do not think it does.

Q—You think those were not literal days?

A—I do not think they were twenty-four-hour days.

Q—What do you think about it?

A—That is my opinion—I do not know that my opinion is better on that subject than those who think it does.

Q—You do not think that?

A—No. But I think it would be just as easy for the kind of God we believe in to make the earth in six days as in six years or in 6,000,000 years or in 600,000,000 years. I do not think it important whether we believe one or the other.

Q—Do you think those were literal days?

A—My impression is they were periods, but I would not attempt to argue as against anybody who wanted to believe in literal days.

Q—Have you any idea of the length of the periods?

A—No; I don't.

Q—Do you think the sun was made on the fourth day?

A—Yes.

Q—And they had evening and morning without the sun?

A—I am simply saying it is a period.

Q—They had evening and morning for four periods without the sun, do you think?

A—I believe in creation as there told, and if I am not able to explain it I will accept it. Then you can explain it to suit yourself.

Q—Mr. Bryan, what I want to know is, do you believe the sun was made on the fourth day?

A—I believe just as it says there.

Q—Do you believe the sun was made on the fourth day?

A—Read it.

Q—I am very sorry; you have read it so many times you would know, but I will read it again:

> And God, said, let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years. And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth; and it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; He made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness; and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

Do you believe, whether it was a literal day or a period, the sun and the moon were not made until the fourth day?

A—I believe they were made in the order in which they were given there, and I think in the dispute with Gladstone and Huxley on that point—

Q—Cannot you answer my question?

A—I prefer to agree with Gladstone.

Q—I do not care about Gladstone.

A—Then prefer to agree with whoever you please.

Q—Cannot you answer my question?

A—I have answered it. I believe that it was made on the fourth day, in the fourth day.

Q—And they had the evening and the morning before that time for three days or three periods. All right, that settles it. Now, if you call those periods, they may have been a very long time.

A—They might have been.

Q—The creation might have been going on for a very long time?

A—It might have continued for millions of years.

Q—Yes. All right. Do you believe the story of the temptation of Eve by the serpent?

A—I do.

Q—Do you believe that after Eve ate the apple, or gave it to Adam, whichever way it was, that God cursed Eve, and at that time decreed that all womankind thenceforth and forever should suffer the pains of childbirth in the reproduction of the earth?

A—I believe what it says, and I believe the fact as fully——

Q—That is what it says, doesn't it?

A—Yes.

Q—And for that reason, every woman born of woman, who has to carry on the race, has childbirth pains because Eve tempted Adam in the Garden of Eden?

A—I will believe just what the Bible says. I ask to put that in the language of the Bible, for I prefer that to your language. Read the Bible and I will answer.

Q—All right, I will do that: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman"—that is referring to the serpent?

A—The serpent.

Q—(*Reading*):

and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel. Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

That is right, is it?

A—I accept it as it is.

Q—And you believe that came about because Eve tempted Adam to eat the fruit?

A—Just as it says.

Q—And you believe that is the reason that God made the serpent to go on his belly after he tempted Eve?

A—I believe the Bible as it is, and I do not permit you to put your language in the place of the language of the Almighty. You read that Bible and ask me questions, and I will answer them. I will not answer your questions

Q—I will read it to you from the Bible: in your language.

And the Lord God said unto the serpent, because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.

Do you think that is why the serpent is compelled to crawl upon his belly?

A—I believe that.

Q—Have you any idea how the snake went before that time?

A—No, sir.

Q—Do you know whether he walked on his tail or not?

A—No, sir. I have no way to know. (*Laughter in audience.*)

Q—Now, you refer to the cloud that was put in the heaven after the flood as the rainbow. Do you believe in that?

A—Read it.

Q—All right, Mr. Bryan, I will read it for you.

Mr. Bryan: Your honor, I think I can shorten this testimony. The only purpose Mr. Darrow has is to slur at the Bible, but I will answer his question. I will answer it all at once, and I have no objection in the world, I want the world to know that this man, who does not believe in a God, is trying to use a court in Tennessee—

Mr. Darrow: I object to that.

Mr. Bryan (continuing): —to slur at it, and while it will require time, I am willing to take it.

Mr. Darrow: I object to your statement. I am examining you on your fool ideas that no intelligent Christian on earth believes.

(*The court is adjourned. On the following day Bryan's testimony is struck from the records.*)

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS
Editor
LITTLE BLUE BOOK

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CURIOUS AND UNUSUAL DEATHS

INTRODUCTION

To Mark Twain is attributed the unusual discovery that more persons die in bed than from riding on trains. However, one is interested in deaths from train wrecks for that is an unusual way to have one's life end. Our interest is centered about curious things. The more unusual it is the longer it is remembered.

The following pages contain a discussion of about 75 detailed cases and brief mention of nearly 170 other deaths and several close shaves. There are many celebrated examples that have been purposely omitted because they are probably already known to the reader or they are mentioned in other Little Blue Books. An example is "Jack the Ripper" and his victims, discussed in "Historic Crimes and Criminals."

These are the stories one reads with interest in the daily newspapers. In several cases they are "the inside story" that was not printed in the papers. The author of this Little Blue Book personally investigated some of the deaths as a newspaper reporter. Others were given publicity in various newspapers and periodicals.

A FEW CURIOUS INCIDENTS

One need not fear death from most of the causes mentioned under this head. They form but a microscopic minority of fatalities. Most of us, being orderly, will die in an orderly way.

It looked like murder. Early one morning

near a suburb of Chicago a youth was found in a field fatally wounded. He had been shot through the head by a .22 caliber rifle lying several feet from the body. He died without regaining consciousness and nothing was found about the body by which to identify him.

The wounded man lay near a fence and the soft plowed ground torn up about him led the authorities to suspect that there had been a struggle and that the young man might have been slain or accidently killed in a scuffle over the gun.

A companion was sought. Upon re-examining the young man's clothing a telephone number was found written on his hat-band, although it was nearly obliterated by bloodstains. The number, a Chicago exchange, was called and it was found to be the home of a boy who had been missing overnight. The mother identified the body as that of her son. She said that he had left home early the morning before to go job hunting. But the gun was not his—the mother said her son had never owned a rifle.

When the newspapers published the story the owner of the gun, a friend of the dead youth, appeared before the police and explained that the gun had been borrowed by the young man who had decided to go rabbit hunting the afternoon before his death.

The death was then explained as an accidental discharge of the gun as the youth was dragging or pulling it through the fence. He had lain unconscious on the ground overnight. The

torn up ground was caused, it was thought, by the threshing about of the wounded man.

The Unidentified Man. Early one summer in a Kansas town the body of a man was found floating on the river. He was identified as a man who had applied at the government employment bureau for work a few days before. The father of this man was notified.

When the father arrived he was surprised to find his son, whom he believed to be dead, loafing about the railroad station. Upon hearing the story, the son decided that it might have been a second son who was found. A telegram to the second son's last address brought a response, however, and the authorities were forced to take another look at the body.

The corpse was badly decomposed, but still the authorities thought they recognized it as that of another man known to the police. He was buried in Potter's Field. Two months later the "dead" man was picked up by the police for vagrancy. Now the authorities do not know whom they buried.

The Clock That Never Ran Down. An interesting coincidence which has never been printed happened in a western town. A prominent citizen owned a clock which was highly prized by him as an antique. For years he took care of the clock, winding it himself and allowing no other hands to touch it. To the knowledge of his family the clock had not stopped in many years.

In his declining years he took sick and as he lay on his death bed the clock ran down.

Of his wife, children and all of his relatives assembled, no one knew how to wind the clock.

Finally a local jeweler was summoned who mastered the intricate mechanism of the old time piece and started the clock going again. Soon after the clock was wound, the first time by hands other than its owner's since it came into the family, the sick man died.

Swimming With a Corpse. A rather gruesome episode happened in another town at a municipal swimming pool. A young man and a friend were swimming one hot summer afternoon when they heard a little girl say, "A boy dived in and didn't come up!"

A score of persons were swimming at the time and one might easily have lost track of a boy in the continually diving and splashing crowd in the small pool. But the girl insisted and about an hour after her first remark the words were carried to the manager of the pool.

The young man and his friend were in the dressing room but the manager approached them and asked if they would again don their bathing suits and search the pool for the body. He had no life guard on duty.

"There's a white saddle horse outside," the manager said, "and it might belong to someone who is in there—dead!"

The young man plunged into the pool, thinking that it was all nonsense. To his surprise he swam directly into the cold body.

Perhaps thirty or more people had been in and out of the pool during the time since the little girl's first remark and not one of them

had knowingly touched the drowned boy, nor knew they were swimming with a dead person.

Six Inches From Saving a Life. In the spring one year when waters were high a young man and two companions went canoeing. While they were in the middle of the river the canoe suddenly upset.

One of the young men, an expert swimmer, followed behind his two companions as they struck out for shore. When he arrived within a few yards of the shore he turned about and struck out after the canoe, to save it, his friends thought.

The swift current had carried the boat far down the river and when the young man reached the center of the stream, his companions observed that he was evidently in distress.

They secured a rope from a nearby house and rushed to a long bridge which crossed the river several hundred yards below where their companion was struggling. This they dropped down from the bridge.

The young man was nearly exhausted by the time the current carried him to the bridge and he extended his hand to grasp the rope. But it was six inches too short and the youth sank to his death.

Murders His Chum. Two youths at a southern university were close friends. One of them was in financial difficulties and he determined to turn bandit in order to secure enough money to continue school. He purchased a gun and

waited on a dark street for a victim to approach.

A man came along.

"Stick 'em up!" commanded the youth.

A struggle followed. Two shots were fired.

When the robber was captured he learned that he had slain his chum.

Feuds. Feuds are not uncommon, even in this day and age. A quarrel which had lasted for generations between the Lovato and Medina families at Dixon, New Mexico, flared up when the two families met at a country wedding dance. In a gun battle three of the Medina brothers were fatally wounded. Their victors, three Lovato brothers, were held on a murder charge.

In Crossett, Arkansas, two well known and highly respected citizens settled their differences in the good old southern way, by shooting it out at close range. The duel occurred in the heart of the city. Both men were killed and a bystander wounded in the neck. One man was said to have been paying too much attention to the wife of the other.

Miscellaneous Deaths and Escapes. In a southern town a youth became exhausted while swimming in a large pool. He sank to the bottom where he gave himself a push to the surface with his feet. When he reached the top he would shout, "Help!" and take a deep breath and repeat the process. After doing this several times he attracted the attention of the life guard who rescued him. His presence of mind saved his life.

A woman, 78 years old, wandered into a river one night and died of the shock. It was believed that she fell asleep while sitting on her front porch and was sleepwalking. She was found by a searching party.

At the Indianapolis speedway a man was once fatally injured in a race without knowing that he was seriously hurt. The timing wire which automatically registered the cars as they sped over it was broken by a car as it sped by the judges stand. The loose end flew up and slashed the neck of the driver of another car closely following the first. The intense excitement of the race caused the driver not to notice his injury until he was nearly exhausted from loss of blood. He died before aid could be administered.

A curious will was left by a woman of Los Angeles, California, bequeathing all her possessions to her dog. The strange document, containing many misspelled words, ran as follows:

Los Angeles, Cal.
Nov. 1, 1925.

In case of my death I leave all I possess or oghn, both real and persnel, to my dog, Dick, a lleluim setter, black and white. I naim Mrs. Ema Foster of 60 and Monte Viste as guardine and care taker of my dog dick, cats and chickens to be humanely disposed of.

In Dubuque, Iowa, a man 101 years old, died jumping after a toy balloon. He gave the balloon to his grandson as a Christmas gift. One afternoon the boy let it get away from him and the aged gentleman died from over-exertion as he jumped after it.

SOME MARTYRS

There has been a good deal of controversy as to the justification of dying for a cause. Robert Ingersoll once said that in preference to burning at the stake he would admit belief in any God. It is true that many lives have been sacrificed in the furthering of useless and trivial causes. For every martyr who has really contributed to the welfare of mankind there have been many who have given their lives for false ideals and in vain.

Martyrs to Science. Here listed are the names of men whose contributions to the human race are priceless and who died in learning the secrets of nature—they are the self-sacrificing research workers of medical science. The most important martyrs on the records of the New York Academy of Medicine and the Bureau of Medical Information will be given.

It has been at a great cost that science has enabled mankind to battle the parasites that cause fevers and plagues. Knowing that death was approaching many of these heroes continued their work until they were overcome. In 1900 Jesse W. Lazear, a member of the United States army yellow fever commission, volunteered to allow himself to be bitten by a mosquito to test the transmission of the disease. Dr. Lazear told of his symptoms on his death bed. James Carroll also subjected himself to the bite of the yellow fever mosquitoes in 1900 in Cuba. He died seven years later from lesions of the heart which were believed to have been induced from the disease.

In 1928 Hideyo Noguchi of Japan, a member of the Rockefeller foundation, died a martyr to his experimenting with yellow fever in Africa. He discovered the parasite of yellow fever and later contracted the disease.

Dr. Howard Taylor Ricketts of Chicago and Philadelphia died in Mexico from an attack of typhus fever in 1910. He was studying the disease and while in Mexico he proved that tabardillo, a Mexican fever was a manifestation of typhus fever and that it was transmitted by the body louse.

In 1927 Dr. Adrian Stokes of Ireland died in West Africa from the yellow fever while attached to the Rockefeller foundation and while studying the disease.

Two other fever victims were Thomas B. McClintock who died in Washington, D. C., of Rocky Mountain fever, a disease which he had been studying, in 1915, and Dr. Tito Carbone of Italy who died in 1904 of Maltese fever, the germ of which he had been studying.

Dr. William S. Halstead, an American surgeon, died from undermined health, the result of making tests on himself by injecting cocaine to demonstrate the principle of nerve blocking. He became addicted to the drug and ruined his health in breaking himself of the habit. Halstead was the creator of the modern method of local anesthesia. He died in 1922.

The most recent victim of his own experimenting was Dr. Joseph Goldberger, who died in January, 1929, of an unknown affliction. He had suffered from typhus fever, yellow fever

and dengue fever at various times while experimenting with these diseases. He was studying the dietary cause of pellagra when he died.

Roentgen or X-ray and radium experimenters have paid heavy toll with their lives for their research. In 1910 Mihran Krikar Kassablan of Philadelphia died from constant exposure to Roentgen-rays. Walter James Dodd of Boston, a pioneer Roentgenologist, died in 1916 of burns.

The inventor of the Caldwell liquid interrupter and other X-ray appliances, Dr. Eugene Wilson Caldwell of Savannah, Missouri, died in 1918 from repeated burns. M. Demenitroux, former aid of Professor and Mme. Curie, died in 1925 of the tortures of a disease contracted through radium experiments.

One of the most plucky X-ray surgeons who ever lived was Professor J. Bergonne of France, who died in 1925 of burns received in his Roentgen-ray experiments. Although the professor had both his right arm and left hand amputated at different times because of burns, he continued his experiments until he died. Bergonne invented the magnet which was used to extract bullets and shell fragments from wounded soldiers during the World War. He also was the inventor of an electric vibrator which was used with some success in treating shell-shocked veterans.

Negro Lynchings. It is undoubtedly true that innocent men have been victims of race hatred. These men are in a way unwilling martyrs. There is on record a case of a woman who deliberately made up a story that a Negro at-

tacked her, and identified an innocent man as the one who committed the imaginary crime.

The innocent Negro was transferred to the city jail, where he awaited trial. A mob was formed which stormed the jail and abducted him. The leaders of the mob, in order to inspire terror in the hearts of the black citizens of the community, suggested that the man be hung in front of a hotel in the very heart of the business district.

The Negro was saved by one of the sane individuals of the town, a judge, who arrived on the scene with three or four other men who were opposed to mob violence, just as the rope was being placed about the trembling Negro's neck.

The judge argued with the mob while his friends strategically surrounded the Negro. At a given signal the friends of the judge cut the rope and rushed the Negro into the hotel and out the back door. The judge and one or two others blocked the entrance until the escape had been made.

Later the Negro was taken secretly to another town. A few years later the woman's story was openly discredited and the Negro returned and lived the rest of his days unmolested among those who once threatened his life.

At the time, however, the sparks of race hatred so ignited the spirit of mob violence that race rioting was barely avoided and it did lead to the lynching of another Negro.

Two days after the attempted lynching a white janitor at a railroad station discovered a colored hobo sleeping early one morning in

the waiting room. The white man ordered him out. The Negro was an ugly character and he drew a razor and slashed the janitor several times about the neck and shoulders. The police arrested the Negro and took him to jail.

Although the white man's wounds were not serious, a jury was hastily paneled and a trial held that morning so that the Negro could be taken out of town before a mob could be assembled. By afternoon the Negro was sentenced to a term in the state penitentiary. He was taken to the railroad station and placed on a train.

The mob, hearing of the law's quick action, assembled and ran to the station. There they overpowered the deputies and the engineer of the train and dragged the Negro out of the coach. He was hanged on a telegraph pole in front of the station.

It is curious, that although the leaders of the mob could have been easily identified, no action was ever taken against them outside of the usual half-hearted "investigation." This happened more than 35 years ago.

Martyrs to Sport. There are other cases of unwilling, and perhaps foolish, martyrs. At the close of the Michigan deer hunting season in 1928 eight hunters had sacrificed their lives so that 4,000 deer could be killed.

The realm of sport has claimed other martyrs. Football and baseball casualties and deaths from over-exertion occur every year. An article in *Plain Talk* in 1928 declared that of 50 bare-knuckle prize fighters of by-gone years, 23 were champions, the average age of

death was 43.24 years—a time when most men are in their prime. The deaths of 35 could be traced either to punishment in the ring, excessive training or dissipation. Only two of these prize fighters died wealthy and six well-to-do, while 32 were poverty stricken at the time of their death.

In a list of 50 glove fighters, including 15 champions, the average age of death was 39.12 years. Two were wealthy and two died well-to-do, while 32 went to their graves penniless. Thirty-five died as a result of punishment in the ring, excessive training or dissipation.

A Near Martyr and a Peacemaker. A near martyr was the mayor of Cicero, Illinois, the home of gangsters and gunmen. Imagine his varied feelings one night when he found 12 sticks of dynamite planted under his front porch. A fuse an inch long was connected to the explosives. It had evidently spluttered out just before it reached the charge, thus saving the mayor and his family from death or serious injury.

Also in the category of curious martyrs was a mother of Ashland, Kentucky, who rushed out of her house to stop a quarrel between her two daughters and some of the neighbor's children. She dropped dead from heart trouble during the excitement.

SELF DESTRUCTION

Edgar Allan Poe deplored the fact that there was little originality shown by self-destructionists of his time. There are very few unusual methods of suicide. In America shooting one's

self is the favorite method, hanging is second and poisoning runs third. Jumping from high places and drowning are also common methods of those who take their own lives.

More men kill themselves than women. Men die violently by shooting or hanging. Poisoning is the favorite method used by women. As a rule, women select methods that will not mar their features.

Student Suicides. During the winter and spring of 1927 America was startled by an epidemic of a score of suicides among high school and college students in prominent institutions. Men and women attending Princeton, Yale, University of Chicago, University of Illinois, and University of Wisconsin joined in the latest college craze of dying by their own hands.

Many newspapers attributed the suicides to "the growth of modern materialism." Education was decried but it cannot be said that education has been the cause of the somewhat common epidemics of suicides among Chinese and Japanese girls. It is also interesting to note that philosophers and scientists who are most pessimistic about a hereafter and who are the most materialistic do not contemplate self destruction.

One student found life not worth living, hollow, tawdry, a snare and a delusion. Another announced that he had done everything possible on this earth and he could see no reason for living longer. A third was interested in spiritualism, curious about the possibility of

communicating from "beyond." Three others simply killed themselves without telling why.

One of the latter three, a youth who wrapped a rope around his neck and hanged himself, had received a note from his parents that day taking him to task for overdrawing his bank account. In the other two cases it is presumed that curiosity played a large part—they wanted to know "what death was like."

A high school boy of Oakland, California, killed himself with a rifle. His mother ascribed the act to a mild reproof for a bad grade in deportment at school. He left an incoherent and muddled note which said he was shooting himself "to save his mother and sister from humiliation."

A sixteen-year-old student in a Washington, D. C., high school shot himself with a revolver. He was walking through the corridors of the school while classes were in session. A friend seeing him stopped him.

"Where are you going?" the friend asked.

"I'm going to hell!" the boy answered nonchalantly, drawing the revolver out of his pocket and blowing his brains out. His mother, teaching in a room nearby, heard the shot.

The United Press carried a dispatch to the effect that "the American student suicide movement has reached England," and cited the case of a Cambridge undergraduate who had hanged himself.

Figures compiled by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company showed that suicide among minors was not on the increase during the winter and spring of 1927. in spite of the suicide

epidemic. Two percent of the suicides during this time were among minors, while in 1926 the rate was five percent. The rate had been on a downward trend since 1900.

Between 15 and 20 years is the common age for minors to take their lives, according to the figures. The rate for girls is usually higher than for boys. During 1921, 1924, 1925 and 1926 the rate among boys was the highest.

However, there are still more suicides than murders in the United States. Even in the large cities, those of more than 100,000 population, in spite of gangsters and thugs, there were 16.3 suicides to 10.4 homicides in 1927 per 100,000 population. The moral of this is—watch yourself closer than you watch your neighbor if you expect to be murdered.

A Negro Suicide. Self destruction is an interesting phenomena of human nature. It is not common among other living animals. It is true that some insects practice it, but here it is a means of preservation of the species, It is martyrdom, rather than suicide.

Colored people declare that their race does not often indulge in self destruction. The writer recollects a case of a colored man's death that had all the earmarks of a suicide, although the coroner's jury didn't exactly call it such.

Stabbing and slashing one's throat is an unusual method of suicide in the present day. Leaving on the gas and drowning is far more common, even the rare occasion that someone throws himself in front of a train is more common than stabbing one's self. However, a cer-

tain colored man was found one morning in the basement of the store in which he had been working, half undressed lying in a pool of his own blood. His razor was clasped in his hand, indicating that he had cut his own throat.

His employer said that the man had been suffering from ill health and had been feeling downcast and despondent for several days. His colored friends insisted that the man did not commit suicide.

"Colored people never commit suicide," they declared.

So the coroner's jury obligingly turned in a verdict of: "Killed by hand or hands unknown."

Odd Cases of Suicide. Reasons for committing suicide are often most trivial. A man in Groveville, New Jersey, killed himself because his radio wouldn't function properly. He worked on it until late at night, then in disgust, he quit suddenly, ran out into his back yard and hanged himself.

On January 4, 1919, a disappointed lover ran amuck near Little Sioux, Iowa, and shot himself and five others to death in a farmhouse.

On March 14 of the same year a man, 46 years old, ended his life by leaping from the New York City side of the Manhattan Bridge. His suicide followed the unsuccessful attempt on January 23 of a sailor who jumped from the same bridge. The sailor suffered from immersion and a bruised back. New York prosecutes attempted suicide as a crime.

One winter a woman of the streets in a western town went to the river for the dreadful

purpose of committing suicide. Imagine her chagrin when, after having jumped in, she found the water only knee deep. She waded out and it is presumed that she is still managing to struggle along without dying.

In another town a parachute jumper who was barnstorming in that vicinity got acquainted with a young woman on Friday evening. The next day the two were married. On Sunday he was killed jumping from a plane. His "chute" was left dangling on the wing of the plane. A few days later a woman turned up who claimed to be his first wife. This made him a bigamist. Then another wife was heard from. This made the man a polygamist. One of the airplane mechanics then offered the suggestion that it might have been a suicide.

Disfiguring One's Self. We have mentioned above that women commit suicide by methods that will not spoil their looks. While it does not come under the heading of suicide there is an example of a young man who disfigured himself to avoid suspicion of a crime falling on him.

One morning his foster parents were made violently ill after eating oatmeal. The boy was not taken sick. The incident was reported to the police as an attempt upon the lives of the family.

The youth was questioned closely but nothing was learned that might have led the police to believe he was guilty of the poisoning.

A few weeks later the boy came home nearly blinded and his face badly burned with acid which he claimed was thrown by a man who

had passed him in another automobile as he drove the family car home from school.

This time the police questioned the youth more fully and the boy finally confessed that he had been experimenting with some chemicals. He decided to try a mild poison on his foster parents and he had placed it in the oatmeal.

When the police questioned him the first time he feared that he was suspected and so he had thrown the acid on himself to avert suspicion.

NEWSPAPER SENSATIONS

Hardly a fortnight goes by without a new sensation in the columns of the newspapers. Only a few of the more classical examples will be cited here and of these, only those dealing with death.

Famous Murders. The famous murders of recent years must only be mentioned briefly. To go into the subject in detail would require many volumes by itself.

The newspaper space given to murders and murder trials is tremendous. Concerning the Hall-Mills trial alone 5,000,000 words were written and sent from Somerville during the first eleven days of the trial. More than 200 newspapermen and newspaperwomen were interned in the New Jersey village for the duration of the trial.

On the first day 130,175 words were telegraphed in eight hours. Twenty-eight Western Union operators, sixty leased wires and the largest portable telegraph switchboard in the

world were used in the transmission of the news to papers. On the third floor of the courthouse an electric typewriter animated many others in newspaper offices all over the country.

Eight daily newspapers leased houses for the use of their "Somerville staffs." The New York *Daily News* had 16 men on the job and the *Daily Mirror* had 13. Both are tabloid newspapers.

Ten photographers, all that were allowed, were in the front line of the court room with their flashlights and cameras. Two motorcycles rushed the plates from the scene of the trial to the nearest rapid transit station to be carried to newspaper and syndicate offices in New York City.

It is estimated that 60,000,000 persons followed the trial through the news columns. Yes, the public is interested in murder.

A brief summary of some of the most sensational trials of the last decade will be given here.

Leopold-Loeb. Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb confessed to the slaying of Bobby Franks "for a thrill." They were given a life sentence in the Illinois state penitentiary.

The Shepherd Case. William D. Shepherd was accused of killing his ward, W. N. McClintock, by means of typhoid germs. He was acquitted.

Sacco-Vanzetti. Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were executed on August 23, 1927. They had been sentenced on scanty evidence in a muddled trial for a murder and holdup at South Braintree, Massachusetts. There was consider-

able agitation throughout the world at the time, as it was claimed that the men were being executed because they were "radicals." Sacco was an anarchist. The October 31, 1928, issue of *The Outlook* offers testimony which if true (and it appears quite authentic) would clear Vanzetti for one of the crimes for which he was convicted.

Snyder-Gray. Ruth Brown Snyder and Henry Judd Gray were executed for the killing of Mrs. Snyder's husband, Albert Snyder, editor of *Motorboating.*

Gerald Chapman. A "master mind" type of criminal executed for the murder of James Skelly during a mail robbery in New Britain, Connecticut. At one time he escaped from the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia.

Hickman. A youth who kidnapped Marian Parker, 12 years old, and secured $1,500 ransom from her father, a Los Angeles banker. Then he fiendishly murdered her, hacked off her legs and delivered the dead body to her parent. He was captured, he confessed and he was executed.

Hall-Mills. A mystery murder in which a minister, Mr. Hall, was killed in company with Mrs. Mills, a choir leader. The minister's wife was suspected. No one was convicted but the case was filled with details not often found outside the most thrilling detective stories.

Witches Make Whoopee. We will cite, also, a well known trial that had an odd background. It is the story of the murder, rather than the

trial itself which deserves mention in a collection of "Curious and Unusual Deaths."

This particular case is the "witch murder," as the papers called it, of York, Pennsylvania. It was interesting in that it throws light on superstititious practices which exist in a modern world.

The story of the murder was related by Wilbert Hess, who with John Blymyer and John Curry, was held for the slaying of Nelson D. Rehmeyer.

The three men went to the home of Rehmeyer who had been credited with practicing witchcraft, for the purpose of securing a lock of his hair with which to break a "spell" it was alleged he had cast over them.

Rehmeyer appeared at a window in response to a knock at the door. Blymyer, who was also said to be a "witch," asked for a book, "My Lost Friend." When Rehmeyer came to the door Blymyer seized him and hit him over the head with a piece of wood.

Blymyer then handed the block of wood to Hess who hit Rehmeyer twice again. Curry took a halter that was nearby and tied the legs of the "witch" so that they could cut a lock of his hair. Rehmeyer continued to struggle and so Blymyer, who must have been a tenderhearted person, floored him with a chair. Curry tied a rope around Rehmeyer's neck.

"After the rope was pulled tight he stopped breathing," Hess said in his confession. "I guess he was dead."

The murderers set fire to the body and fled.

Trapped in a Cave. Another famous death in recent years, which was not a murder and yet was a newspaper sensation, was that of Floyd Collins, a cave explorer who was imprisoned in a Kentucky cave.

Collins was caught in Sand Cave, near Cave City, Kentucky, when a heavy boulder fell on his foot January 30, 1925. He was searching for a way into Mammoth Cave. All efforts to release him failed. He was dead when his body was reached on February 16. The remains were removed on April 23.

This chapter takes us into deep water. While speaking of newspaper sensations we might go on telling of marine disasters, deaths of trans-oceanic fliers, dirigible explosions, earthquakes, fire, flood, tornadoes and other occurrences (including husband killing) without end that have occupied newspaper headlines in years past. A line must be drawn somewhere.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

The reputed last words of noted men and women must be taken with a grain of salt. In many cases the men and women who uttered them have become so idealized in history that it is quite possible that they said nothing of the kind. The words may only be what a witness "thought" was said—or what someone else "thought" ought to be said. One can hardly believe all of them are true, but who is to say which ones are and which are not?

Dying Words of Brave Men and Women. In some cases, such as that of Sir Philip Sidney,

an English soldier, we have two "last words." Sir Sidney fell mortally wounded on the battlefield. He asked for a drink. As a soldier handed him a bottle of water, Sir Sidney's eyes fell on a comrade who was also dying. The man's eyes looked longingly at the water bottle. Sir Sidney handed the flask to his dying comrade with the words: "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

In another place we read that Sir Sidney's last words were: "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world!" Perhaps he said both. Such a man deserves credit for both of them.

No one has tried to speak humorously at death. At least no dying words of exactly humorous content have come down to us. Many of them have a tinge of the ludicrous and have a certain extravagance which is akin to humor, a few are attempts at bravado, but no one has conscientiously attempted to create belly-laughter among those who watched him die. No one wants to have people laughing at him when he is dying.

Sir Walter Raleigh's remarks as he was about to be beheaded comes the closest to being genuinely humorous. But they are only the words of a debonair man of the world and they are not an attempt to be funny, nor is it spontaneous humor. He said: "It matters little how the head lieth."

There are several similar examples given in the list below.

The bloody sixteenth, seventeenth and eight-

eenth centuries gave the world the best dying words. A few Roman emperors also contributed to our list.

Statesmen, Patriots and Others

"It is well."—George Washington.

"Then I am safe."—Oliver Cromwell.

"Independence forever."—John Adams.

"Long live anarchy! Farewell, mother!"—Nicola Sacco.

"It is the last of earth."—John Quincy Adams.

"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict!"—Lord Tenterden.

"To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."—Marco Bozzaris.

"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—Mirabeau.

"Remorse! Remorse! Write it! Write it! Larger! Larger!"—John Randolph.

"Give Dayrolles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.

Philosophers and Scientists.

"The artery ceases to beat."—Albrecht von Haller (a Swiss anatomist).

"Let the light enter."—Goethe.

"Refresh me with great thought."—Johann von Herder (German critic and poet).

"Taking a leap in the dark. O, mystery!"—Thomas Paine.

"I am taking a fearful leap in the dark."—Thomas Hobbes.

Preachers and Heretics.

"I have peace."—Charles Henry Parkhurst.

"I shall be happy."—Archbishop Sharp.

"What! Is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.

"My days are past as a shadow that returns not."—Richard Hooker.

"I want nothing and I am looking for nothing, but Heaven."—Philip Melanchthon.

"Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall this day light such a candle in England as shall never be put out."—Hugh Latimer to Nicholas Ridley (both burned at the stake as heretics).

Poets, Artists, Musicians and Writers.

"I must sleep now."—Lord Byron.

"I am about to die."—Samuel Johnson.

"I feel as if I were myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend; I die!"—Count Vittorio Alfieri (Piedmontese poet).

"A dying man can do nothing easy."—Benjamin Franklin.

"My beautiful flowers, my lovely flowers."—Richter.

"I feel the desire growing over me."—John Keats.

"Let me hear those notes so long my solace and delight."—Mozart.

"We are all going to Heaven, and Van Dyke is of the company."—Thomas Gainsborough.

Kings and Emperors.

"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero to his servant.

"And this is death?"—George IV.

"An emperor should die standing."—Vespasian.

"Don't let poor Nellie starve."—Charles II.

"I thought that dying had been more difficult."—Louis XIV.

"Farewell, Livia, and ever remember our long union."—Augustus Caesar.

"I have seen all things, and all things are of little value."—Alexander Severus.

"*Et tu Brute?*"—(And you Brutus?)—Julius Caesar.

Soldiers and Sailors

"Don't give up the ship!"—James Lawrence.

"I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."—Sir Philip Sidney.

"I thank God I have done my duty."—Lord Nelson (killed in action at Trafalgar).

"It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"James, take good care of the horse."—General Winfield Scott.

"We are as near Heaven by sea as by land."—Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

"This is the last flickering of a lamp that has long been burning."—General John Ellis Wool.

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."—Stonewall Jackson.

"I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."—Nathan Hale.

Brave Women

"I die through you!"—Joan of Arc to Pierre Cauchon of Beauvais.

"It is small, very small."—Anne Boleyn (alluding to her neck).

"I do not sleep. I wish to meet death awake."—Maria Teresa.

"O Liberty, Liberty! How many crimes are committed in thy name!"—Madam Roland (executed).

There is a story behind each one of those utterances. Those people died well, all of them.

The Raymond Schoolhouse. While we are on the subject of last words it might be well to mention the episode concerning S. N. Wood, one of the most conspicuous characters in the territorial history of Kansas, and the schoolhouse at Raymond, Kansas. It was one of the huge jokes of the day.

The Santa Fe railroad reached Hutchinson June 10, 1872, and from there it crossed the prairies to Great Bend and reached that town during July, 1872. Midway between Hutchinson and Great Bend is the site of Raymond, which was a town while the railroad was there.

Gamblers, dance hall girls and the riff-raff of the frontier settled at Raymond. Possibly a dozen persons really had legitimate businesses in the place while it was a town.

One morning a notice was placed (at the railroad station, presumably) in S. N. Wood's handwriting calling for an election of school bonds to build a schoolhouse!

On July 30, when the election was held there were about 300 persons in Raymond. On August 26, when 20 bonds of $500 each were issued as a result of the election, the population of Raymond had dwindled to S. N. Wood and 24 others.

After a time Wood sold the bonds for $750

each and, since he had the contract to build the schoolhouse, he pocketed the whole amount.

The contract called for a school with a "belfry and a good bell that could be heard for two miles." The records of the superintendent of Rice County schools are incomplete before 1885. However, the episode is mentioned in a footnote of Kansas Historical Collections, Volume XII, which declares that the district was 12 miles long and six miles wide—and the bell was good for only a two-mile radius.

The state legislature investigated the case in 1876 and found that no school had been built. Suit was brought against Wood and two banks which were used by Wood in disposing of the bonds, but the money was never procured.

Wood was killed in a gun battle over the location of a county-seat at Hugoton, Kansas, on June 23, 1891. His dying words were said to be: "I bind myself to build Raymond School District a house for school purposes, and I will place on it a bell which can be heard two miles down the Arkansas." It was quite a speech for a dying man to make.

MELODRAMA IN REAL LIFE—CONCLUSION

Perhaps the most melodramatic death in this entire collection is the one we have saved for the last. It is the tale of a girl in her teens who was madly in love with a railroad engineer.

They had gone together for two years. On days when he was away she would eagerly wait beside the tracks and watch for his return. As he passed by she would wave her handkerchief at him.

One day they had a quarrel, such as all lovers have. The engineer refused to make up with his sweetheart.

She waited by the tracks again for his return. The engineer saw her as he sped toward the town. But she did not wave her handkerchief at him this time. She had thrown herself in front of his train.

Conclusion. This, of course, is not an exhaustive study of interesting, unusual and curious deaths. Each day brings new and unusual tales of loss of life. The undertaker and the newspapers have an eye on all of us, for we may be the source of their next piece of merchandise.

We have omitted several cases of members of faith healing cults who died when they might have been saved, had they had a doctor. "What did people do before they had doctors?" the cultists inquire. Why, they died then, too.

Only a few conclusions may be made from the details gathered here. Unusual deaths are violent deaths (murders and suicides), as a rule, and they are deaths that might have been avoided. Of those mentioned in detail in this book about 50 percent are the fault of the person who died; about 40 percent are the result of someone else's carelessness or intention; about 10 percent were unavoidable.

Revolting, disgusting and horrible deaths have been omitted. Only the most morbid persons would care to read them.

We might tell about the flour miller whose overalls caught in the machinery of his elevator —but we won't, we'll quit.

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LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 509
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Is Life Mechanical or Is It "Something Else"?

A Debate Between

Clarence Darrow and Will Durant

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FOREWORD

Alfred A. Asgis (Temporary Chairman): Ladies and Gentlemen. It gives me great pleasure to welcome you. It is indeed unique that in this age of money, movies, murder, and—mellowed moistures—that we should find so large an audience gathering to listen to what we are sure will be a philosophical debate on that much-talked-of subject, Man. As further evidence of an overwhelming interest in this topic, I am informed there are about 2000 persons outside who cannot gain admission to this hall.

I shall fulfill my function as temporary chairman and introduce the permanent chairman, a man who has won, by his experiments at Johns Hopkins, recognition for his new approach in the field of psychology, a man whom many consider as America's foremost scientist in psychological research. It may be said that, with the exception of Sigmund Freud in psychoanalysis, his approach has caused more intense discussion in the field of psychology, because of its revolutionary conclusions. I take great pleasure in introducing the permanent chairman of the evening, Dr. John B. Watson. (Applause).

ARE WE MACHINES?

INTRODUCTION

John B. Watson (Chairman): Ladies and Gentlemen. It is a little hard for me to see why a mere mortal should be put in as chairman, considering the interest in this subject and the brilliant men who are to speak to you this evening. I suppose I was chosen because I am a behaviorist (and, therefore, an objectionist), so that I would be an impartial chairman. Those of you who understand behaviorism will know how impartial a chairman I shall be. (Laughter.)

May I say, in passing, that I think this debate will unquestionably go down in history as one of the great debates of all time. The subject, "Is Man a Machine?" is more than a mere topic for discussion. It is a matter of vital interest to all of us; it is a matter which concerns our daily conduct.

You know, the behaviorist has a theory that language is merely a substitute for objects and for actions. Consequently, words spoken by others, and words that we speak ourselves, are just as potent in guiding our conduct as stick

and stone. Hence, these verbal concepts that we will get this evening will unquestionably change us. They are going to give us stimuli inside our environment, even though it be an internal environment in terms of words that you speak to yourself, which will unquestionably affect your actions.

After all, these verbal formulations, "Is Man a Machine?" ; "Man is a mere machine"; "Man is more than clay"; "He has a spark of the divine within him"—all of these verbal formulations, and many like them, are, unfortunately, gotten in childhood and never further scrutinized. So that the debate has practical significance in our daily life.

Again, this debate has a marvelous setting in the history of philosophy and in the history of psychology. Psychology has taken a rather peculiar position with respect to this question. It has been too bitter a controversy for psychologists to take the affirmative out and out, and when I speak of psychology now I mean since the early history of modern psychology beginning with Wundt and others. So you will find Wundt really straddling the question in his laboratory with a so-called psycho-physical parallelism. We have the machine, the body, and the central nervous system, and we have

also something that we wouldn't call mind or spirit, but something that he called consciousness. Now, these two things are unrelated, but they parallel one another so that when the body moves you have some kind of movement in consciousness.

Now, tonight one affects the other. You can see what an unsatisfactory hypothesis that is. You can see that it is a hypothesis which came from the history of philosophy which, after all, is a history of religion, and it was to satisfy those religious principles within some of us which made us adopt the idea of consciousness in place of the soul and to adopt psychophysical parallelism in place of mechanism.

I do feel that the speakers tonight should take this question rather logically, should give us some hard facts, should give us some kind of definitions. I have been struggling for a long time so far as I am concerned to find out what a man is, and yet, we glibly say, "Is Man a Machine?" I am sure our speakers will tell us a little bit about man. Is he just a group of ordinary chemicals put together in some kind of a happy but fortuitous way—put or got together in such a way that he could grow and reproduce his kind, could eat food and eliminate waste product? Or is man

something more than this happy conglomeration of chemicals worth, I believe, 98 cents, and if so, just what is it that comes in somewhere in this evolutionary scale? Is it some kind of spirit from the outside? Does somebody come in and breathe something upon this clay in order to make a man of it? Then again, the question of the machine is a very vital one. Ordinarily we define a machine as something that man made and that definition usually is thought to settle the question. Therefore, man is not a machine. I am sure you are too logically sophisticated ever to accept any such definition as that, but the speaker who affirms that we are machines will have to tell us just how complicated a machine can be.

Can we think logically of a machine which can observe that it has moved one of its members up or down or to the right or the left, a machine which can speak, a machine which can react the same to different stimuli at times, a machine which can act differently to the same stimuli at times? In other words, how complicated a machine can we conceive of as being in existence? The most complicated machine we know of today probably is the linotype machine or some of the radio

devices, but they are far, far off, of course, from reaching that complication that we find even in an amoeba.

Now, the question comes up, it seems to me, what are the logical implications of these two positions? If man is a machine, can we punish him? Can he be naughty? Can he be nice? Have we any right to force him into any kind of conduct either good or bad? If so, what justification have we then for any kind of a punishment theory whatsoever?

Well, I must leave the question at this point. I am sure I leave it in better hands. We must be on the lookout, though, for this. We must judge on the basis of logic. Both these gentlemen are eloquent. Both of these gentlemen know how to arouse the last spark of emotion within us, and when they arouse those emotions within us we lose our ability to judge. We want to keep our common sense because we feel that we are able to judge facts and, at any rate, to scrutinize their logical positions. It is my great pleasure to introduce the speaker who takes the negative on this side first, a gentleman who needs no introduction to this audience, who has written one of the most popular books, is one of America's most popular lecturers, Dr. Will Durant. (Applause.)

NEGATIVE PRESENTATION ADDRESS

Dr. Will Durant

Dr. Will Durant: Mr. Chairman, Mr. Darrow, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am glad that we are met in this historic hall, dedicated by Tschaikowsky a generation ago, and ennobled since by a hundred geniuses—I am glad that we are met here to consider the most far-reaching question in philosophy. That you are here is a sign that philosophy has undergone a resurrection, that it has escaped from the dead hand of scholasticism, and has made its re-entry into the living world.

Our question, like most debatable questions, is ambiguous. I take it for granted first that our question does not concern materialism, that we are discussing this evening not the constituents of the universe, but the methods and processes of the world. Further, I shall interpret the term machine, or (as the theory of living machines is called in philosophy) the theory of mechanism, as meaning that man and all living things are mechanical in the sense that their behavior can be entirely explained in mechanical terms, on the principles

that seem to hold good in industry, in physics, and in chemistry. That is the sense in which the word "mechanism" is used in philosophy, and it is to that aspect of the question that I shall confine myself in this first period.

But it is possible that our beloved machine here may choose to adopt the other slant of this question, the theory of determinism, that man in all his actions and all his thoughts is irrevocably determined and compelled by conditions over which he has no control, and to which he contributes nothing. If Mr. Darrow chooses to exhume that almost extinct debate from the cemetery of dead problems, I shall be glad in the second round to follow him there and explain to him why I believe not only that he is something far subtler and livelier than a machine, but there is in him a spark of spontaneity and initiative which has contributed a considerable share to his adventurous and generous life.

It was the Industrial Revolution that filled the world with the strange notion that man is a machine. For first of all it accustomed the mind to dealing with machines and induced it more and more to think of causes not as biological, but as mechanical. The worker within factory wall, seeing the busy activity slip about

him on pulleys and revolve on wheels, forgot that older existence in which life had seemed to be a matter of seeds spontaneously sprouting from the soil, responding eagerly to every encouragement, and multiplying with an astounding and bountiful fertility. The world, which had once been a picture of growing plants and wilful children, of loving mothers and ambitious men, became for the modern mind a vast array of mechanisms, from the planets that circled mechanically around the sun to the crowds that flocked mechanically to be in at the death of a moving-picture star. Science was sure now that it had at last been admitted behind the curtains of the cosmic drama. It marveled at the unsuspected machinery which had shifted a thousand scenes and created a million delusions. It concluded in modest admiration that the property man was the real dramatist and that the wires were the play.

But again, the Industrial Revolution made cities, and cities made crowds, and crowds unmade men. Once again in the modern metropolis those conditions appeared which in the ancient Orient had shorn the individual of personality, reduced him to insignificance, and led him to a similar philosophy of fatalism

and despair. In this teeming welter of city population one became a number or a hand; the mind became an instrument for measuring, for weighing, for counting. A man became part of the machines he fed with fuel. Democracy, which had proposed to liberate the individual, became itself a mechanism, an enslaving chain of machines leading mindless masses to the ballot box. It was as useless for the individual to rebel against this system of wires and pulls and pushes as it had been for the individual to assert himself against the crushing conformities and crowds of the distant East. Even the leaders became a half-inanimate portion of the new contraption, almost as will-less and blind as the deluded people whose noses were quadrennially counted (or not counted) at the polls.

This abdication of personality is partly the cause of the secret sadness that lurks beneath the glitter and wit of the modern mind. To any one who had read his essay called "What is Man?" the pessimism of Mark Twain can no longer be mysterious or strange. For that unhappy humorist considered that all his joyous quips were the chemical result of the constitution of the primeval nebula (for what sins has it not been blamed?); and he believed

that the exuberant vitality of Tom Sawyer was simply the effervescence of a carbon compound. A little philosophy is a dangerous thing, and inclineth a man's mind to pessimism. It is said that the hilarious machine that created Huckleberry Finn had some trouble with his wife. But what woman could peaceably share her bed and board with an ebullient mechanism that looked upon her as a set of wheels wound up in the infancy of time and now unwinding itself, with superfluous sound and fury, to eternal impotence—and silence?

Doubtless the loss of our childhood faith has saddened us; and the double bereavement of every mature mind, that must lose the theological ideals of its infancy and then the political ideals of its youth, leaves the heart a little heavier with the weary weight of this unintelligible world. But part of the somber undertone beneath our superficial gayety is the result of the childish and culpable precipitancy of our own thought. It was not demanded of us that we should fly from a theology that scorned the natural basis of mind to a philosophy that ignored the mental developments of nature. It was not demanded of us that having abandoned our puerile pretense

at being the center and summit of the universe we should then prostrate ourselves before the machines in our factories and accept them as the Platonic ideas upon whose august models fortuitous variation had fashioned our souls. It was not required of us that we should abandon our share in the vitality of the world, in the undiscourageable expansiveness of life, in the persistent constructiveness of thought. But defeated on one part of the battle front, we retreated from the field in abject surrender and despair.

Was it necessary to yield so utterly? Is human behavior of the same order as the erosion of the hills, or the flight of the winds, or the obstinate tides of the sea? Is the inexhaustible solicitude of motherhood, the eager ambition of youth, the quiet tenderness of love merely a mechanical redistribution of physical force? Are the power and exhuberance of life an appearance only? Is the passionate striving for beauty and perfection only a blind and fatal compulsion? Is the efficacy of consciousness only a delusion? Is the reality of will only a dream? Is man only a machine?

That is our question. It may comfort you to know that at the very moment when the theory of mechanism has reached down into

popular favor, it is being abandoned in a great many of the sciences, in biology (not in psychology), in physiology, even in physics itself. Lucien Poincare, one of the leading scientists of France, writes revealingly: "Today," he says, "the idea that all phenomena are capable of mechanical explanation is generally abandoned." The German scientist Cassiver says: "In modern physics the mechanical view of the world has been more and more superseded by the dynamic view." Le Bon, one of the founders of the atomic physics writes, "In spite of the efforts of thousands of workers, physiology has been able to tell us nothing of the nature of the forces that produce the phenomena of life. They have no analogy with those that are studied in physics."

Among the biologists the rejection of mechanism has become a common thing. Pavlow, the great Russian originator of the studies of conditioned reflexes, Driesch, the German embryologist, Haldane, professor of physiological chemistry in the University of Oxford—these are names that might make any mechanist pause. "The mechanistic theory," says Haldane, "has broken down. It no longer helps us in our physiological research. I should as soon think of going back to the mechani-

cal theory as I would of returning to the mythology of my Anglo-Saxon forefathers."

It is significant that Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, with all their hostility to traditional theology, rejected mechanism scornfully. Nietzsche asks the mechanist, "Is that world-interpretation alone right by which *you* maintain your position, by which investigation and work can go on scientifically in *your* sense? Do you really mean mechanical? Such an idea is a piece of grossness, provided it is not lunacy and idiocy. I say this in confidence to my friends the mechanists, who today like to hobnob with philosophers, and believe that mechanics is the teaching of the first and last laws upon which all existence must be built."

You perceive that it is possible for a man to be one of the most heretical rebels that the world has ever known, and yet to see that this ridiculous conception of vital behavior is a process of the same kind as those which we call mechanical, is a conception that comes to one only in an effort to leap back as far as possible from the theological hobgoblins of our youth. It is a defense-reaction, and once we have ceased to fear the recrudescence of theology in our own souls we shall be freer and

clearer in recognizing the shortcomings of this mechanical theory.

Yet, don't imagine for a moment that I wish to rest my case on authorities. Let us do our own thinking and face the phenomena directly for ourselves. Let us observe the unmechanical spontaneity, and purposiveness and selectiveness of life in locomotion, in digestion, in growth, in regeneration, in reproduction, in consciousness, and in genius.

Consider locomotion. Take some mechanism, say a toy automobile which will run resolutely enough when its spring has been wound and released by a human hand. Set it upon a smooth floor directly facing a slightly distant wall. Wind the spring, and release it. The car plunges forward against the wall. If the conditions are perfect it will rebound in the same line by which it advanced. It will stop for a moment and it will advance again and rebound in that same straight line, and continue forward and back in the same straight line until its artificial energy is completely spent.

By contrast let us perform in imagination an experiment that has been repeated time and again in biological laboratories. Take a glass bowl and fill it with water. Across the center

put a perfectly transparent glass partition just short enough to leave a narrow slit at either side. Into one half drop food. Into the other half drop some lowly organism, as simple as possible. Observe it under the microscope. It moves directly forward toward the food. It does not see the glass. It strikes the glass and rebounds in a straight line: apparently it is a machine. But suddenly it veers about, to the left or the right, and moves forward now at an angle, strikes the glass, rebounds. It veers again in the same direction. If it veered left the first time, it veers left again. It moves forward, strikes the glass, rebounds, again goes forward, goes through the partition, and finds the food. I ask you, can you conceive of a mechanical contraption of any kind that could possibly rival that judicious veering about, this appearance of self-directive purpose in the lowliest organism known to man?

Consider digestion. Some sensitive plants, like the Dionaea and the Drosera, close upon and absorb particles of food placed on the tissues. But when inedible substances are placed on those same leaves in the same way, even with the same form, the leaves do not respond. The amoeba normally rejects any-

thing that cannot serve for its nourishment. The cells of the human intestine show the same selectivity in their action. Each group of cells acts upon just one class of food and no other. Every cell in the human body chooses out of the blood stream the different and specific materials which it needs, and pours back into the blood the products of its own metabolic waste. Even at this lowly level you discover that remarkable ability to select which distinguishes the vital from the mechanical and which becomes ever more conscious and intelligent at each advance in evolution.

Consider growth. How could a machine grow? Why should it wish to grow? Was there ever a mechanism so marvelous that it might offer an anology to the astounding self-development of life? Consider the lilies of the field: what enchanting power is it that frees them from their prison in the soil and lifts them, slowly, longingly toward the sun? Behold the swallows of the air: there are no cogs in them, no pulleys, and no wheels, and yet, we might say with Shelley:

If we could scorn hate, and pride and fear,
If we were things born not to shed a tear,
I know not why thy joy we ever should come near.

Here is a child. Why does it hunger and thirst for nourishment? Why does it reach

out with its soft hands to possess the world? See it grow. Out of simple food it makes dimples and curls and laughing eyes. See it for the first time fearfully and bravely trying to rise to a vertical dignity. Why should it long to stand and walk? Why should it tremble with perpetual curiosity, with fearless and insatiable ambition, watching and listening, touching and tasting, manipulating, and experimenting, observing and pondering, thinking, growing—until it weighs the earth and charts and measures the stars! What is this magic transfiguration of puberty that takes the boy and quiets and deepens him into a man?—that takes the girl and fashions her into a gentle beauty fairer than any art? Is it mechanical?

Consider regeneration. Cut off one ray of starfish and the center will regrow it. Cut off all of them, and the center will regrow them all. Cut out the center and the rays will regrow it. A machine out of order cannot repair its parts; it waits stupidly and senselessly for some living hand to come and restore it to order and efficacy. But these larger phenomena have been adequately described by Bergson: we set them aside. The simplest healing of the slightest wound is unmechanical and

marvelous enough for me. With what artistry the new cells fling themselves over the gap in the wound as if some cellular intelligence were guiding the beneficent work! We offer mechanical or chemical aids to these vital processes, but we know that they have the same relation to nature's healing power that marble or clay has to the sculptor's hand. We know that in some way which mechanism will never illuminate the energy and impetus of life will bear us on and through a thousand battles and through a thousand injuries until that divine vitality is spent and finds for itself another and a younger form.

Therefore consider reproduction. Here is a little ovum, invisible to the eye. Here is a restless sperm, moving about in worlds unrealized. Each of these microscopic cells is rich with the heredity of a thousand generations; each carries within it unique and subtle qualities of body and mind, impulses and dispositions and aptitudes, hunger and eagerness and love, perhaps in their plasm already lie the passion and patience of genius. Well, let that ovum and that sperm unite. Suddenly these possibilities become realities. The miracle of a new life begins. The fertilized cell, spurred on by some internal urgency, divides into two,

into four, into eight, into a hundred million cells that grow in unity even as their number mounts. A heart forms and begins to beat; a brain forms and begins to think; tiny hands and feet bud forth and stir in the womb. And then the little marvel matures and enters the world. Air and sound and cold and light impinge upon it. Its ears and eyes, and lips open; all its nerves tingle with sensation. Life has broken through death again, and pours itself lavishly into its new mould, joyous and young and strong once more.

Is it mechanical? Jacques Loeb thought he had proved that reproduction is mechanical by showing that he could take the unfertilized egg of a female sea urchin and cause it to develop to a certain point by stimulating it with the prick of a pin or shaking it in a salt solution. He concludes hilariously that reproduction was mechanical. No wonder Cicero said, "There is nothing so absurd but that it can be found in the book of some philosopher, or some scientist." (Laughter) Poor Jacques Loeb forgot that he had started with a living thing, the female's ovum. He forgot that she was not a machine, or at least, that he hadn't proved that she was. He forgot that he already had that divine urgency and vitality in the little egg.

If it developed of its own self, so much the more marvelous and unmechanical was it. The behavior of that unaided female in producing offspring without even the casual and undignified assistance to which Nature ungraciously limits the male was all the more astounding, and indicates, I suppose, that the emancipation of the female sex will in the coming century proceed to an unpleasant extreme.

Far more revealing than the experiments of Loeb were those of Hans Driesch. Driesch had been brought up in the laboratory of Ernst Haeckel at Jena. He had every inducement there to be a mechanist, but he discovered phenomena undreamed of in his master's philosophy. He took the fertilized ovum and cut it in half; the parts grew together and the ovum developed normally as if nothing had happened. Imagine what would have happened to a mechanical arrangement subjected to the same experiment—instead of the potency of life for growth and healing and self-repair and self-development!

But Driesch went further. He waited until that fertilized ovum had divided into two and then into four cells. He dragged apart the four cells, bloodily separated them, and then threw them together haphazard. They grew

into a normal being. He took another ovum and waited until the third division when it consisted of eight cells. He dragged them apart again and put them together with deliberate mal-adjustment; and they found a way to grow into a normal organism just the same.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, imagine a machine that cohabits with another machine to produce a third machine. Imagine that each machine is composed of millions of parts, each of which has the power of reproduction, and divides and multiplies and grows. Imagine that each machine separates one special part of itself to coalesce with a special part of another machine to form the model of a new machine. Imagine then that some gigantic Driesch comes along and cuts that model in half, and slaps the pieces together, and it develops unperturbed. Imagine that after it has gone on to some degree of development all the parts are taken asunder and then put together into deliberate chaos, and imagine that the machine goes on undisturbed in its operation as if nothing had happened—like a good Ford car! (Laughter) I ask you; was there ever a jollier hoax in science or philosophy? Was there ever in any religion, ancient, medieval or American,

any miracle that could compare with this majestic and monstrous myth?

We must omit the discussion of consciousness. Dr. Watson tells me that I have only five minutes. It is lucky for him. I was just about to show that consciousness is not mechanical and even that it exists. We will do that too perhaps, before the night is over.

Let us in conclusion consider genius. Here is the creative power of life in its clearest and highest form. Here is the last product of that glorious vitality which dances in the atom and fills the soil and the sea and the air with living and growing things. Here, in genius, mind turns around and remoulds the environment in which it grew. Man, the supposed machine, invents and operates machines, and craves beauty, and seeks truth, and creates social order, and rises to the loftiest reaches of morality and love. And I am asked to believe that the philosophic frenzy of Plato, the fine passion of Beethoven or Shakespeare, the divine intoxication of Spinoza, the godlike grandeur of Leonardo da Vinci's mind are mechanical processes, that the thoughts and the aspirations of these men were put into them with some mysterious time attachment by that mythical nebula a million millennia ago!

Well, I refuse to believe it. I cannot understand how any cautious and skeptical mind can so far forget itself as to accept so ridiculous a fairy story; and I wonder does Mr. Darrow realize how much credulity lies behind his unbelief, how much simple faith in untested and fallible authority? I do not believe that Chicago's leading citizen is a machine mechanically meditating upon its own machinery, an automaton automatically reflecting upon its own automatism. If I could believe that I could accept every fairy story ever told and every legend in every Bible ever written. After escaping from the infallibility of a church and from the infallibility of a book I refuse to surrender to the infallibility of a physicist who tries to squeeze into his test tubes and his narrow formulae all this budding and teeming world. It is time we should put an end to this new age of faith, and come to doubt even our scientists when they speak to us of miracles in terms of a childish mythology.

Biology is at a standstill today because it has been dealing with death rather than with life, with butterflies not on the wing, but on the pin, with preparations of dead tissues for microscopic slides, with specimens preserved

in alcohol. I look for the time biology will rebel against its domination by the narrow concepts of physics, when it will understand that the life which it is privileged to study and immediately feel comes far nearer to the basis of reality than the unseen molecules and atoms of natural science. And when biology is at last free from the dead hand of the mechanistic method it will come out of the laboratory into the world; it will transform human purposes and human conduct as physics has remade the face of the earth. And by holding life and growth as fundamental and sacred it will bring to an end the brutal tyranny of machinery over mankind. Slowly as we move out of the age of physics into the age of biology we shall come to see under these superficial mechanisms the throbbing and struggling life beneath. We shall come to understand that in some modest measure we may participate in what Whitman called "the procreant urge of the world," that we may write some lines at least in the drama of creation. Or as I phrased it fourteen years ago in a youthful escapade in poetry:

Through my window the voices of children playing,
Voices that drown the wisdom of my books
Stirring me strangely.
I sit compelled by the throbbing melody
Of their songs and their laughter.
My still body moves to the rhythm of their play;
I know that the holiness of life is within them,
That their play is the groping of Deity
And the overture of persistent creation.
I utter no sound, but my throat aches with the longing.
O, God! to be with them, to laugh and to sing
And to play!
Softly now through the din of the voices
I hear tramping quietly the strong music of the eternal.
I am filled with the mystical movement of life;
I am warm with the fever of currents that begin not and end not;
I am merged with the river of leaping reality;
I am one with the riotous surge of sea,
And the madness of thunder, and the glory that illuminates the sky.
Sweeps through me onward the resistless power of all things,
Burns in me the hot breath of the forward flux of the world;
Through me, if I will, creation;
In me—oh, in me!—God.

AFFIRMATIVE PRESENTATION ADDRESS

Clarence Darrow

Chairman Watson: You have heard the negative, pleasing, convincing, logical, scholarly. Let us keep our minds open until the affirmative facts are in.

I have to be very careful in introducing the affirmative speaker. I think already Dr. Durant suspects a little collusion between the Chairman and the next speaker. May I say this about him, that he is the world's greatest student of law, and if I may say it in one way, that he is the world's most terrible speaker—terrible, that is, to the man who has to answer him. Mr. Clarence Darrow. (Applause).

Mr. Clarence Darrow: I am sorry the Chairman couldn't make this reply instead of me. He knows a good deal more about the subject than I do or than both of us do. (Laughter).

My friend over here has been talking for forty minutes telling us what life is not, but not uttering a single word as to what it is. He has in the last analysis quoted Walt Whitman as the champion scientist of the world. Now, I read Walt Whitman when I don't care to think but just want to feel, and when he says that "Holiness is life," it reminds me of Mary Baker Eddy when she said, "God is love and love is God." (Laughter). No use of having two words for the same thing. Is holiness

life? Bunk! It may sound good, but it has nothing whatever to do with this subject.

Also Whitman says, "I am a groping of Deity." Well, perhaps it would have been in order, if he believes it, to tell us what he means by Deity. If one seriously does not believe that man is a machine, then it is up to him as a matter of fairness to tell us what man is—if he can—which he can't. I will be honest with you in this matter. I cannot prove to you that man is a machine. I cannot demonstrate to you just what process makes life. I cannot demonstrate to you as a mathematician would demonstrate a problem just what process of mechanism brings consciousness, if there be such a thing, which is very doubtful.

What I do contend is this: That the manifestation of the human machine and of living organisms is very like unto what we know as a machine, and that if we could find it all out we would probably find that everything had a mechanistic origin.

If I were on the other side, I would not be satisified to belittle biology and say that the persecutors of the Middle Ages were wiser than modern scientists. If I did, I'd join the most medieval church in the city and I'd say goodbye to science.

Science cannot solve every problem, but it at least tries, and I think it has come very close to the solution of this old, old problem of what is man.

Now, what is a machine, first? I will not especially quarrel with my friend's definition of

a machine, for I never deal in technicalities, and I have no short cut in this question. I am here to learn. I only wish I had a chance! (Laughter.) One definition of a machine which appeals to me as pretty good is this: "An apparatus so designed that it can change one kind of energy to another for a purpose." Coal may be taken out of a mine and fed into a machine and it may produce power in the shape of steam or electricity. It was all in the coal before, but it has been transferred to something else. Nothing is lost, no forces, no power of any sort is lost, no matter is lost. It is simply changed into something else.

Is man this sort of a machine? Let's examine it. I don't know so much about the nobility and grandeur of man as my friend seemed to think perhaps he knows. I do not think that I am degrading him when I place him in the category of machines. If anybody complains it ought to be the machine!

What do we know about the human machine? We know that it takes one form of energy and transposes it into another. We know that we give it food which in the human system is broken up and the energy that results is transferred into something else. Let us look at the process that the human machine goes through in this transformation of energy and see whether it resembles any other machine, and if it doesn't, then what? Is there some mysterious thing about man which for lack of some other word, or for lack of any word that any human being can understand, we call a soul?

Does he stand out here separated from nature, and stand alone? Let us see what man does.

We feed him, or he can't live and he can't work. We place food in his mouth. What happens to it? It is digested. The energy in the food is released and goes into the body just exactly the same as the energy placed in the coal box of an engine is released and makes steam. How does it go? It is first taken care of by certain juices and is digested. It passes into the intestine. Then what happens? This digested food is power, just like the coal; it is energy. If a man is to work, if the body is to live, this energy must become a part of him. It must go to his brain, if he has any, to his feet, to every part of him. How does it get there? Man has a circulatory system made of arteries and blood-vessels. The artery at the intestine is separated by only a very small lining from the intestine. The juices of the intestine pass into the blood, some of the blood to the intestines. As it goes by these juices are absorbed; this food is absorbed; this energy is absorbed; the power is absorbed—a simple, plain obviously mechanical process.

Then what happens? These arteries and blood vessels reach every part of the body. They carry to every part of the body the strength that it needs and the power that it needs.

But the system must have oxygen just exactly the same as an engine must have oxygen for combustion. One thing is turned into another. This food is turned into starch, sugar,

and one or two other things and consumed to produce this power. The blood is pumped by the heart. We call it pumped; that isn't exactly the process. I don't need to describe the process—in fact, I can't. But for all conveniences everybody calls the heart a pump. Anyhow, by its constant action it pushes the blood out and in. It is carried to the lungs. As it passes through the lungs just for a brief second it comes in contact with the air, which is necessary to complete the fuel. The power is carried to every part of the human body; perfectly mechanical, like an engine, like a machine that a man has built—the whole process the same.

Scientists have made investigations upon this subject and no scientist claims that he has found the ultimate facts. Perhaps he never will, but he has found enough to justify the conclusion that man more nearly resembles a machine than he resembles a ghost carrying around a body for a time, much more nearly than he resembles something that no scientist even dares to talk about, because when he talks about it he can no longer be a scientist.

Mr. Durant talks about this reaction against religion. What does he mean by religion? Does he mean that the Lord took a perfectly good rib out of a man to make a woman? Is that what he means by religion? Has he given us one single conception of what he thinks man is? Is it more reasonable to suppose that man has come as everything else has come, that he is built upon the same pattern that everything else is built upon, that he is a ma-

chine who must take in new fuel to be transferred into power, that sooner or later the works run down and he dies just like any other machine? Now, if he isn't that, what is he?

Let's see what happens to man. Well, you take a man who loses a large part of his blood. You can put salt water in the place of it and the pump goes along until he recovers and begins making blood again. His leg, his arm, his finger are levers operating just like any other levers, built upon the same plan, all of it mechanistic. There is not a single thing upon which you can lay your hand excepting this "spirit" which is the same as the "infinite." I guess it is. I don't know what either word means. They are words that scientists do not use, although they may think there may be something in them, but they are not scientific terms, at least.

Is there anything that a man presents in his conduct, in his actions, in the uses of his abilities, that isn't performed in exactly the same way as a machine? I think there is not.

Now, let's see how far my friend has to go to say that man is not a machine. Why not? Because I can't explain and because no man can explain every process? That hasn't much to do with it. It might be more satisfactory if you could. But men have been working upon that problem, and they have gotten much further along than they were a few years ago, and they are getting further along every day.

I don't say I am sure that there is nothing

in man but a mechanism in the same sense that I am sure that two and two make four. There are very few things in the world of which I am as sure as that, and I am not sure of that. It would depend upon what the two things and the other two things were, perhaps, before I'd be sure they would make four. Two philosophers and two religionists wouldn't make four anything. They'd make two philosophers and two religionists. That's all.

I am not sure of it to a mathematical demonstration. But I am fairly sure of enough things which to me warrant the inference that when the story is all told, if it ever is told, this will be the conclusion. And I am fairly sure that no fact has so far been discovered that proves anything else.

My friend talks about the absurdity of a machine writing poetry. Well now, I think that is just what machines do, as a rule. Nothing but a machine can turn out the metrical stuff that passes as poetry.

But I was talking about man. If man is a machine, or if he is a superhuman, whatever that is, if he is a part of the infinite, so is a fly. Can you explain a fly any better than a man? We can't explain him quite as well as we can man, because we don't understand his way of buzzing, that's all! (Laughter) But flies beget, which isn't the only sign of spirituality, whatever that may be.

I might call my friend's attention to the fact that life existed before it was produced as it is today, and it may exist after it is produced

in some other way. Begetting is only one method that nature has taken for passing to a certain stage. That is all. But it isn't universal, never was, and perhaps it never will be. I don't want to discourage my friend, but it probably never will be universal. That is only one method.

Now, the fly doesn't belong with the machine. The fly has free will. It knows what it wants when it flies into the butter. It has what my friend calls free will, just as much as he has, just as much as I have, just as much as anybody has. It is governed by exactly the same laws.

If we were standing somewhere out in space and saw this planet moving as if it was in a devil of a hurry to get along with its journey, we'd say it had free will and knew where it was going. Of course, we'd say it, because we don't know any better, and somebody standing out somewhere and watching all the automobiles come into New York in the morning and go out at night would say the drivers have free will, too. They have neither freedom nor will, or they wouldn't do it. (Laughter.)

But has the fly free will? My friend says so. He talks about some of these animals that after long trial and error, bumping up against something, will find food. They don't all find it. Some of them die. And those who do find the way are preserved.

Let's see about an animal. Let's take a little animal, the plant louse. I use that for two reasons, first because I know something about

the investigation and secondly, I want to get something as close to man as I can. They catch these little fellows in a test tube, and they let a little ray of light shine on one end of the tube, and what happens? They immediately all start for that end of the tube. Why? Free will? They want to get where they can look out? Oh, no, nothing doing. They turn the tube a little, and they all run over each other to get to the other end of the tube because there is light there at that end. You see? The bugs (I don't mean humans, I mean the other bugs) hang around the electric light on a hot summer evening. What do they come there for? Of their own free will, to get scorched? Oh, no. They come there because of the effect of light upon their organism. It is a simple tropism, like hitting someone with a hammer. They are compelled to go there. They are brought there by the action of the light upon their structure; nothing else.

Does it help this situation any to say that everything that is self-perpetuating has a soul or is one with God, or two with God or whatever it might be? You must include, then, every animal—more than that, every plant is made the same way. Might the plant not say, "I am green; I am one with God. I am a creator. I take 'inorganic' matter and make 'organic' matter out of it. I have a soul." These silly scientists who are sillier than any religionists ever were, say, "I am a machine, but I am one with God." The plant can reach down into the earth and the rocks and send a root out into the moist ground and bring it

all together and make a plant. And some of us higher organisms can eat the plant so that we can write poetry.

All of these plants and all of these animals have the same basis of life as man. My friend says that a human being can grow, and a machine can't grow. A mechanistic organism can grow. Every plant grows; all animal life grows and decays. It is born and it dies. It lives its time and goes on its way. Now, what is the difference? If a man is made differently from a machine, then a tree is. A tree is a collection of cells, always growing, always dying. Man is the same; other animals are the same. Probably the cell is the furthest down you can get to the foundation of life, so far. Life probably comes from protoplasm. But that isn't saying much. It was once supposed to be saying a great deal. It is only a statement of the substance that it comes from. There is no mystery in it. Take any one of us and have us analyzed by the chemist. If you want it done, why you can have it done. You can find out everything that is in you excepting your oneness with God. You will have to go to the theologian for that.

When it comes to man you can find out every single thing that is in him. There isn't a single thing in him you can't buy at the drug store for about ninety-five cents, and a good many of them aren't worth it at that! (Laughter.) Why is it, pray tell me, that all the investigation, with closed eyes, that theologians have always given these problems, with all the thought and all the speculation, down through

all the ages they have never found a single thing that isn't mechanical, never found a single thing in man, or the manifestation of a single thing, that isn't a mechanism? And when we get to man and understand him, we understand what the mechanism is. It is man's body.

Of course, man is a little more complex organism than an amoeba, which has one cell. But there isn't so much difference at that. A man is a combination of cells like everything else. A man has more cells. An amoeba has one cell. Man is a little more complex than the early organism. We talk about the man who writes a poem. Why, they didn't begin by writing poems. Man began even lower than that! (Laughter.) He began by picking up worms and bugs and eating them—and enjoyed it. He began way down with a different form, different organs, came through almost every form, even the simplest, up to his present estate. I don't know what that is. People that have any estate always brag about it. That means that he has got more nerves to bother him, and there are more ways that he can die. But he began simpler than he is today. Not even as a writer of poetry, an organism that reached around to avoid pain and seek pleasure, looked for the sun just like the plant louse, looked for light the same as the potato, having some emotions which are in a rude way life-sustaining probably, the emotion for food and the emotion to keep his fool species going along.

His body isn't a perfect thing in any way.

It is full of mal-adjustments. No two bodies are equally good, but no two are perfect. Even his eyes are a botched job. His nervous system is a bad job. His whole internal organism is bad. At that, it is better than most machines, perhaps than any. But why? Why is it bad? I will tell you why. Let me give you a few simple illustrations. Men get varicose veins in their legs. Why? Because the small veins in the legs won't hold up all the blood of the body and they were made as they are when he walked on all fours. The veins didn't need to hold up any such weight of blood. His whole apparatus goes back to a primitive time and more simple arrangement. He used what he could use of the old while he was getting the new. How long has he been doing this? Nobody knows. As a human being he has been here at least a half million years. As a descendant of earlier organisms he has been here since the earth was cool enough for life to exist. He is constantly changing.

Is there anybody who can tell us where the first form of life began, or how it began? If he can, he ought to. It would be very interesting. Can you tell when or where or how? Nobody knows. They don't know when or where or how, but they do know this. We read it in the rocks, we read it in man; we read it in all animal life that this first was an inorganic world floating in space, made for nobody so far as we can see, unless someone was playing football with it, and it was hardly large enough for that, or interesting

enough. It circulated in space for millions of ages without any form of what we call life, and gradually, as it cooled, and probably through heat and moisture, vegetable life appeared. Vegetable life had the field alone for ages. Vegetable life created inorganic matter into organic matter. How? Because it had a soul? Nobody knows anything about the soul of a cabbage, although they think they know about the soul of a cabbagehead! I can't see any difference. Nobody knows a thing about it. Animals came, and they lived upon vegetable life, more primitive forms first. Man is the last and perhaps the most complex of all. We know enough about the past, we know enough about evolution, we know enough about man himself, we know enough about the mechanical constructions of things to be warranted in believing that when we have all the facts and are wise enough we will find that all is of one pattern. (Applause.)

NEGATIVE REFUTATION

Dr. Will Durant

CHAIRMAN WATSON: The amenities are all over, the compliments are all passed, and the fur will now begin to fly. We will now have fifteen minutes refutation by Dr. Will Durant. (Applause.)

DR. WILL DURANT: I don't like the rather harsh things that my dear enemy said about me in the beginning of his address. They hurt me a little (because I am not entirely a machine), but I shall try to forget them. I didn't know that I had said nothing, and if that is true, it is utterly absurd for me to try again. I resent, too, the effort to drag religion into the debate and to compel me to defend things which are not at issue! (Applause.) I said nothing about religion except perhaps in that little poetical flight at the end, which I presume even a machine would understand was meant as poetry. And I thought that I had put as much science into that first talk as could be digested in forty minutes.

I am astounded to learn also, that my task tonight is not merely to show that man is not a machine, but to show various other things. The gentleman expects me tonight to solve problems that no philosopher has ever been able to solve, and he seems to assume that unless I can answer to his satisfaction and to everybody's satisfaction the old problems as

to what is life, what is man, and what is mind, I have not done my task. That is a ridiculous demand upon me. I came here tonight to try to show the absurdity of a certain theory. I submit that that is absolutely all that I am required to do. I refuse to give Mr. Darrow more than he deserves for one evening! (Applause.) Some other time.

If a man comes to me and says that two times three are nine, when I prove to him that he is wrong, it has nothing to do at all with the question as to whether I can say what two times three are. I may be able to demonstrate that his answer is incorrect. If I can show that the mechanical theory of life runs counter to evident facts, it is absolutely all I have to do tonight. Probably I could do more, but not just now.

Mr. Darrow tells me that no fact has been discovered that proves anything except that all life is mechanical. Well, I can only believe that he had a good nap while I was talking. I thought I had loaded the atmosphere down with facts about locomotion and digestion and growth and almost everything conceivable. I observed the care with which he avoided touching upon the facts that I had enumerated! (Applause.)

I don't remember his attempting to meet any one of the points made, but I have hopes that an attempt will be made before the night is over. He says with the audacity of a young student that we have never found a single thing that isn't a mechanism. Well, of course,

that is the begging of a question. We are discussing that question, we are not assuming it. He tells us there is not a single thing in you that cannot be bought in a drug store. I don't think you could buy the raw materials that would make a Clarence Darrow unless you had some life potency to work upon those materials and build them up! (Applause.)

He tells me that a machine is something that transforms energy—yes, when you guide it, when you feed it, when a living being helps it, and even in that famous furnace of his that he talked about, the coal is put in by a human hand, and the coal itself was a living thing, and the wood that you put in is a living thing! (Applause.)

This childish comparison of the body to a machine is useful in textbooks of physiology where we have to introduce the young student to the superficial phenomena of a tremendously complicated situation. But to presume that that is anything more than a little helpful analogy is a youthful presumption. Would this circulatory mechanism, this respiratory mechanism, work without the vitality in the heart, and in the living tissues of that body? Take that vitality away, take that heart away, and then put all your oxygen in and all your hydrogen in, and all the materials that you wish. What happens to them? Are they built up into life? Not at all. The comparison with a machine is worthless! (Applause.) Of course, Mr. Darrow never thought of that! (Laughter.)

He tells me, with that same blithe assumption of the question under discussion: "A mechanistic organism can grow." What an absurdity! The whole question in discussion is whether it is possible for a mechanism to be an organism or for an organism to be a mechanism. That is the thing we are discussing. For a man to assume that there is anything, any such thing in the world as a mechanistic organism, when that is the thing he has to prove, is delightful; it is even more close to poetry than any effort of mine! (Laughter.)

I was interested to learn about this gentleman that Mr. Darrow spoke of who lost some blood and who was given salt water into his veins. Mr. Darrow gave himself away when he said that after a while the man began to make blood for himself again. That is a queer thing to do, isn't it? The living organism does it through that living power in it, which is there, which lies under your nose, though you may not be able to give a chemical analysis of it. That is the trouble, you see, with Mr. Darrow. He thinks that because I can't give him a physical and chemical explanation of what this living vitality in me is, that therefore it doesn't exist, or therefore it is mechanical. If we can't explain it in mechanical terms, therefore, it is mechanical. Do you see the argument? (Applause.)

Why, I submit that the merest sensation going on in these living organisms here tonight is something that Mr. Darrow has not begun to reduce to a mechanical process. A machine doesn't repair itself that way, never could pos-

sibly begin to create blood in itself. Always that power of life is there in a living thing, which distinguishes it from mechanisms.

I sometimes suspect that all the mechanisms in the world, not only those that we make, but all the things that we think are mechanical, are simply the superficial relic of what once was life. I feel that when life passes away, or takes some other form, it leaves these excretions, so to speak, of mechanism behind, as some day this exuberant vitality of mine will no doubt be gone from the bones that hold it together now, and in my grave there will be mechanical processes—perhaps. So it may be that all the mechanisms that we see are the left-behind remnants of life that has passed on. That is just a suggestion that would have to be considered at great length to amount to anything.

Now, when I speak of this power of life, it is in that sense that I consider myself free. I do not say I have free will. I submit that I never used that phrase, except to ridicule it in my first address. I quite recognize that my will is the sum total of my desires, my aptitude, my dispositions, my tendencies. I recognize that I was subjected to thousands of molding forces even before I was born. But there is that thing, that quota, that iota, that particle of life that is subjected to these things. It is a neglected part of the determining conditions. That is the whole point. It is not merely a passive wax upon which experience writes. Surely Dr. Watson will bear me out when I say that this view of mind is simply a passive

thing upon which sensations work their will unresisted, that it is very antiquated psychology.

We even select what our sensations will be. There are thousands of audible things which you do not hear at this moment because it is not to your purpose to hear them. You select what you shall hear, what you shall see (within limits, of course). The mind is a selective and reacting thing. It is a molding thing.

Mr. Darrow, of course, is still living in the age of Herbert Spencer: his philosophy and science have not, perhaps, come down from that mid-Victorian age. He would think as Spencer did of the mind as simply a readjustment to external things, of education as an adjustment of the individual to the environment.

We understand today that the mind is not only adjusted to its environment, but it adjusts the environment to itself. It molds and creates. We understand that education does not or should not merely fit the individual for his environment. It should fit him to fit his environment to his own will and purposes and desires. Only in a non-mechanical philosophy could you conceive such an education. I am determined, I am compelled, I am molded, but there is something in me that struggles, that has some inexplicable but visible and actual energy. Now that must be considered. It is the most immediately known thing in the world, this vital force that exists in our human behavior, this consciousness.

I am told that there is no consciousness.

In one minute can I show you that there is? Consciousness is the theater of imagined responses, enabling us to select which of the imagined responses we perceive will be the most successful. Here is a situation, a problem for me to face. A purely mechanical organism would react at once; why should it hesitate? I say to myself, "Now, I could do this." I imagine what would happen if I did this. I see in imagination that that result would be unpleasant. I do not do that. I imagine another possibility. I rehearse, so to speak, various possible responses. That is the function, the efficacy, the meaning of consciousness. And then I choose; and in the degree in which I have knowledge of my many possible responses, in the degree in which my knowledge enables me to perceive and understand that variety of possible reactions, that which in my foresight seems most beneficial to me. I act then, for all the world, unlike a machine. That is the meaning of consciousness in this world.

AFFIRMATIVE REFUTATION

Clarence Darrow

CHAIRMAN WATSON: Mr. Darrow now has twenty minutes in refutation. (Applause.)

MR. CLARENCE DARROW: I am really sorry if I said anything that was at all rough to my friend. Perhaps I did. There are few people, few men whom I have ever known for whom I have a higher regard and a greater appreciation. I'd rather have written his book on philosophy than to have done anything or everything that I ever did. (Applause.) And I only wish he was as philosophical in his debate as he is in his book! (Laughter.)

Now, let me see. I told you that you could buy everything in a man in a drug store for about ninety cents if you want to fool away your money. You can't. We don't know how to do that, perhaps never will know. But we do know that every man acts as a mechanism, or I think we know it. He says my illustration of the blood and the action of the heart and all that was primary stuff. I wish it were primary stuff. But he says you couldn't make all this act without the heart. Oh, yes, you can. Life existed for ages without anything that resembles a heart. Why, it is a growth, it comes from circumstances that surround it. It wasn't here forever. It grew up as the machine changed and as it may change. Perhaps it will grow again in some other way.

We used to say that nobody's brain could be injured without death following. We know better now. We know the brain is about the mushiest part of the human organism. You can take away the most of it and get along all right. (Laughter.) I don't mean all right, but just as well as you do now. In some of the animals it has been taken out entirely, and they got along all right. And of course from all we know of man we know he does just the same thing without a brain as he does with it. There isn't any difference.

There isn't a thing in man that I can think of at the moment that hasn't existed in various forms or that he hasn't lived without, and if he lives long enough in this world of ours, this man that we see today will probably be entirely changed, whether for better or worse we don't know. I imagine it couldn't be for worse, so it will have to be better.

The strange thing is that in a religious sort of way we assume that everything was made as it is today. My friend says I ought not to have brought in religion. I again say I didn't bring it in. He brought it in. But why not bring it in? It is there. Let me say this: The conception that has been taken tonight, which is generally taken, is a religious conception. (Applause.) It is not a scientific conception, and it has no relation to science. (Applause.)

I want to repeat again that I can't explain the mystery of life, but I think I know enough about it to believe that when it is all told, human life and animal life and plant life will be just like everything else that exists, and all

come within the same great general realm of law, that no miracle was wrought when these things made a human being. Man wasn't made out of the earth in the image of God, with a bone furnished to make a wife. Nothing of that. He is a matter of evolution from the first forms, and where those come from I don't know, but I do believe that it all works in a mechanistic way. (Applause.)

Suppose one of you is afflicted with disease and you go to a wise doctor. What does he do? Ask you about your soul? He does if you go to a Christian Scientist, but I am speaking of a wise doctor. He doesn't say a word about it except perhaps tell you to be cheerful so your food will digest. He examines you. He tries to find the cause of your malady. If he finds it, what is it? In every single instance it is a mechanistic cause, every one, and no doctor ever finds a cause until he finds a mechanistic cause. (Applause.) Until that time he goes at your case blindly, giving you such medicines as he happens to stumble on, and sends you the bill, but he knows nothing about the disease, nothing whatever. Every solution that is made of man's conduct, every single solution that is made is a mechanistic solution, and all that we can correlate in the conduct of a man confirms the machine which converts one form of power into another form of power.

Let's see how serious it would be if I am not right in this. My friend says I have no business to ask him the question where life came from. That is a lawyer's answer. (Laugh-

ter.) You know lawyers. I have the affirmative of this case. It is enough for him to stand off and parry my blows, if any, and not let me land on him, and keep my mouth shut as to everything else. That is enough. If he could do that he'd do well. But one way to prove that my theory is wrong would be to tell us where life did come from, wouldn't it? Some of you shake your heads. That is because you are religionists. (Laughter.) You don't want to contemplate giving up your soul. You can't get rid of the idea. Your own egotism makes you believe that you are so great that some Supreme Being designated you for immortality, and you are going to live forever! (Applause.)

Now, if one did not believe in the mechanistic theory of life, he probably would believe in some other thing. Why not tell us? Why haven't we heard one single word? Why do we say, why do we hear only the statement that you don't account for life? You don't account for this, you don't account for that, and still as to anything we believe we are silent excepting to recite poetry, which isn't very good poetry at that! (Laughter.)

I think that the theory of mechanism is growing very rapidly in the world. There are only two theories that I can conceive. There may be a hundred others that no man knows about, but there are only two theories that can be conceived. Now my friend talks about vitalism. What in the dickens does he mean by vitalism? Change the word spirit to vital, and

it means nothing. There are only two theories that way back in the infinite past there happened to be matter in this universe. Now, don't any of you get too much proud flesh, as Rev. Field called it. Your soul was made by people who thought the earth was flat and the stars were right close by and about as big around as a dime. Your ideas came from that, and by people who thought that the stars were placed in the heavens for human beings to look at, nothing else. A human being was so great and so wonderful and so magnificent that everything on the earth was given into his keeping, and he alone in all the universe was endowed with an immortal soul. Now, if you want to believe it, and can, why do it. You will never get over it unless you take something for it! (Laughter.)

We know now that the earth is one of the most insignificant spots of mud in the whole untraversed universe; that there are an infinite number of suns and planets and stars that are as much bigger than the earth as we are bigger than a fly speck. We know it, and yet, we hang on to the idea that somehow or other we are going to be cheated unless we live forever!

I am not here to give you any consolation. I am not going to give you any consolation excepting this, that in a world of egotistic people who have nothing to brag about excepting their ignorance, a frame that is capable of some joy but of much pain, a life of vicissitudes whose end is death and pain, and whose constant ac-

companiment is pain, in a world of that sort it ought to be some consolation to know that you haven't got to live forever.

Why am I interested in this subject, and why should you be interested? Because, as my friend puts it, man is an inquiring animal. Can any being something like man be an inquiring animal? Oh, yes. All the animals are, and I suspect in the same sense all the plants are. You see them poking their noses into the most unheard of places, and for no reason on earth excepting curiosity as far as I can see. We can't correctly translate the actions of plants and animals. The only thing I ever saw that to my limited knowledge seemed to have free will was an electric pump I had once on a summer vacation. Every time we wanted it to go, it stopped. I couldn't think of anything except free will, and all of a sudden when we knew nothing about it, it started again? (Laughter.) Now, I suspect that there was a reason for it. I suspect there was just as much reason for it as there is for the most intelligent being, if we could find such a person, and such an action.

I think I know this—that not a thought can pass through your minds without wasting tissue. Of course, people don't waste much tissue! (Laughter) I know that. Not an emotion can move you without its cost in tissue. You can weigh the waste in tissue caused by the life and the thought of a man confined in a glass cage. You can weigh it just as you can weigh what is spent and used by a steam engine in producing steam. The law of conservation and

correlation of forces which so far seems to be supreme means that no force is lost, but that it all passes into something else, and that no force whether physical or what this moronistic world calls intellectual (moronistic was the word I used), can come without being fed, without the power and the force that it takes from your body in some form.

As far as we know and can see and understand, this is a monistic universe. It is all of one piece. The farthest star that our telescope sees is made from exactly the same material as the earth. One law rules, and it rules the living and the dead. There are no living, and there are no dead, because there is action in the dead as well as the living, simply of a different form as the decay of the body and sending forth of the gases is all one thing, and it is idle to try to separate it. (Applause.)

NEGATIVE REBUTTAL

Dr. Will Durant

CHAIRMAN WATSON: Dr. Will Durant will now close the debate with a five minute rebuttal.

DR. WILL DURANT: I doubt if the first speaker in a debate has any right to this third appearance. I have protested against it, but they have asked me to obey the Queensbury Rules, and so I should like to say (now that Mr. Darrow has no chance of answering me) that all his talk about the immortality or non-immortality of the soul is irrelevant to this debate, and I put it aside. (Applause.)

He tells me that mine is a religious conception, and that it is not a scientific conception. Words do not frighten me. What he really means, though, if he understood himself and the terms that he uses, is that my conception is not a physical conception. He supposes that the only science is physics. I wonder has he studied biology and seen the vitality of it? My conception is a biological conception, and not a physical conception, and the assumption that a conception is not scientific unless it is physical is the assumption that it is supposed to be proved tonight, and not to be taken for granted continually. Life, not a machine, is the clue to understanding the world. That

is the conception that I have given. If that is of any use to religion, very well. It is welcome to it. Anybody is welcome to that because I have simply arrived at it in an honest search for the truth, and I don't care where it leads.

He tells me that all medical causes are mechanistic. Nonsense. Has he ever heard of the germ theory of medicine? Why, the whole science of medicine today is built on Pasteur's conception that practically all diseases are caused by live organisms! (Applause.)

Let us be honest and clear-headed with ourselves. Do we treat ourselves as machines? Do we treat our friends as machines. Does Clarence Darrow treat people as machines, or as living, growing, groping, feeling personalities? I leave his life to answer that.

He tells me that life is stupid, that it is often suicidal. The insect comes toward the light. Yes, life is not infallible. It is full of errors, but that is just the point. If it is full of trials, it struggles around and through these stupidities; it dies. Even the lowest behavior is not as Mr. Darrow thinks. Let him read the latest report on the investigation of the behavior of the protozoa.

Yes, life is full of mal-adjustments, of sufferings, but what I see in it is that it ran a tremendous gamut from the amoeba to Clarence Darrow, and I do not believe that we can understand that effortful struggle of life to reach from that lowly condition to this culminating condition unless you see in it something that

could not possibly be explained in mechanical terms. And when I say vital I do not use a mystical term. Let me remind you that we are more directly aware of vitality than of any other fact in the world. If that is not a fact, nothing is. And yet, we die, which I remind you again a machine cannot do. But sometimes before we die we reproduce, and through reproduction life cheats death and passes on. We individuals are the cells of the body of life; we drop off like the epidermal cells of our hands, but the living power goes on, reaching ever higher.

Mr. Darrow wants my theory. My theory is not vitalism. I never used the word tonight, but he has chosen to put that theory into my mouth. Vitalism is the theory of Bergson, that in addition to matter and absolutely distinct from it is this thing called life which he believes can exist without matter. I disagree with all those propositions. I do not say that life exists in matter and distinct from it. I say matter is alive. I say that life and matter are one in inextricable unity, and matter is a word that describes only one side of that complicated and throbbing fact. (Applause.) I suspect that if we could get into the inside of the matter, we should have to use in order to understand it that concept of the organism and vitality which I have suggested to you. That is all.

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Why I Am an Infidel

Luther Burbank

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LUTHER BURBANK

Luther Burbank, naturalist, originator of new fruits, flowers, etc., was born in Massachusetts in 1849. He was always devoted to nature study, especially plant life, with which he early began to experiment. He moved to Santa Rosa, California, in 1875, where he conducted Burbank's Experiment Farms. He often had several thousand distinct experiments under way —even at the time of his death growing some five thousand distinct botanical specimens from all over the world. He was also a special lecturer on evolution at Leland Stanford, Jr., University. His fame as a botanist and inventor of new plant forms awakened widespread interest in plant breeding throughout the world.

In January, 1926, Luther Burbank made a declaration of agnosticism to a newspaper reporter. Although Burbank's rationalistic convictions were not by any means unknown to readers of his books, or to his friends, the publication of this interview in the newspapers created a furore of criticism throughout the country. Since it then became known generally to the public at large, the facts about Luther Burbank's agnosticism were news. In spite of criticism from the pulpits, he refused to qualify his unequivocal statements. "I am an infidel," he said.

About the middle of March Luther Burbank became ill with gastro-intestinal complications. He died April 11, 1926. Lest the "last words" of this infidel be garbled in future ages to de-

lude credulous mankind, it should be emphatically stated that Luther Burbank did not recant —even the newspaper accounts of his death made this fact clear. He remained an infidel until the last—an unbeliever, scientifically sure of himself, passing from life into darkness.

WHY I AM AN INFIDEL

Science is knowledge arranged and classified according to truth, facts and the general laws of nature. Our Dr. David Starr Jordan defines it more briefly as "organized human knowledge" or "human experience tested and set in order."

There are always at least two sides of every question which may be suggested to the human mind. Sometimes both views are correct, but far more often one is right, and according to facts and truth, the other wrong. All personal, social, moral and national success depends upon the judicious wisdom of our choices made by the aid of science. Narrow personal prejudices and feelings quite too often becloud the issue and ultimate defeat is the inevitable result.

Life as we see it around us on this planet is usually thought to be confined to man, animals and plants, those organisms which grow and reproduce their kind with more or less precision. Why should we omit crystals which grow as truly as plants and reproduce themselves quite as precisely to type, or the more primitive forms of life which are reproduced by division? Science is proving that the world is not half dead, but that every atom is all life and motion.

Life is self-expression, intricate organized polarity. The lure of happiness and the fear of pain are fundamental qualities possessed by all living things and are the two forces which have through untold millenniums kept what

we usually call life from destruction by the ever encroaching outside forces of destruction. Life is heredity plus environment. At birth of a plant, animal or man, heredity has already been fixed. Environment may now call into action only those tendencies which have been experienced in the age long past, yet may recombine and intensify them in a most surprising way. Such a modification is limited, generally, to the individual, but may, if repeated generation after generation, by slow increments at last become fixed and available in the species.

Assimilation and reproduction are, and, of course, must be fundamental and universal. The power of adaptation to various conditions which beset all life may also be considered as fundamental for the continuation of any species. All these various powers of adaptation have to be acquired individually and repeated indefinitely until so fixed in the life stream that they are reproduced. *Repetition* is the means of impressing any quality or character in animal life or in man and by just the same means plants are impressed, and their qualities and habits changed as we desire. All life depends upon a series of selections and repetitions.

The first faint glimmerings of choice may be seen in the polarity of the magnet, next we see it perhaps in plants and the more primitive forms of life, and as we mount higher and higher in the scale of life there is more and more freedom of choice and less dependence upon heredity.

Ancient tribes and nations had many gods, often one for almost every phenomenon of nature. The Hebrews have the credit of inventing the conception of our monotheistic Jewish-Christian God, who however is represented as having most of the weaknesses and bad habits of primitive man; this was a step in the path of evolution toward man's present conception of God; the God within us is the only available God we know and the clear light of science teaches us that we must be our own saviors, if we are to be found worth saving; in other words, to depend upon the "kingdom within." The manhood and womanhood which would make the most of life in *service* to others is a sublimated form of the best of self which leads the way to a long lifetime of usefulness, happiness, health and peace.

There are without doubt some human beings in every nation, who, according to our present standards of civilization are truly civilized, but grave doubts may be entertained as to any community or any nation who could in any way measure up even to this standard scale of life, where we find more and more *freedom*, but even man today is far from free. Slaves yet to war, crime and ignorance—the only "unpardonable sin." Slaves to unnumbered ancient "taboos," superstitions, prejudices and fallacies, which one by one are slowly but surely weakening under the clear light of the morning of science; the savior of mankind. Science which has opened our eyes to the vastness of the universe and given us light, truth and freedom from fear where once was darkness, ignorance

and superstition. There is no personal salvation, there is no national salvation, except through science. There are too few who exploit the inexhaustible forces of nature and far too many who exploit their fellow beings. Useless waste and unnecessary parasitism take at least nine-tenths of the productive capacity of the United States.

Will the growing intelligence of man (Science) forever tolerate the wholesale production of the ever-increasing proportion of idiots, morons, Mongoloids, insane, criminal, weak, destitute, nervous, diseased half men and women who infest the earth to their own sorrow and disgrace and perhaps the ultimate destruction of our present state of civilization? A knowledge of the fundamental laws of nature, not inefficient palliatives, is the *first* step. Is there a problem equal to the building of a better humanity? Our lives as we live them are passed on to others, whether in physical or mental forms tinging all future lives forever. This should be enough for one who lives for truth and service to his fellow passengers on the way. No avenging Jewish God, no satanic Devil, no fiery hell is of any interest to him. The scientist is a lover of truth for the very love of truth itself, wherever it may lead. Every normal human being has ideals, one or many, to look up to, reach up to, to grow up to. Religion refers to the sentiments and feelings; science refers to the demonstrated everyday laws of Nature. Feelings are all right, if one does not get drunk on them. Prayer may be elevating if combined

with works, and they who labor with head, hands or feet have faith and are generally quite sure of an immediate and favorable reply.

Those who take refuge behind theological barbed wire fences, quite often wish they could have more freedom of thought, but fear the change to the great ocean of scientific truth as they would a cold bath plunge.

Mr. Bryan was an honored personal friend of mine, yet this need not prevent the observation that the skull with which Nature endowed him visibly approached the Neanderthal type. Feelings and the use of gesticulations and words are more according to the nature of this type than investigation and reflection.

Those who would legislate against the teaching of evolution should also legislate against gravity, electricity and the unreasonable velocity of light, and also should introduce a clause to prevent the use of the telescope, the microscope and the spectroscope or any other instrument of precision which may in the future be invented, constructed or used for the discovery of truth.

LUTHER BURBANK, INFIDEL

By Edgar Waite

I

When Luther Burbank, disciple, prophet and high priest of nature, announced himself as an infidel he loosed a shot in the hierarchy of orthodox thinking that was destined, like another shot before it, to be heard around the world.

On the morning of Friday, January 22, 1926, before Burbank's avowal of disbelief was broadcast through the press, California's gentle patriarch went about his experimental labors with the serenity of one who knows that he has harbored no evil thoughts of his fellowman and that in seventy-seven years of life he has never consciously hurt a living being.

He was the revered, kindly old gentleman of an admiring world. No voice had ever been raised against him. How could any voice be raised against a man who had done only good, who had filled the world's gardens with more beautiful flowers than they had ever known before, who in times of hunger and war had helped replenish the world's granaries by his genius, and who had given mankind meaty vegetables and gorgeous fruits such as nature, working blindly, had never before visioned?

At noon of that day the *San Francisco Bulletin*, shielding its sensational "beat" against the buccaneering plagiarisms of rival papers, rent wide its pages to make space for my copyright interview in which the famous horticulturist described himself fearlessly as an infidel, expressed disbelief in immortality, and of course scornfully dismissed Henry Ford's recently pledged adherence to a fantastic theory of reincarnation.

And before night Burbank, wrested violently from his calm nature-lore in the thriving little city of Santa Rosa, became the center of the most exciting philosophical and theological discussion of our era. Letters and telegrams began pouring in, first from nearby cities, but,

as the days passed, from an ever-widening circle that finally took in Canada, England, Germany and a score of other countries. From scientists and laymen who with Tennyson believe that "there is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds," came messages of commendation. From the orthodox clergy, and from cranks of all conditions of mental servitude, there came an avalanche of expostulation, reproof, and sibilant recrimination for the man who had had the temerity to tell what he thought in the face of established doctrine.

Ministers in Luther Burbank's own town, whose churches he had attended at times and for whose congregations he had more than once spoken on scientific subjects, winced, looked first askance, then scandalized. With wry faces religious leaders pecked at his words, outraged orators enveloped him in the gases of withering, trenchant criticism, and fanatics lashed him with biblical platitudes. Like kernels of popcorn, livid defenders of the faith, scorched by the heat of what a great man sees as Truth, jumped high into the air, and with quavering voices went into convulsions. Sententious champions of the gospel squared off to engage Burbank in Quixotic jousting, and fanatics ran amuck with anonymous threats of every dire punishment known either to God or the evil eye. One writer, addressing his protest to the newspaper that had first interviewed Burbank on the subject, consigned the plant wizard to no less a tropical climate than hell itself, where it was promised he would meet Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge.

And for many days thereafter, the furore, drawing fuel into the vortex with tentacles that encircled the earth, continued unabated. Rather was it marked with increased intensity, for many things were happening after that first interview was published.

But through all the fury and the flailing of a fetid atmosphere Burbank himself remained unperturbed. The Women's Christian Temperance Union in Santa Rosa, of which he was an honorary life member, held a meeting of prayer (which only ten women attended!) for the misguided scientist—a meeting that became not so much a time of prayer as an indignation council—yet Burbank refused either to have his soul saved or to recant. They could pillory him for the leering stares of a morbid public. They could burn him, figuratively, at the stake. They could unroll eternal thunder to peal out threats of everlasting damnation, but Burbank remained inflexible on his original platform.

From the outset the storm that blew so suddenly to rattle the holy eucharist became a battle of the dictionary.

Burbank had said he was an infidel. Self-constituted apologists, as represented by the newspapers that had missed the story and by zealous ecclesiastics, insisted at once that Burbank had been misunderstood, that he had meant agnostic or something else less offensively noxious than infidel. Churchmen and newspapermen invaded Burbank's home grounds in hordes, all apparently bent on the determination to substitute a less inflammatory word.

But Burbank evidently had consulted the dictionary before employing the word "infidel" in the first place, or in any event he peeked into its confiding pages after the first storm clouds began to break.

He had found that an agnostic is one who professes ignorance as to the beginning of things and the power behind them. He had found that an atheist is one who denies the existence of God. And he had found, in *Webster's New International Dictionary* that an infidel is:

1. In respect to a given religion, one who is an unbeliever; a disbeliever; especially a non-Christian or one opposing the truth or authoritativeness of the Christian Church.
2. One who does not believe (in something understood or implied).

Thus the harried, lovable old man, met his well-wishers with unflinching eye, and was able to say: "I am an infidel. I know what an infidel is, and that's what I am."

I heard these words with keen relish, for doubtless it would have gone hard with me had Burbank squirmed out of an unpleasant situation by declaring what so many wanted him to declare—that he had been misquoted, that his sentiments had been garbled and distorted as the words and deeds of Christ himself.

II

I had been sent to Santa Rosa to quiz Burbank as to his theories on immortality and reincarnation. Burbank had that day been quoted

in a brief dispatch as disputing the theory of his old friend, Henry Ford, that we return to earth after death to live again in some other form—perhaps a maple tree or a fox terrier.

"All right," said the managing editor, "Burbank has told us what he doesn't believe. Now it's your job to have him tell us what he does believe."

Burbank answered the question first by an epigram, and he asked that the interview begin with the thought it contained.

"Most people's religion," he said, "is what they would like to believe, not what they do believe. And very few of them stop to examine its foundations."

Then, going on to tell why he does not believe in a resurrection: "The universe is not big enough to contain perpetually all the human souls and the other living beings that have been here for their short spans. A theory of personal resurrection or reincarnation of the individual is untenable when we but pause to consider the magnitude of the idea. On the contrary, I must believe that rather than the survival of all, we must look for survival only in the spirit of the good we have done in passing through. This is as feasible and credible as Henry Ford's own practice of discarding the old models of his automobile. When obsolete, an automobile is thrown in the scrap heap. Once here and gone, the human life has likewise served its purpose. If it has been a good life, it has been sufficient. There is no need for another."

The scientist, who thus took exception to theories of a man whom he had but recently described as "one of the living geniuses who can truly typify our age," then went on to his adopted principle, true in his plant world as in human life, that there is no repetition in nature.

"The theory of reincarnation," he said, "comes, like all other religious theories, from the best qualities in human nature, even if in this as in the others its adherents sometimes fail to carry out the tenets in their lives.

"Religion grows with the intelligence of man, but all religions of the past and probably all of the future will sooner or later become petrified forms instead of living helps to mankind. Until that time comes, however, if religion of any name or nature makes man more happy, comfortable, and able to live peaceably with his brothers, it is good.

"But as a scientist I cannot help feeling that all religions are on a tottering foundation. None is perfect or inspired. As for their prophets, there are as many today as ever before, only now science refuses to let them overstep the bounds of common sense.

"The idea that a good God would send people to a burning hell is utterly damnable to me. I don't want to have anything to do with such a God. But while I cannot conceive of such a God, I do recognize the existence of a great universal power—a power which we cannot even begin to comprehend and might as well not attempt to. It may be a conscious mind, or it may not. I don't know. As a scientist I should

like to know, but as a man I am not so vitally concerned.

"As for Christ—well, he has been most outrageously belied. His followers, like those of many scientists and literary men, have so garbled his words and conduct that many of them no longer apply to present life. Christ was a wonderful psychologist. He was an infidel of his day because he rebelled against the prevailing religions and government. I am a lover of Christ as a man, and his work and all things that help humanity, but nevertheless just as he was an infidel then, I am an infidel today."

There it is, the hated word buried deep in the philosophical folds of a few candid remarks to a reporter. But let us go on:

"I do not believe what has been served to me to believe. I am a doubter, a questioner, a skeptic.

"However, when it can be proved to me that there is immortality, that there is resurrection beyond the gates of death, then will I believe. Until then, no."

One might think that these words would be accepted as the reasoned thoughts of a sane man. But in this age of bigotry they were not accepted. Burbank would have been the last man concerned to object to a calm, rational refutation of his views.

Instead of any such well ordered rebuttal, those of narrow vision and intolerant hatred for free thinking sought to crucify him with stinging words.

III

So it becomes necessary for me (since I have talked with Burbank many times on many subjects) to tell more about him as a man and as a thinker in order that the hysterical clamor that rent the air may not be accepted for more than its face value.

Burbank studied life at its fountain head—in the marvelous little buds and shoots and leaves that burgeon forth each spring to fill us anew with the awe for nature. He was a naturalist, no less than Thoreau. Nature was his teacher and he recognized her as a symbolism of that mysterious power which he was willing to have called God but which suited him as well if it was called merely Force. He saw nature, with Goethe, as the living, visible garment of that same mysterious power—God or Force, and faith in nature won him the eminent place he occupied in the world.

Why, then, did he lack faith in the accepted doctrines of religion? Why did he see all religions on a tottering foundation? Because religions are based on a promise of immortality, and a threat of divine punishment for sin—two things to which this nature man could not reconcile himself.

For the hope of immortality, he believed, is the refuge of cowards, and he could appropriately quote the Bible itself in pointing out that the commonly accepted faith is merely the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen but for which puny man, striv-

ing selfishly to improve his position, to increase his goods, always reaches out a grasping hand. Voltaire pictured faith as "deferential credulity." Burbank saw that incredulity may rob us of our smug complacence, but in recompense gives us a sense of sincerity in our efforts to arrive at the truth. The philosophy of the infidel, he knew, may not be the philosophy best suited to the masses, held in subjection by a tempting promise of good things to come, but to the thinker who wishes to tear aside the veil of false promises this philosophy must, after all, be the only acceptable one.

All this having been true to Burbank, if I caught his thought correctly, the great scientist's tolerant, yet withal inflexible, attitude toward those who were disparaging and excoriating him is entirely understandable.

When the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Santa Rosa called its meeting to pray for Burbank, he only smiled, as much as to say that prayer at least was harmless, even if it couldn't do any good.

Burbank had been a contributor to and a member of the organization for many years because he believed in its efforts toward bringing about prohibition. But he was not in the least perturbed when the very woman who had proposed him as an honorary life member five years ago joined in the call to save his soul. This call concluded with the following paragraph:

"All mothers and women who believe that irreparable injuries have been done to the cause of religion by the utterances of Luther

Burbank, and who believe in the efficacy of prayer, are invited to join together for a season of prayer for Luther Burbank that his eyes may be opened and our youth may not be led astray from the religion of their fathers."

The meeting was not so well attended as was to be expected. Only ten women of Santa Rosa, where Burbank had developed practically all the marvels of the fruit, vegetable and grain worlds for which his name has become known throughout the nations of the globe, turned out to lift their eyes in solemn supplication that his soul might be redeemed, that he might be forgiven for his blasphemy.

But in some inexplicable manner their prayers seem to have been unanswered. For Burbank continued to smile urbanely—and he stuck to his guns.

On the other hand, Mrs. Burbank, the scientist's young wife, flashed defiance. In announcing that she and her celebrated husband had declined invitations to attend the meeting, she said of her fellow townsmen:

"It is simply an effort by the people of Main Street to get a little publicity. If these misguided, impertinent people would confine their activities to persons of their own caliber they would be much more logical and perhaps accomplish some good. It is all quite in line with the efforts frequently made to get rain by praying for it."

And then, further to complicate an already vexed situation, Burbank accepted an invitation to speak from the pulpit of the First Con-

gregational Church in San Francisco. He had been so invited some time previously by the Rev. James L. Gordon, a modernist type of minister who leans more to the sensational and to the attractions of immediate public interest than toward the old-fashioned, conservative line of church programs. Now, with the discussion of immortality, resurrection and infidelism at the boiling point throughout the country, but particularly in California because its centrally distributing element was located here, Burbank philosophically consented to address the fashionable San Francisco congregation on his beliefs in divinity and eternity.

The church, of course, was crowded to the vestibule. Hundreds stood outside hoping to get in long after the doors were closed, and then stood an hour or more longer to see the white-haired infidel come forth from the church, where he had explained simply why he could not accept many of the commonly accepted beliefs.

It was a trying situation, no doubt—both for Burbank and for Dr. Gordon—but a congregation that had assembled in the huge stone edifice, forewarned of what it would hear, did not march out in indignant protest at Burbank's sacrilege, but stayed to hear him out in respectful silence, then left, some of them perhaps with the feeling that they had enjoyed a most entertaining hour.

But even that did not close the incident, although Burbank expressed hope, not without fervor, that the matter might be allowed to drop and he be allowed to get back to his work.

Letters continued to stream in from all points of the compass—538 of them in a single day, with the temperature steadily mounting. In all this febrile rush of things, however, the scientist was not too busy to write a reassuring letter to his newspaper friend, who in the midst of the furore had sent him a solicitous note expressing hope that his story and its reaction would not forever deprive Burbank of a zest for living.

"To be sure," the scientist wrote, "I have had my hands full the last few days, as I am receiving some five hundred or more letters a day, but the publication of our interview made my life happy, not miserable."

And then, doubtless with a mischievous sparkle in his eyes, he returned with sardonic glee to the word around which the whole controversy has ranged, subjoining, "*Faith*fully yours, Luther Burbank."

IV

In the meantime, the orthodox clergy of California joined with that of other sections in soundly berating Burbank for being so courageous as to voice his views.

Said the Rev. Fred A. Keast of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Santa Rosa, where Burbank had attended services sporadically: "Mr. Burbank, in a time when the youth of the land are jazz crazed and breaking away in large numbers from religious teachings, has voiced foolish utterances." And he went on, according to press dispatches, to score Burbank as an uneducated man.

Whereat the latter replied: "Although I went to college as a youth, I never considered it necessary to steep oneself in academic learning in order to learn how to think. I welcome a fair and square, open and above-board fight on any subject, including this, but I despise a man who sneaks around under a cloak or cover of any society or clique to strike his blows."

Said the Rev. E. E. Ingram, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Santa Rosa: "If words can be made to mean anything that one wants them to mean, we are bordering on linguistic anarchy. I regard Mr. Burbank's statement as most unfortunate and not worthy either of Mr. Burbank's head or heart. Mr. Burbank does not seem to know the meaning of the words and terms he used."

But Burbank merely smiled, pointing his finger suggestively toward the dictionary, and replied: "I said I am an infidel in the true sense of that word. Look it up, if you don't believe it."

In addition to these critics, others presented themselves from near and far. One suggested kindly that "the gardener should stick to his cabbages," another that "the cobbler should stick to his last."

Archbishop Edward J. Hanna of San Francisco, who was mentioned in press dispatches from Rome as a likely candidate to be elevated to the rank of cardinal, entered into a lengthy dissertation to prove that there is a God—a premise, or conclusion, as you will, that Burbank never denied. He merely said that for all of him the power called God might just as well

be called Allah, Force, or by any other name deemed fitting.

On this point he elucidated further: "I believe in a supreme ruler of the universe, no matter what name one applies to it. The chief trouble with religion has been too much dependence upon names or words. People fail to discriminate. They do not think. Generally people who think for themselves, instead of thinking according to the rules laid down by others, are considered unfaithful to the established order. In that respect I, too, differ with the established order and established designations."

Nor did Burbank stand alone in his fearless tearing away of old veils.

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University, had this to say: "The great accomplishment of science has been to place much of superstition in the discard. Science deals with ascertainable facts. Religion goes farther than science in that it deals with personality and persons. The great difficulties that science has had with religion have come largely from the fact that there has always been a strongly dogmatic quality in organized religion. A race grows with accumulated experience, just as does a child, and with a racial growth there come new conceptions of religion. There is evolution in religion and religious thought that is as evident as the evolutionary processes in other phases of the world."

Of the western ministers; only one, Rabbi Jacob Nieto, spoke up in partial defense of Burbank's views. "While not going so far as to

say that religion today is on a tottering foundation," he told interviewers, "I do believe that it is in a state of transition and that Tom Paine's 'age of reason' is dawning upon the world. If Mr. Burbank meant that he is an agnostic rather than an infidel I can understand his position, for neither do I believe everything that is told me. It is true that the Bible has been edited and re-edited many times, in each case to suit the spirit of its particular age and occasion, but I would not say that Christ's words have been garbled. As to immortality, let us remember the verse in Ecclesiastes: 'Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.'"

V

The battle of the dictionary, and, for that matter, the eternal battle of the ages—almost as old as the battle of the sexes—continued to ebb and flow.

Burbank, rising as ever at six o'clock and putting in a hard day's work in his experimental gardens fifty miles from San Francisco, lent a not too attentive ear to the conflict, going on serenely about his labors, his conscience clear, his mind keenly alert, but willing to wait for Death itself to show whether there is anything beyond. Burbank knew that the reason of weak men staggers before the thought of immortality, and that through appetite for it "imagination folds her weary pinions."

As for himself, let the curtains draw aside

when they might. He knew he would continue to believe that Christ was but a man, and that when we quit this life we lie down to rise no more.

Nor had he any apologies to make for his heresy. If anyone asked him, there were always the words of Carlyle:

> Pin thy faith to no man's sleeve.
> Hast thou not two eyes of thy own?

LUTHER BURBANK SPEAKS OUT

By Joseph McCabe

There were two Pillars of Hercules in the United States whom I wished to see. Thomas A. Edison towers on the eastern coast, but I had to rush through New York and could not stay for my friend to present me. In San Francisco I had the—for so restless a wanderer—unusually long stay of six days, when the imperious voice of E. Haldeman-Julius, vibrating over the wires, roused me from my slumbers and bade me seek the shrine of Santa Rosa. I responded with alacrity. No, that is not poetry. I rose at 7 a. m. For me that is deadly prose.

And prosy was the journey of fifty miles to see the great master of practical science. The Golden Gate was of ancient lead. The hills were sullen. A gray-blue haze screened the fair maid California. She was just recovering, maid-like, from a prolonged fit of weeping, and seemed cold even to the amorous sun, though the stately palms and rich green oranges bore witness to the warm blood pulsing in the heavy

bosom, and the soft sibilants of the Spanish names suggested saints and sinners. San Rafael, San Anselmo, and so on. We have wiped out these superstitions, of course. Now we have St. Riley and St. Straton. Well, Anselmo was at least a conscientious scholar in his time, and Rafael, if tradition be worth aught, was a comely youth. But these modern saints and sages. . . .

We are in Santa Rosa and this is the house of the man who did as much as any to impress on the world the beneficent power of science. He added billions to the wealth of the world, but this is no marble palace softly gleaming through the palms and cypresses. A very plain house, and a very pretty maid looks at me cynically through the mosquito-net door. She is used to visitors, and does not trouble to unfasten the door.

"Is Mr. Burbank in?"

"Yes, he is in," she says, and she does not add in words, "And you are out." Even the dog is hostile, silently disdainful. "Another old fool trying to see the master," it insinuates. But my card throws down all defense and a moment later I am shaking (very gently) the rather limp hand of the man I would have gone far to see.

Pathetically he points to a pile of opened letters, ankle-deep, on the floor. "Today's crop," he says. A smaller pile lies on the desk and must be answered. We must hurry, though there is no mistaking his genuine pleasure to see me.

"Well, what about this recent misconduct of yours?" I ask, sternly.

Candidly he is puzzled, and I have to tell him that the world is shocked or elated, according to the length of its hair, at his recent pronouncement on the future life—I mean, on the absence of a future life. Henry Ford, his friend, had recently declared his belief, not only in incarnation, but in reincarnation. Henry always does things big, and, incidentally, it is always the people who know most about *machines*—Kelvin, Lodge, Faraday, Ford—who talk most about *spirit*. Psychologists and biologists, who ought to know, are very shy of spirits.

However, Burbank was asked what he thought about the matter, and he did not speak in parables. We no more survive, he said, to the representative of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, than does the automobile you fling on the scrap-heap. Those are his words. We survive only in "the good we have done in passing through." Souls? Why, said Burbank, "the universe is not big enough to contain perpetually all the human souls and the other living beings that have been here for their short span." Very comforting to some people, these religions, he said, but "as a scientist I cannot help feeling that all religions are on a tottering foundation." God? Well, there is "a great universal power," but whether it is "a conscious mind" or not, Luther Burbank did not know. What is worse, he did not care. "As a scientist I should like to know, but as a man I am

not so vitally concerned." No wonder California, the land of saints and angels, wept.

Not much to be added to, or explained, in that," Mr. Burbank said to me, smiling. He disliked talking. Looking rather frail, pale and artistic—he somehow reminded me at once of my good friend Eden Phillpotts, the most artistic of living writers after D'Annunzio—he seemed born to finger a brush or a pen, not a spade. Artist he was, of course: the great artist of modern science. He *worked* with its flower. He did not speculate about it.

"There is nothing at all new in this interview," he said. I had, of course, read his *Training of the Human Plant*, and had for that enshrined him in my *Dictionary of Modern Rationalists*, but, on the rare occasions when he does speak in public, he speaks out in a way that goes far to redeem the credit of American science. "Here," he said to me, "you have the sentiments I lately expressed *in the pulpit of a chapel* at Santa Rosa."

It was just the same outspoken denunciation of theology. "No avenging Jewish God, no Satanic devil, no fiery hell, is of any interest to me," he said. Jesus? He liked the literary figure, but "the clear light of science teaches us that we must be our own saviors." God? "The God within us is the only available God we know." We must come out from "behind theological barbed-wire fences," into "the great ocean of scientific truth." "Science, unlike theology, never leads to insanity." The word "ceremony," he pungently said, "is derived from "cerements" or "grave clothes." Very topical,

in a chapel. Religion is a matter of feeling, and "feelings are all right if one does not get drunk on them." "Obsolete misleading theologies," he said, "bear the same relation to the essence of true religion that scarlet fever, mumps, and measles do to education." But what will become of the children? If there was one thing Burbank was zealous about it was the training of children, and children are, he said, "the greatest sufferers from outgrown theologies."

No, there is not much to add to that. Luther II threw his ink-pot at the devil—the parson—with a vigor that surprises when one recalls the fleshy physique of the first Luther, and contrasts it with the gentleness and silver hair of the second. But he is as disgusted as I at the "timidity" of his brother scientists in America. I explain, almost apologetically, that I have entitled an article "The Cowardice of American Scientists."

"Quite right," he says. "And it is not only cowardice, but wrong tactics. What is the use of assuring Fundamentalists that science is compatible with religion. They retort at once, 'Certainly not with our religion.'"

Burbank uses the word religion, but it is never misleading. It is, he says, "justice, love, truth, peace and harmony, a serene unity with science and the laws of the universe." It is idealism, and there is not the slightest countenance of any sort of theology in Burbank's use of the word.

I remind him that Dr. David Starr Jordan is

popularly supposed to have hinted that his friend went too far.

"Not in the least," he says disdainfully. "Jordan is one of my best friends, and thinks as I do."

And, in fact, though the language is a little more diplomatic, Jordan's pronouncement is, substantially, Agnosticism. Mr. Burbank did not believe in knocking a man down when it is not good for him to stand up. He provided a chair. Dr. David Starr Jordan is inclined to provide a feather bed. There *are* physicians who think a wooden chair the most healthful seat. Anyhow, there is no Millikanism or Osbornism about either of these two fine American gentlemen.

"Bryan—a great friend of mine, by the way—had a Neanderthal type of head," Burbank says. "As to Riley, he has not even the oratorical skill of Bryan. The whole movement is based on the poor whites of the south."

I remind him of the ten million religious colored people of the United States.

"Yes, another big element in the movement," he assents. "And to think of this great country in danger of being dominated by people ignorant enough to take a few ancient Babylonian legends as the canons of modern culture. Our scientific men are paying for their failure to speak out earlier. There is no use now talking evolution to these people. Their ears are stuffed with Genesis."

I almost felt at times as though I were talking to Darwin, and I expected some deprecation of my vigor and lack of diplomacy, such as Dar-

win used gently to administer to Haeckel. Not a bit. I took courage and remarked that Fundamentalism must be fought "with both fists."

"Of course it must," he said, "and our scientific men must be criticized boldly. They will not feel comfortable when you and I are through with them."

He spoke with envy of the Rationalist Press of England and its honorable company of distinguished men of science and letters. I told him that I am to do a bigger work in America than I have ever done in England. "Mr. Haldeman-Julius," I began. . . .

"Doing splendid work," he said. "Can we have some of these Little Blue Books to help in the work?"

He lighted up with enthusiasm when I described the plan which Mr. Haldeman-Julius and I have hatched—fifty Little Blue Books covering the entire ground of religious controversy and inquiry, systematically and courteously, but firmly and inexorably.

"That will be magnificent help," he said. "And let us have some of the Big Blue Books too."

I explained that some of the latter are already in circulation and more of a Rationalist nature will come. The old man was visibly delighted. Almost alone in his scientific world he outspokenly disdained creeds and ceremonies. Undermining ancient dogmas is not enough. The people, who begin to see the power of science, must know what men of science, with their trained minds and their grasp of realities, think about man and the universe.

So out I went, to continue my mission in California, with the hearty "good-speed" of this wonderful man. Santa Rosa, nay California, is proud of him, and there must be some temptation to avoid friction. What, no danger in California? Why, here in a suburb of San Francisco I hear of an audience of five thousand Fundamentalists rocking with laughter at some of the elementary truths of science. Even the educated run after iridescent verbiage and shun facts. Hindu word-spinners dig gold here.

As I sped away my eye caught a board in a field by the road: "Jesus is the way, the truth and the life," it said. This after 1900 years experimental verification of his efficacy! And in the heart of California, where Luther Burbank showed that the only way and truth and life is science. All honor to him that he did not leave it to such obtuse minds to "draw their own conclusions," as so many do. "Science is the only savior," he said to people. He said it in church one memorable day.

"I very rarely speak in public, and, curiously, my two addresses are in churches," he said, eyeing me, I thought, apprehensively.

"I know no better place to say such things," I retorted, and I thought sadly of the very different things which American men of science had recently been saying in the churches of Kansas City during the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

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The Republic of Plato

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THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO.

(The editor of this compendium of the Republic of Plato acknowledges his indebtedness to the analysis and notes compiled by John L. Davies and David J. Vaughan, Trinity College, Cambridge, England.)

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO

The Republic of Plato is written in the form of a dialogue. The persons who take part in the conversations are Socrates, Cephalus, Polemarchus the son of Cephalus, Glaucon and Adeimantus, brothers of Plato, and Thrasymachus.

Socrates and Glaucon, having gone down to the Piraeus to attend the festival in honor of the Thracian goddess Bendis, fall in with Polemarchus, Adeimantus, Niceratus, and some other friends, who persuade them to proceed to the house of Cephalus. There a conversation upon the subject of old age, its faults and trials, carried on between Cephalus and Socrates, finally introduces the question, What is Justice? At this Cephalus retires, leaving Polemarchus and Socrates to continue the discussion.

Polemarchus begins by propounding a definition of justice given by Simonides, who makes it consist in restoring to everybody what is due to him. The question, then, is what did Simonides mean by the term "due?" Apparently he meant little more than "appropriate"; for, according to him, the nature of the debt depends upon the nature of the relation existing between the two parties; so that, in reality, he makes justice consist in doing good to our friends, and harm to our enemies.

Socrates then asks Polemarchus to define the terms "friends"; and when the latter replies

that our friends are those whom we regard as good and honest men, Socrates shows that, as we are constantly liable to misjudge the characters of people, we must maintain either that it is just to injure the good, which is an immoral doctrine; or else that it is occasionally just to injure our friends, which directly contradicts the doctrine of Simonides. To escape from this dilemma Polemarchus shifts his ground, and states the theory of Simonides thus: It is just to help our friends if they are good men, and to injure our enemies if they are bad men.

The conversation proceeds:

Socrates: Must we restore to our enemies whatever happens to be due to them?

Polemarchus: Yes, no doubt—what is due to them; and the debt of enemy to enemy is, I imagine, harm; because harm is at the same time appropriate to such a relation.

Socrates: So then it would seem that Simonides, after the manner of poets, employed a riddle to describe the nature of justice; for apparently he thought that justice consisted in rendering to each man that which is appropriate to him, which he called his due. But here let me entreat you to give me your opinion. Suppose that consequently some one had asked him the following question: "That being the case, Simonides, what due and appropriate thing is rendered by the art called medicine, and what are the recipients?" What answer do you think he would have returned us?

Polemarchus: Obviously he would have said that bodies are the recipient, and drugs, meats, and drinks the things rendered.

Socrates: And what due and appropriate thing is rendered by the art called cookery, and what are the recipients?

Polemarchus: Seasoning is the thing rendered; dishes are the recipients.

Socrates: Good; then what is the thing rendered by the art that we are to call justice, and who are the recipients?

Polemarchus: If we are to be at all guided by our previous statements, Socrates, assistance and harm are the things rendered, friends and enemies the recipients.

Socrates: Then, by justice, Simonides means doing good to our friends, and harm to our enemies, does he?

Polemarchus: I think so.

In reply to this, Socrates, arguing from analogy, shows that to injure a man is tan tamount to making him less virtuous, and therefore less just. But how can a just man, by the exercise of his justice, render the character of another less just than it was? The idea is preposterous. Therefore, the definition of Simonides, as amended by Polemarchus, is again proved to be incorrect.

Socrates: Now is it the act of a just man to hurt anybody?

Polemarchus: Certainly it is; that is to say, it is his duty to hurt those who are both wicked, and enemies of his.

Socrates: Are horses made better, or worse, by being hurt?

Polemarchus: Worse.

Socrates: Worse with reference to the excellence of dogs, or that of horses?

Polemarchus: That of horses.

Socrates: Are dogs in the same way made worse by being hurt, with reference to the excellence of dogs, and not of horses?

Polemarchus: Unquestionably they are.

Socrates: And must we not, on the same principle, assert, my friend, that men, by being hurt, are lowered in the scale of human excellence?

Polemarchus: Indeed we must.

Socrates: But is not justice a human excellence?

Polemarchus: Undoubtedly it is.

Socrates: And therefore, my friend, those men who are hurt must needs be rendered less just.

Polemarchus: So it would seem.

Socrates: Can musicians, by the art of music, make men unmusical?

Polemarchus: They cannot.

Socrates: Can riding-masters, by the art of riding, make men bad riders?

Polemarchus: No.

Socrates: But if so, can the just by justice make men unjust? In short, can the good by goodness make men bad?

Polemarchus: No, it is impossible.

Socrates: True; for, if I am not mistaken, it is the property, not of warmth, but of its opposite, to make things cold.

Polemarchus: Yes.

Socrates: And it is the property, not of drought, but of its opposite, to make things wet.

Polemarchus: Certainly.

Socrates: Then it is the property, not of good, but of its opposite, to hurt.

Polemarchus: Apparently it is.

Socrates: Well, is the just man good?

Polemarchus: Certainly he is.

Socrates: Then, Polemarchus, it is the property, not of the just man, but of his opposite, the unjust man, to hurt either friend or any creature.

Polemarchus: You seem to me to be perfectly right, Socrates.

Socrates: Hence, if anyone asserts that it is just to render to every man his due, and if he understands by this that what is due on the part of the just man is injury to his enemies and assistance to his friends, the assertion is that of an unwise man. For the doctrine is untrue; because we have discovered that, in no instance, is it just to injure anybody.

Hereupon Thrasymachus thrusts himself into the discussion, and, after some hesitation, defines justice as "the interest of the stronger." He supports his definition by the following argument: In every state it is considered unjust to violate the laws; the laws are framed to serve the interests of the government; and the government is stronger than its subjects; therefore, universally, justice is in the interest of the stronger, or might is right.

But, urges Socrates, a government becomes tyrannical; its laws become oppressive to the masses; and, according to the views of Thrasymachus, justice would require the subject in every instance to obey the laws of the ruling class.

To avoid this conclusion, Thrasymachus

argues that a ruler, in so far as he is a ruler, cannot be said to do wrong; therefore justice always commands the subject to be loyal to the rulers.

Socrates, in reply, demonstrates that every art, and therefore, among others, the art of government, should consult the interests, not of the artist or superior, but of the subject and inferior.

Thrasymachus then turns the discourse by declaring that a ruler treats his subjects just like the shepherd who fattens his flock for his own private advantage; and that justice, practiced by the ruling class, becomes the most lucrative course that it can adopt.

Socrates contradicts the assertion that the shepherd should fatten his flock only for his own private benefit; the shepherd, in so far as he is a shepherd, should simply consider the good of his sheep. Further, why should a ruler expect to be paid for his work, except on the supposition that the benefits of his rulership accrue, not to himself, but to the community? Indeed, strictly speaking, says Socrates, every artist is really remunerated, not by money only, but by what he terms "the art of wages." He then proceeds to show that injustice in any form tends to produce strife and diversion, while justice alone induces harmony and concord; that injustice always destroys all capacity for co-operative action in both states and individuals, and therefore is an element of weakness, and not of strength.

Finally Socrates endeavors to show that the soul, like the eye, and the ear, and every other thing, has a work or function to perform, and possesses a virtue by which alone it can be enabled to perform that work. This virtue

of the soul is justice; and without justice the work of the soul of man cannot be performed; and the soul itself cannot progress or be happy. Hence only the just man is happy, while the unjust is miserable; therefore only justice is profitable; so Socrates asks:

Are the rulers infallible in each several city, or are they liable to make a few mistakes?

Thrasymachus: No doubt they are liable to make mistakes.

Socrates: And therefore, when they undertake to frame laws, is their work sometimes rightly, and sometimes wrongly done?

Thrasymachus: I should suppose so.

Socrates: Do "rightly" and "wrongly" mean, respectively, legislation for, and against their own interests? or how do you state it?

Thrasymachus: Just as you do.

Socrates: And do you maintain that whatever has been enacted by the rulers must be obeyed by their subjects, and that this is justice?

Thrasymachus: Unquestionably I do.

Socrates: Then, according to your argument, it is not only just to do what makes for the interest of the stronger, but also to do what runs counter to his interest—in other words, the opposite of the former.

Thrasymachus: What are you saying?

Socrates: What you say, I believe. But let us examine the point more thoroughly. Has it not been admitted that, when the rulers enjoin certain acts upon their subjects, they are sometimes thoroughly mistaken as to what is best for themselves; and that, whatever is

enjoyed by them, it is just for their subjects to obey?

Socrates, having obtained the admission that the virtue of the soul must be justice, continues:

Come, then, consider this point next: Has the soul any function which could not be executed by means of anything else whatsoever? For example, could we in justice assign superintendence and government, deliberation and the like, to anything but the soul, or should we pronounce them to be peculiar to it?

Thrasymachus: We could ascribe them to nothing else.

Socrates: Again, shall we declare life to be a function of the soul?

Thrasymachus: Decidedly.

Socrates: Do we not also maintain that the soul has a virtue?

Thrasymachus: We do.

Socrates: Then can it ever so happen, Thrasymachus, that the soul will perform its functions well when destitute of its own peculiar virtue, or is that impossible?

Thrasymachus: Impossible.

Socrates: Then a bad soul must needs exercise authority and superintendence ill, and a good soul must do all these things well.

Thrasymachus: Unquestionably.

Socrates: Now did we not grant that justice was a virtue of the soul, and injustice a vice?

Thrasymachus: We did.

Socrates: Consequently the just soul and the just man will live well, and the unjust man ill?

Thrasymachus: Apparently, according to your argument.

Socrates: And you will allow that he who lives well is blessed and happy, and that he who lives otherwise is the reverse.

Thrasymachus: Unquestionably.

Socrates: Consequently the just man is happy and the unjust man miserable.

Thrasymachus: Let us suppose them to be so.

Socrates: But surely it is not misery, but happiness, that is advantageous.

Thrasymachus: Undoubtedly.

Socrates: Never, then, my excellent Thrasymachus, is injustice more advantageous than justice.

In the second Book of the Republic of Plato, Glaucon and Adeimantus resume the place which Thrasymachus has resigned. They would gladly believe that a just life is really preferable to an unjust life; but they cannot help thinking that too much stress has been laid by the eulogists of justice upon its accidental advantages, to the neglect of its intrinsic qualities. Would not a person be quite ready to commit injustice, if he could be sure of never suffering from the injustice of other men? Is not justice a kind of compromise, brought about by the necessities of social life? Do the poets ever praise it in, and for, itself? And, assuming the existence of the gods, how do they regard the just and the unjust man? May not the sins of the latter be expiated by sacrifice; and, in that case, will he not be as happy as the just man in the next world, and is he not much happier than the just in the present life?

Socrates acknowledges the difficulty of the question, and proposes to examine the nature of justice and injustice in a wider field, and on a larger scale. May not justice be applied to a state of society, as well as to an individual? And, if so, will it not be more fully developed, and therefore more intelligible, and more conducive to universal happiness, in the state than in the individual? He proposes to trace the rise of the state; to ascertain upon what manner of foundation it is built and in that way disclose the workings of justice and injustice.

Man, isolated from his fellowmen, is not self-sufficient. Hence the origin of society, and of the state, which requires the superintendence of a number of officials, who establish the first elements of a division of labor, which becomes more complex as the members of the community increase. Thus the society comprises at first only tillers of the soil, builders, clothing makers, shoemakers. To these are soon added carpenters, smiths, shepherds, etc. Gradually a foreign trade arises, which necessitates increased production at home, in order to pay for the imported goods. Production carried on upon so large a scale will call into existence a class of distributors, shops, and a currency. Thus there grows up in the state merchants, sailors, shop-keepers, and a laboring class, that does the productive work, but receives but a small portion of the result of its labor.

A state, thus constituted, will be well supplied with the necessaries of life, if its members do not multiply too rapidly for its resources.

(This, of course, refers to a period when hand-labor was entirely relied on.)

If the state, finally, is to be supplied with luxuries, as well as with the necessities of life, it must contain cooks, confectioners, barbers, actors, dancers, poets, teachers, physicians, etc. It will also require a larger territory, which involves it in war with other states; and war calls into existence trained soldiers. This brings about a standing army, or a class that may be called Guardians.

How are these Guardians to be selected, and what qualities must they possess? They must be strong and fearless. How should they be educated? We must be very scrupulous about the substance of the stories which they are taught in childhood. Children, with rare exceptions, believe through life whatever is told them in their younger years. Nothing derogatory to the dignity of, or denial of faith in the gods must be allowed.

"Take into consideration," said Adeimantus, addressing Socrates, "another and a different mode of speaking with regard to justice and injustice, which we meet with both in common life and in the poets. All as with one mouth proclaim that to be temperate and just is an admirable thing certainly, but at the same time a hard and an irksome one; while intemperance and injustice are pleasant things and of easy acquisition, and only rendered base by law and public opinion. But they say that honesty is in general less profitable than dishonesty, and they do not hesitate to call wicked men happy, and to honor them both in public and in private, when they are rich or possess other sources of power, and on the other hand to treat with dishonor and contempt those who are in any way feeble or poor, even while they admit that the latter are better men than the former. But of all their statements the most

wonderful are those which relate to the gods and to virtue; according to which even the gods allot to many good men a calamitous and an evil life, and to men of the opposite character an opposite portion. And there are quacks and soothsayers who flock to the rich man's door, and try to persuade him that they have a power at command, which they procure from heaven, and which enables them, by sacrifices and incantations, to make amends for any crime committed either by the individual himself or by his ancestors; and that, should he desire to do a mischief to any one, it may be done at a trifling expense, whether the object of his hostility be a just or an unjust man; for they profess that by certain invocations and spells they can prevail upon the gods to do their bidding. And in support of all these assertions they produce the evidence of poets; some, to exhibit the facilities of vice, quoting the words (from Hesiod)—

"Whoso wickedness seeks, may even in masses obtain it
Easily. Smooth is the way, and short, for nigh is her dwelling.
Virtue, Heaven has ordained, shall be reached by the sweat of the forehead,"

and by a long and up-hill road; while others, to prove that the gods may be turned from their purpose by men, adduce the testimony of Homer, who has said:

"Yea, even the gods do yield to entreaty;
Therefore to them men offer both victims and meek supplications,
Incense and melting fat, and turn them from anger to mercy;
Sending up sorrowful prayers, when trespass and sin is committed."

And they produce a host of books, written by Musaeus and Orpheus, children, as they say, of Selene and of the Muses, which forms their ritual—persuading not individuals only, but whole cities also, that men may be absolved and purified from crimes, both while they are still alive and even after their decease, by means of certain sacrifices and pleasurable amusements which they call Mysteries; which deliver us from the torments of the other world, while the neglect of them is punished by an awful doom.

When views like these, he continued, my dear Socrates, are proclaimed and repeated with so much variety, concerning the honors in which virtue and vice are respectively held by gods and men, what can we suppose is the effect produced on the minds of all those young men of good natural parts who are able, after skimming like birds, as it were, over all that they hear, to draw conclusions from it, respecting the character which a man might possess, and the path in which he must walk, in order to live the best possible life? In all probability a young man would say to himself in the words of Pindar, "Shall I by justice or by crooked wiles climb to a loftier stronghold, and, having thus fenced myself about, live my life? For common opinion declares that to be just without being also thought just, is no advantage to me, but only entails manifest trouble and loss; whereas if I am unjust and get myself a name for justice, an unspeakably happy life is promised me. Very well then; since the outward semblance, as the wise inform me, overpowers the inward reality, and is the sovereign dispenser of felicity, to this I must of course wholly devote myself; I must draw round about me a picture

of virtue to serve as a frontage and exterior, but behind me I must trail the fox * * * For if we are just, we shall, it is true, escape punishment at the hands of the gods, but we renounce the profits which accrue from injustice; but if we are unjust, we shall not only make these gains, but also by putting up prayers when we transgress and sin, we shall prevail upon the gods to let us go unscathed."*

In answer to the words of Adeimantus Socrates replies:

There is something truly god-like in the state of your minds, if you are not convinced that injustice is better than justice, when you can plead its cause so well. I do believe that you really are not convinced of it. But I infer it from your general character; for judging merely from your statements I should have distrusted you; but the more I place confidence in you, the more I am perplexed how to deal with the case; for though I do not know how I am to render assistance, having learnt how unequal I am to the task from your rejection of my answer to Thrasymachus, wherein I imagined that I had demonstrated that justice is better than injustice; yet, on the other hand, I dare not refuse my assistance; because I am afraid that it might be positively sinful in me, when I hear Justice evil spoken of in my presence, to lose heart and desert her, so long as breath and utterance are left in me. My best plan, therefore, is to succor her in such fashion as I can.

At this Glaucon, together with the others requested Socrates to investigate the real n

*(The book containing this passage is lost. It does not appear in any of Pindar's extant works.)

ture of justice and injustice, as applied to both the individual and the state, and in answer to this request a conversation takes place between Socrates and Adeimantus.

Socrates: We speak of justice as residing in an individual mind, and as residing also in an entire city, do we not?

Adeimantus: Certainly we do.

Socrates: Well, a city is larger than one man.

Adeimantus: It is.

Socrates: Perhaps, then, justice may exist in larger proportions in the greater subject, and thus be easier to discover; so, if you please, let us first investigate its character in cities; afterwards let us apply the same inquiry to the individual, looking for the counterpart of the greater as it exists in the form of the less.

Adeimantus: Indeed, I think your plan is a good one.

Socrates: If then we are to trace in thought the gradual formation of a city, should we also see the growth of its justice or of its injustice?

Adeimantus: Perhaps we should.

Socrates: Then, if this were done, might we not hope to see more easily the object of our search?

Adeimantus: Yes, much more easily.

Socrates: Is it your advice, then, that we should attempt to carry out our plan? It is no trifling task, I imagine; therefore consider it well.

Adeimantus: We have considered it; yes, do so by all means.

With this, Socrates proceeds: The formation of a city is due, as I imagine, to this fact, that we are not individually independent, but have many wants. Or would you assign any other cause for the founding of cities?

Adeimantus: No, I agree with you.

Socrates: Thus it is, then, that owing to our many wants, and because each seeks the aid of others to supply his various requirements, we gather many associates and helpers into one dwelling place, and give to this joint dwelling the name of city. Is it so?

Adeimantus: Undoubtedly.

Socrates: And every one who gives or takes in exchange, whatever it be that he exchanges, does so from a belief that he is consulting his own interest.

Adeimantus: Certainly.

Socrates: Now then, let us construct our imaginary city from the beginning. It will owe its construction, it appears, to our natural wants.

Adeimantus: Unquestionably.

Socrates: Well, but the first and most pressing of all wants is that of sustenance to enable us to exist as living creatures.

Adeimantus: Most decidedly.

Socrates: Our second want would be that of a house, and our third that of clothing and the like.

Adeimantus: True.

Socrates: Then let us know what will render our city adequate to the supply of so many things. Must we not begin with a husbandman for one, and a housebuilder, and besides these a weaver? Will these suffice, or

shall we add to them a shoemaker, and perhaps one or two more of the class of people who minister to our bodily wants?

Adeimantus: By all means.

Socrates: Then the smallest possible city will consist of four or five men.

Adeimantus: So we see.

Socrates: To proceed then; ought each of these to place his own work at the disposal of the community, so that the single husbandman, for example, shall provide food for four, spending four times the amount of time and labor upon the preparation of food, and sharing it with others; or must he be regardless of them, and produce for his own consumption alone the fourth part of this quantity of food, in a fourth part of the time, spending the other three parts, one in making his house, another in procuring himself clothes, and the third in providing himself with shoes, saving himself the trouble of sharing with others, and doing his own business by himself, and for himself?

Adeimantus: Well, Socrates, perhaps the former plan is the easier of the two.

Socrates: Really, it is not improbable; for I recollect, myself, after your answer, that, in the first place, no two persons are born exactly alike, but each differs from each in natural endowments, one being suited for one occupation, and another for another. Do you not think so?

Adeimantus: I do.

Socrates: Well; when is a man likely to succeed best? When he divides his exertions among many trades, or when he devotes himself exclusively to one?

Adeimantus: When he devotes himself to one.

Socrates: Again, it is also clear, I imagine, that if a person lets the right moment for any work go by, it never returns.

Adeimantus: It is quite clear.

Socrates: For the thing to be done does not choose, I imagine, to tarry the leisure of the doer, but the doer must be at the beck of the thing to be done, and not treat it as a secondary affair.

Adeimantus: He must.

Socrates: From these considerations it follows that all things will be produced in superior quantity and quality, and with greater ease, when each man works at a single occupation in accordance with his natural gifts, and at the right moment, without meddling with anything else.

Adeimantus: Uuquestionably.

Socrates: More than four citizens, then, Adeimantus, are needed to provide the requisites which we named. For the husbandman, it appears, will not make his own plow, if it is to be a good one, nor his mattock, nor any of the other tools employed in agriculture. No more will the builder make the numerous tools which he also requires; and so of the weaver and the shoemaker.

Adeimantus: True.

Socrates: Then we shall have carpenters and smiths, and many other artisans of the kind, who will become members of our little state, and create a population.

Adeimantus: Certainly.

Socrates: Still it will not yet be very large, supposing we add neatherds and shepherds,

and the rest of that class, in order that the husbandmen may have oxen for plowing, and the house-builder, as well as the husbandmen, beasts of burden for draughts, and the weavers and shoemakers wool and leather.

Adeimantus: It will not be a small state, either, if it contains all these.

Socrates: Moreover, it is scarcely possible to plant the actual city in a place where it will have no need of imports.

Adeimantus: No, it is impossible.

Socrates: Then it will further require a new class of persons to bring from other cities all that it requires.

Adeimantus: It will.

Socrates: Well, but if the agent goes empty-handed, carrying with him none of the commodities in demand among those people from whom our state is to procure what it requires, he will also come empty-handed; will he not?

Adeimantus: I think so.

Socrates: Then it must produce at home not only enough for itself, but also articles of the right kind and quantity to accommodate those whose services it needs.

Adeimantus: It must.

Socrates: Then our city requires larger numbers both of husbandmen and other craftsmen.

Adeimantus: Yes, it does.

Socrates: Then we shall require merchants also.

Adeimantus: Certainly.

Socrates: And if the traffic is carried on by sea, there will be a further demand for a con-

siderable number of other persons skilled in the practice of navigation.

Adeimantus: A considerable number, undoubtedly.

Socrates: But now tell me; in the city itself how are they to exchange their several productions? For it was to promote this exchange, you know, that we formed the community, and so founded the state.

Adeimantus: Manifestly, by buying and selling.

Socrates: Then this will give rise to a market and a currency, for the sake of exchange.

Adeimantus: Undoubtedly.

Socrates: Suppose then that the husbandman, or one of the other craftsmen, should come with some of his produce into the market, at a time when none of those who wish to make an exchange with him are there, is he to leave his occupation and sit idle in the market-place?

Adeimantus: By no means; there are persons who, with an eye to this contingency, undertake the service required; and these in well regulated states are, generally speaking, persons of excessive physical weakness, who are of no use in other kinds of labor. Their business is to remain on the spot in the market, and give money for goods to those who want to sell, and goods for money to those who want to buy.

Socrates: This demand, then, causes a class of retail dealers to spring up in the city. For do we not give the name of retail dealers to those who station themselves in the market, to minister to buying and selling, applying the term merchants to those who go about from city to city?

Adeimantus: Exactly so.

Socrates: In addition to these, I imagine there is also another class of operatives, consisting of those whose mental qualifications do not recommend them as associates, but whose bodily strength is equal to hard labor; these, selling the use of their strength and calling the price of it hire, are thence named, I believe, hired laborers. Is it not so?

Adeimantus: Precisely.

Socrates: Then hired laborers also form, as it seems, a complementary portion of the state.

Adeimantus: I think so.

Socrates: Shall we say then, Adeimantus, that our city has at length grown to its full stature?

Adeimantus: Perhaps so.

WHERE SHALL WE FIND JUSTICE?

Socrates: Where then, I wonder, shall we find JUSTICE and INJUSTICE in it? With which of these elements that we have contemplated, has it simultaneously made its entrance?

Adeimantus: I have no notion, Socrates, unless perhaps it be discoverable somewhere in the mutual relations of these same persons.

Socrates: Well, perhaps you are right. We must investigate the matter, and not flinch from the task. Let us consider then, in the first place, what kind of life will be led by persons thus provided. I presume they will produce corn and wine, and clothes and shoes,

and build themselves houses; and in summer, no doubt, they will generally work without their coats and shoes, while in winter they will be suitably clothed and shod. And they will live, I suppose, on barley and wheat, baking cakes of the meal, and kneading loaves of the flour. And spreading these excellent cakes and loaves upon mats of straw or on clean leaves, and themselves reclining on rude beds of yew or maple-boughs, they will make merry, themselves and their children, drinking their wine, wearing garlands, and singing praises of the gods, enjoying one another's society, and not begetting children beyond their means, through a prudent fear of poverty or war.

Here Glaucon interrupted, remarking: Apparently you describe your men as feasting without anything to relish their bread.

Socrates: True, I had forgotten. Of course they will have something to relish their food; salt, no doubt, and olives and cheese, together with the country fare of boiled onions and cabbage. We shall also set before them a dessert, I imagine, of figs and peas and beans; and they may roast myrtle-berries and beechnuts at the fire, taking wine with their fruit in moderation. And thus passing their days in tranquility and sound health they will, in all probability, live to an advanced age, and dying, bequeath to their children a life in which their own will be reproduced.

Upon this Glaucon exclaimed, Why Socrates, if you were founding a community of swine, this is just the style in which you would feed them up!

Socrates: How, then, would you have them live, Glaucon?

Glaucon: In a civilized manner. They ought to recline on couches, I should think, if they are not to have a hard life of it, and dine off tables, and have the usual dishes and desserts of a civilized dinner.

Socrates: Very good; I understand. Apparently we are considering the growth not of a city merely, but of a luxurious city. I dare say it is not a bad plan; for by this extension of our inquiry we shall perhaps discover how it is that justice and injustice take root in cities. Now it appears to me that the city which we have described is the genuine and, so to speak, healthy city. But if you wish us also to contemplate a city that is suffering from inflammation, there is nothing to hinder us. Some people will not be satisfied, it seems, with the fare or the mode of life which we have described, but must have, in addition, couches and tables and every other article of furniture, as well as viands, and fragrant oils, and perfumes, and courtesans, and confectionery; and all these in plentiful variety. Moreover, we must not limit ourselves now to essentials in those articles which we specified at first. I mean houses and clothes and shoes —but we must set painting and embroidery to work, and acquire gold and ivory, and all similar valuables. Must we not?

Glaucon: Yes.

Socrates: Then we shall have to enlarge our city, for our first or healthy city will not now be of sufficient size, but requires to be increased in bulk, and filled out with a multitude of callings, which do not exist in cities to satisfy any natural want; for example, the whole class of sportsmen, and all who practice imitative arts, including many who use

forms and colors, and many who use music, poets also, with those of whom the poet makes use, rhapsodists, actors, dancers, contractors; lastly, the manufacturers of all sorts of articles, and among others those which form part of a woman's dress. We shall similarly require more personal servants, shall we not? that is to say, tutors, wet-nurses, dry-nurses, tire-women, barbers, and cooks moreover and confectioners? Swineherds again are among the additions we shall require—a class of persons not to be found, because not wanted, in our former city, but needed among the rest in this. We shall also need great quantities of cattle, for those who may wish to eat them, shall we not?

Glaucon: Of course we shall.

Socrates: Then shall we not experience the need of medical men also, to a much greater extent under this than under the former regime?

Glaucon: Yes, indeed.

Socrates: The country, too, I presume, which was formerly adequate to the support of its inhabitants will be now too small, and adequate no longer.

Glaucon: Certainly.

Socrates: Then must we not go to war, and cut ourselves a slice of our neighbor's territory, if we are to have land enough both for pasture and tillage, while they will try to do the same to us, if they, like us, permit themselves to overstep the boundaries of natural human requirements, and plunge into the unbounded acquisition of wealth?

Glaucon: It must inevitably be so, Socrates.

Socrates: Then we will be often plunged into war, Glaucon, or how will it be?

Glaucon: As you say.

Then, declares Socrates, We have traced the origin of war to causes which are the most fruitful sources of whatever evils befall a state, either in its corporate capacity, or in its individual members.

In the third Book of the Republic of Plato the methods to be followed in the instruction of Guardians, or soldiers, is described. Truth, courage, and self-control must be inculcated by all the stories that are employed in their education. Also the form, in which the stories are conveyed, will greatly affect the nature of their influence. Poetry may be either purely imitative, as in the drama; or purely narrative, as in the dithyramb; or a compound of both, as in the epic. The same person cannot do, or imitate, a great number of things successfully. Hence, if the Guardians are to study imitation at all, they must only be allowed to imitate men of high social standing. The style in which such men speak and write is always conservative and severe; such, therefore, must be the style in which the Guardians are allowed to speak, and in which the poets who superintend their education must be compelled to write.

Strict regulations must be enforced with reference to songs and musical instruments. No soft or sympathetic music should be heard by the Guardians. Their diet must be simple and moderate, and therefore healthy.

The rulers of the state must be of the military class. The remainder of society are to be called Auxiliaries; and in order to convince the masses of the wisdom and justice

of this order of things, they must be told a story, to the effect that they were all originally fashioned in the bowels of the earth, their common mother; and that it pleased the gods to mix gold in the composition of some of them, silver in that of others, iron and copper in that of others. Those in whom gold are mixed are the "powers that be," ordained of the gods; those in whom silver is mixed are the political and religious Auxiliaries of the powers that be; those in whom iron and copper are mixed are the workers.

The Guardians are to live hardy, frugal lives, quartered in tents, not in houses, supported by taxing the public. Adeimantus objects to the severe life, saying it will be anything but a pleasurable one. Perhaps so, replies Socrates; but it is a necessary life.

Then, having traced the rise of a state from first to last, Socrates returns to the question, What is Justice? and in what part of the state are we to look for it. The state, if it has been rightly organized, must be perfectly good. If perfectly good, it must be wise, brave, temperate and just. Hence, regarding the virtue of the state as a given quantity, made up of wisdom, courage, temperance and justice, if we can find three of these, we shall by that very process have discovered the nature of the fourth.

The wisdom of the state resides in the small class of Guardians and Magistrates. The courage of the state resides in the Auxiliaries, and consists essentially in ever maintaining a right estimate of what is, or is not, formidable. The sustenance of the state obviously resides in the husbandmen and craftsmen.

The essence of temperance is restraint. The

essence of political temperance lies in recognizing the right of the governing body to the allegiance and obedience of the governed. It does not reside in one particular class, like wisdom and courage, but is diffused throughout the entire state in the form of a common consent, or harmony, upon this subject. Thus the three virtues appear; where, then, is the fourth?

After eliminating wisdom, courage and temperance, there still remains a something which enables the other three to take root in the state, and preserves them intact therein. This something must be justice. It may be defined as that which teaches everybody to attend to his own business without meddling in that of other people—which fuses together the three classes in the state and keeps each in its proper place. Conversely, the essence of political injustice lies in a meddling, restless spirit pervading the three classes, and leading each to meddle with the offices, tools and duties of the other two.

We should examine, said Socrates, whether our object in constituting our guardians should be to secure to them the greatest possible amount of happiness, or whether our duty, as regards happiness, is to see if our state as a whole enjoys it, persuading or compelling these our auxiliaries and guardians to study only how to make themselves the best possible workmen at their occupation, and treating all the rest in like manner; and thus, while the whole city grows and becomes prosperously organized, permitting each class to partake of as much happiness as the nature of the case allows it.

To which Adeimantus replied: I think that what you say is quite right.

Socrates: I wonder whether you will think the proposition that is sister to the last satisfactory also.

Adeimantus: What may that be?

Socrates: Consider whether the other craftsmen are similarly injured and spoiled by these agencies.

Adeimantus: What agencies do you mean?

Socrates: Wealth and poverty.

Adeimantus: How so?

Socrates: Thus: Do you think that a potter after he has grown rich will care to attend to his trade any longer?

Adeimantus: Certainly not.

Socrates: But he will become more idle and careless than he was before?

Adeimantus: Yes, much more.

Socrates: Then does he not become a worse potter?

Adeimantus: Yes, a much worse potter, too.

Socrates: On the other hand, if he is prevented by poverty from providing himself with tools or any other requisite of his trade, he will produce inferior articles, and his sons or apprentices will not be taught their trade so well.

Adeimantus: Inevitably.

Socrates: Then both these conditions, riches and poverty. deteriorate the productions of the artisans, and the artisans themselves.

Adeimantus: So it appears.

Socrates: Then apparently we have found some other objects for the vigilance of our guardians, who must take every precaution that they may never evade their watch and steal into the city.

Adeimantus: What are these?

Socrates: Wealth and poverty; because the former produces luxury and idleness and innovation, and the latter meanness and bad workmanship as well as innovation.

Thus there can be no justice in a state in which one class of citizens have more than their normal needs require, and another class have less than their normal needs demand.

What is found in the state must be also found in the individual. For how could it enter the state, except through the individual members of the state? Hence we should expect to find in the individual man three principles, corresponding to the three classes of the state.

Two contradictory impulses, coexisting in the mind, cannot proceed from the same source. A thirsty man is often unwilling to drink. Hence there must be two principles within him—one prompting him, the other forbidding him to drink. The former proceeds from appetite or desire, the latter from reason. Hence we have at least two distinct elements in the soul—one rational, the other irrational, or appetitive. In the same way we find ourselves obliged to distinguish a third element, which is the seat of anger, spirit, resentment, and may be called the spirited, or passionate, or irascible element. When there is any division between the rational and the irrational principles, this third principle always arrays itself on the side of the former. Thus we have the rational, the spirited and the concupiscent element in the individual, corresponding to the Guardians, the Auxiliaries, and the productive class in the state. Hence, the individual is wise, in virtue of the wisdom of the rational

element; courageous, in virtue of the courage of the spirited element; temperate, when the rational element governs with the full consent of the other two; and, finally, just, when each of the three performs its own proper work, without meddling with that of the others.

Injustice, on the other hand, disturbs and confounds the functions of the three principles; and this destruction of their concord and harmony shows itself externally in a variety of criminal acts. Justice, then, is a kind of natural harmony, and healthy habit of mind; while injustice is a kind of unnatural discord and disease. And, if so, it is superfluous to inquire which of the two is the more profitable to the possessor.

COMMUNAL PROPERTY.

How can natural harmony, which can only accompany justice, be brought about? Not in a state where strife and enmity exist between wealth on one hand and poverty on the other. Natural harmony can only exist among friends, and, declares Socrates, "among friends everything is common property." This brought forth among other things the question of women.

Finally Adeimantus said:

We have an idea that you are lagging, and stealing a whole section, and that a very important one, out of the subject, in order to avoid handling it; and we suppose you fancied that we should not notice your passing it over with the very slight remark, that every one would see that the rule, "among friends every-

thing is common property," would apply to the women and children.

Socrates: Well, and was I not right, Adeimantus?

Adeimantus: Yes; but this word "right," like the rest, needs explanation. We must be told on what plan, among the many possible ones, this community of property is to be carried out. Do not therefore omit to tell us what plan you propose. For we have been long waiting in the expectation that you would specify the conditions under which children are to be begotten, and the manner of rearing them after they are born, and, in fact, you would give a complete description of the community of women and children intended by you; for we are of the opinion that the mode of carrying out this idea, according as it is right or wrong, will be a matter of great, or rather of vital importance, to a commonwealth. So, finding that you are taking in hand another form of government (that of communism in production and distribution), before you have satisfactorily settled these points, we have resolved not to let you go till you have discussed all these questions.

To this Socrates complies. The women, according to the idea of Socrates, are to be trained and educated as well as the men, in order to become useful citizens in the Republic. For women are just as capable as men. Like the man, woman displays marked ability for a variety of pursuits, the only difference being one of degree, not of kind, caused by the reason that woman is physically weaker than man.

Those women who show evidence of a turn for philosophy or war are to be associated with

the Guardians or Auxiliaries, are to share their duties, and become their wives. The connections, thus formed, are to be placed entirely under the control of the Magistrates, and the children are to be educated and cared for by the state. In this way the Guardians and Auxiliaries lose all sense of private property; they become conscious of a unity of interest among all classes.

Adeimantus, while admitting that in some ways such a society might prove desirable, asks Socrates to show whether, and to what extent, it could be made practicable. To this Socrates replies by telling Adeimantus that his purpose has been to outline an ideal commonwealth, in which there would be neither poverty or wealth, with the view of discovering the nature of justice. The possibility of realizing such a state in actual practice is a secondary consideration which does not affect the soundness of the method, or the actuality of the results. All that can be demanded of Socrates is to show how the imperfect conditions, as existing in society, may be most nearly brought into harmony with the ideal state.

To bring about this result, said Socrates, one fundamental change is necessary. The governing powers must be taken from rulers and politicians, and placed in the hands of true philosophers. The true philosopher is devotedly loyal to wisdom in all its branches. We must carefully distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit lover of wisdom. The point of distinction lies in this, that the latter contents himself with the study of the variety of beautiful objects with which we are surrounded, while the former is never satisfied until he has penetrated to the essence of

Beauty in itself. The intellectual state of the former may be described as "opinion," while that of the latter is "knowledge," or "science.' For we have two extremes; first, real existence, apprehended by science; and second, the negation of existence, or nonexistence, or ignorance. Intermediate between real existence and nonexistence stands phenomenal existence; and intermediate between science and ignorance stands opinion.

Opinion takes cognizance of phenomenal existence. Those who study real existence are lovers of wisdom, or philosophers; those who study phenomenal existence are lovers of opinion, not philosophers.

Glaucon asked: And whom do you call genuine philosophers?

Socrates: Those who love to see the truth.

Glaucon: In that you cannot be wrong; but will you explain what you mean?

Socrates: That would not be at all easy, with a different questioner; but you, I imagine, will make me the admission I require.

Glaucon: What is it?

Socrates: That since beauty is the opposite of ugliness, they are two distinct things.

Glaucon: Of course they are.

Socrates: Then since they are two, each of them taken separately is one.

Glaucon: That also is true.

Socrates: The same thing may be said likewise of justice and injustice, good and evil, and all general conceptions. Each of them in itself is one thing, but by the intermixture with actions and bodies and with one another, through which they are everywhere made visible, each appears to be many things. * * * Those who

love seeing and hearing, admire beautiful sounds and colors and forms, and all artistic products into which these enter, but the nature of beauty in itself their understanding is unable to behold and embrace are not philosophers. Those who are capable of reaching to the independent contemplation of abstract beauty, are true philosophers.

Thus, argues Socrates, we understand how to distinguish between genuine and counterfeit philosophers; and, obviously, the former should be made Guardians of a state. Those who understand beauty, also understand the highest ideals of humanity. Politicians who merely seek power know nothing of these ideals; and human society, alas, is governed by these politicians.

Socrates enumerates the characteristics of the true philosopher—the ones who should be selected to govern the ideal Republic. These characteristics are, (1) an eager desire for the knowledge of all real existence; (2) hatred of falsehood and love of truth; (3) contempt for the pleasures of the body; (4) indifference to money; (5) highmindedness and liberality; (6) justice and gentleness; (7) a quick apprehension, and a good memory; (8) a musical, regular, and harmonious disposition.

Adeimantus objects that, though he cannot deny the force of the arguments of Socrates, still, in practice, he finds that the students of philosophy generally become eccentric, and thereby socially useless.

That is very true, replied Socrates; but on whom are we to lay the blame of such a state of things? Not on philosophy, but on the degraded condition of the teachings and the politician of the day. For, under the present system of society, the genuine philosophic mind

is liable to be corrupted by a variety of adverse influences; and when those who might have proved genuine philosophers have been drawn away from the pursuit of philosophy, their place is supplied by brands of worthless and incompetent persons, who by their sophistry and absurdities bring philosophy into general disrepute. The few who continue steadfast in their allegiance to philosophy, resign politics in disgust, and are well content if they can escape the corrupting effect of contact with the world.

How can this evil be remedied? The state itself must regulate the study of philosophy, and must take care that the students pursue it on right principles, and at a right age. If a state is to be made a home for its citizens, it must be governed by philosophers. If such should ever take place (and why should it not?), the ideal state will be realized. As it is we are governed by mercenary adventurers, who teach nothing but the opinions of the multitude. As well might a person investigate the caprices and desires of some huge and powerful monster in his keeping, said Socrates, studying how it is to be approached, and how handled—at what times and under what circumstances it becomes most dangerous, or most gentle—on what occasions it is in the habit of uttering its various cries, and, further, what sounds uttered by another person soothe or exasperate it—and when he has mastered all these particulars, by long continued intercourse, as well he might call his results wisdom, systematize them into an art, and open a school, though in reality he is wholly ignorant which of those humors and desires is fair, and which foul, which good and which evil, which just and which unjust; and therefore is content to affix all these names to the fancies of the hu-

animal, calling what it likes good, and what it dislikes evil, without being able to render any other account of them—nay, giving the titles of "just" and "fair" to things done under compulsion, because he has not discerned himself, and therefore cannot point out to others, that wide distinction which really holds between the nature of the compulsory and the good. Tell me, in heaven's name, asked Socrates of Adeimantus, do you not think that such a person would make a strange guide?

Adeimantus: Yes, I do think so.

Socrates: And do you think that there is any difference between such a person and the man who makes wisdom consist in having studied the whim and pleasures of the many-headed multitude, whether in painting, or in music, or finally in politics?

Then how shall we obtain just rulers? In youth and boyhood, said Socrates, they ought to be put through a course of training in philosophy, suited to their years; and while their bodies are growing up to manhood, especial attention should be paid to them, as a serviceable acquisition in the cause of philosophy. At the approach of that period, during which the mind begins to attain its maturity, the mental exercises ought to be rendered more severe. Finally, when their bodily powers begin to fail, and they are released from public duties and military service, from that time forward they ought to live a dedicated life, and consecrate themselves to this one pursuit, if they are to live happily on earth, and after death to crown the life they have led with a corresponding destiny in another world.

And what are the highest studies to be found? The highest of all is the study of "the Good," whose possession is blindly desired by all men,

though they cannot give a clear account of its nature. Is it not plain, then, that the Guardians of the state must make a special study of this Good? For without it, how can they justly perform the duties of their office?

What is this Good, asks Adeimantus. Socrates admits that he cannot fully answer the question. He can only convey his conception of it by an analogy. In the world of sense we have the sun, the eye, visible objects; answering to which, we have in the intellectual world, the Good, Reason, the Forms or archetypes of visible objects, or, in the words of Socrates, Ideas. Or we may represent the same conception to ourselves, in this manner: There are two worlds—one visible, as seen by the eye; the other intellectual, as only perceived by the mind. Each world comprises two subdivisions, which, proceeding from the most uncertain to the certain, are, in the visible world. Images, i. e., shadows, reflections, etc.; Objects, i. e., all material things, whether animate or inanimate. In the intellectual world, Knowledge, attained by the aid of assumed premises on which all conclusions depend, and employing by way of illustration the second class of the visible world, e. g., Geometry; also Knowledge, in the investigation of which no material objects, but only the essential Forms are admitted, and in which hypotheses are used simply as a means of arriving at an absolute first principle, from which unerring conclusions may be deducted. Corresponding to these four classes, we have four mental states, which, again proceeding from the most uncertain, are, Conjecture, Belief, Understanding and Reason.

In the seventh book of the Republic Socrates, in order to understand the real import of such an education as he has outlined, offers as an illustration a number of persons chained from

their birth in a subterranean cavern, with their backs to the entrance of the cavern, and a fire burning behind them, between which and the prisoners runs a roadway, flanked by a wall high enough to conceal the persons who pass along the road, while it allows the shadows of things which they carry upon their heads to be thrown by the fire upon the wall of the cavern facing the prisoners, to whom these shadows will appear as the only realities. Now suppose that one of them has been unbound, and taken up to the light of day, and gradually habituated to the objects around him, till he has learned to really appreciate them. Such a man is to the unenlightened prisoners what an advanced philosopher is to the mass of backward, or half-educated, men and women. If he returns to the cavern, and resumes his former place and occupation, he will, at first, be the laughing stock of the others, just as the philosopher is the laughing stock, or is even hated, by the multitude. But once rehabituated to the cavern, his knowledge of the objects which throw the shadows will enable him to advance beyond the prisoners who do not possess this knowledge. In the same manner the philosopher, when once habituated to intercourse with the world, will advance beyond the others in knowledge, justice and humanity. Therefore such should govern society.

Socrates, carrying the analogy still further, points that just as the whole body of the released prisoner was turned around in order to bring his eye to look in the right direction, so the purpose of education should be to turn the whole soul of man around, in order that the soul, or reason, may be directed rightly. Education does not generate or infuse a new principle; it only guides and directs a principle already in existence.

How is this revolution of the soul to be brought about? By the agency of such studies which tend to draw the mind from sensuous and selfish to the real and humane—from the visible and material to the invisible and eternal. Such studies as excite the mind to reflect upon the essential nature of the Universe will produce this result.

If Plato, the philosopher, were living today, how his soul would revolt at the false education of our schools, our press, and our pulpits!

In the eighth book of the Republic Socrates dwells upon the principal varieties of mental constitution and political organization. All conceivable politics may be reduced to five classes, represented by aristocracy, timocracy (a government of honor), oligarchy, democracy, and despotism. There are also five classes of human character, corresponding to the five classes of a state.

Everything that has had a beginning is subject to decay. Hence, in the course of time, diversions arise between the classes, and between the members of the classes themselves. The result is an understanding between the members of the higher classes, that they shall expropriate the wealth produced, and reduce the producers to slaves or serfs.

The lust of wealth grows till it transforms the state into an oligarchy, or the rulership of the rich. This lust, which pervades the governing body in an oligarchy, finally produces a dangerous class of poverty-stricken citizens, who appeal to arms and establish a democracy. Democracy in turn becomes reactionary, and prepares the way for despotism. The tyrannical man is the child of the democratical man —one in whom a single absorbing passion has

become predominant, and which absorbs all the lower appetites, pleasures and desires, and ministers to their gratification. Faithless, hypocritical, unjust, the tyrannical man becomes the ruling tyrant of the tyrannical state.

As state is to state in point of happiness or misery, so is man to man.

The soul of man contains three specific principles: The rational, or wisdom-loving, the spirited, or honor-loving, and the greedy, or gain-loving. There are three species of pleasures, corresponding to these three principles. The philosopher recognizes wisdom as the source of greatest pleasure; the ambitious man recognizes honor bestowed upon him; the sordid man recognizes money. Which of these three is right? Most obviously, says Socrates, the philosopher. The philosopher finds that wisdom, kindness and happiness are inseparable.

To everything there is a special vice by which, and by which alone, that thing can be destroyed. Thus, blindness destroys the eyesight, mildew destroys corn, and rot destroys timber. The vices that destroy the soul are injustice, intemperance, cowardice and ignorance.

Justice itself is the just man's best reward, and only a society founded on justice can find enduring happiness. Not only are love and honor the reward of the just man while he lives, but still greater rewards await him after he dies. To illustrate this Socrates narrates to Glaucon the fable of Er the son of Armenius:

THE FABLE OF THE ER.

I will tell you a tale, not like that of Odysseus to Alcinous, but of what once happened to a brave man, the son of Armenius, a native of Pamphylia, who, according to story, was killed

in battle. When the bodies of the slain were taken up ten days afterwards for burial in a state of decomposition, Er's body was found to be still fresh. He was carried home, and was on the point of being interred, when, on the twelfth day after his death, as he lay on the funeral pyre, he came to life again, and then proceeded to describe what he had seen in the other world.

His story was, that when the soul had gone out of him, it traveled in company with many others till they came to a mysterious place, in which were two gaps, adjoining one another in the earth, and exactly opposite them two gaps above in the heaven. Between these gaps sat judges, who, after passing sentence, commanded the just to take the road to the right upwards through the heaven, and placed in front of them a symbol of the judgment that had been given; while the unjust were ordered to take the road downwards to the left, and also carried behind them evidence of all their evil deeds. When he came to the place himself, he was told that he would have to carry to men a report of the proceedings of that other world; and he was admonished to listen, and watch everything that went on there. So he looked, and beheld the souls on one side taking their departure at one of the gaps in the heaven and the corresponding gap in the earth, after judgment had been passed upon them; while at the other two gaps he saw them arriving, squalid and soiled, or pure and bright, according as they ascended from earth, or descended from heaven.

Each soul, as it arrived, wore a travel-stained appearance, and gladly went away into the meadow and there took up quarters, as people do when some great festival is pending. Greetings passed between all that were known to one another; and those who had descended

from heaven were questioned about heaven by those who had risen out of the earth; while the latter were questioned by the former about earth. Those who were come from earth told their tale with lamentations and tears, as they bethought them of all the dreadful things that they had seen and suffered in their subterranean journey, which they said had lasted a thousand years; while those who were come from heaven described enjoyments and sights of marvelous beauty. It would take a long time, Glaucon, to repeat at length the many particulars of their stories; but, according to Er, the main points were the following:

For everyone of all the crimes, and all the personal injuries committed by them, they suffered tenfold retribution. The cycle of punishment recommenced every hundred years, because the length of human life was estimated at a hundred years; the object being to make them pay the penalty for each offense ten times over. Thus, all who had been guilty of a number of murders, or who had betrayed and enslaved cities and armies, or who had been accomplices in any other villainy, were destined to undergo tenfold sufferings for all and each of their offenses; while, on the other hand, those who had done kindly acts, and had shown justice and righteousness, were destined to receive on the same principle their due reward. With regard to those whose death followed close upon their birth, he gave some particulars which need not be recorded. But, according to his narrative, the punishment for impiety, disobedience to parents, and the murder of near relatives, was unusually severe; and the reward for piety and obedience unusually great. For he was within hearing, he said, when one of the spirits asked where Ardiaēus the Great was.

Now this Ardiaeus had been sovereign in a city of Pamphylia, a thousand years before that time, and was said to have put his aged father and elder brother to death, besides committing other wicked deeds. The spirit to whom the question was addressed, replied.

"He is not come, and is not likely to come hither. For this, you must know, was one of the terrible sights that we beheld. When we were close to the aperture, and were on the point of ascending, after having undergone all our other sufferings, we suddenly came in sight of Ardiaeus and others, of whom the greater part had been despots; though it is true there were also a few private persons, who had once been enormous criminals. These people, when they thought themselves sure of ascending immediately, were repulsed by the aperture, which bellowed whenever one of these incurable sinners, or anybody who had not fully expiated his crimes, attempted to ascend. Thereupon certain fierce and fiery-looking men, who were in attendance and understood the meaning of the sound, seized some of them and carried them off; but Ardiaeus and others were bound hand and foot and head, and thrown down and flayed with scourges, and dragged out by the wayside, and, carded like wool upon thorn-brushes; and those who were passing by at the time were informed why they were put to this torture, and that they were being carried away in order to be flung into Tartarus. We had already gone through a great variety of alarms, but none of them were equal to the terror that then seized us, lest that bellowing should be uttered when any of us tried to go up; and most glad we all were to ascend, when it was not heard."

This will convey an idea of the penalties and the tortures; while the rewards were precisely the opposite.

When seven days had elapsed since the arrival of the spirits in the meadows, they were compelled to leave the place, and set out on the eighth day, and travel three days, till they arrived on the fourth at a place, from whence they looked down upon a straight pillar of light, stretching across the whole heaven and earth, more like the rainbow than anything else, only brighter and clearer. This they reached when they had gone forward a day's journey; and, arriving at the center of the light, they saw that its extremities were fastened by chains to the sky. For this light binds the sky together, like the hawser that strengthens a trireme, and thus holds together the whole revolving universe.* To the extremities is fastened the distaff of Necessity, by which all the revolutions of the universe are kept up. The shaft and hook of this distaff are made of steel; the whole is a compound of steel and other materials. The nature of the whorl may be thus described: In shape it is like an ordinary whorl; but from Er's account we must picture it to ourselves under the form of a large hollow whorl, scooped out right through, into which a similar but smaller whorl is nicely inserted, like boxes which fit into one another. In the same way a third whorl is inserted within the second, a fourth within the third, and so one to four more. For in all there are eight whorls inserted into one another, each concentric circle showing its rim above the next outer, and all together forming one solid whorl embracing the shaft, which is passed through the center of the eighth. The first and outermost whorl has the broadest rim; the sixth has the next broadest; then comes the fourth; then the eighth;

**In Greek astronomy, like that of the Bible, the sky was supposed to be a solid transparent vault in which the stars were fixed.*

then the seventh; then the fifth; then the third; and the second has the narrowest rim.

The rim of the greatest whorl exhibits a variety of colors; that of the seventh is most brilliant; that of the eighth derives its colors from the reflected light of the seventh; that of the second and that of the fifth are similar, but of a deeper color than the others; the third has the palest color; the fourth is rather red; and the sixth is almost as pale as the third.

Now the distaff as a whole spins round with uniform velocity; but, while the whole revolves, the seven inner circles travel slowly round in the opposite direction, and of them the eighth moves quickest, and after it the seventh, sixth and fifth, which revolve together; the fourth, as it appeared to them, completes its revolution with a velocity inferior to the last mentioned; the third ranks fourth in speed; and the second fifth.*

The distaff spins round upon the knees of Necessity. Upon each of its circles stands a siren, who travels round with the circle, uttering one note in one tone; and from all the eight notes there results a single harmony. At equal distances around sit three other personages, each on a throne. These are the daughters of Necessity, the Fates—Lachesis, Clotho and Atropos; who, clothed in white robes, with gar-

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**This is a description of the first observed phenomena of astronomy. The motion of the whole distaff represents the apparent diurnal revolution of the heaven around the earth as center of the system. The seven innermost whorls, with their independent motions, represent respectively the orbits of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, the Sun and the Moon. The outermost whorl with its "variety of colors," represents the fixed stars.*

lands on their heads, chant to the music of the sirens; Lachesis the events of the past; Clotho those of the present; Atropos those of the future.

Clotho with her right hand takes hold of the outermost rim of the distaff, and at intervals twirls it altogether; and Atropos with her left hand twirls the inner circles in like manner; while Lachesis takes hold of each in turn with either hand.

Now the souls, immediately on their arrival, were required to go to Lachesis. An Interpreter first of all marshalled them in order, and then having taken from the lap of Lachesis a number of lots and plans of life, mounted a high platform and spoke as follows:

"Thus saith the Maiden Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity: 'Ye short-lived souls, a new generation of men shall here begin the cycle of its mortal existence. Your destiny shall not be allotted to you, but you shall choose it for yourselves. Let him who draws the first lot be the first to choose a life, which shall be his irrevocably. Virtue owns no master; he who honors her shall have more of her, and he who slights her, less. The responsibility lies with the chooser. Heaven is guiltless.' "

Having thus spoken, he threw the lots down upon the souls, and each soul took up the one which fell by his side, except Er himself, who was forbidden to do so. Each, as he took up his lot, saw what number he had drawn. This done, the plans of life, which far outnumbered the souls that were present, were laid before them. They were of every kind. There were lives of all living creatures, and among them every sort of human life. They included sovereignties, of which some were permanent, while others were

abruptly terminated and ended in poverty and exile. There were lives of famous men, renowned for beauty of person, for bodily strength, or for high birth and the merits of ancestors; and likewise there were lives of undistinguished men, of celebrated and uncelebrated women. But no settled character of soul was included in them, because with the change of life the soul also becomes changed. But in every other respect the materials were variously combined—wealth appearing here, and poverty there; disease here, and health there; and here again a mean between these extremes.

This, my dear Glaucon, is apparently the moment when everything is at stake with a man; and for this reason, above all others, it is the duty of each of us to diligently investigate and study, to the neglect of every other subject, that science which may haply enable a man to discover who will so instruct him that he will be able to discriminate between a good and evil life, and, according to his means, to choose, always and everywhere, that better life, by carefully calculating the influence of the things just told in combination or in separation, may have upon the real excellence of life; and who will teach him to understand what evil or good is wrought by beauty tempered with poverty or wealth, and how the result is affected by the state of soul which enters into the combination; and what is the consequence of blending together such ingredients as high or humble birth, private or public life, bodily strength or weakness, readiness or slowness of apprehension, and everything else of the kind, whether naturally belonging to the soul or accidentally acquired by it; so as to be able to form a judgment from all these data combined, and, with an eye steadily fixed on the nature of the soul, to choose between the good and the evil life,

giving the name of evil to the life which will draw the soul into becoming more unjust, and the name of good to the life which will lead it to become more just, and bidding farewell to every other consideration of life.

For we have seen that in life and in death it is best to choose thus. With iron resolution must he hold fast this opinion when he enters the future world, in order that there as well as here he may escape being dazzled by wealth and like evils; and may not plunge into usurpations or other similar courses of action, to the inevitable hurt of other people, and to his own still heavier hurt; but may know how to choose that life which always steers a middle course between extremes, and to shun excess, not only in this life, but also in that which is to come. For only by acting thus can he become a happy soul.

To return; the messenger from the other world reported that the Interpreter spoke to this effect:

"Even the last comer, if he chooses with discretion, and lives wisely, will find in store for him a life that is anything but unhappy, with which he may well be content. Let not the first choose carelessly, or the last despond."

As soon as he had said these words the one who had drawn the first lot advanced, and chose the most absolute despotism he could find; but so thoughtless was he, and so greedy, that he had not carefully examined every point before making his choice; so that he failed to note that he was fated therein, amongst other calamities, to devour his own children. Therefore, when he had studied it at leisure, he began to beat his breast and bewail his choice; and, disregarding the admonitions of the Interpreter, he laid the blame of his misfortune, not

upon himself for choosing the life of an oppressor of mankind, but upon Fortune and Destiny, and upon anybody save himself.

He was one of those who had come from heaven and had lived during his former life under well-ordered conditions, and hence a measure of virtue had fallen to his share through the influence of habit, unaided by any philosophy. Indeed, according to Er's account, more than half the souls similarly deluded,—i. e., greedy for earthly power—had come from heaven; which is to be explained by the fact of their never having been disciplined through experience. For the majority of those who came from earth did not make their choice in this careless manner, because they had known sorrow themselves, and had seen it in others.

If a man were always to carefully study wisdom, whenever he entered upon his career on earth, and if it fell to his lot to choose anywhere but among the very last, there is every reason, to judge by the account brought from the other world, that he would not only be happy while on earth, but also that he would travel from the world to the other and back again, not along a rough and subterranean, but along, a smooth and heavenly road.

It was a truly wonderful sight, he said, to watch how each soul selected its life; a sight at once melancholy, and ludicrous, and strange. The experience of their former life guided the choice. Thus he saw the soul, which had once been that of Orpheus, choosing the life of a swan, because from having been put to death by women he detested the whole race so much that he would not consent to be conceived and born of a woman. And he saw the soul of Thamyras choosing the life of a nightingale.

He saw also the soul of a swan changing its nature, and selecting the life of a man; and its example was followed by other musical creatures.

The soul that drew the twentieth lot chose a lion's life; it was the soul of Ajax, the son of Telamon, who shrunk from becoming a man because he recollected the decision respecting the arms of Achilles. He was followed by the soul of Agamemnon, who had also been taught by his sufferings to hate mankind so bitterly that he adopted in exchange an eagle's life. The soul of Atalanta, which had drawn one of the middle lots, beholding the great honors attached to the life of an athlete, could not resist the temptation to become one. Then he saw the soul of Epeus the son of Panopeus assuming the character of a skilful work-woman. And in the distance, among the last, he saw the soul of Thersites the buffoon choose the life of an ape.

It so happened that the soul of Odysseus had drawn the last lot of all. When he came to choose the memories of his former sufferings had so softened his ambition that he went about a long time looking for a quiet, retired life; which at last, with much trouble, he discovered lying about, and which had been contemptuously cast aside by the others. As soon as he found it he chose it gladly, and said that he would have done so even if he had drawn the first lot. And likewise some of the various animals passed into men, as well as into one another; the unjust passing into the wild, and the just into the tame; and every kind of mixture ensued.

Now, when all the souls had chosen their lives in the order of their lots, they advanced in their turn to Lachesis, the daughter of Ne-

cessity, who dispatched with each of them the Destiny he had selected to guard his life and satisfy his choice. Thus Destiny first led the soul to Clotho in such a way as to pass beneath her hand and the whirling motion of the distaff, and so ratified the fate which each had chosen in the order of precedence. After touching her, Destiny next led the soul to the spinning of Atropos, and thus rendered the mandate of Clotho irreversible. From thence the souls passed straightforward under the throne of Necessity. When the rest had passed under it, Er himself also passed under; and they all traveled into the Plain of Forgetfulness, through fierce and suffocating heat. As the evening came on they took their quarters by the bank of the River of Indifference, whose waters cannot be held in any vessel. All are compelled to drink a certain quantity of the water; but those who are not guided by prudence drink more than the quantity insisted upon; and each, as he drinks, forgets everything. When they had gone to rest, and it had become midnight, there was a clap of thunder and an earthquake; and in a moment the souls were carried to their new birth, this way and that, like shooting stars.

Er himself was prevented from drinking of the water; but how, and by what road, he reached his body again, he knew not; only he knew that suddenly he opened his eyes at dawn, and found himself laid out upon the funeral pyre.

And thus, Glaucon, the tale was preserved; and it may also preserve us, if we will listen to its warnings; in which case we shall pass safely across the River of Lethe, and not defile our souls. Indeed, if we follow my advice, believing the soul to be immortal, and to pos-

sess the power of entertaining all evil, as well as all good, we shall ever hold fast the upward road, and devotedly cultivate justice combined with wisdom, in order that we may be loved by one another, and by the gods, not only during our stay on earth, but also when, like conquerors in the games collecting the prizes of their admirers, we receive the prizes of virtue; and, in order that both in this life and during the journey of a thousand years, our souls may never cease to prosper.

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LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 383
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Prostitution in the United States

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PROSTITUTION IN THE UNITED STATES

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

Prostitution does not flourish under very primitive conditions, and it is a feature of crowded city life rather than of pastoral or agricultural simplicity. It has, however, been called the first profession to arise upon the earth; and there is a story in Genesis which shows that harlots were familiar to the simple shepherds of Palestine, and that a kid was considered a fair fee.

In the first North American settlements, there was little prostitution. This is not to say that the pioneers were unusually chaste. We sometimes think of the Puritans as men and women of unmixed godliness. As a matter of fact, the ban they put on a long list of harmless amusements tended to make sex the most common form of recreation with them. In the colonies south of New England, the pursuit of joy was not banned, but it took some time before theaters and other amusement places were available. Fornication and adultery were common, then, in all the provinces. The Puritans dealt more severely with them, fining, flogging, imprisoning, exposing to public shame, or putting to death sexual offenders who were unfortunate enough to be caught. Since they lived in small towns, it was for a long time

difficult for prostitutes to arise. We know, however, that many women had relations with men to whom they were not married. Private morality cannot, in the nature of things, be appraised statistically, and we do not have any record of the callers the cold Puritan lady received while her husband was out hunting or planting corn. Adulterers were discovered often enough to show that there were many of them. After a time, too, we find special penalties provided for "night walkers."

Southern colonies were less strict. What the Cavaliers thought of peccadilloes may be inferred from the Restoration comedies of England, while the Puritan attitude is to be found in Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. Moreover, social inequality quickly became the rule from New Netherland (or New York) south. The slaves and servants, both black and white, were practically without liberty of choice in sexual matters. The attractive women among them usually became concubines to their masters.

The African slaves were brought from savage or barbarous jungle regions and forced to adjust themselves to the whims of white men with strange ways. Their first and chief duty was obedience. As for chastity and reputation, a learned Southern jurist was afterward to declare explicitly that they had no meaning with regard to a Negress. A colored man might be married to a woman of his own race, but he had no way of remaining with her if the two were separately sold. The owner could take any of his slave women to himself. If any child was born in this way, it was a slave. The

color of the average Negro in the United States has grown much lighter since 1700.

For white servants, who were mostly slaves over a specified term of years, the conditions were not much different. It was provided by law that a female servant who gave birth to an illegitimate child should be bound to her master for an additional period, and that the child should also be an indentured servant until reaching its majority. Evidently, such legislation was intended to improve public morality and to repay the master for loss of work during and after pregnancy. But it was quickly seen that it made lust profitable. The illegitimate children did not cost very much to raise until they were five or six years old, when they were put to work. Many masters were therefore encouraged to have relations with their female servants.

Frederick Douglass tells of a poor Maryland farmer in the nineteenth century who could only afford to buy a single slave. He chose a healthy young Negress, upon whom he depended as a breeder. He was himself a good Christian—which meant that he knew how to embellish his floggings with Biblical texts—and perhaps too dainty to be with the woman himself. He used, however, to lock a white hired man in with the Negress. When twins were born of their union, the woman's master was well pleased. The price of a Negro in the middle of the century was far greater than that of a cow or a horse, and slave-breeding became an important industry in the northern tier of slave states.

The Negress who becomes a white man's mistress does not, except in the most unusual instances, lose caste among her own people. It is better, of course, to be his wife, but this is forbidden in a number of states. In addition to the moral standards imposed on the colored people during the period of slavery, present economic conditions favor laxity. The Negro is excluded from most of the skilled trades, or at least from the unions. He is seldom able to provide a wife and children with even the ordinary comforts of life, let alone the luxuries. Though he be industrious himself, his wife may be reduced to washing clothes and cleaning houses for other people. The attractive young white woman expects to find a husband who is willing and able to support her according to the standards of her parents, or perhaps somewhat higher ones. For the pretty colored girl, this may be a vain hope.

Of the early settlers of our country, the French who came to Louisiana were most familiar with legalized prostitution and most tolerant of it. It is true that there were numerous attempts during the early period to suppress the brothels of France, but they were not very successful. The police were authorized, though, to punish prostitutes as such or because of their disorderly conduct. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, many women were exiled to the colonies, especially to Madagascar, to Canada, and to Louisiana. In *Manon Lescaut*, the unfortunate heroine is sent across the Atlantic. Some of the expatriated women became respectable wives, and

their children enjoy the aristocracy which inheres in the Creole families. Others resumed their profession in America.

Both in the French and English colonies, many of the servants were convicts, exiled after they had served their sentences or permitted to escape the penalties of their crimes on condition that they should go to the New World. Into Georgia were sent many debtors and other persons who had made failures of their lives in England. The "black sheep" was found in all the American provinces, as he is today to be encountered in the colonies and in China. We may reasonably infer, then, that morality was not unusually high in America before the Revolution. And though our laws demand something very close to Puritan perfection, delinquency of all sorts is still much commoner than it is in Europe.

The emigrant is, in general, more active and energetic and keen than his neighbor who remains at home. Also he is less scrupulous, less concerned with the value of tradition and custom and law, more individualistic. America, the land of transplanted people, has been the country of the old Puritans. It is now, to a far greather extent, the home of the New Puritanism. The chief element in these creeds is the consciousness of sin. It is interesting to speculate that this may be widespread in America because sinfulness, according to the usual standards, also is. The charge has been made that the countries where prudery is strongest —especially those where English is spoken— house the most lustful people. And the land

of Prohibition, it may be said, has more drunkenness than a good many countries whose inhabitants may boldly ask for beer, wine, rum, gin, whiskey or cognac.

The United States is no longer a new country. Only in a few frontier districts and in recently-built mining camps do the men greatly outnumber the women. Such a condition, which was long characteristic of the whole continent, encourages promiscuity in its least attractive forms. When a pioneer community "gets religion," the sudden accession of goodness commonly leads to violent measures against harlots and gamblers. Right now, America appears to have surrendered to the Salvation Army and its Baptist and Methodist allies. Perhaps our children will see the reaction, but the country is now given over to the repenters and those persons who are providing themselves with evil deeds to repent later.

The example of America has infected Europe, too. Our prosperity and efficiency are supposed to be due in part to our puritanical laws. As these are not very well obeyed, it is difficult to see how they have much to do with the matter. Prostitution can be suppressed, or at least reduced to a minimum, but only at the expense of the "virtue" of the masses of women of a community. This fact, added to the power of money to make law-enforcing officials temporarily blind, explains why our police often neglect to close brothels and to arrest harlots, although the statute obligates them to do so. The same thing is true of some foreign countries, but the United States probably leads

the world in the enactment of laws whose chief office it is to make additional work for the government printers.

With regard to sexual relations, the legislation varies from state to state. What is licit under one jurisdiction may be punishable with long imprisonment a few miles away. It may be noticed that fornication is not an offense under American common law or the British common law, and that it is criminal only by an express statutory provision. Prostitution is not authorized by law anywhere in the United States, but the definition, the penalties, and the attitude of the police and the courts are by no means identical everywhere. It is said that solicitation on the streets is a common law offense, and it would be forbidden in any state where the courts accept this view and the common law is still in force aside from any local legislation against it. For a fuller discussion of the legal conditions with regard to all these offenses, the reader is referred to Little Blue Book No. 1148, *Sexual Crimes and American Law*, by Clement Wood.

In dealing with prostitution, we must not forget the human needs it serves. It is not merely a blot on an abstract thing called the community, as reformers sometimes appear to assume in their speeches and writings. Perhaps it is not altogether an unmixed evil, either, although it is objectionable esthetically and hygienically.

Benjamin Franklin tells in his *Autobiography* how he wanted to marry a girl of Philadelphia, but required a dowry of about a hundred

pounds, or enough to pay the remaining debts on his printing machinery. He was refused, perhaps in order that he should elope with his beloved, after which a smaller payment would necessarily content him. "But this affair having turned my thoughts to marriage," he says, "I look'd round me and made overtures of acquaintance in other places; but soon found that, the business of a printer being generally thought a poor one, I was not to expect money with a wife, unless with such a one as I should not otherwise think agreeable. In the meantime, this hard-to-be-governed passion of youth hurried me frequently into intrigues with low women that fell in my way, which were attended with some expense and great inconvenience, besides a continual risque to my health by a distemper which of all things I dreaded, though by great good luck I escaped it."

Franklin, who was born in 1706, married in 1730. He was not a libertine, but rather a lover of thrift and order, even something of a Puritan. It is curious to find him objecting to the cost of prostitution, for that of supporting a wife was certain to be more. He hoped for a time, as we have seen, though, that his spouse would help him to pay his debts. The distemper which he feared, that is, syphilis, has been the enemy of prostitution everywhere in modern times—a worse foe, surely, than restrictive and prohibitory legislation. I have not introduced Franklin here for the purpose of taking away any of his greatness, for I am certain that many more of our heroes have had

relations with prostitutes. Not all men are equally frank, and no one is under any compulsion to inform posterity about his private behavior. Under the list of virtues which he prepared for himself, Franklin included:

"CHASTITY

"Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dulness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation."

Most American action against the prostitute is recent. For many years, no serious attempt was made to abolish or to regulate her profession. The World War caused a great deal of puritanical commotion: the soldier who was going to make the world safe for democracy was first of all to be rendered safe for heaven.

NEW YORK IN 1855

When A. J. B. Parent-Duchatelet published his masterly work about prostitution in Paris in 1836, he inspired a number of other investigators to issue reports about the cities with which they were most familiar. Monographs on prostitution in London, Edinburgh, Lisbon, Lyons, Algiers, and Berlin quickly followed. Dr. William M. Sanger's *The History of Prostitution: Its Extent, Causes, and Effects Throughout the World*, first appeared in 1859. The most valuable part of Sanger's book is devoted to a study of conditions in New York, which he himself made in 1855. He became resident physician of Blackwell's Island in 1853. Two years later, the Board of Governors in charge of the charitable and penal institutions of the city asked him to make a study of syphilis in the various houses on Blackwell's Island and to say what plan, in his opinion, "could be adopted to relieve New York City of the enormous amount of misery and expense caused by syphilis."

Sanger then asked Mayor Wood and the chief and captains of police to help him gather information about prostitution in the city. Prohibitory laws existed, but they were not enforced, although an attempt to put them into effect had been somewhat weakly made shortly before. In Sanger's words: "This vice is attaining a position and extent in this community which cannot be viewed without alarm.

It has more than kept pace with the growth of our city. Unlike the vice of a few years since, it no longer confines itself to secrecy and darkness, but boldly strides through our most thronged and elegant thoroughfares, and there, in the broad light of the sun, it jostles the pure, the virtuous, and the good. It is in your gay streets, and in your quiet, home-like streets; it is in your squares, and in your suburban retreats and summer resorts; it is in your theatres, your operas, your hotels; nay, it is even intruding itself into your private circles, and slowly but steadily extending its poison, known but to few and entirely unsuspected by the majority of our citizens. The whole machinery of the law has been turned against these females without success; its only result having been a resolve on their part to confront society with the charge of harsh, cruel and unjust treatment."

Two thousand women were asked to answer a number of questions about themselves and the conditions which had led them to become prostitutes. In age, they ranged from 15 to 77, the greater part of them being between 18 and 25. Seven-eighths of the women studied were under 30. Of the older ones, most were keepers of brothels rather than active harlots. Sanger tells us—the marks of emphasis are his own—that "*The average duration of life among these women does not exceed four years from the beginning of their career!*" I think this was a great exaggeration. As a physician on Blackwells' Island, he was most familiar with the seriously diseased prostitutes.

The number of women born abroad was 1,238, as compared with 762 born in the United States, 394 of them in the state of New York. It appeared that the native-born from other states came chiefly from manufacturing districts. Of the foreign-born, 706 had immigrated from Ireland, 255 from Germany, and 104 from England. As to the British dominions, Sanger says: "The ratio in which the several parts of that kingdom supply the New World with courtesans may be stated in round numbers as follows: Ireland contributes one prostitute to every four thousand of her population; Scotland, one prostitute to every sixteen thousand of population; England and Wales, one prostitute to every fifty thousand of population." According to the illegitimacy statistics in the British Isles, Ireland was far more chaste than England or Scotland. I have already suggested, in writing about concubinage, that the Irish figures at home have probably been inaccurate. The young Irish women who were coming to America in large numbers in the middle of the last century were mostly poor and ignorant. The German immigration was also great in the years that followed 1848. Of the foreign women, many had been resident in the country for only a year or two, or even less. Although Sanger does not mention the fact here, it is undoubtedly true that a considerable proportion of the foreign-born prostitutes in New York in the 1850's and for some time later were brought into the country for the purpose of engaging in the traffic. The women said for the most part

they had come to America to improve their condition or because their relatives were already in the United States or brought them across the Atlantic. Only one-fifth had paid for their own passage, or claimed that they had done so. There were 28 who admitted that their seducers had paid for their passage, and 9 whom public authorities had assisted, presumably to rid their own countries of undesirable persons; 905 said that they had been helped by relatives and friends. What the basis of the friendship was, the statistics do not disclose.

As to their education, 714 claimed to be able to read and write "well" and 546 "imperfectly," while 219 could not read, and 521 were illiterate. The native-born prostitutes were, on the whole, better-educated than those of foreign origin. Education was not at this time compulsory in New York. Those who read and wrote "well," as Sanger says, meant that they could read a page or two of print without much trouble and were able to sign their names.

There were 1,216 single women, 490 married ones, and 294 widows. It appears that there were no divorcees. Of the married women, 71 were living with their husbands. The others had been deserted by their husbands or had left them because of ill-treatment, real or alleged. Of the single women, thirty per cent had one or more children, and the percentages were 73 and 79 in the case of married women and widows. One single woman had borne ten children, and two had given birth to six each. One of the married women had borne

15. It is impossible to tell whether the children born out of wedlock were begotten in a period of concubinage or of genuine prostitution.

Of the 2,000 courtesans questioned under Sanger's directions, 821 admitted that they had suffered from gonorrhea, syphilis, or, in 36 instances, from both. The actual number who had been or were venereally diseased was no doubt considerably higher.

To the question, "What was the cause of your becoming a prostitute?" the replies were as follows:

Causes	Numbers
Inclination	513
Destitution	525
Seduced and abandoned	258
Drink, and the desire to drink	181
Ill-treatment of parents, relatives or husbands	164
As an easy life	124
Bad company	84
Persuaded by prostitutes	71
Too idle to work	29
Violated	27
Seduced on board emigrant ships	16
Seduced in emigrant (immigrant) boarding houses	8
Total	2,000

It is interesting and important to observe that over a fourth of the number admitted that inclination, not poverty or seduction, had made prostitutes of them. We can be sure that the number was really much greater than this, although we must remember that motives are mixed. The wealthy nymphomaniac may indulge her lust without becoming a courtesan.

The young woman who is poor, lustful, and attractive is likely to find in prostitution some sort of satisfaction for her principal wants.

Sanger represents the usual tone of the last century—one that has not yet entirely disappeared—when he says: "If their representations were borne out by facts, it would make the task of grappling with the vice a most arduous one, and afford very slight grounds to hope for any amelioration; but it is imagined that the circumstances which induced the ruin of most of those who gave the answer will prove that, if a positive inclination to vice was the proximate cause of the fall, it was but the result of other and controlling influences. In itself such an answer would imply an innate depravity, a want of true womanly feeling, which is actually incredible. The force of desire can neither be denied nor disputed, but still in the bosoms of most females that force exists in a slumbering state until aroused by some outside influences. No woman can understand its power until some positive cause of excitement exists. What is sufficient to awaken the dormant passion is a question that admits innumerable answers. Acquaintance with the opposite sex, particularly if extended so far as to become a reciprocal affection, will tend to this; so will the companionship of females who have yielded to its power; and so will the excitement of intoxication. But it must be repeated, and most decidedly, that without these or some equally stimulating cause, the full force of desire is seldom known to a virtuous woman. In the male sex nature

has provided a more susceptible organization than in females, apparently with the beneficent design of repressing those evils which must result from mutual appetite equally felt by both. In other words, man is the *aggressive* animal, so far as desire is involved. Were it otherwise, and the passions in both sexes equal, illegitimacy and prostitution would be far more rife in our midst than at present."

Queen Victoria was in her kitchen, eating bread and honey; and the good little girls, on both sides of the Atlantic, were very, very good. Strange to say, this Blackwell's Island physician, who should have seen the truth clearly, chose rather to look at a fairy tale about the lack of sexual desires in "virtuous" women. We have not yet given up the strange notion that the man invariably seduces the woman, never the woman the man, and that this is due to inherent differences between them. Sanger is altogether misleading when he remarks, "Undoubtedly there are cases where the woman is the seducer, but these are so rare as to be hardly worth mentioning."

He complains that many obscene books and prints were being sold in New York: "Boys and young men may be found loitering at all hours round hotels, steamboat docks, railroad depots, and other places, ostensibly selling newspapers or pamphlets, but secretly offering vile, lecherous publications to those who are likely to be customers. . . . The venders have a trick which they frequently perform, and which can scarcely be regretted. In a small bound volume they insert about half a dozen

highly-colored obscene plates, which are cut to fit the size of the printed page. Having fixed upon a victim, they cautiously draw his attention to the pictures by rapidly turning over the leaves, but they do not allow him to take the book into his hands, although they give him a good opportunity to note its binding. He never dreams that the plates are loose, and feels sure that in buying the book he buys the pictures also. When the price is agreed upon, the salesman hints that, as he is being watched, the customer had better turn his back for a moment while taking the money from his pocket-book, and in this interval he slips the plates from between the leaves and conceals them. The next moment the parties are again face to face, the price handed over, and the book he has seen before is handed to the purchaser under a renewed caution, and is carefully pocketed. The book-seller leaves, and at the first opportunity the prize is covertly drawn forth to be examined more minutely, and the unwary one finds that he has paid several dollars for some few printed pages, without pictures, which would have been dear at as many cents."

Not all purchasers were so unfortunate. Some were able to get the desired prints, or to obtain books which the police considered indecent. There were, too, "voluptuous novels," chiefly translations from the French, "with wood-cuts which approach lasciviousness as nearly as possible without being indictable." Sanger asserts that "there can be but one opinion as to the share obscene and voluptuous

books have in ruining the character of the young, and they may justly be considered as causes, indirect it may be, of prostitution." Many later writers blame the moving pictures, but in the 1850's the yellow-backed pamphlets were supposed to be at the root of all evil. As though men and women did not make love and kiss and embrace before there were any books! As though adultery and fornication came into existence after there were pageants and plays glorifying sex! Are the illiterate more chaste than the literate? I think, rather, that if books and plays and pictures are harmful sexually, it is in substituting incomplete and unsatisfactory gratifications for the proper ones. The reader may try to content himself with descriptions instead of with persons of the opposite sex. The "indecent" publications reduce illicit intercourse, in all probability, instead of adding to it. But they make small difference of any kind.

Of the 2,000 prostitutes whom Sanger's assistants questioned, 302 declared that they had means of support other than the fees received from patrons, while the rest were dependent on these for their livelihood. Nearly half, or 933, had been servants before becoming courtezans, and the next largest number, 499, claimed to have lived with parents or friends until adopting the calling. The remainder had been engaged in a variety of occupations. One woman said she had been an artist, another had been a hospital nurse, three had taught school, a considerable number had been engaged in factories and workshops. The average wage which

these women had received was very low, less than four dollars a week. The cost of living was indeed very low in 1855, and many of the girls had lived at home. It was, in most cases, the desire for luxuries rather than the inability to gain simple food and shelter which turned them to prostitution; and strong sexual feeling was surely present in a large part of the cases. For this we have the testimony of the women themselves, as already noticed.

"What business did your father follow?" was one of the questions asked. Farmers led, with 440. Next followed laborers, with 259, and carpenters, with 139. Only one was reported as a brothel-keeper. There were six clergymen among them, 13 lawyers, 19 physicians, five men of property, and 31 naval officers—more than the liquor dealers, who numbered 22. It is clear that the women came from all social classes, and it appears that poor people did not contribute more than their proportionate share.

Three hundred and fifty-nine of the girls said that they drank no intoxicating liquors, while 647 declared that they drank moderately, 754 admitted that they were intemperate drinkers, and 240 were willing to describe themselves as habitual drunkards. It is apparent that drinking was very common among the New York prostitutes of the last century. The courtezan is usually addicted to intoxicants, as also to cigarettes and, in many cases, to narcotic drugs. Sanger tells us that the quality of the gin, rum, brandy, whiskey, and wine sold in the cheaper brothels was very bad.

The religious statistics are as follows:

"Were your parents Protestants, Catholics, or non-professors?"

Religion	Numbers
Protestants	960
Catholics	977
Non-professors (atheists, agnostics, etc.)	63

"Were you trained to any religion? If so, was it Protestant or Catholic?"

Religion	Numbers
Protestants	972
Roman Catholics	977
No religious training	51

"Do you profess the same religion now?"

Profession	Numbers
Profess religion as educated	1909
Non-professors	91

It is certainly impossible to argue from such figures as these that religious training prevents prostitution. The parents of these women were brought up, for the most part, at a time when religious doubt was very strong in the United States. And though the harlots came to a large extent from pious communities of Ireland and Germany, we may fairly infer that the proportion of unbelievers among them and their parents was considerably lower than it was for the people of their native places as a whole.

Brothels of the first class were known as "Parlor Houses." The women who lived in them very seldom went out in search of patrons. They were almost always young and attractive, and they could count on receiving enough visitors without making a display of

themselves on the street. It was well enough for them to walk up the fashionable side of Broadway in the afternoon, or to go for a carriage ride with their visitors, or to be seen in the theatres; but they found it best not to be noisy or conspicuous.

The Parlor Houses were expensively furnished, and the guests who were received there had to pay what were for those days very high prices. Champagne was furnished at three dollars a bottle, and it was customary for visitors to treat all the girls in the house. Most of the Parlor House prostitutes were American-born. "Some of them," Sanger says, "are very well educated; accomplished musicians and artists are sometimes found among them, while others aspire to literature." Most of them received as much as fifty dollars a week from their patrons, but they did not, as a class, save much money. Yet we are told of one young woman who accumulated seven thousand dollars in a few years of prostitution. It was a little fortune, equivalent, say, to fifty thousand dollars in our time.

A large number of the first-class courtesans were living in private lodgings, where they could save more for themselves than in the Parlor Houses. The brothel-keepers received about fourteen dollars a week for board and lodging, also a dollar for every visitor and the profits on all the wine sold. Many of them grew rich. In some cases, they rented their houses, gaudy furniture and all, from exceedingly respectable citizens.

The houses of the second class were fur-

nished with less splendor, and the patrons cared less about order and the semblance of refinement. Here there were more foreign-born women, and also a number of prostitutes who were no longer sufficiently young and attractive for the Parlor Houses. The wines and liquors sold were less expensive, and everything was arranged for men who could not afford to spend large sums of money.

There were many brothels which appealed to foreigners. The German newcomers, not all of whom were very quick to learn the English language and to adopt American customs, gathered in resorts of their own. Their brothels, even in those where the fee was small, were neat and orderly. As in the mother country, the prostitutes were often to be found sewing or knitting while they were waiting. Many of the houses were primarily beer saloons, and not all who visited them came to engage in amorous adventures. A casual visitor might not know, before entering the place, that it was a brothel, but a girl would come up and ask to be treated. There were also a number of German dance halls, serving to a certain extent as places where the prostitutes might solicit custom.

In the saloons catering to sailors, there was a great deal of drunkenness and rioting; and the women in these places had to be durable rather than lovely. It was necessary that they should be able to drink a great deal with their maritime friends and yet not become drunk themselves. It was sometimes part of their duty to unload the pockets of any money a

sailor still had after he had treated everybody in the room until he was no longer able to keep his feet.

There were brothels of a still lower order. Sanger tells us about the houses in the slums: "They are generally kept by an old prostitute, who gathers around her some of the most debased of her class, takes a cheap basement wherever she can obtain possession of one suited to her purpose, erects a small bar furnished with three or four bottles of the commonest liquor she can procure, partitions off one or two small hovels of bedrooms, and forthwith begins housekeeping. . . . These dens are largely patronized by the vilest of the male sex: the petty thieves who hang around the public markets, stealing from the wagons, or who haunt the doors of grocery stores and abstract whatever they can reach; as they find them convenient places of concealment, and can frequently dispose of their booty by means of the women. Another class of visitors consists of the lowest order of rowdies, who assume a free license to perpetrate any mischief they please, because there is no one to interfere with them. . . . It is dangerous for a stranger to enter a place of this description, for if he does not get his pocket picked by one, he will most probably be assaulted by the other class of visitors."

There were, too, "panel houses," lodging houses for prostitutes which were especially constructed with secret doors, so that the visitors were usually robbed of their money. These were meant especially for strangers in

the city, and those who had taken a few drinks offered an especially easy prey.

Sanger tried to learn the number of prostitutes in the city during the winter of 1856-57. There had just been a commercial panic, and it was believed that the number of harlots in New York was increased by at least one fifth as a result. The chief of police estimated the number at five thousand or less. The inspectors of police gave figures for each district, and the total amounted to less than four thousand. Sanger made allowances for the harlots in hospitals and jails, and he thought there were probably about six thousand courtezans in the city altogether. The number must have been still higher, especially if the women who received money from many men, but who did not live in brothels and who were engaged in some other occupation as well, were included.

The police reported 378 houses of prostitution and 89 houses of assignation, not used entirely by professional courtezans. We must bear in mind the fact that brothels were not recognized by law, and that some attempts had been made to suppress them. It is obvious, then, that these figures are too low. The population of the city in 1858 was about 700,000, but there were large places suburban to it whose inhabitants were accustomed to come to New York for pleasure.

Sanger's calculations led to the conclusion that little less than a capital of four million dollars was invested in prostitution. He thought that the receipts of the prostitutes amounted to about three million dollars a year,

and that the amount spent for intoxicants in brothels came to about two million annually.

Letters were written to the mayors of the principal cities of the country in which they were asked to estimate the number of prostitutes to be found within their jurisdiction. The figures they give are in some cases palpably wrong. The mayors were misinformed, or they were anxious to show that their cities were unusually chaste. The results as tabulated by Sanger may be of interest, however:

New York on the resident population of the city proper, has	1	prostitute	to every	40	men
Including the suburbs	1	"	" "	64	"
Buffalo has	1	"	" "	65	"
Louisville has	1	"	" "	64	"
Newark has	1	"	" "	366	"
New Haven has	1	"	" "	87	"
Norfolk has	1	"	" "	29	"
Philadelphia has	1	"	" "	344	"
Pittsburgh has	1	"	" "	192	"
Savannah has	1	"	" "	44	"

Sanger considers that the figures for Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Newark are worthless. "In both Norfolk and Savannah," he says, "we presume that the larger portion of the abandoned women at the time the census was taken were colored women, whose virtue is always at a discount under the most favorable circumstances, and to which a seaport is always fatal." The mayor of Savannah reported that there were 93 white and 105 colored prostitutes, together with "supplies

from New York City who came during the winter.

In the South, most of the Negresses who were to be found in brothels were no doubt slaves. In New York, too, there were many colored prostitutes before 1860. These were, of course, free women. They had not been taught that chastity was a virtue for them, and the problem of earning a living was for them peculiarly difficult.

Sanger thought that prostitution was a great evil, but one that could not be entirely suppressed, and he argued in favor of some such system of regulation as then prevailed in Paris and other European cities. "The lash, the dungeon, the rack, and the stake have each been tried," he says, "and all have proven equally powerless to accomplish the object. Admitting that, in religion, morals, or politics, it is impossible to force concurrence in any particular sentiment, while a kindly persuasive plan may lead to its adoption; admitting that all attempt to compel prostitutes to be virtuous have notoriously failed; has not the time arrived for a change of policy? If, in direct ratio to the stringency of prohibitory measures, the vice sought to be exterminated has steadily increased, does not reason suggest the expediency of resorting to other measures for its suppression? . . . In common with other nations, we have passed laws intended to crush out prostitution; have made vigorous protests (on paper) against its existence; and there our labors have ended. The experience acquired in this course of legislation only demonstrates

that such laws cannot be enforced so as to produce the desired effect. But why are they still retained on the statute books? . . . It is not to be supposed that any system of laws will entirely eradicate prostitution; history, social arrangements and physiology alike forbid any such utopian idea. But will not a more enlightened policy do much toward diminishing it?"

As to laws against prostitution, we have them in greater abundance by far than was the case in the middle of the nineteenth century. The police raid an occasional brothel, and the less naive portion of the public assumes that the regular hush money has not been paid or that it is necessary to please the good ladies of the W. C. T. U., with a view to the next election. This much is certain, that there would be less chance for robbers, burglars, and murderers to escape if the law-enforcing officials were not expected to devote part of their time to the seizing of petty gamblers, venders of beer and whiskey, and women of pleasure.

The registration of prostitutes, which Dr. Sanger desired, may be of hygienic value, providing that the medical examinations which go with it are not merely perfunctory. He was obviously right in demanding that women should be able to secure treatment for venereal disease at the public cost without first being convicted of vagrancy. However, it is true that governmental control cannot be complete in a large city. Besides, American thought has, up to recent years, been individualistic.

And now, when paternalism has gained a strong position among us, it is chiefly puritanical. The government is supposed to be suppressing, not regulating, prostitution.

The prostitution problem is first of all a hygienic one. Before syphilis was feared, the whole matter wore a different aspect. When Sanger wrote his book, there was in New York no free hospital for the treatment of venereal disease except the one on Blackwell's Island. The name suggests lunatics and petty criminals —it has recently been changed to Welfare Island, but since the same asylums and prisons remain, the associations will not be different. The diseased harlot who wanted medical treatment and could not pay a private physician, or who needed nursing and care which she could not secure except in a hospital, might possibly be received in one. As Sanger describes the situation in 1858, "The principal public or free hospital where the venereal disease is *confessedly* treated is the Penitentiary Hospital on Blackwell's Island, now known as the Island Hospital. To obtain the benefit of medical treatment therein, it is necessary that the patient should have been sentenced from the Court of Sessions to the Penitentiary for the commission of some crime; or committed to the Workhouse by a police justice for vagrancy, drunkenness, or disorderly conduct. From this fact it will be seen that there is, strictly speaking, no 'free' hospital for such diseases, as the only one intended for their treatment will or can receive none but those sentenced for an infraction of the laws."

Both men and women who came to the public dispensaries to be treated for syphilis or gonorrhea were advised, if their cases were severe, to appear before a justice of the police and confess themselves guilty of vagrancy. They were then confronted with the alternative of doing without the necessary treatment or being sentenced for from one to six months in one of the correctional institutions on Blackwell's Island. There they were treated as prisoners and forced to wear the regulation uniform. The greatest faults of such a system were two: many prostitutes and other diseased persons refused to receive medical care on such terms, and those who did permit themselves to be enrolled as convicts were frequently turned into true criminals by their experience. The method is still employed in the case of narcotic drug addicts who wish to be cured and who are unable to pay the fees charged by private sanitariums.

A CHANGING POINT OF VIEW

To Sanger, it appeared that prostitution was an evil which could not altogether be eradicated, and that it was best to deal with it as a permanent condition some of the worst evils of which could be removed. Most physicians and students of social conditions during the middle of the nineteenth century agreed with him. In the United States as in Europe, all attempts to suppress it had failed. Brothels could be closed, of course; notorious courtesans could be punished and exiled; but prostitution, under one form or another, persisted. Moreover, restrictions upon "legalized vice" invariably caused greater temptations to be placed in the way of respectable women, married or unmarried.

Great Britain, where the regulation of courtesans according to the Continental methods was unknown during the first half of the century, experimented with them in the 60's and 70's. The Contagious Disease Act was slipped quietly through Parliament in 1864. Two years later, twelve English and two Irish districts which suffered greatly from venereal disease because of the many soldiers and sailors to be found there, were placed under sanitary control similar to that of Paris and Berlin. The statistics show unmistakably that syphilis and gonorrhea in the regions subjected to the provisions of the Contagious Disease Acts were

reduced as a result of the compulsory physical examinations of prostitutes. It was the idea of English liberty even more than the Nonconformist conscience which these laws offended, and Herbert Spencer was prominent among the men and women who worked for their repeal, finally secured in 1883.

In the United States, great attention was paid to the English experiment. While all was going well, the American agitators for police regulation were hopeful of extending a similar system to this country. When the Contagious Disease Acts were suspended, their case was finally lost. There were still to be sporadic attempts to secure from states and cities definite recognition that prostitution existed, but the puritanical opponents were almost universally successful after 1883.

In 1870, the Missouri legislature authorized the city of St. Louis "to suppress or regulate houses of ill-fame." There were in that city a large number of people who had recently immigrated from Germany, and it was desired to regulate the brothels rather than to attempt to suppress them. The prostitutes were to be examined by six physicians, each of whom was given a special district. The number was insufficient, the authority given to the inspectors and the police for the enforcement of the regulations was inadequate, and yet it appeared that conditions in the city improved. The Missouri law was repealed, after a very short trial, because of moral indignation. An anonymous writer in the *St. Louis Morning Advertiser*, January 12, 1895, declares that the repeal

"was the result, not of any failure of the measure to accomplish the wholesome ends for which it was enacted, but it was in obedience to a morbid sentiment, begotten in absolute ignorance of the subject. There was not a vote from any member representing a city constituency favorable to the repeal of the law, and not a vote expressive of the sentiment of a country constituency against it. The incidents attending the event were dramatic. Throughout the State there was a moral uprising against what was regarded as the licensing of vice, and the lobbies of both branches of the legislature were taken complete possession of by the clergy of the various denominations and earnest co-workers of the other sex. A petition, praying for the repeal of the obnoxious law, signed by more than one hundred thousand good people, was presented. The document was cumbersome. A wheelbarrow decorated with white ribbons, and accompanied by a group of innocent young girls attired in spotless white gowns, was brought into service, and on it the gigantic and emphatic protest against the licensing of vice was wheeled up to the clerk's desk to be read. Courageous, indeed, would have been the country member who would have voted otherwise than he did. There were, of course, counter-petitions from the cities, and conspicuous among the signers of these latter were members of the medical profession. Indeed, I am sure the law received the almost unanimous endorsement of the doctors of medicine, as it received quite as unani-

mously the condemnation of the doctors of divinity."

Saloons and brothels are of chief concern to the citizens of large cities. The opposition to them comes largely from the villages and the country districts. Does it, then, reflect disinterested virtue? Have we not reason to think of the fable of the dog in the manger in this connection? Whether or not country people are chaster than those who live in cities, they are certainly, as a class, less intelligent. Men who excel in the professions or in business find that there are much greater opportunities for them in such cities as New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. The New York day-laborer may not be any better endowed with brains than the farm hired man, but he has more varied experiences and better enducational facilities of all sorts. Narrowness and intolerance are provincial weaknesses especially. I do not mean to argue that every city dweller is wise and broad-minded, while every farmer is foolish and unable to see beyond the end of his nose; but I think that the rural interference with urban methods of pursuing happiness is a particularly vicious kind of tyranny.

The St. Louis experiment, because it was imperfectly carried out and ended before it had had a fair trial, proves nothing either way with regard to the advantages of regulation. The results have been cited by debaters on both sides of the question of tolerating and controlling prostitution, however, because it was the chief attempt to carry out the Continental

system in this country under definite legal authorization.

Under the St. Louis law, all prostitutes and kept mistresses were required to register their names and addresses, and to give notice whenever they moved. They did not have to live in brothels, but the fact that they resided in houses or rooms of their own did not exempt them from the general supervision. They were supposed to be examined weekly by physicians, at least if they appeared to be diseased. Although this provision was laxly carried out, the leading medical authorities of the city believed it to be of sanitary advantage. A hospital was maintained for venereally diseased courtesans, and it was supported by fees collected from the keepers of brothels and the women who carried on prostitution in furnished rooms. All public and semi-public forms of soliciting were barred, and brothels were not distinguished by red lights or other signs.

During the Civil War, the medical officers of the United States army in Nashville, Tennessee, required the prostitutes of that city to submit to regular examination. According to Colonel Fletcher, who was in charge of the work, venereal disease among the soldiers became extremely rare. The system lasted for nearly three years, and it was regarded as an unqualified success.

In 1871, the legislature of New York passed an act for the regulation of prostitution, but the governor failed to sign it. In 1875 and 1876, there were several attempts made to legalize the traffic, but nothing important was done.

A New York grand jury in 1876 strongly recommended the supervision of prostitution by the health and police authorities. The opposition was too powerful to be overcome. Sentiment was crystallizing in favor of a single standard of sexual morality. In Pennsylvania, in St. Louis, in Cincinnati, and in Congress with regard to the District of Columbia, there were unsuccessful efforts made to secure a frank recognition that prostitution existed and was likely to exist for some time.

In the 1890's, the New York police officials were less willing than they had been in the 1850's to admit that they knew of the existence of prostitutes and brothels. As a matter of fact, prostitution appears to have grown even faster than population. The city was "wide open." It had a population of between a million and a half and two million during this decade, and the inclusion of Brooklyn brought the official figures for 1900 close to three and a half millions. The suburbs were becoming populous, and their male inhabitants frequently came to Manhattan Island in search of pleasure. The number of prostitutes in New York in 1895 was estimated to be somewhere between 25,000 and 50,000.

The regular international trade in young women had grown considerably. The Italian "padrones" were bringing in a great many girls of ten or twelve and filling brothels in the lower part of New York with them. The children were actually slaves. The white slave traffic was not confined to girls, however. Many boys were brought from Italy and trained

to be beggars, street musicians, bootblacks, etc.

It is not true, though, that immigration in general was increasing the proportionate number of prostitutes. Since Sanger made his investigation, the proportion of American-born courtesans in New York and other cities of the United States had gone up a great deal. In fact, it is likely enough that he had to do mostly with the friendless, and that he therefore exaggerated the number of foreign harlots in 1855-58.

The great Russian-Jewish immigration into New York began about 1881, and since that time it has been large. From other countries, too, where the social conditions were more or less similar, the Jews came in considerable numbers. The Jewish writers claim a high sexual morality for their people, and this seems to be conceded by most Gentile critics. The matter cannot be determined statistically, though. This much can be said, that a great many Jews took part in the business of prostitution in New York in the period from 1885 to 1915; no doubt there are still many engaged in it. For all classes of immigrants, especially those who came from rural districts, there were special temptations in prostitution. The children, becoming accustomed to American standards of life and, above all, to the more showy luxuries, were dissatisfied with home conditions. They lost their respect for the parental teachings, and they became accustomed to learning about American ways from the companions they met in the streets rather than at home. Yet the available statistics in-

dicate that the foreign-born women contribute fewer prostitutes, in proportion to their total number, than do those of native birth, at least in New York. If children born in America of foreign parents were separately considered, it might quite possibly come out that more than their share become courtesans and concubines. The statistical treatment of prostitution has become practically impossible, and it is necessary to say that some of my conclusions about present conditions are more or less subjective. There is some reason to believe that the daughters of the foreign-born have swelled the ranks of the flappers rather than of the professional prostitutes.

I deal chiefly with New York simply because the best studies of prostitution in the United States have to do with that city. It might in many ways be better to investigate the development of illicit relations in Boston and Philadelphia, where prudery (and, I believe, prostitution as well) are more common than they are in New York. Comparisons are very difficult to make because of the lack of registration of harlots. To compare the number of women arrested for sexual offenses is to learn more about the attitude of the police than about the prevalence of illicit relations in the various cities. Illegitimacy statistics, when they are available, help little to solve the problem. The active harlot is not likely to bear many children; and illegitimate births would afford a rough index of the repressive measures taken with regard to prostitution if

the increasing use of contraceptives did not upset the whole matter.

As to the comparative morality of city and country, various opinions have been expressed. It is easy to assume that immorality is more usual with New Yorkers than with residents of Cornfield Junction, because there are cabarets and dance-halls and all sorts of noisy resorts in the metropolis, and also because the rustic finds a variety of seductive influences in his way when he comes alone for a visit to a large city. A woman who lives in a village of the Catskills expressed a truer view when she said that her sons needed only a gallon of gasoline and the use of the family car to induce girls to have relations with them, while a young man living in New York would probably be exposed to considerable expense.

The Raines Law, enacted in 1896, did much to stimulate prostitution. It provided simply that liquor might not be sold on Sunday in the ordinary saloon, but there it should be available to people eating meals in the restaurants attached to hotels. Saloons have more recently turned into "soft drink parlors," but the Raines Law converted large numbers of them into brothels. If space was available behind or above the barroom, it was partitioned off into sleeping quarters. Since, however, most travelers preferred the regular hotels, there was some prospect that the bedrooms would represent an economic liability. But some bright person conceived the idea that they might profitably be used as assignation houses.

An attempt had been made shortly before—

for there were brief fits of puritanism at intervals throughout the nineteenth century—to close the notorious brothels and to purify the districts. The result had been the dispersal of the prostitutes, chiefly throughout the slum districts. They were not welcomed in the Ghetto, and on at least one occasion a rabbi made a fiery speech against prostitution in an East Side street which they had pretty much taken over to themselves. The immigrants had little influence; and the politicians were concerned with making as much for themselves as they could without giving the reformers a chance to oust them. They welcomed the Raines Law hotel, which scattered the harlots among more or less residential districts, and which tended to make them less conspicuous on Broadway. Besides, every saloon-keeper who became also the head of a house of assignation found it necessary to be on good terms with the city administration and, above all, with the police officers. An arrest would mean not merely the paying of a fine, but probably the revocation of his license to sell liquor as well.

In 1895, Dr. F. R. Sturgis, who was a member of the medical staff of the New York City Hospital, lamented the fact that the prostitutes, who came to be treated for venereal diseases were no longer compelled to stay for a certain length of time. As soon as they felt a little better, although their diseases were still contagious, they were anxious to get out and return to their trade. Sturgis thought that

syphilis was steadily increasing in the city, largely because of this fact.

Asked how it might be checked, he replied: "Proper control, if honestly and conscientiously carried out, would in my opinion, decidedly check the increase of the disease, and probably decrease not only its virulence of the disease, but its frequency. As to the plan, I must decline to commit myself to any special one, as it is impossible, in the present condition of municipal politics, to even hope that such a thing would be conscientiously and thoroughly carried out. Irrespective of the question of official blackmail which is always in these cases possible, and which a recent investigation in this city has shown to be more than possible, the sentiment of the Angle-Saxon race, whether wise or foolish, is strongly against the question of official supervision and control of this evil. Although it is a self-evident fact that such things as harlots and syphilis exist, we declare that nothing shall be done to check or control them. In sanctified circles such control, I understand, is considered a compromise with sin."

The white slave agitation arose in Great Britain during the last decades of the nineteenth century, and became of wide general interest in a number of countries in the first few years of the twentieth. A German writer, Felix Baumann, declares that there were at one time about 20,000 dealers in women in New York. The number is certainly far too great, even if some of them were "whole-

salers" who sent foreign girls into cities of the interior.

In French official documents, the term *Traite des Blanches*, traffic in white women, was first used for the international commerce in prostitutes. The contrast was with the *Traite des Noirs*, the African slave trade, against which a number of international agreements had been made. White slavery is not an entirely accurate term. Some of the women are practically enslaved, but it is rather because of their ignorance than because they are held by a superior force. Girls are often taken to foreign countries, where they expect to receive good theatrical positions, and then brought into brothels. Or, even if they know why they are going abroad, they do not realize that their inability to speak the language and to understand foreign laws and customs will very likely cause them to fall into a state of entire dependence on the brothel-keeper. In a minority of cases, the women are bought and sold, and they derive no personal gain from their prostitution.

Jane Addams tells of a Breton girl who was brought to the United States as an actress and put into a Chicago brothel. Although she earned about $250 a week, she received no money for herself. She was made to perform various household tasks, she was disciplined with a stick, and she was never allowed to leave the house. How typical such a case was in the first decade of this century, it is difficult to tell. Sensational writers seized eagerly upon the available details, and perhaps they

give an untrue idea of the way prostitution was then organized. There was never, so far as I have been able to learn, a great international syndicate for the supplying of brothels. There were dealers in women, undoubtedly, and they often had foreign connections. The genuine enslavement of prostitutes was always a risky business, though, except perhaps in the case of the children handled by the "padrones." Most usually, the women were told that they were at liberty to depart freely, providing that they first paid their debts. In order that these might be larger, they were encouraged to buy expensive clothes and luxuries of all sorts through the woman manager of the brothel, who added a generous profit for herself.

The first international white slave congress was held in 1899, and there were several later ones. In 1906, a vigilance committee for the suppression of the traffic in women was formed in the United States. In 1910, as the result of much yellow journalism and vigorous puritanical propaganda, the Mann Act was passed. Under its provisions, "any person who shall knowingly transport or cause to be transported or aid or assist in obtaining transportation for or in transporting in interstate or foreign commerce or in any territory or in the District of Columbia, any woman or girl for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose," is liable to a penalty of imprisonment for five years or a fine of up to $5,000, or both. In case the girl

who is transported is under the age of eighteen, the penalty may be doubled.

What is an immoral purpose? In a statute, such words are absolutely absurd. The lawyers who prepare acts use involved clauses and ancient formulas to make absolutely clear the intent of a law, and then they frequently put in a phrase that may mean anything or nothing. A purpose is immoral when some transgression against the ordinary standards of right and wrong is intended. A broad interpretation of the Mann Act would make the man who sends a young girl into another state, or who even gives her enough money to ride on a street car from one place in the city of Washington to another, for the purpose of telling a lie, liable to a ten-year term in a Federal prison and to a fine of $10,000. The law was intended, however, to break up the so-called "white slave traffic," not to prevent lying. For immorality, to the puritan and the prude, means a violation of the accepted standards of sexual behavior. It is unfortunate that the W. C. T. U., the Methodists, the Baptists, and the *Christian Science Monitor* are remaking our language to suit themselves. Temperance stands for abstinence and virtue for chastity in the ordinary usage of today. Perhaps the day is not far off when rascality will mean chewing gum and thus violating the terms of the Forty-sixth Amendment.

The idiocy of the man who wrote the act of 1910 left to the United States Supreme Court the task of deciding what it meant. In other words, it gave that nominally judicial body a

legislative task. To understand the present effect of the law, it is necessary to turn to the Diggs-Caminetti decision of 1917. Here is established the principle that the man who takes a woman into another state, or who brings her into the United States, or who travels with her in a district under the direct control of Congress, not for the purpose of sharing the money which she may earn in prostitution of concubinage, but simply to commit fornication or adultery with her, is a great criminal.

As everybody knows, or ought to know, there are many thousands of people engaged every twenty-four hours in immorality. It is a fact. Convictions under the laws of those states are few. When they occur, the penalties imposed are almost always light. In the state of New York, where adultery is the only cause for the granting of a divorce—although a legal fiction brings about the same effect in certain cases of desertion—we might expect that every decree would be followed by the conviction of at least two persons. This is far from being the case.

What, then, has the Mann Act accomplished? It has made the crossing of the imaginary line which separates one state from another the gravamen of a very serious offense. Puritanical morality has gained nothing by it. Only the blackmailers and certain vicious people who desire to revenge themselves upon their enemies have benefited by it. If it were actually and exclusively directed against slavery, it would be difficult to find any reason for condemning the law. There may be advantages

in a system of involuntary servitude, but there is no good reason for applying it only to the brothel. But the man who is convicted under the Mann Act, as matters stand today, must be considered simply as being unfortunate.

Dr. Howard B. Woolston has written a work on *Prostitution in the United States* in two volumes, of which only the first one is available as I write. This was published by the Century Company in 1921, under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The organization presumably approves what Woolston has to say about the Diggs-Caminetti decision: "This reasonable interpretation of the White Slave Act to cover the cases of immorality where the parties involved crossed state lines has been popularly regretted and criticized in some quarters, but by the majority of right-thinking citizens it has been applauded as a means of lessening the traffic in women under any excuse."

The last word gives away the pretense of morality. The New Puritans are glad of any excuse, of any pretext, to twist the laws in favor of their own diseased ideas. They display a casuistry more complicated than any ever devised. They are encouraging banditry and murder and blackmail.. The disrespect for the laws of which they complain is something for which they are themselves primarily responsible. A "right-thinking" citizen is apparently one who lacks the courage or the ability to do any thinking at all.

The usual case in which a man pays a woman's way into another state has nothing

to do with prostitution. The New Yorker who wants to have relations in Jersey City or Providence or Chicago is not compelled to take a courtesan from his own city with him. He can find harlots almost anywhere that he goes. They accost him on the coastwise steamers, on the railroad trains, in the streets. If he buys a ticket for a woman who is not his wife, it is because she has an individual value for him, perhaps amounting to love. Concubinage is not always easily to be told apart from common-law marriage, which is recognized in many of our states. Certainly it is unfortunate that the Mann Act has been used—indirectly as well as directly—to make men of considerable ability and accomplishment unhappy for what normal people must consider a very venial sin or no sin at all.

The Mann Act has done little or nothing to reduce the amount of prostitution in the United States. Some of the committees organized in the various cities have, however, succeeded in reducing the commercial aspects of illicit relationships. The New York Committee of Fifteen and its successor, the Committee of Fourteen, are worthy of special mention in this connection. Both these organizations were opposed to the Continental methods of regulating prostitution. It was argued that the systems of sanitary control are imperfect. Even if a woman is properly examined every week or two and found to be healthy, she has ample opportunity in the meanwhile to contract the disease of syphilis or of gonorrhea and to spread it to others. Moreover, the latent state of syphilis

may last for two or three years; and it is impossible to keep every prostitute who is venereally diseased in a hospital or an asylum for so long a period. Besides, it is impracticable to examine all the male patrons who wish to enter a brothel. But the physicians who are in favor of regulation do not claim that a system of control is capable of putting an end to the venereal diseases in a few months. They say simply that it makes for better hygienic conditions. Syphilis and gonorrhea are spread not simply through prostitution. They can be acquired in a variety of ways which have nothing to do with erotic relations.

The Social Evil, edited by Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia, presents the views and the achievements of the two New York committees. Here we read that "all parties will agree" to certain preliminary conclusions: public solicitation should be eliminated, there ought to be no connection between prostitution and the sale of intoxicants, adequate treatment should be provided for the venereal diseases, growing children should not be kept in brothels, and tenement house conditions in general should be improved.

The proposals are of varying value. The Prohibition laws have made it impossible to keep liquor out of the brothel. A house where one illegal traffic is carried on is likely to be used for others as well: one might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. But is liquor in any sense the cause of prostitution? The man who is pleasure-bound may be interested in both vices, of course; and it is true that the

harlots themselves are usually fond of intoxicants. There is no invariable connection, though. As to the providing of adequate facilities for the treatment of the venereal disease, only a fanatic can object. It is no more wrong to cure syphilis than it is to provide care for the patient suffering from tuberculosis, cancer, diphtheria, or infantile paralysis. If one is a scourge of God, so are the others. If cancer can be cured by fasting and prayer, so, no doubt, can gonorrhea. But physicians are pretty decent fellows as a class, and I should not care to turn their business over to the priests. Besides, it is barely possible that medicine can do some things which faith cannot. Medical understanding of the venereal diseases is far greater now than it was fifty or twenty years ago. The nostrums purchased in drug stores are probably as efficacious as prayer, but it is best for the person who thinks he may be venereally diseased to see his physician. Else he may be doing a great injury to himself and perhaps to persons who are dear to him.

The problem of the tenement house and the slum district, although it is certainly connected with prostitution, is so complex that it cannot adequately be considered here. The same thing may be said about the minimum wage, especially for women. The defenders of the capitalistic system have been induced to agree to many social concessions out of fear that pure socialism might otherwise come about. Bebel and other socialist leaders have vigorously opposed prostitution, most of them maintaining that it is a result of glaring economic

inequality. It appears that the Bolshevistic rule in Russia has put an end to open prostitution. This has been accomplished—and there is probably no other way of doing it—by increasing sexual freedom in general. Easy divorce diminishes both prostitution and concubinage. Greater opportunities for women also decrease the need of accepting pay for immorality.

The New York Committee of Fifteen and similar organizations elsewhere did creditable work in opening a number of hospitals to venereal sufferers. In trying to combat the dance-hall and other forms of amusement which they considered undesirable, they stimulated the playground movement. City parks were improved, band concerts were inaugurated, and increased attention was paid to public libraries because of their propaganda. As to the influence of the reformers on the photoplay, this may easily be exaggerated. The building of many theaters, some of them containing several thousands of seats, has made it necessary for the producers to please family groups, some of them with puritanic ideas. Exhibitors in the small towns still complain that there is too much kissing in the photoplays, and that the knees of the actresses are sometimes made manifest. However, the American films are rather of a sickly sentimentality and of appeal to children under the age of twelve than in any sense indecent.

The Committee of Fifteen recommended in 1902 that the laws against prostitution should be repealed. The members saw clearly that

they served only to enrich the politicians and the police officials. They were opposed to a segregated district, though, and they were unwilling that the harlots should take up their quarters in crowded tenements. They thought that a special body of morals police should be established to deal with courtesans.

While New York was still "wide open," extremely high fees were paid by the brothel-keepers. Seligman's book tells us of a fifty-cent house containing not more than ten prostitutes for which an initiation charge of $500 was made, with $600 more to be paid annually thereafter in monthly installments. The alderman of the district, the policeman on the beat, the roundsman, the sergeant, and various higher police officers all got their share. In return, the brothel-keeper received the privilege of advertising openly. There were men stationed in the street to pull in customers, "and children of the neighborhood were given pennies to distribute the cards of the prostitutes." Investigators found over three hundred apartments occupied by harlots in Manhattan at the beginning of the twentieth century, and their work was incomplete. Sanger's statistical investigation was, in fact, the last one made in New York which could pretend to anything approaching accuracy.

In 1910, when the white slave agitation was at its height, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was the foreman of a special grand jury charged with investigating the traffic in New York County. No international syndicate was discoverable, but there were restaurants and clubrooms

where persons financially interested in the management and the supplying of brothels met. Aside from the regular houses of prostitution, the Raines Law hotels, as well as massage and manicure parlors, were found to be serving the courtesans. The licensing of massagists in some American cities and states has perhaps decreased their tendency to take part in prostitution.

In 1905, there were over 1200 Raines Law hotels in the New York boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. Practically all of them were violating the law in more than one way. First of all, they did not maintain genuine restaurants. The Raines Law sandwich often was carefully covered with tissue paper, and a rubber band was placed around it to indicate that it was not meant to be eaten. Upton Sinclair, in the days that he was maintaining himself by hack writing, wrote a perfectly good one-dollar joke about the saloon-keeper who complained that his Sunday's business had been ruined by the careless person who had actually consumed the sandwich laid before him. Most of the "hotels" were old wooden shacks, and the violations of city ordinances were many. Pressure was laid by the reformers upon the brewers who outfitted such places and upon the bonding companies that guaranteed their good conduct. As a result, the number of Raines Law hotels in Manhattan and the Bronx decreased to 87 in 1911. In the last years of the saloon, it had comparatively little to do with prostitution. The connection had in a measure been forced

upon the liquor-dealers; and they did not particularly object to the loss of their hotel licenses, since it was arranged that they should be allowed to keep open on Sunday. Sometimes only the side entrances—those dedicated to families—were kept unlocked, and unknown customers were not encouraged. The patrolmen came in to investigate as a matter of course, and when they came out, wiping their lips, they were perfectly sure that the law-abiding proprietors kept their saloons closed on Sunday. The New Puritans were outraged by such flagrant lawbreaking, and they finally made it possible for the patrolman to get a drink or two every day of the week, and new shoes for his baby besides. Well, walking the beat is undoubtedly thirsty work.

The successful attack upon the Raines Law hotels did not appreciably diminish prostitution in New York. It sent some women into the brothels and others into furnished rooms in tenement houses. The courtesans flocked back to Broadway and to various other streets where men walked in large numbers. Outside the brothels, boys of fifteen or sixteen stood and helped the passers-by make up their mind. These "lighthouses," as they were called, were watchmen, too. Some politician who had not received what he considered his fair share of the blackmail money or who had a morbid desire to please the puritanical reformers might cause a raid to be made, and in that case it was advisable that the women should be warned beforehand. But the chief task of the "lighthouses" and of some older men sta-

tioned in the street was the pulling in of patrons.

The "lighthouse" who proved himself capable became a "cadet." The "cadets" were young men, usually between 18 and 25 years old, charged with the work of finding girls who could be induced to enter the brothels. The sensational books tell us that they usually promised marriage or that they otherwise engaged in trickery. They were recruiting officers, and we can be certain that they never emphasized the unpleasant aspects of the profession. It is probable, though, that their most inviting field was among young women who were semi-professional or professional prostitutes outside the brothels. The great majority of them knew what they were doing when they entered the houses. They were not brought in under the influence of drugs or believing that they were simply moving to new lodgings. When prostitution was least disturbed by the police, such tactics were dangerous. I do not say that they were never used, but simply that they were not typical. The reformers who believe that "any excuse" will do have not hesitated to present isolated instances of such outrages as though they indicated the usual state of affairs in the old days.

In 1906, the social hygiene movement became strong in the United States. What this has been and still is does not appear very clearly from the name. In the case of all infectious diseases, and to a considerable extent with regard to all maladies, hygiene must in part be social. The American Social Hygiene

Association, with headquarters in New York, and the various local organizations with similar titles are really Anti-Prostitution Leagues. Their point of view is moral rather than sanatory, and they are opposed to all forms of legal recognition and authorized control.

In 1910, the legislature of the state of New York passed the Page Law, which provided that women convicted of vagrancy should be examined by physicians of their own sex, and that if they were suffering from venereal diseases they should be imprisoned and given treatment until they were cured. This Erewhonian act was later declared unconstitutional. The legislature had no right to punish prostitutes for their illness, even though the object of the imprisonment was their cure.

In 1911, according to Professor Seligman, there were in the United States 32 cities which regulated prostitution in one way or another. The control was closest in Atlantic City and in Cheyenne, where there were segregated districts and compulsory medical examinations for courtesans. The "red light district," without sanitary control, flourished in a number of important places.

The Bureau of Social Hygiene directed a study of conditions in New York in 1912, the results of which are summarized in George J. Kneeland's *Commercialized Prostitution in New York.* At this time, the city was still "wide open." We are told, indeed, that there were companies formed to operate brothels, and that the shares were offered for sale in special exchanges. For Sanger, as we have

seen, a "parlor house" was a brothel of the first class. More recently, it has meant any house devoted exclusively or almost entirely to prostitution. The fee ranged in 1912 from fifty cents to five or ten dollars. In the cheaper brothels, there was little cleanliness and no luxury. A few of the houses were regularly visited by physicians, but their examinations were usually hasty. At least one case is known where the doctor issued a certificate of perfect health while he was treating the woman concerned for a serious case of syphilis.

The brothel physicians, together with other persons interested in the "parlor houses," belonged for the most part to an organization called the Independent Benevolent Association. This was the closest approach to the great syndicate or trust about which sensational journalists, ever anxious to raise public morality and increase the circulation of their papers, were writing.

A few of the houses were open only to selected lists of patrons, but most of them welcomed every visitor who had the required price. Chauffeurs and cabmen were paid for the patrons they brought, and there were also special agents or runners. Some of the more pretentious brothels were said to be under the protection of influential politicians.

In recent years, the number of brothels in New York appears to have decreased. Street solicitation is comparatively rare. For the poor man, it seems that the facilities are much

less than they were before the war. As in the case of liquor, the man who can afford to spend a large amount is pretty well taken care of.

During 1917, Dr. Woolston carried on an investigation in forty American cities, not including New York. He sent ahead "an experienced field scout" in every case. Among the forty, he found ten where the police admitted that they were tolerating segregated districts. In seven of these ten, the police kept a register of courtesans. Especially in the larger cities, though, there were many unenrolled harlots.

One of the places visited was Douglas, Arizona. The health authorities there issued in January, 1917, a list of regulations governing women of the restricted district. An examination, including a Wassermann test, was required of every prostitute as she entered the segregated zone and every three months thereafter. Licenses were issued to those women whose tests showed a negative reaction or whose physicians certified that, although they were diseased, they were non-infective. A charge was made for the certificates and the examinations.

"Publicly recognized markets of vice have been largely done away with," Dr. Woolston declares. "Their place, it is true, has partially been taken by new centers of activity, but these latter are furtive and surreptitious. Their blatant air is gone, and business is not what it used to be. Like any other commer-

cial enterprise, prostitution thrives through publicity and dwindles when it becomes difficult and dangerous."

As a matter of fact, there are still many American cities where the courtesans parade the streets as openly and in as great numbers as ever. Women are sometimes arrested and sent to reformatories, but the mass of the traffic continues. A new turn was given to the prostitution laws in several states during the Great War, when it was provided that the men found in brothels might be punished.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF IMMANUEL KANT

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF IMMANUEL KANT

I. ROADS TO KANT

Never has a system of thought so dominated an epoch as the philosophy of Immanuel Kant dominated the thought of the nineteenth century. After almost three-score years of quiet and secluded development, the uncanny Scot of Königsberg roused the world from its "dogmatic slumber," in 1781, with his famous *Critique of Pure Reason;* and from that year to our own the "critical philosophy" has ruled the speculative roost of Europe. The philosophy of Schopenhauer rose to brief power on the romantic wave that broke in 1848; the theory of evolution swept everything before it after 1859; and the exhilarating iconoclasm of Nietzsche won the center of the philosophic stage as the century came to a close. But these were secondary and surface developments; underneath them the strong and steady current of the Kantian movement flowed on, always wider and keeper; until today its essential theorems are the axioms of all mature philosophy. Nietzsche takes Kant for granted, and

passes on;[1] Schopenhauer calls the *Critique* "the most important work in German literature," and considers any man a child until he has understood Kant;[2] Spencer could not understand Kant, and for precisely that reason, perhaps, fell a little short of the fullest philosophic stature. To adapt Hegel's phrase about Spinoza: to be a philosopher, one must first have been a Kantian.

Therefore let us become Kantians at once. But it cannot be done at once, apparently; for in philosophy, as in politics, the longest distance between two points is a straight line. Kant is the last person in the world whom we should read on Kant. Our philosopher is like and unlike Jehovah; he speaks through clouds, but without the illumination of the lightning-flash. He disdains examples and the concrete; they would have made his book too long, he argued.[3] (So abbreviated, it contains some 800 pages, nevertheless.) Only professional philosophers were expected to read him; and these would not need illustrations. Yet when Kant

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[1] *The Will to Power,* vol. ii, part I.

[2] *The World as Will and Idea,* London, 1883; vol. ii, p. 30.

[3] *The Critique of Pure Reason,* London, 1881; vol. ii, p. xxvii. All subsequent references are to volume two.

gave the MS. of the *Critique* to his friend Herz, a man much versed in speculation, Herz returned it half read, saying he feared insanity if he went on with it. What shall we do with such a philosopher?

Let us approach him deviously and cautiously, beginning at a safe and respectful distance from him; let us start at various points on the circumference of the subject, and then grope our way towards that subtle center where the most difficult of all philosophies has its secret and its treasure.

1. FROM VOLTAIRE TO KANT

The road here is from theoretical reason without religious faith, to religious faith without theoretical reason. Voltaire means the Enlightenment, the Encyclopedia, the Age of Reason. The warm enthusiasm of Francis Bacon had inspired all Europe (except Rousseau) with unquestioning faith in the power of science and logic to solve at last all problems, and illustrate the "infinite perfectibility" of man. Condorcet, in prison, wrote his *Historical Tableau of the Progress of the Human Spirit* (1793), which spoke the sublime faith of the eighteenth century in knowledge and reason, and asked no other key to Utopia than uni-

versal education. Even the steady Germans had their *Aufklärung*, their rationalist, Christian Wolff, and their hopeful Lessing. And the excitable Parisians of the Revolution dramatized this apotheosis of the intellect by worshipping the "Goddess of Reason,"—impersonated by a charming grisette.

In Spinoza this faith in reason had begotten a magnificent structure of geometry and logic: the universe was a mathematical system, and could be described *a priori*, by pure deduction from accepted axioms. In Hobbes the rationalism of Bacon had become an uncompromising atheism and materialism; again nothing was to exist but "atoms and the void." From Spinoza to Diderot the wrecks of faith lay in the wake of advancing reason: one by one the old dogmas disappeared; the Gothic cathedral of medieval belief, with its delightful details and grotesques, collapsed; the ancient God fell from his throne along with the bourbons, heaven faded into mere sky, and hell became only an emotional expression. Helvetius and Holbach made atheism so fashionable in the salons of France that even the clergy took it up; and La Mettrie went to peddle it in Germany, under the auspices of Prussia's king. When, in 1784, Lessing shocked

Jacobi by announcing himself a follower of Spinoza, it was a sign that faith had reached its nadir, and that Reason was triumphant.

David Hume, who played so vigorous a role in the Enlightenment assault on supernatural belief, said that when reason is against a man, he will soon turn against reason. Religious faith and hope, voiced in a hundred thousand steeples rising out of the soil of Europe everywhere, were too deeply rooted in the institutions of society and in the heart of man, to permit their ready surrender to the hostile verdict of reason; it was inevitable that this faith and this hope, so condemned, would question the competence of this judge, and would call for an examination of reason as well as of religion. What was this intellect that proposed to destroy with a syllogism the beliefs of thousands of years and billions of men? Was it infallible? Or was it one human organ like any other, with strictest limits to its functions and its powers? The time had come to judge this judge, to examine this ruthless Revolutionary Tribunal that was dealing out death so lavishly to every ancient hope. The time had come for a critique of reason.

2. FROM LOCKE TO KANT

The way had been prepared for such an examination by the work of Locke, Berkeley and Hume; and yet, apparently, their results too were hostile to religion.

John Locke (1632-1704) had proposed to apply to psychology the inductive tests and methods of Francis Bacon; in his great *Essay on Human Understanding* (1689) reason, for the first time in modern thought, had turned in upon itself, and philosophy had begun to scrutinize the instrument which it so long had trusted. This introspective movement in philosophy grew step by step with the introspective novel as developed by Richardson and Rousseau; just as the sentimental and emotional color of *Clarissa Harlowe* and *La Nouvelle Héloise* had its counterpart in the philosophic exaltation of instinct and feeling above intellect and reason.

How does knowledge arise? Have we, as some good people suppose, innate ideas, as, for example, of right and wrong, and God,—ideas inherent in the mind from birth, prior to all experience? Anxious theologians, worried lest belief in the Deity should disappear because God had not yet appeared in any telescope, had thought that faith and morals might be

strengthened if their central and basic ideas were shown to be inborn in every normal soul. But Locke, good Christian though he was, ready to argue most eloquently for "The Reasonableness of Christianity," could not accept these suppositions; he announced, quietly, that all our knowledge comes from experience and through our senses—that "there is nothing in the mind except what was first in the senses." The mind is at birth a clean sheet, a *tabula rasa;* and sense-experience writes upon it in a thousand ways, until sensation begets memory and memory begets ideas. All of which seemed to lead to the startling conclusion that since only material things can affect our sense, we know nothing but matter, and must accept a materialistic philosophy. If sensations are the stuff of thought, the hasty argued, matter must be the material of mind.

Not at all, said Bishop George Berkeley (1684-1753); this Lockian analysis of knowledge proves rather that matter does not exist except as a form of mind. It was a brilliant idea—to refute materialism by the simple expedient of showing that we know of no such thing as matter; in all Europe only a Gaelic imagination could have conceived this metaphysical magic.

But see how obvious it is, said the Bishop: has not Locke told us that all our knowledge is derived from sensation? Therefore all our knowledge of anything is merely our sensations of it, and the ideas derived from these sensations. A "thing" is merely a bundle of perceptions—i.e., classified and interpreted sensations. You protest that your breakfast is much more substantial than a bundle of perceptions; and that a hammer that teaches you carpentry through your thumb has a most magnificent materiality. But your breakfast is at first nothing but a congeries of sensations of sight and smell and touch; and then of taste; and then of internal comfort and warmth. Likewise, the hammer is a bundle of sensations of color, size, shape, weight, touch, etc.; its reality for you is not in its materiality, but in the sensations that come from your thumb. If you had no senses, the hammer would not exist for you at all; it might strike your dead thumb forever and yet win from you not the slightest attention. It is only a bundle of sensations, or a bundle of memories; it is a condition of the mind. All matter, so far as we know it, is a mental condition; and the only reality that we know directly is mind. So much for materialism.

But the Irish Bishop had reckoned without the Scotch sceptic, David Hume (1711-1776), who at the age of twenty-six shocked all Christendom with his highly heretical *Treatise on Human Nature*,—one of the classics and marvels of modern philosophy. We know the mind, said Hume, only as we know matter: by perception, though it be in this case internal. Never do we perceive any such entity as the "mind;" we perceive merely separate ideas, memories, feelings, etc. The mind is not a substance, an organ that has ideas; it is only an abstract name for the series of ideas; the perceptions, memories and feelings *are* the mind. There is no observable "soul" behind the processes of thought. The result appeared to be that Hume had as effectually destroyed mind as Berkeley had destroyed matter. Nothing was left; and philosophy found itself in the midst of ruins of its own making. No wonder that a wit advised the abandonment of the controversy, saying: "No matter, never mind."

But Hume was not content to destroy orthodox religion by dissipating the concept of soul; he proposed also to destroy science by dissolving the concept of law. Science and philosophy alike, since Bruno and Galileo, had

been making much of natural law, of "necessity" in the sequence of effect upon cause; Spinoza had reared his majestic metaphysics upon this proud conception. But observe, said Hume, that we never perceive causes, or laws; we perceive events and sequences, and *infer* causation and necessity; a law is not an eternal and necessary decree to which events are subjected, but merely a mental summary and shorthand of our kaleidoscopic experience; we have no guarantee that the sequences hitherto observed will re-appear unaltered in future experience. "Law" is an observed *custom* in the sequence of events; but there is no "necessity" in custom. Only mathematical formulae have necessity—they alone are inherently and unchangeably true; and this merely because such formulae are tautological—the predicate is already contained in the subject; "3×3=9" is an eternal and necessary truth only because "3×3" and "9" are one and the same thing differently expressed; the predicate adds nothing to the subject. Science, then, must limit itself strictly to mathematics and direct experiment; it cannot trust to unverified deduction from "laws." "When we run through libraries, persuaded of these principles," writes our uncanny

sceptic, "what havoc must we make! If we take in our hands any volume of school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, 'Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?' No. 'Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?' No. Commit it then to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."[4]

Imagine how the ears of the orthodox tingled at these words. Here the epistemological tradition—the inquiry into the nature, sources, and validity of knowledge—had ceased to be a support to religion; the sword with which Bishop Berkeley had slain the dragon of materialism had turned against the immaterial mind and the immortal soul; and in the turmoil science itself had suffered severe injury. No wonder that when Immanuel Kant, in 1755, read a German translation of the works of David Hume, he was shocked by these results, and was roused, as he said, from the "dogmatic slumber" in which he had assumed without question the essentials of religion and the bases of science. Were both science and faith

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[4]Quoted in Royce. *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, Boston. 1892; p. 98.

to be surrendered to the sceptic? What could be done to save them?

3. FROM ROUSSEAU TO KANT

To the argument of the Enlightenment, that reason makes for materialism, Berkeley had essayed the answer that matter does not exist. But this had led, in Hume, to the retort that by the same token mind does not exist either. Another answer was possible—that reason is no final test. There are some theoretical conclusions against which our whole being rebels; we have no right to presume that these demands of our nature must be stifled at the dictates of a logic which is after all but the recent construction of a frail and deceptive part of us. How often our instincts and feelings push aside the little syllogisms which would like us to behave like geometrical figures, and make love with mathematical precision! Sometimes, no doubt,—and particularly in the novel complexities and artificialities of urban life,—reason is the better guide; but in the great crises of life, and in the great problems of conduct and belief, we trust to our feelings rather than to our diagrams. If reason is against religion, so much the worse for reason!

Such, in effect, was the argument of Jean

Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), who almost alone, in France, fought the materialism and atheism of the Enlightenment. What a fate for a delicate and neurotic nature, to have been cast amidst the robust rationalism and the almost brutal hedonism[5] of the Encyclopedists! Rousseau had been a sickly youth, driven into brooding and introversion by his physical weakness and the unsympathetic attitude of his parents and teachers; he had escaped from the stings of reality into a hot-house world of dreams, where the victories denied him in life and love could be had for the imagining. His *Confessions* reveal an unreconciled complex of the most refined sentimentality with an obtuse sense of decency and honor; and through it all an unsullied conviction of his moral superiority.[6]

In 1749 the Aademy of Dijon offered a prize for an essay on the question, "Has the Progress of the Sciences and the Arts Contributed to Corrupt, or to Purify, Morals?" Rousseau's essay won the prize. Culture is much more of an evil than a good, he argued, with all the intensity and sincerity of one who, finding cul-

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[5]The doctrine that all behavior is motived by the pursuit of pleasure.

[6]Cf. *Confessions*, bk. X; vol. ii, p. 184.

ture out of his reach, proposed to prove it worthless. Consider the frightful disorders which printing has produced in Europe. Wherever philosophy arises, the moral health of the nation decays. "It was even a saying among the philosophers themselves that since learned men had appeared, honest men were nowhere to be found." "I venture to declare that a state of reflection is contrary to nature; and that a thinking man" (an "intellectual," as we would now say) "is a depraved animal." It would be better to abandon our over-rapid development of the intellect, and to aim rather at training the heart and the affections. Education does not make a man good, it only makes him clever—usually for mischief. Instinct and feeling are more trustworthy than reason.

In his famous novel, *La Nouvelle Héloise* (1761), Rousseau illustrated at great length the superiority of feeling to intellect; sentimentality became the fashion among the ladies of the aristocracy, and among some of the men; France was for a century watered with literary, and then with actual, tears; and the great movement of the European intellect in the eighteenth century gave way to the romantic emotional literature of 1789-1848. The cur-

rent carried with it a strong revival of religious feeling; the ecstasies of Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme* (1802) were merely an echo of the "Confessions of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar" which Rousseau included in his epochal essay on education—*Emile* (1762). The argument of the "Confession" was briefly this: that though reason might be against belief in God and immortality, feeling was overwhelmingly in their favor; why should we not trust in instinct here, rather than yield to the despair of an avid scepticism?

When Kant read *Emile* he omitted his daily walk under the linden trees, in order to finish the book at once. It was an event in his life to find here another man who was groping his way out of the darkness of atheism, and who boldly affirmed the priority of feeling over theoretical reason in these supra-sensual concerns. Here at last was the second half of the answer to irreligion; now finally all the scoffers and doubters would be scattered. To put these threads of argument together, to unite the ideas of Berkeley and Hume with the feelings of Rousseau, to save religion from reason,

and yet at the same time to save science from scepticism—this was the mission of Immanuel Kant.

But who was Immanuel Kant?

II. KANT HIMSELF

Kant was born at Königsberg, Prussia, in 1724. Except for a short period of tutoring in a nearby village, this quiet little professor, who loved so much to lecture on the geography and ethnology of distant lands, never left his native city. He came of a poor family, which had left Scotland some hundred years before Immanuel's birth. His mother was a Pietist,—i.e., a member of a religious sect which, like the Methodists of England, insisted on the full strictness and rigor of religious practice and belief. Our philosopher was so immersed in religion from morning to night that on the one hand he experienced a reaction which led him to stay away from church all through his adult life; and on the other hand he kept to the end the sombre stamp of the German Puritan, and felt, as he grew old, a great longing to preserve for himself and the world the essentials, at least, of the faith so deeply inculcated in him by his mother.

But a young man growing up in the age of Frederick and Voltaire could not insulate himself from the sceptical current of the time.

Kant was profoundly influenced even by the men whom later he aimed to refute, and perhaps most of all by his favorite enemy, Hume; we shall see later the remarkable phenomenon of a philosopher transcending the conservatism of his maturity and returning in almost his last work, and at almost the age of seventy, to a virile liberalism that would have brought him martydrom had not his age and his fame protected him. Even in the midst of his work of religious restoration we hear, with surprising frequency, the tones of another Kant whom we might almost mistake for a Voltaire. Schopenhauer thought it "not the least merit of Frederick the Great, that under his government Kant could develop himself, and dared to publish his *Critique of Pure Reason.* Hardly under any other government would a salaried professor" (therefore, in Germany, a government employee) "have ventured such a thing. Kant was obliged to promise the immediate successor of the great King that he would write no more."[7] It was in appreciation of this freedom that Kant dedicated the *Critique* to Zedlitz, Frederick's far-sighted and progressive Minister of Education.

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[7] *The World as Will and Idea,* London, 1883; vol. ii, p. 133.

In 1755 Kant began his work as private lecturer at the University of Königsberg. For fifteen years he was left in this lowly post; twice his applications for a professorship were refused. At last, in 1770, he was made professor of logic and metaphysics. After many years of experience as a teacher, he wrote a text-book of pedagogy, of which he used to say that it contained many excellent precepts, none of which he had ever applied. Yet he was perhaps a better teacher than writer; and two generations of students learned to love him. One of his practical principles was to attend most to those pupils who were of middle ability; the dunces, he said, were beyond all help, and the geniuses would help themselves.

Nobody expected him to startle the world with a new metaphysical system; to startle anybody seemed the very last crime that this timid and modest professor would commit. He himself had no expectations in that line; at the age of forty-two he wrote: "I have the fortune to be a lover of metaphysics; but my mistress has shown me few favors as yet."[8] He spoke in those days of the "bottomless abyss of

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[8]Quoted by Royce, *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy;* Boston, 1892; p. 120.

metaphysics," and of metaphysics as "a dark ocean without shores or lighthouse," strewn with many a philosophic wreck.[9] He could even attack the metaphysicians as those who dwelt on the high towers of speculation, "where there is usually a great deal of wind."[10] He did not foresee that the greatest of all metaphysical tempests was to be of his own blowing.

During these quiet years his interests were rather physical than metaphysical. He wrote on planets, earthquakes, fire, winds, ether, volcanoes, geography, ethnology, and a hundred other things of that sort, not usually confounded with metaphysics. His *Theory of the Heavens* (1755) proposed something very similar to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, and attempted a mechanical explanation of all sidereal motion and development. All the planets, Kant thought, have been or will be inhabited; and those that are farthest from the sun, having had the longest period of growth, have probably a higher species of intelligent organisms than any yet produced on our planet. His *Anthropology* (put together in 1798 from the lectures of a life-time) suggested the possibility of the

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[9]Quoted by Paulsen, *Immanuel Kant;* New York, 1910; p. 82.

[10]*Ibid.*, p. 56.

animal origin of man. Kant argued that if the human infant, in early ages when man was still largely at the mercy of wild animals, had cried as loudly upon entering the world as it does now, it would have been found out and devoured by beasts of prey; that in all probability, therefore, man was very different at first from what he had become under civilization. And then Kant went on, subtly: "How nature brought about such a development, and by what causes it was aided, we know not. This remark carries us a long way. It suggests the thought whether the present period of history, on the occasion of some great physical revolution, may not be followed by a third, when an orang-outang or a chimpanzee would develop the organs which serve for walking, touching, speaking, into the articulated structure of a human being, with a central organ for the use of understanding, and gradually advance under the training of social institutions." Was this use of the future tense Kant's cautiously indirect way of putting forth his view of how man had really developed from the beast?[11]

So we see the slow growth of this simple

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[11]So Wallace suggests: *Kant,* Philadelphia, 1882; p. 115.

little man, hardly five feet tall, modest, shrinking, and yet containing in his head, or generating there, the most far-reaching revolution in modern philosophy. Kant's life, says one biographer, passed like the most regular of regular verbs. "Rising, coffee-drinking, writing, lecturing, dining, walking," says Heine,—"each had its set time. And when Immanuel Kant, in his grey coat, cane in hand, appeared at the door of his house, and strolled towards the small avenue of linden trees which is still called 'The Philosopher's Walk,' the neighbors knew it was exactly half-past-three by the clock. So he promenaded up and down, during all seasons; and when the weather was gloomy, or the grey clouds threatened rain, his old servant Lampe was seen plodding anxiously after, with a large umbrella under his arm, like a symbol of Prudence."

He was so frail in physique that he had to take severe measures to regimen himself; he thought it safer to do this without a doctor; and so he lived to the age of eighty. At seventy he wrote an essay "On the Power of the Mind to Master the Feeling of Illness by Force of Resolution." One of his favorite principles was to breathe only through the nose, especially

when out-doors; hence, in autumn, winter and spring, he would permit no one to talk to him on his daily walks; better silence than a cold. He applied philosophy even to holding up his stockings—by bands passing up into his trousers' pockets, where they ended in springs contained in small boxes.[12] He thought everything out carefully before acting; and therefore remained a bachelor all his life long. Twice he thought of offering his hand to a lady; but he reflected so long that in one case the lady married a bolder man, and in the other the lady removed from Königsberg before the philosopher could make up his mind. Perhaps he felt, like Nietzsche, that marriage would hamper him in the honest pursuit of truth; "a married man," Talleyrand used to say, "will do anything for money." And Kant had written, at twenty-two, with all the fine enthusiasm of omnipotent youth: "I have already fixed upon the line which I am resolved to keep. I will enter on my course, and nothing shall prevent me from pursuing it."[13]

And so he persevered, through poverty and obscurity, sketching and writing and rewriting

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[12]Introd. to Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason;* London, 1909; p. xlii.

[13]Wallace, p. 100.

his *magnum opus* for almost fifteen years; finishing it only in 1781, when he was fifty-seven years old. Never did a man mature so slowly; and then again, never did a book so startle and upset the philosophic world.

III. THE CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON[14]

What is meant by this title? *Critique* is not precisely a criticism, but a critical analysis; Kant is not attacking "pure reason," except, at the end, to show its limitations; rather he hopes to show its possibility, and to exalt it above the impure knowledge which comes to us through the distorting channels of sense. For "pure" reason is to mean knowledge that does not come through our senses, but is independent of all sense experience; knowledge belonging to us by the inherent nature and structure of the mind.

At the very outset, then, Kant flings down a challenge to Locke and the English school: knowledge is not all derived from the senses. Hume thought he had shown that there is no soul, and no science; that our minds are but

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[14]A word about what to read. Kant himself is hardly intelligible to the beginner, because his thought is insulated with a bizarre and intricate terminology (hence the paucity of direct quotations in this essay). Perhaps the simplest introduction is Wallace's *Kant,* in the Blackwood Philosophical Classics. Heavier and more advanced is Paulsen's *Immanuel Kant.* Chamberlain's *Immanuel Kant* (2 vols.; New York, 1914) is interesting but erratic and digressive. A good criticism of Kant may be found in Schopenhauer's *World as Will and Idea;* vol. ii, pp. 1-159.

our ideas in procession and association; and our certainties but probabilities in perpetual danger of violation. These false conclusions, says Kant, are the result of false premises: you assume that all knowledge comes from "separate and distinct" sensations; naturally these cannot give you necessity, or invariable sequences of which you may be forever certain; and naturally you must not expect to "see" your soul, even with the eyes of the internal sense. Let us grant that absolute certainty of knowledge is impossible if all knowledge comes from sensation, from an independent external world which owes us no promise of regularity of behavior. But what if we have knowledge that is independent of sense-experience, knowledge whose truth is certain to us even before experience—*a priori?* Then absolute truth, and absolute science, would become possible, would it not? Is there such absolute knowledge? This is the problem of the first *Critique.* "My question is, what we can hope to achieve with reason, when all the material and assistance of experience are taken away."[15] The *Critique* becomes a detailed biology of thought, an examination of the origin and evolution of con-

[15] *Critique of Pure Reason,* pref. p. xxiv.

cepts, an analysis of the inherited structure of the mind. This, as Kant believes, is the entire problem of metaphysics. "In this book I have chiefly aimed at completeness; and I venture to maintain that there ought not to be one single metaphysical problem that has not been solved here, or to the solution of which the key at least has not here been supplied."[16] *Exegi monumentum aere perennius!* With such egotism nature spurs us on to creation.

The *Critique* comes to the point at once. "Experience is by no means the only field to which our understanding can be confined. Experience tells us what is, but not that it must be necessarily what it is and not otherwise. It therefore never gives us any really general truths; and our reason, which is particularly anxious for that class of knowledge, is roused by it rather than satisfied. General truths, which at the same time bear the character of an inward necessity, must be independent of experience,—clear and certain in themselves."[17] That is to say, they must be true no matter what our later experience may be; true even *before* experience; true *a priori*. "How far we can advance independently of all experience, in *a priori* knowl-

[16] *Ibid.*, p. xxiii. [17] *Ibid.*, p. 1

edge, is shown by the brilliant example of mathematics."[18] Mathematical knowledge is necessary and certain; we cannot conceive of future experience violating it. We may believe that the sun will "rise" in the west to-morrow, or that some day, in some conceivable asbestos world, fire will not burn stick; but we cannot for the life of us believe that two times two will ever make anything else than four. Such truths are true before experience; they do not depend on experience past, present, or to come. Therefore they are absolute and necessary truths; it is inconceivable that they should ever become untrue. But whence do we get this character of absoluteness and necessity? Not from experience; for experience gives us nothing but separate sensations and events, which may alter their sequence in the future.[19] These truths derive their necessary character from the inherent structure of our minds, from the natural and inevitable manner in which our minds must operate. For the mind of man (and here at last is the great thesis of Kant)

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[18] P. 4.

[19] "Radical empiricism" (James, Dewey, etc.) enters the controversy at this point, and argues against both Hume and Kant, that experience gives us relations and sequences as well as sensations and events.

is not passive wax upon which experience and sensation write their absolute and yet whimsical will; nor is it a mere abstract name for the series or group of mental states; it is an active organ which moulds and co-ordinates sensations into ideas, an organ which transforms the chaotic multiplicity of experience into the ordered unity of thought.

But how?

1. TRANSCENDENTAL ESTHETIC

The effort to answer this question, to study the inherent structure of the mind, or the innate laws of thought, is what Kant calls "transcendental philosophy," because it is a problem transcending sense-experience. "I call knowledge transcendental which is occupied not so much with objects, as with our *a priori* concepts of objects,"[20]—with our modes of correlating our experience into knowledge. There are two grades or stages in this process of working up the raw material of sensation into the finished product of thought. The first stage is the co-ordination of sensations by applying to them the forms of perception—space and time; the second stage is the co-ordination of the perceptions so developed, by applying

[20] *Critique of Pure Reason*, p. 10.

to them the forms of conception—the "categories" of thought. Kant, using the word *esthetic* in its original and etymological sense, as connoting sensation or feeling, calls the study of the first of these stages "Transcendental Esthetic;" and using the word *logic* as meaning the science of the forms of thought, he calls the study of the second stage "Transcendental Logic." These are terrible words, which will take meaning as the argument proceeds; once over this hill, the road to Kant will be comparatively clear.

Now just what is meant by sensations and perceptions?—and how does the mind change the former into the latter? By itself a sensation is merely the awareness of a stimulus; we have a taste on the tongue, an odor in the nostrils, a sound in the ears, a temperature on the skin, a flash of light on the retina, a pressure on the fingers: it is the raw crude beginning of experience; it is what the infant has in the early days of its groping mental life; it is not yet knowledge. But let these various sensations group themselves about an object in space and time—say this apple; let the odor in the nostrils, and the taste on the tongue, the light on the retina, the shape-

revealing pressure on the fingers and the hand, unite and group themselves about this "thing": and there is now an awareness not so much of a stimulus as of a specific object; there is a perception. Sensation has passed into knowledge.

But again, was this passage, this grouping, automatic? Did the sensations of themselves, spontaneously and naturally, fall into a cluster and an order, and so become perception? Yes, said Locke and Hume; not at all, says Kant.

For these varied sensations come to us through varied channels of sense, through a thousand "afferent nerves" that pass from skin and eye and ear and tongue into the brain; what a medley of messengers they must be as they crowd into the chambers of the mind, calling for attention! No wonder Plato spoke of "the rabble of the senses." And left to themselves, they remain rabble, a chaotic "manifold," pitifully impotent, waiting to be ordered into meaning and purpose and power. As readily might the messages brought to a general from a thousand sectors of the battle-line weave themselves unaided into comprehension and command. No; there is a law-giver for this mob, a directing and co-ordinating power that

does not merely receive, but takes these atoms of sensation and moulds them into sense.

Observe, first, that not all of the messages are accepted. A myriad forces play upon your body at this moment; a storm of stimuli beats down upon the nerve-endings which, amoeba-like, you put forth to experience the external world: but not all that call are chosen; only those sensations are selected that can be moulded into perceptions suited to your present purpose, or that bring those imperious messages of danger which are always relevant. The clock is ticking, and you do not hear it; but that same ticking, not louder than before, will be heard at once if your purpose wills it so. The mother asleep at her infant's cradle is deaf to the turmoil of life about her; but let the little one move, and the mother gropes her way back to waking attention like a diver rising hurriedly to the surface of the sea. Let the purpose be addition, and the stimulus "two and three" brings the response, "five;" let the purpose be multiplication, and the same stimulus, the same auditory sensations, "two and three," bring the response, "six." Association of sensations or ideas is not merely by con tiguity in space or time, nor by similarity, nor

by recency, frequency or intensity of experience; it is above all determined by the purpose of the mind. Sensations and thoughts are servants, they await our call, they do not come unless we need them. There is an agent of selection and direction that uses them and is their master. In addition to the sensatiors and the ideas there is the *mind.*

This agent of selection and co-ordination, Kant thinks, uses first of all two simple methods for the classification of the material presented to it: the sense of space, and the sense of time. As the general arranges the messages brought him according to the place from which they come, and the time at which they were written, and so finds an order and a system for them all; so the mind allocates its sensations in space and time, attributes them to this object here or that object there, to this present time or to that past. Space and time are not things perceived, but modes of perception, ways of putting sense into sensation; space and time are organs of perception.

They are *a priori,* because all ordered experience involves and presupposes them. Without them, sensations could never grow into perceptions. They are *a priori* because it is incon-

ceivable that we should ever have any future experience that will not also involve them. And because they are *a priori*, their laws, which are the laws of mathematics, are *a priori*, absolute and necessary, world without end. It is not merely probable, it is certain that we shall never find a straight line that is not the shortest distance between two points. Mathematics, at least, is saved from the dissolvent scepticism of David Hume.

Can all the sciences be similarly saved? Yes, if their basic principle, the law of causality—that a given cause must *always* be followed by a given effect—can be shown, like space and time, to be so inherent in all the processes of understanding that no future experience can be conceived that would violate or escape it. Is causality, too, *a priori*, an indispensable prerequisite and condition of all thought?

2. TRANSCENDENTAL ANALYTIC

So we pass from the wide field of sensation and perception to the dark and narrow chamber of thought; from "transcendental esthetic" to "transcendental logic;" and first to the naming and analysis of those elements in our thought which are not so much given to the mind by perception as given to perception by

the mind; those levers which raise the "perceptual" knowledge of objects into the "conceptual" knowledge of relationships, sequences, and laws; those tools of the mind which refine experience into science. Just as perceptions arranged sensations around objects in space and time, so conception arranges perceptions (objects and events) about the ideas of cause, unity, reciprocal relation, necessity, contingency, etc.; these and other "categories" are the structure into which perceptions are received, and by which they are classified and moulded into the ordered concepts of thoughts. These are the very essence and character of the mind; mind *is* the co-ordination of experience.

And here again observe the activity of this mind that was, to Locke and Hume, mere "passive wax" under the blows of sense-experience. Consider a system of thought like Aristotle's; is it conceivable that this almost cosmic ordering of data should have come by the automatic, anarchistic spontaneity of the data themselves? See this magnificent card-catalogue in the library, intelligently ordered into sequence by human purpose. Then picture all these card-cases thrown upon the floor, all these cards scattered pell-mell into riotous disorder. Can

you now conceive these scattered cards pulling themselves up, Münchausen-like, from their disarray, passing quietly into their alphabetical and topical places in their proper boxes, and each box into its fit place in the rack,—until all should be order and sense and purpose again? What a miracle-story these sceptics have given us after all!

Sensation is unorganized stimulus, perception is organized sensation, conception is organized perception, science is organized knowledge, wisdom is organized life: each is a greater degree of order, and sequence, and unity. Whence this order, this sequence, this unity? Not from the things themselves; for they are known to us only by sensations that come through a thousand channels at once in disorderly multitude; it is our purpose that put order and sequence and unity upon this importunate lawlessness; it is ourselves, our personalities, our minds, that bring light upon these seas. Locke was wrong when he said, "There is nothing in the intellect except what was first in the senses;" Leibniz was right when he added,—"nothing, except the intellect itself." "Perceptions without conceptions," says Kant, "are blind." If perceptions wove themselves auto-

matically into ordered thought, if mind were not an active effort hammering out order from chaos, how could the same experience leave one man mediocre, and in a more active and tireless soul be raised to the light of wisdom and the beautiful logic of truth?

The world, then, has order, not of itself, but because the thought that knows the world is itself an ordering, the first stage in that classification of experience which at last is science and philosophy. The laws of thought are also the laws of things, for things are known to us only through this thought that must obey these laws, since it and they are one; in effect, as Hegel was to say, the laws of logic and the laws of nature are one, and logic and metaphysics merge. The generalized principles of science are necessary because they are ultimately laws of thought that are involved and presupposed in every experience, past, present, and to come. Science is absolute, and truth is everlasting.

3. TRANSCENDENTAL DIALECTIC

Nevertheless, this certainty, this absoluteness, of the highest generalizations of logic and science, are, paradoxically, limited and relative: limited strictly to the field of actual experience,

and relative strictly to our human mode of experience. For if our analysis has been correct, the world as we know it is a construction, a finished product, almost—one might say—a manufactured article, to which the mind contributes as much by its moulding forms as the thing contributes by its stimuli. (So we perceive the top of the table as round, whereas our sensation is of an ellipse.) The object as it appears to us is a phenomenon, an appearance, perhaps very different from the external object before it came within the ken of our senses; what that original object was we can never know; the "thing-in-itself" may be an object of thought or inference (a "noumenon"), but it cannot be experienced,— for in being experienced it would be changed by its passage through sense and thought. "It remains completely unknown to us what objects may be by themselves and apart from the receptivity of our senses. We know nothing but our manner of perceiving them; that manner being peculiar to us, and not necessarily shared by every being, though, no doubt, by every human being."[21] The moon as known to us is merely

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[21] *Critique*, p. 37. If Kant had not added the last clause, his argument for the necessity of knowledge would have fallen.

a bundle of sensations (as Hume saw), unified (as Hume did not see) by our native mental structure through the elaboration of sensations into perceptions, and of these into conceptions or ideas; in result, the moon is *for us* merely our ideas.[22] Not that Kant ever doubts the existence of "matter" and the external world; but he adds that we know nothing certain about them except that they exist. Our detailed knowledge is about their appearance, their phenomena, about the sensations which we have of them. Idealism does not mean, as the man in the street thinks, that nothing exists outside the perceiving subject; but that a goodly part of every object is created by the forms of perception and understanding: we know the object as transformed into idea; what it is before being so transformed we cannot know. Science, after all, is naive; it supposes that it is dealing with things in themselves, in their full-blooded external and uncorrupted reality; philosophy is a little more sophisticated, and realizes that the whole material of science consists of sensations, perceptions and conceptions, rather than of things. "Kant's

[22]So John Stuart Mill, with all his English tendency to realism, was driven at last to define matter as merely "a permanent possibility of sensations."

greatest merit," says Schopenhauer, "is the distinction of the phenomenon from the thing-it-itself."[23]

It follows that any attempt, by either science or religion, to say just what the ultimate reality is, must fall back into mere hypothesis; "the understanding can never go beyond the limits of sensibility."[24] Such transcendental science loses itself in "antinomies," and such transcendental theology loses itself in "paralogisms." It is the cruel function of "transcendental dialectic" to examine the validity of these attempts of reason to escape from the enclosing circle of sensation and appearance into the unknowable world of things "in themselves."

Antinomies are the insoluble dilemmas born of a science that tries to overleap experience. So, for example, when knowledge attempts to decide whether the world is finite or infinite in space, thought rebels against either supposition: beyond any limit, we are driven to conceive something further, endlessly; and yet infinity is itself inconceivable. Again: did the world have a beginning in time? We cannot conceive eternity; but then, too, we cannot conceive any point in the past without feeling

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[23] *The World as Will and Idea;* vol. ii, p. 7.
[24] *Critique,* p. 215.

at once that before that, something was. Or has that chain of causes which science studies, a beginning, a First Cause? Yes, for an endless chain is inconceivable; no, for a first cause uncaused is inconceivable as well. Is there any exit from these blind alleys of thought? There is, says Kant, if we remember that space, time and cause are modes of perception and conception, which must enter into all our experience, since they are the web and structure of experience; these dilemmas arise from supposing that space, time and cause are external things independent of perception. We shall never have any experience which we shall not interpret in terms of space and time and cause; but we shall never have any philosophy if we forget that these are not things, but modes of interpretation and understanding.

So with the paralogisms of "rational" theology—which attempts to prove by theoretical reason that the soul is an incorruptible substance, that the will is free and above the law of cause and effect, and that there exists a "necessary being," God, as the presupposition of all reality. Transcendental dialectic must remind theology that substance and cause and necessity are finite categories, modes of arrangement and classification which the mind

applies to sense-experience, and reliably valid only for the phenomena that appear to such experience; we cannot apply these conceptions to the noumenal (or merely inferred and conjectural) world. Religion cannot be proved by theoretical reason.

So the first *Critique* ends. One could well imagine David Hume, uncannier Scot than Kant himself, viewing the results with a sardonic smile. Here was a tremendous book, eight hundred pages long; weighted beyond bearing, almost, with ponderous terminology; proposing to solve all the problems of metaphysics, and incidentally to save the absoluteness of science and the essential truth of religion. What had the book really done? It had destroyed the naive world of science, and limited it, if not in degree, certainly in scope,—and to a world confessedly of mere surface and appearance, beyond which it could issue only in farcical "antinomies"; so science was "saved"! The most eloquent and incisive portions of the book had argued that the objects of faith—a free and immortal soul, a benevolent creator—could never be proved by reason: so religion was "saved"! No wonder the priests of Germany protested madly against

this salvation, and revenged themselves by calling their dogs Immanuel Kant![25]

And no wonder that Heine compared the little professor of Königsberg with the terrible Robespierre; the latter had merely killed a king, and a few thousand Frenchmen—which a German might forgive; but Kant, said Heine, had killed God, had undermined the most precious arguments of theology. "What a sharp contrast between the outer life of this man, and his destructive, world-convulsing thoughts! Had the citizens of Königsberg surmised the whole significance of those thoughts, they would have felt a more profound awe in the presence of this man than in that of an executioner, who merely slays human beings. But the good people saw in him nothing but a professor of philosophy; and when at the fixed hour he sauntered by, they nodded a friendly greeting, and set their watches."[26]

Was this caricature, or revelation?

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[25] Wallace, p. 82.

[26] Heine. *Prose Miscellanies*, Philadelphia, 1876: p. 146.

IV. THE CRITIQUE OF PRACTICAL REASON

If religion cannot be based on science and theology, on what then? On morals. The basis in theology is too insecure; better that it should be abandoned, even destroyed; faith must be put beyond the reach or realm of reason. But therefore the moral basis of religion must be absolute, not derived from questionable sense-experience or precarious inference; not corrupted by the admixture of fallible reason; it must be derived from the inner self by direct perception and intuition. We must find a universal and necessary ethic; *a priori* principles of morals as absolute and certain as mathematics. We must show that "pure reason can be practical; i. e., can of itself determine the will independently of anything empirical,"[27] that the moral sense is innate, and not derived from experience. The moral imperative which we need as the basis of religion must be an absolute, a categorical, imperative.

Now the most astounding reality in all our experience is precisely our moral sense, our inescapable feeling, in the face of temptation, that this or that is wrong. We may yield; but

[27] *Critique of Practical Reason*, p. 31.

the feeling is there nevertheless. *Le matin je fais des projets, et le soir je fais des sottises;*[28] but we know that they are *sottises*, and we resolve again. What is it that brings the bite of remorse, and the new resolution? It is the categorical imperative in us, the unconditional command of our conscience, to "act as if the maxim of our action were to become by our will a universal law of nature."[29] We know, not by reasoning, but by vivid and immediate feeling, that we must avoid behavior which, if adopted by all men, would render social life impossible. Do I wish to escape from a predicament by a lie? But "while I can will the lie, I can by no means will that lying should be a universal law. For with such a law there would be no promises at all."[30] Hence the sense in me, that I must not lie, even if it be to my advantage. Prudence is hypothetical; its motto is, Honesty when it is the best policy; but the moral law in our hearts is unconditional and absolute.

And an action is good not because it has good results, or because it is wise, but because it is done in obedience to this inner sense of duty, this moral law that does not come from

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[28]"In the morning I make good resolutions; in the evening I commit follies."

[29]*Practical Reason*, p. 139. [30]*Ibid.*, p. 19.

our personal experience, but legislates imperiously and *a priori* for all our behavior, past, present, and future. The only thing unqualifiedly good in this world is a good will—the will to follow the moral law, regardless of profit or loss for ourselves. Never mind your happiness; do your duty. "Morality is not properly the doctrine how we may make ourselves happy, but how we may make ourselves worthy of happiness."[31] Let us seek the happiness of others; but for ourselves, perfection—whether it bring us happiness or pain.[32] To achieve perfection in yourself and happiness in others, "so act as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of another, in every case as an end, never only as a means":[33] —this too, as we directly feel, is part of the categorical imperative. Let us live up to such a principle, and we shall soon create an ideal community of rational beings; to create it we need only act as if we already belonged to it; we must apply the perfect law in the imperfect state. It is a hard ethic, you say,—this placing of duty above beauty, of morality above

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[31] *Ibid.*, p. 227.
[32] *Preface to the Metaphysical Elements of Ethics.*
[33] *Metaphysics of Morals*, London, 1909; p. 47.

happiness; but only so can we cease to be beasts, and begin to be gods.

Notice, meanwhile, that this absolute command to duty proves at last the freedom of our wills; how could we ever have conceived such a notion as duty if we had not felt ourselves free? We cannot prove this freedom by theoretical reason; we prove it by feeling it directly in the crisis of moral choice. We feel this freedom as the very essence of our inner selves, of the "pure Ego"; we feel within ourselves the spontaneous activity of a mind moulding experience and choosing goals. Our actions, once we initiate them, seem to follow fixed and invariable laws, but only because we perceive their results through sense, which clothes all that it transmits in the dress of that causal law which our minds themselves have made. Nevertheless, we are beyond and above the laws we make in order to understand the world of our experience; each of us is a center of initiative force and creative power. In a way which we feel but cannot prove, each of us is free.

And again, though we cannot prove, we feel, that we are deathless. We perceive that life is not like those dramas so beloved by the people—in which every villain is punished, and

every act of virtue meets with its reward; we learn anew every day that the wisdom of the serpent fares better here than the gentleness of the dove, and that any thief can triumph if he steals enough. If mere worldly utility and expediency were the justification of virtue, it would not be wise to be too good. And yet, knowing all this, having it flung into our faces with brutal repetition, we still feel the command to righteousness, *we know that we ought* to do the inexpedient good. How could this sense of right survive if it were not that in our hearts we feel this life to be only a part of life, this earthly dream only an embryonic prelude to a new birth, a new awakening; if we did not vaguely know that in that later and longer life the balance will be redressed, and not one cup of water given generously but shall be returned a hundred-fold?

Finally, and by the same token, there is a God. If the sense of duty involves and justifies belief in rewards to come, "the postulate of immortality...must lead to the supposition of the existence of a cause adequate to this effect; in other words, it must postulate the existence of God."[34] This again is no proof by "reason"; the moral sense, which has to

[34] *Practical Reason*, p. 220.

do with the world of our actions, must have priority over that theoretical logic which was developed only to deal with sense-phenomena. Our reason leaves us free to believe that behind the thing-in-itself there is a just God; our moral sense commands us to believe it. Rousseau was right: above the logic of the head is the feeling in the heart; the heart has reasons of its own, as Pascal said, which the head can never understand.

V. ON RELIGION AND REASON

Does this appear trite, and timid, and conservative? But it was not so; on the contrary, this bold denial of "rational" theology, this frank reduction of religion to moral faith and hope, aroused all the orthodox of Germany to protests. To face this "forty-parson-power" (as Byron would have called it) required more courage than one usually associates with the name of Kant.

That he was brave enough appeared in all clarity when he published, at sixty-six, his *Critique of Judgment*, and, at sixty-nine, his *Religion within the Limits of Pure Reason*. In the earlier of these books Kant returns to the discussion of that argument from design which, in the first *Critique*, he had rejected as an insufficient proof of the existence of God. He begins by correlating design and beauty; the beautiful, he thinks, is anything which reveals symmetry and unity of structure, as if it had been designed by intelligence. He observes in passing (and Schopenhauer here helped himself to a good deal of his theory of art) that the contemplation of symmetrical design always gives us a disinterested pleasure; and

that "an interest in the beauty of nature for its own sake is always a sign of goodness."[35] Many objects in nature show such beauty, such symmetry and unity as almost to drive us to the notion of supernatural design. But on the other hand, says Kant, there are also in nature many instances of waste and chaos, of useless repetition and multiplication; nature preserves life, but at the cost of how much suffering and death! The appearance of external design, then, is not a conclusive proof of Providence. The theologians who use the idea so much should abandon it, and the scientists who have abandoned it should use it; it is a magnificent clue, and leads to hundreds of revelations. For there is design, undoubtedly; but it is internal design, the design of the parts by the whole; and if science will interpret the parts of an organism in terms of their meaning for the whole, it will have an admirable balance for that other heuristic principle—the mechanical conception of life—which also is fruitful for discovery, but which, alone, can never explain the growth of even a blade of grass.

The essay on religion is a remarkable production for a man of sixty-nine; it is perhaps the boldest of all the books of Kant. Since

[35] *Critique of Judgment*, sect. 29.

religion must be based not on the logic of theoretical reason but on the practical reason of the moral sense, it follows that any Bible or revelation must be judged by its value for morality, and cannot itself be the judge of a moral code. Churches and dogmas have value only in so far as they assist the moral development of the race. When mere creeds or ceremonies usurp priority over moral excellence as a test of religion, religion has disappeared. The real church is a community of people, however scattered and divided, who are united by devotion to the common moral law. It was to establish such a community that Christ lived and died; it was this real church which he held up in contrast to the ecclesiasticism of the Pharisees. But another ecclesiasticism has almost overwhelmed this noble conception. "Christ has brought the kingdom of God nearer to earth; but he has been misunderstood; and in place of God's kingdom the kingdom of the priest has been established among us."[36] Creed and ritual have again replaced the good life; and instead of men being bound together by religion, they are divided into a thousand sects; and all manner of "pious

[36]Quoted in Chamberlain, *Immanuel Kant;* vol. 1, p. 510.

nonsense" is inculcated as "a sort of heavenly court service by means of which one may win through flattery the favor of the ruler of heaven."[37]—Again, miracles cannot prove a religion, for we can never quite rely on the testimony which supports them; and prayer is useless if it aims at a suspension of the natural laws that hold for all experience. Finally, the nadir of perversion is reached when the church becomes an instrument in the hands of a reactionary government; when the clergy, whose function it is to console and guide a harassed humanity with religious faith and hope and charity, are made the tools of theological obscurantism and political oppression.

The audacity of these conclusions lay in the fact that precisely this had happened in Prussia. Frederick the Great had died in 1786, and had been succeeded by Frederick William II, to whom the liberal policies of his predecessor seemed to smack unpatriotically of the French Enlightenment. Zedlitz, who had been Minister of Education under Frederick, was dismissed; and his place was given to a Pietist, Wöllner, whom Frederick had denounced as "a treacherous and intriguing priest;" who divided his time between alchemy and Rosicrucian

[37] In Paulsen, 366.

mysteries, and climbed to power by offering himself as "an unworthy instrument" to the new monarch's policy of restoring the orthodox faith by compulsion.[38] Wöllner issued, in 1788, a decree which forbade any teaching, in school or university, that deviated from the orthodox form of Lutheran Protestantism; he established a strict censorship over all forms of publication, and ordered the discharge of every teacher suspected of any heresy. Kant was at first left unmolested, because he was an old man, and—as one royal adviser said—only a few people read him, and these did not understand him. But the essay on religion was too intelligible; and though it rang true with religious fervor, it revealed too strong a strain of Voltaire to pass the new censorship. The *Berliner Monatsschrift*, which had planned to publish the essay, was ordered to suppress it.

Kant acted now with a vigor and courage hardly credible in a man who had almost completed three score years and ten. He sent the essay to some friends at Jena, and through them had it published by the press of the university there. Jena was outside of Prussia, under the jurisdiction of that same liberal

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[38] *Encyclopedia Brittanica*, article "Frederick William II."

Duke of Weimar who was then caring for Goethe. The result was that in 1794 Kant received an eloquent cabinet order from the Prussian King, which read as follows: "Our highest person has been greatly displeased to observe how you misuse your philosophy to undermine and destroy many of the most important and fundamental doctrines of the Holy Scriptures and of Christianity. We demand of you immediately an exact account, and expect that in future you will give no such cause of offense, but rather that, in accordance with your duty, you will employ your talents and authority so that our paternal purpose may be more and more attained. If you continue to oppose this order you may expect unpleasant consequences."[39] Kant replied that every scholar should have the right to form independent judgments on religious matters, and to make his opinions known; but that during the reign of the present king he would preserve silence. Some biographers who can be very brave by proxy, have condemned him for this concession; but let us remember that Kant was seventy, that he was frail in health, and not fit for a fight; and that he had already spoken his message to the world.

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[39]In Paulsen, p. 49.

VI. ON POLITICS AND ETERNAL PEACE

The Prussian government might have pardoned Kant's theology, had he not been guilty of political heresies as well. Three years after the accession of Frederick William II, the French Revolution had set all the thrones of Europe trembling. At a time when most of the teachers in the Prussian universities had rushed to the support of legitimate monarchy, Kant, sixty-five years young, hailed the Revolution with joy; and with tears in his eyes said to his friends: "Now I can say like Simeon, 'Lord, let now Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' "[40]

He had published, in 1784, a brief exposition of his political theory under the title of "The Natural Principle of the Political Order considered in connection with the Idea of a Universal Cosmopolitical History"; the title itself was a considerable portion of the essay. Kant begins by recognizing, in that strife of each against all which had so shocked Hobbes, nature's method of developing the hidden capacities of life; struggle is the indispensable accompaniment of progress. If men were en-

[40]Wallace, p. 40.

tirely social, man would stagnate; a certain alloy of individualism and competition is required to make the human species survive and grow. "Without qualities of an unsocial kind ...men might have led an Arcadian shepherd life in complete harmony, contentment, and mutual love; but in that case all their talents would have forever remained hidden in their germ." (Kant, therefore, was no slavish follower of Rousseau.) "Thanks be then to nature for this unsociableness, for this envious jealousy and vanity, for this insatiable desire for possession and for power...Man wishes concord; but nature knows better what is good for his species; and she wills discord, in order that man may be impelled to a new exertion of his powers, and to the further development of his natural capacities."

The struggle for existence, then, is not altogether an evil. Nevertheless, men soon perceive that it must be restricted within certain limits, and regulated by rules, customs, and laws; hence the origin and development of civil society. But now "the same unsociableness which forced men into society becomes again the cause of each commonwealth's assuming the attitude of uncontrolled freedom in its external relations,— i. e., as one state in

relation to other states; and consequently, any one state must expect from any other the same sort of evils as formerly oppressed individuals and compelled them to enter into a civil union regulated by law."[41] It is time that nations, like men, should emerge from the wild state of nature, and contract to keep the peace. The whole meaning and movement of history is the ever greater restriction of pugnacity and violence, the continuous enlargement of the area of peace. "The history of the human race, viewed as a whole, may be regarded as the realization of a hidden plan of nature to bring about a political constitution, internally and externally perfect, as the only state in which all the capacities implanted by her in mankind can be fully developed."[42] If there is no such progress, the labors of successive civilizations are like those of Sisyphus, who again and again "up the high hill heaved a huge round stone," only to have it roll back as it was almost at the top. History would be then nothing more than an endless and circuitous folly; "and we might suppose, like the Hindu, that the earth is a place for the expiation of old and forgotten sins."[43]

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[41] *Eternal Peace and Other Essays;* Boston, 1914; p. 14.
[42] *Ibid.,* p. 19. [43] P. 58

The essay on "Eternal Peace" (published in 1795, when Kant was seventy-one) is a noble development of this theme. Kant knows how easy it is to laugh at the phrase; and under his title he writes: "These words were once put by a Dutch inn-keeper on his sign-board as a satirical inscription, over the representation of a church-yard" cemetery.[44] Kant had before complained, as apparently every generation must, that "our rulers have no money to spend on public education...because all their resources are already placed to the account of the next war."[45] The nations will not really be civilized until all standing armies are abolished.—The audacity of this proposal stands out when we remember that it was Prussia itself which, under the father of Frederick the Great, had been the first to establish conscription.—"Standing armies excite states to outrival one another in the number of their armed men, which has no limit. Through the expense occasioned thereby, peace becomes in the long run more oppressive than a short war; and standing armies are thus the cause of aggressive wars undertaken in order to get rid of this burden."[46] For in time of war the army would support

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[44]P. 68. [45]P. 21. [46]P. 71.

itself on the country, by requisitioning, quartering, and pillaging; preferably in the enemy's territory, but if necessary, in one's own land; even this would be better than supporting it out of government funds.

Much of this militarism, in Kant's judgment, was due to the expansion of Europe into America and Africa and Asia; with the resultant quarrels of the thieves over their new booty. "If we compare the barbarian instances of inhospitality...with the inhuman behavior of the civilized, and especially the commercial, states of our continent, the injustice practiced by them even in their first contact with foreign lands and peoples fills us with horror; the mere visiting of such peoples being regarded by them as equivalent to a conquest. America, the negro lands, the Spice Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, etc., on being discovered, were treated as countries that belonged to nobody; for the aboriginal inhabitants were reckoned as nothing....And all this has been done by nations who make a great ado about their piety, and who, while drinking up iniquity like water, would have themselves regarded as the very elect of the orthodox faith."[47]—The old fox of Königsberg was not

[47] P. 68.

silenced yet!

Kant attributed this imperialistic greed to the oligarchical constitution of European states; the spoils went to a select few, and remained substantial even after division. If democracy were established, and all shared in political power, the spoils of international robbery would have to be so subdivided as to constitute a resistible temptation. Hence the "first definitive article in the conditions of Eternal Peace" is this: "The civil constitution of every state shall be republican, and war shall not be declared except by a plebiscite of all the citizens."[48] When those who must do the fighting have the right to decide between war and peace, history will no longer be written in blood. "On the other hand, in a constitution where the subject is not a voting member of the state, and which is therefore not republican, the resolution to go to war is a matter of the smallest concern in the world. For in this case the ruler, who, as such, is not a mere citizen, but the owner of the state, need not in the least suffer personally by war, nor has he to sacrifice his pleasures of the table or the chase, or his pleasant palaces, court festivals, or the like.

[48]Pp. 76-77.

He can, therefore, resolve for war from insignificant reasons, as if it were but a hunting expedition; and as regards its propriety, he may leave the justification of it without concern to the diplomatic corps, who are always too ready to give their services for that purpose."[49] How contemporary truth is!

The apparent victory of the Revolution over the armies of reaction in 1795 led Kant to hope that republics would now spring up throughout Europe, and that an international order would arise based upon a democracy without slavery and without exploitation, and pledged to peace. After all, the function of government is to help and develop the individual, not to use and abuse him. "Every man is to be respected as an absolute end in himself; and it is a crime against the dignity that belongs to him as a human being, to use him as a mere means for some external purpose."[50] This too is part and parcel of that categorical imperative without which religion is a hypocritical farce. Kant therefore calls for equality: not of ability, but of opportunity for the development and application of ability; he rejects all prerogatives of birth and class, and

[49] *Ibid.*
[50] In Paulsen, p. 340.

traces all hereditary privilege to some violent conquest in the past. In the midst of obscurantism and reaction and the union of all monarchical Europe to crush the Revolution, he takes his stand, despite his seventy years, for the new order, for the establishment of democracy and liberty everywhere. Never had old age so bravely spoken with the voice of youth.

But he was exhausted now; he had run his race and fought his fight. He withered slowly into a childlike senility that came at last to be a harmless insanity: one by one his sensibilities and his powers left him; and in 1804, aged seventy-nine, he died, quietly and naturally, like a leaf falling from a tree.

VII. CRITICISM AND ESTIMATE

And now how does this complex structure of logic, metaphysics, psychology, ethics, and politics stand today, after the philosophic storms of a century have beaten down upon it? It is pleasant to answer that much of the great edifice remains; and that the "critical philosophy" represents an event of permanent importance in the history of thought. But many details and outworks of the structure have been shaken.

First, then, is space a mere "form of sensibility," having no objective reality independent of the perceiving mind? Yes and no. Yes: for space is an empty concept when not filled with perceived objects; "space" merely means that certain objects are, for the perceiving mind, at such and such a position, or distance, with reference to other perceived objects; and no external perception is possible except of objects in space; space then is assuredly a "necessary form of the external sense." And no: for without doubt, such spatial facts as the annual elliptic circuit of sun by earth, though statable only by a mind, are independent of any perception whatever; the deep and dark blue ocean rolled on before Byron told it to,

and after he had ceased to be. Nor is space a "construct" of the mind through the co-ordination of spaceless sensations; we perceive space directly through our simultaneous perception of different objects and various points—as when we see an insect moving across a still background. Likewise: time as a sense of before and after, or a measurement of motion, is of course subjective, and highly relative; but a tree will age, wither and decay whether or not the lapse of time is measured or perceived. The truth is that Kant was too anxious to prove the subjectivity of space, as a refuge from materialism; he feared the argument that if space is objective and universal, God must exist in space, and be therefore spatial and material. He might have been content with the critical idealism which shows that all reality is known to us primarily as our sensations and ideas. The old fox bit off more than he could chew.[51]

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[51]The persistent vitality of Kant's theory of knowledge appears in its complete acceptance by so matter-of-fact a scientist as the late Charles P. Steinmetz: "All our sense-perceptions are limited by, and attached to, the conceptions of time and space. Kant, the greatest and most critical of all philosophers, denies that time and space are the product of experience, but shows them to be categories—conceptions in which our minds clothe the sense perceptions." (The honorable scientist is slightly confused here.) "Modern physics has

He might well have contented himself, too, with the relativity of scientific truth, without straining towards that mirage, the absolute. Recent studies like those of Pearson in England, Mach in Germany, and Henri Poincaré in France, agree rather with Hume than with Kant: all science, even the most rigorous mathematics, is relative in its truth. Science itself is not worried about the matter; a high degree of probability contents it. Perhaps, after all, "necessary" knowledge is not necessary.

The great achievement of Kant is to have shown, once for all, that the external world is known to us only as sensation; and that the mind is no mere helpless *tabula rasa*, the inactive victim of sensation, but a positive agent, selecting and reconstructing experience as experience arrives. We can make subtractions from this accomplishment without injuring its essential greatness. We may smile, with Schopenhauer, at the exact baker's dozen of categories, so prettily boxed into triplets, and then stretched and contracted and interpreted de-

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come to the same conclusion in the relativity theory, that absolute space and absolute time have no existence, but time and space exist only as far as things or events fill them; that is, they are forms of perception."--Address at the Unitarian Church, Schenectady, 1923.

viously and ruthlessly to fit and surround all things.[52] And we may even question whether these categories, or interpretive forms of thought, are innate, existing before sensation and experience; perhaps so in the individual, as Spencer conceded, though acquired by the race; and then, again, probably acquired even by the individual: the categories may be grooves of thought, habits of perception and conception, gradually produced by sensations and perceptions automatically arranging themselves,—first in disorderly ways, then, by a kind of natural selection of forms of arrangement, in orderly and adaptive and illuminating ways. It is memory that classifies and interprets sensations into perceptions, and perceptions into ideas; but memory is an accretion. That unity of the mind which Kant thinks native (the "transcendental unity of apperception") is acquired—and not by all; and can be lost as well as won,—as in amnesia, or alternating personality, or insanity. Concepts are an achievement, not a gift.

The nineteenth century dealt rather hardly with Kant's ethics, his theory of an innate, *a priori*, absolute moral sense. The philosophy of evolution suggested irresistibly that the

[52] *Op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 23.

sense of duty is a social deposit in the individual; the content of conscience is acquired, though the vague disposition to social behavior is innate. The moral self, the social man, is no "special creation" coming mysteriously from the hand of God, but the late product of a leisurely evolution. Morals are not absolute; they are a code of conduct more or less haphazardly developed for group survival, and varying with the nature and circumstances of the group: a people hemmed in by enemies, for example, will consider as immoral that zestful and restless individualism which a nation youthful and secure in its wealth and isolation will condone as a necessary ingredient in the exploitation of natural resources and the formation of national character. No action is good in itself, as Kant supposes.[53] His pietistic youth, and his hard life of endless duty and infrequent pleasure, gave him a moralistic bent; he came at last to advocate duty for duty's sake, and so fell unwittingly into the arms of Prussian absolutism.[54] There is something of a severe Scotch Calvinism in this opposition of duty to happiness; Kant continues Luther and the Stoic Reformation, as Voltaire

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[53] *Practical Reason*, p. 31.

[54] Cf. Prof. Dewey: *German Philosophy and Politics.*

continues Montaigne and the Epicurean Renaissance. He represented a stern reaction against the egoism and hedonism in which Helvetius and Holbach had formulated the life of their reckless era, very much as Luther had reacted against the luxury and laxity of Mediterranean Italy. But after a century of reaction against the absolutism of Kant's ethics, we find ourselves again in a welter of urban sensualism and immorality, of ruthless individualism untempered with social conscience or aristocratic honor; and perhaps the day will soon come when a disintegrating civilization will welcome again the Kantian call to duty.

The marvel in Kant's philosophy is his vigorous revival, in the second *Critique*, of those religious ideas of God, freedom, and immortality, which the first *Critique* had apparently destroyed. "In Kant's works," says Nietzsche's critical friend, Paul Ree, "you feel as though you were at a country fair. You can buy from him anything you want—freedom of the will and captivity of the will, idealism and a refutation of idealism, atheism and the good Lord. Like a juggler out of an empty hat, Kant draws out of the concept of duty a God, immortality, and freedom,—to the great sur-

prise of his readers."[55] Schopenhauer too takes a fling at the derivation of immortality from the need of reward: Kant's virtue, which at first bore itself so bravely towards happiness, loses its independence later, and holds out its hand for a tip."[56] The great pessimist believes that Kant was really a sceptic who, having abandoned belief himself, hesitated to destroy the faith of the people, for fear of the consequences to public morals. "Kant discloses the groundlessness of speculative theology, and leaves popular theology untouched, nay even establishes it in a nobler form as a faith based upon moral feeling. This was afterwards distorted by the philosophasters into rational apprehension and consciousness of God, etc.....; while Kant, as he demolished old and revered errors, and knew the danger of doing so, rather wished through the moral theology merely to substitute a few weak temporary supports, so that the ruin might not fall upon him, but that he might have time to escape."[57] So too Heine, in what is no doubt an intentional caricature, represents Kant, after having destroyed religion, going out for a walk

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[55]In Untermann, *Science and Revolution,* Chicago, 1905; p. 81.

[56]In Paulsen, p. 317.

[57]*The World as Will and Idea,* vol. ii, p. 129.

with his servant Lampe, and suddenly perceiving that the old man's eyes are filled with tears. "Then Immanuel Kant has compassion and shows that he is not only a great philosopher, but also a good man; and half kindly, half ironically, he speaks: 'Old Lampe must have a God or else he cannot be happy, says the practical reason; for my part, the practical reason may, then, guarantee the existence of God.' "[58] If these interpretations were true we should have to adapt the title of a section of the first *Critique* and call the entire second *Critique* a Transcendental Anesthetic. And no doubt Kant made a mistake when he sought to secure religion from attack by proposing, as he puts it, "to make faith independent of knowledge."[59] What a comfort for old maids forever!—and no aid at all to any masculine belief.

But these adventurous reconstructions of the inner Kant need not be taken too seriously The fervor of the essay on "Religion within the Limits of Pure Reason" indicates a sincerity too intense to be questioned, and the attempt to change the base of religion from theology to morals, from creeds to conduct,

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[58] Quoted by Paulsen, p. 8.
[59] *Ibid.*, p. 7.

could have come only from a profoundly religious mind. "It is indeed true," he wrote to Moses Mendelssohn in 1766, "that I think many things with the clearest conviction,... which I never have the courage to say; but I will never say anything which I do not think."[60] Naturally, a long and obscure treatise like the great *Critique* lends itself to rival interpretations; one of the first reviews of the book (written by Reinhold a few years after the *Critique* appeared) said as much as we can say today: "The *Critique of Pure Reason* has been proclaimed by the dogmatists as the attempt of a sceptic who undermines the certainty of all knowledge;—by the sceptics as a piece of arrogant presumption that undertakes to erect a new form of dogmatism upon the ruins of previous systems;—by the supernaturalists as a subtly plotted artifice to displace the historical foundations of religion, and to establish naturalism without polemic;—by the naturalists as a new prop for the dying philosophy of faith;—by the materialists as an idealistic contradiction of the reality of matter;—by the spiritualists as an unjustifiable limitation of all reality to the corporeal world, concealed

[60] In Paulsen, p. 53.

under the name of the domain of experience."[61] And in truth the glory of the book lay in its appreciation of all these points of view; and to an intelligence as keen as Kant's own, it might well appear that he had really reconciled them all, and fused them into such a unity of complex truth as philosophy had not seen in all its history before.

As to his influence, all the philosophic thought of the nineteenth century revolved about his speculations. After Kant, all Germany began to talk metaphysics: Schiller and Goethe studied him; Beethoven quoted with admiration his famous words about the two wonders of life—"the starry heavens above, the moral law within"; and Fichte, Schelling, Hegel and Schopenhauer produced in rapid succession great systems of thought reared upon the idealism of the old Königsberg sage. It was in these balmy days of German metaphysics that Jean Paul Richter wrote: "God has given to the French the land, to the English the sea, to the Germans the empire of the air." Kant's criticism of reason, and his exaltation of feeling, prepared for the voluntarism of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, the intuitionism of Bergson, and the pragmatism of William

[61] *Ibid.*, p. 114.

James; his identification of the laws of thought with the laws of reality gave to Hegel a whole system of philosophy; and his unknowable "thing-in-itself" influenced Spencer more than Spencer knew. Much of the obscurity of Carlyle is traceable to his attempt to allegorize the already obscure thought of Goethe and Kant—that diverse religions and philosophies are but the changing garments of one eternal truth. Caird and Green and Wallace and Watson and Bradley and many others in England owe their inspiration to the first *Critique;* and even the wildly innovating Nietzsche takes his epistemology from the "great Chinaman of Königsberg" whose static ethics he so excitedly condemns. After a century of struggle between the idealism of Kant, variously reformed, and the materialism of the Enlightenment, variously redressed, the victory seems to lie with Kant. Even the great materialist Helvetius wrote, paradoxically: "Men, if I may dare say it, are the creators of matter."[62] Philosophy will never again be so naïve as in her earlier and simpler days; she must always be different, hereafter, and profounder, because Kant lived.

[62] In Chamberlain, vol. i, p. 86.

VIII. A NOTE ON HEGEL

Not very long ago it was the custom for historians of philosophy to give to the immediate successors of Kant—to Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel—as much honor and space as to all his predecessors in modern thought from Bacon and Descartes to Voltaire and Hume. Our perspective today is a little different, and we enjoy perhaps too keenly the invective leveled by Schopenhauer at his successful rivals in the competition for professorial posts. By reading Kant, said Schopenhauer, "the public was compelled to see that what is obscure is not always without significance." Fichte and Schelling took advantage of this, and excogitated magnificent spider-webs of metaphysics. "But the height of audacity in serving up pure nonsense, in stringing together senseless and extravagant mazes of words, such as had previously been known only in madhouses, was finally reached in Hegel, and became the instrument of the most bare-faced general mystification that has ever taken place, with a result which will appear fabulous to posterity, and

will remain as a monument to German stupidity."(63) Is this fair?

Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel was born at Stuttgart in 1770. His father was a subordinate official in the department of finances of the state of Würtemberg; and Hegel himself grew up with the patient and methodical habits of those civil servants whose modest efficiency has given Germany the best-governed cities in the world. The youth was a tireless student: he made full analyses of all the important books he read, and copied out long passages. True culture, he said, must begin with resolute self-effacement; as in the Pythagorean system of education, where the pupil, for the first five years, was required to keep his peace.

His studies of Greek literature gave him an enthusiasm for Attic culture which remained with him when almost all other enthusiasms had died away. "At the name of Greece," he wrote, "the cultivated German finds himself at home. Europeans have their religion from a further source, from the East; . . . but what is here, what is present,—science and art, all that makes life satisfying, and elevates and

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(63) Caird, *Hegel*, in the Blackwood Philosophical Classics; pp. 5-8. The biographical account follows Caird throughout.

adorns it—we derive, directly or indirectly, from Greece." For a time he preferred the religion of the Greeks to Christianity; and he anticipated Strauss and Renan by writing a *Life of Jesus* in which Jesus was taken as the son of Mary and Joseph, and the miraculous element was ignored. Later he destroyed the book.

In politics too he showed a spirit of rebellion hardly to be suspected from his later sanctification of the *status quo*. While studying for the ministry at Tübingen, he and Schelling hotly defended the French Revolution, and went out early one morning to plant a Liberty Tree in the market-place. "The French nation, by the bath of its revolution," he wrote, "has been freed from many institutions which the spirit of man has left behind like its baby shoes, and which therefore weighed upon it, as they still weigh upon others, like lifeless feathers." It was in those hopeful days, "when to be young was very heaven," that he flirted, like Fichte, with a kind of aristocratic socialism, and gave himself, with characteristic vigor, to the Romantic current in which all Europe was engulfed.

He was graduated from Tübingen in 1793

with a certificate stating that he was a man of good parts and character, well up in theology and philology, but with no ability in philosophy. He was poor now, and had to earn his bread by tutoring in Berne and Frankfort. These were his chrysalis years: while Europe tore itself into nationalist pieces, Hegel gathered himself together and grew. Then (1799) his father died, and Hegel, falling heir to some $1,500, considered himself a rich man, and gave up tutoring. He wrote to his friend Schelling for advice as to where to settle, and asked for a place where there would be simple food, abundant books, and "ein gutes Bier." Schelling recommended Jena, which was a university town under the jurisdiction of that same Duke of Weimar who was the friend and patron of Goethe. At Jena Schiller was teaching history; Tieck, Novalis and the Schlegels were preaching romanticism; and Fichte and Schelling were propounding their philosophies. There Hegel came in 1801, and in 1803 became a teacher at the University.

He was still there in 1806 when Napoleon's victory over the Prussians threw the scholarly little city into confusion and terror. French soldiers invaded Hegel's home, and he took to

his heels like a philosopher, carrying with him the manuscript of his first important book, *The Phenomenology of Spirit.* For a while he was so destitute that Goethe told Knebel to lend him a few dollars to tide him over. Hegel wrote almost bitterly to Knebel: "I have made my guiding-star the Biblical saying, the truth of which I have learned by experience, Seek ye first food and clothing, and the kingdom of heaven shall be added unto you." For a while he edited a paper at Bamberg; then, in 1812, he became head of the gymnasium at Nürnburg. It was there, perhaps, that the stoic necessities of administrative work cooled the fires of romanticism in him, and made him, like Napoleon and Goethe, a classic vestige in a romantic age. And it was there that he wrote his *Logic* (1812-16), which captivated Germany by its unintelligibility, and won him the chair of philosophy at Heidelberg. At Heidelberg he wrote his immense *Encyclopedia of the Philosophical Sciences* (1817), on the strength of which he was promoted, in 1818, to the University of Berlin. From that time to the end of his life he ruled the philosophic world as indisputably as Goethe the world of literature, and Beethoven the realm of music. His birthday came on the day after

Goethe's; and proud Germany made a double holiday for them every year.

A Frenchman once asked Hegel to put his philosophy into one sentence; and he did not succeed so well as the monk who, asked to define Christianity while standing on one foot, said, simply, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Hegel preferred to answer in ten volumes; and when they were written and published, and all the world was talking about them, he complained that "only one man understands me, and even he does not."[64] Most of his writings, like Aristotle's, consist of his lecture-notes; or, worse, of the notes taken by students who heard his lectures. Only the *Logic* and the *Phenomenology* are from his hand, and these are masterpieces of obscurity, darkened by abstractness and condensation of style, by a weirdly original terminology, and by an over-careful modification of every statement with a Gothic wealth of limiting clauses. Hegel described his work as "an attempt to teach philosophy to speak in German."[65] He succeeded.

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[64]Ruthless critics, as we might have expected, challenge the authenticity of this story.

[65]Wallace: *Prolegomena to the Logic of Hegel*, p. 10.

The *Logic* is an analysis not of methods of reasoning, but of the concepts used in reasoning. These Hegel takes to be the categories named by Kant—Being, Quality, Quantity, Relation, etc. It is the first business of philosophy to dissect these basic notions that are so bandied about in all our thinking. The most pervasive of them all is Relation; every idea is a group of relations; we can think of something only by relating it to something else, and perceiving its similarities and its differences. An idea without relations of any kind is empty; this is all that is meant by saying that "Pure Being and Nothing are the same": Being absolutely devoid of relations or qualities does not exist, and has no meaning whatever. This proposition led to an endless chain of witticisms which still breed; and it proved to be at once an obstacle and a lure to the study of Hegel's thought.

Of all relations, the most universal is that of contrast or opposition. Every condition of thought or of things—every idea and every situation in the world—leads irresistibly to its opposite, and then unites with it to form a higher or more complex whole. This "dialectical movement" runs through everything

that Hegel wrote. It is an old thought, of course, foreshadowed by Empedocles, and embodied in the "golden mean" of Aristotle, who wrote that "the knowledge of opposites is one." The truth (like an electron) is an organic unity of opposed parts. The truth of conservatism and radicalism is liberalism—an open mind and a cautious hand; the formation of our opinions on large issues is a decreasing oscillation between extremes; and in all debatable questions *veritas in medio stat.* The movement of evolution is a continuous development of oppositions, and their merging and reconciliation. Schelling was right—there is an underlying "identity of opposites"; and Fichte was right—thesis, antithesis and synthesis constitute the formula and secret of all development and all reality.

For not only do thoughts develop and evolve according to this "dialectical movement," but things do equally; every condition of affairs contains a contradiction which evolution must resolve by a reconciling unity. So, no doubt, our present social system secretes a self-corroding contradiction: the stimulating individualism required in a period of economic adolescence and unexploited resources, arouses,

in a later age, the aspiration for a co-operative commonwealth; and the future will see neither the present reality nor the visioned ideal, but a synthesis in which something of both will come together to beget a higher life. And that higher stage too will divide into a productive contradiction, and rise to still loftier levels of organization, complexity, and unity. The movement of thought, then, is the same as the movement of things; in each there is a dialectical progression from unity through diversity to diversity-in-unity. Thought and being follow the same law; and logic and metaphysics are one.

Mind is the indispensable organ for the perception of this dialectical process, and this unity in difference. The function of the mind, and the task of philosophy, is to discover the unity that lies potential in diversity; the task of ethics is to unify character and conduct; and the task of politics is to unify individuals into a state. The task of religion is to reach and feel that Absolute in which all opposites are resolved into unity, that great sum of being in which matter and mind, subject and object, good and evil, are one. God is the system of relationships in which all things move and

have their being and their significance. In man the Absolute rises to self-consciousness, and becomes the Absolute Idea—that is, thought realizing itself as part of the Absolute, and therefore transcending individual limitations and purposes, and catching, underneath the universal strife, the hidden harmony of all things. "Reason is the substance of the universe; . . . the design of the world is absolutely rational."[66]

Not that strife and evil are mere negative imaginings; they are real enough; but they are, in wisdom's perspective, stages to fulfilment and the good. Struggle is the law of growth; character is built in the storm and stress of the world; and a man reaches his full height only through compulsions, responsibilities, and suffering. Even pain has its rationale; it is a sign of life and a stimulus to reconstruction. Passion also has a place in the reason of things: "nothing great in the world has been accomplished without passion";[67] and even the egoistic ambitions of a Napoleon contribute unwittingly to the development of nations. Life is not made for happi-

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[66]Hegel: *Philosophy of History*, Bohn ed., pp. 9, 13.

[67]*Ibid.*, p. 26.

ness, but for achievement. "The history of the world is not the theatre of happiness; periods of happiness are blank pages in it, for they are periods of harmony";[68] and this dull content is unworthy of a man. History is made only in those periods in which the contradictions of reality are being resolved by growth, as the hesitations and awkwardness of youth pass into the ease and order of maturity. History is a dialectical movement, almost a series of revolutions, in which people after people, and genius after genius, becomes the instrument of the Absolute. Great men are not so much begetters, as midwives, of the future; what they bring forth is mothered by the *Zeitgeist*, the Spirit of the Age. The genius merely places another stone on the pile, as others have done; "somehow his has the good fortune to come last, and when he places his stone the arch stands self-supported." "Such individuals had no consciousness of the general Idea they were unfolding; . . . but they had an insight into the requirements of the time—what was ripe for development. This was the very Truth for their age, for their world; the species next in

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[68] *Ibid.*, p. 28.

order, so to speak, and which was already formed in the womb of time."(69)

Such a philosophy of history seems to lead to revolutionary conclusions. The dialectical process makes change the cardinal principle of life; no condition is permanent; in every stage of things there is a contradiction which only the "strife of opposites" can resolve. The deepest law of politics, therefore, is freedom—an open avenue to change; history is the growth of freedom, and the state is, or should be, freedom organized. On the other hand, the doctrine that "the real is rational" has a conservative color: every condition, though destined to disappear, has the divine right that belongs to it as a necessary stage in evolution; in a sense it is brutally true that "whatever is, is right." And as unity is the goal of development, order is the first requisite of liberty.

If Hegel inclined, in his later years, to the conservative rather than to the radical implications of his philosophy, it was partly because the Spirit of the Time (to use his own historic phrase) was weary of too much change.

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(69) *Ibid.*, p. 31.

After the Revolution of 1830 he wrote: "Finally, after forty years of war and immeasurable confusion, an old heart might rejoice to see an end of it all, and the beginning of a period of peaceful satisfaction."(70) It was not quite in order that the philosopher of strife as the dialectic of growth should become the advocate of content; but at sixty a man has a right to ask for peace. Nevertheless, the contradictions in Hegel's thought were too deep for peace; and in the next generation his followers split with dialectical fatality into the "Hegelian Right" and the "Hegelian Left." Weisse and the younger Fichte found, in the theory of the real as rational, a philosophical expression of the doctrine of Providence, and justification for a politics of absolute obedience. Feuerbach, Moleschott, Bauer and Marx returned to the scepticism and "higher criticism" of Hegel's youth, and developed the philosophy of history into a theory of class struggles leading by a sort of Hegelian necessity, to "socialism inevitable." In place of the Absolute as determining history through the *Zeitgeist*, Marx offered mass movements and

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(70) Cited, p. 93.

economic forces as the basic causes of every fundamental change, whether in the world of things or in the life of thought. Hegel, the imperial professor, had hatched the socialistic eggs.

The old philosopher denounced the radicals as dreamers, and carefully hid away his early essays. He allied himself with the Prussian Government, blessed it as the latest expression of the Absolute, and basked in the sun of its academic favors. His enemies called him "the official philosopher." He began to think of the Hegelian system as part of the natural laws of the world; he forgot that his own dialectic condemned his thought to impermanence and decay. "Never did a philosophy assume such a lofty tone, and never were its royal honors so fully recognized and secured, as in 1830" in Berlin.(71)

But Hegel aged rapidly in those happy years. He became as absent-minded as a story-book genius; once he entered the lecture-room with only one shoe, having left the other, unnoticed, in the mud. When the cholera epidemic came to Berlin in 1831, his weakened body was one of the first to succumb to the contagion. After

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[71]Paulsen, *Immanuel Kant*, p. 385.

only a day's illness he passed away suddenly and quietly in his sleep. Just as the space of a year had seen the birth of Napoleon, Beethoven and Hegel, so in the years from 1827 to 1832 Germany lost Goethe, Hegel, and Beethoven. It was the end of an epoch, the last fine effort of Germany's greatest age.

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(As Seen by Georg Brandes)

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LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE
(As Seen by Georg Brandes)

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

The same year (1564) which saw the death of Michelangelo in Rome, saw the birth of William Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. The great artist of the Italian Renaissance, the man who painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, was replaced, as it were, by the great artist of the English Renaissance, the man who wrote King Lear.

In the light of what George Brandes has presented in his latest work, *Michelangelo Buonarroti*, there is a peculiar timeliness in going back to the Danish critic's *William Shakespeare, a Critical Study*, for a reexamination of the various factors that went to the making of what unquestionably is one of the most important books ever written on the great English dramatist. The Pocket Series affords its readers full opportunity to enjoy Shakespeare's works in the most compact form available. As a companion piece, a guide as it were, to places where light is still requisite for the complete understanding of the poet's purpose, Brandes's Shakespeare is invaluable. The purpose of the present writer is to condense his interpretation in such a manner that the main points are retained for the benefit of the readers of the Shakespeare series. In America the English translation of the work was published by the Macmillan Company.

I.

Georg Brandes, with that critical instinct that has distinguished his career for more than half a century, is not in agreement with all

that had been written before he himself took Shakespeare for his study. It was to be expected that his interpretation would differ from that of certain scholars who failed to make the man and his work a unit. It is here that Brandes reveals his art as an analytical student of human nature and its vagaries. We see Shakespeare before us as he must have been. His plays take on a new importance as their creator is placed in close juxtaposition to his labors. When Georg Brandes brought out his Shakespeare a quarter of a century ago the English literary world was astonished that a foreigner could perform such a task with such excellent results. Of course, the author of "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" already had an international reputation. But to venture where so many great men had already added to Shakespeare through acknowledged erudition and profound research, that was something only the most daring would have cared to attempt. The honors bestowed on Brandes when subsequent to the publication of his Shakespeare he revisited London are sufficient commentary as to what the English nation thought of his achievement.

That a biography of Shakespeare is difficult, but not impossible, is the assertion of Georg Brandes. All ordinary critical methods he finds to be useless for the purpose of such a biography. It is a curious fact that while Shakespeare died in 1616, the first biography of him, a few pages in length, dates from 1709. This is as though the first sketch of Goethe's life were not to be written until the year 1925.

"It has become the fashion," Brandes asserts, "to say, not without some show of justice, that we know next to nothing of Shakespeare's life. We do not know for certain either when he left Stratford or when he returned to Stratford from London. We do not know for certain whether he ever went abroad, ever visited Italy. We do not know the name of a single woman whom he loved during all his years in London. We do not know for certain to whom his Sonnets are addressed. We can see that, as he advanced in years, his prevailing mood became gloomier, but we do not know the reason. Later on, his temper seems to grow more serene, but we cannot tell why. We can form but tentative conjectures as to the order in which his works were produced, and can only with the greatest difficulty determine their approximate dates. We do not know what made him so careless of his fame as he seems to have been. We only know that he himself did not publish his dramatic works, and that he does not even mention them in his will."

And yet, avers Brandes, enthusiastic and indefatigable research has gradually brought to light a great number of indubitable facts, which furnish points of departure and guidance for an outline of the poet's life. There are documents, contracts, legal records; utterances of contemporaries, allusions to works of Shakespeare and to passages in them, quotations, fierce attacks, outbursts of spite and hatred, touching testimonies to his worth as a man and to the lovableness of his nature, evidence of the early recognition of his talent as an

actor, of his repute as a narrative poet, and of his popularity as a dramatist. There are, moreover, one or two diaries kept by contemporaries, and among others the account-book of an old theatrical manager and pawnbroker, who supplied the players with money and dresses, and who has carefully dated the production of many plays.

Passing over Shakespeare's boyhood in Stratford, his marriage to Anne Hathaway when only eighteen years of age, a woman eight years his senior, let us with Brandes follow the coming poet to London. The picture that the critic presents teems with interest: "The London to which Shakespeare came was a town of about 300,000 inhabitants. Its main streets had quite recently been paved, but were not yet lighted; it was surrounded with trenches, walls, and gates; it had high-gabled, red-roofed, two-story wooden houses, distinguished by means of projecting signs, from which they took their names,—houses in which benches did duty for chairs, and the floors were carpeted with rushes.

"The streets were usually thronged, not with wheel-traffic, for the first carriage was imported into England in this very reign, but with people on foot, on horseback, or in litters; while the Thames, still blue and clear, in spite of the already large consumption of coal, was alive with thousands of boats threading their way, amid the watermen's shrill cries of 'Eastward hoe!' or 'Westward hoe!' through bevies of swans which put forth from, and returned

to the green meadows and beautiful gardens bordering the stream."

II.

With such a picture of Shakespeare's London before us how much easier it is to visualize the England of the period. Brandes writes that it marked the country's development into a great Protestant power. With Elizabeth, Protestantism became a power in the world. The period of Shakespeare's arrival in London was momentous both in politics and religion.

"In 1585," writes Brandes, "Elizabeth opened war with Spain by sending her fleet to the Netherlands, with her favorite, Leicester, in command of the troops. In the beginning of the following year, Francis Drake, who in 1577-80 had for the first time circumnavigated the world, surprised and took San Domingo and Carthagena. The ship in which he had achieved his great voyage lay at anchor in the Thames as a memorial of the feat; it was often visited by Londoners, and no doubt by Shakespeare among them.

"In the years immediately following, the springtide of the national spirit burst into full bloom. Let us try to picture to ourselves the impression it must have made upon Shakespeare in the year 1587. On the 8th of February, 1587, Mary Stuart was executed at Fotheringay, and the breach between England and the Catholic world was thus made irreparable. On the 16th of February, England's noblest

knight and the flower of her chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney, the hero of Zuthpen, and the chief of the Anglo-Italian school of poets, was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, with a pomp which gave to the event the character of a national solemnity. Sidney was an ideal representative of the aristocracy of the day. He possessed the widest humanistic culture, had studied Aristotle and Plato no less than geometry and astronomy, had traveled and seen the world, had read and thought and written, and was not only a scholar but a soldier to boot. As a cavalry officer he had saved the English army at Gravelines, and he had been the friend and patron of Giordano Bruno, the freest thinker of his time. The Queen herself was present at his funeral, and so, no doubt, was Shakespeare."

In this way Georg Brandes leads us onward and onward to a point where the reader soon finds himself fortified with an historical background that gives that scenic effect to Shakespeare's plays which, in the opinion of some leading actors, makes stage scenery a by-thing. The self-sufficiency of a Shakespeare plot is not a new dictum. As with the reading of most of these plays, so it lies entirely with the acting to infuse them with the necessary life. Apparently, it was the purpose of Brandes to make his Shakespeare so much of a living thing that the possible stage effects would visualize themselves unconsciously, as it were, before the reader. In the more than 700 pages of this work he has made what the London Academy termed at the time of its appearance

"an admirable and exhaustive survey of its subject, carried in accordance with modern method, and on the level of modern information." To which the *Saturday Review* added that "his book sums up, with masterly lucidity, all that scholarship has contrived to secure regarding the life and aims of the greatest of poets. It is well that we possess at last a translation so eminently satisfactory of what is certainly the best existing general view of the life and labors of Shakespeare."

This word, lucidity, takes on a special importance in any discussion of the works of Georg Brandes. His style, as a matter of fact, is the quintessence of lucidity. With him thinking and writing are twin companions, inseparable, bound with ties that make of the whole a thing clearly outlined. In his Shakespeare this is particularly so. Whether it is the question of the poet's relations with his aristocratic patrons and his fellow actors; a discussion of the plays and sonnets, the political background or the psychological intent, there is this sharply defined presentment which means so much to anyone desirous of obtaining the full effect of reading.

III.

It is a well-known tradition that Shakespeare was driven by dire necessity to hang about the theater after his arrival in London and hold the horses of those who had ridden to the play. The district was a remote and disreputable one, and swarmed with horse thieves.

Shakespeare won such favor as a horse-holder and was in such general demand, that he had to engage boys as assistants, who announced themselves as "Shakespeare's boys," a style and title, it is said, which long clung to them.

As actor and retoucher of old plays, Shakespeare early atttracted attention. The company to which he became attached employed him to revise and furbish up the older pieces of their repertory. Brandes avers that in view of the time, theatrical productions as a whole were not classed as literature. Poets sold their works outright to the theater for such sums as five or ten pounds, or for a share in the receipts. As the interests of the theater demanded that plays should not be printed, in order that rival companies might not obtain possession of them, they remained in manuscript (unless pirated), and the players could accordingly do what they pleased with the text.

It is proved by several passages in contemporary writings that, partly as actor and partly as adapter of older plays, Shakespeare had, at the age of twenty-eight, made a certain name for himself. He had already become the object of envy and hatred. "On the other hand," writes Brandes, "we see that not only Shakespeare's genius, but his personal amiability, the loftiness and charm of his nature, disarmed even those who for one reason or another had spoken disparagingly of his activity. As Chettle, after printing Greene's attack, hastened to make public apology, so also Ben Jonson, to whose ill-will and cutting allusions

Shakespeare made no retort, became, in spite of an unconquerable jealousy, his true friend and admirer, and after his death spoke of him warmly in prose, and with enthusiasm in verse, in the noble eulogy prefixed to the First Folio. . .

"Between 1586 and 1592," Brandes declares further, "we lose all trace of Shakespeare. We know only that he must have been an active member of a company of players. It is not proved that he ever belonged to any other company than the Earl of Leicester's, which owned the Blackfriars, and afterwards the Globe theater."

Speaking of the theaters, in the City itself none were tolerated. The civic authorities regarded them with an unfriendly eye, and had banished them to the outskirts and across the Thames, together with the rough amusements with which they had to compete; cock-fighting and bear-baiting with dogs. There was as yet only one bridge across the Thames, the mighty London Bridge, situated not far from that which now bears the name. It was broad and lined with buildings; while on the tall gate-towers heads which had fallen on the block were almost always displayed. In its neighborhood lay Eastcheap, the street in which stood Falstaff's tavern.

The central points of London were at that time the newly erected Exchange and St. Paul's Church, which was regarded not only as the Cathedral of the city, but as a meeting place and promenade for idlers, a sort of club where

the news of the day was to be heard, a hiring-fair for servants, and a sanctuary for debtors who were there secure from arrest.

How picturesquely all this is set forth by Brandes: "The streets, still full of the many-colored life of the Renaissance, rang with the cries of 'prentices inviting customs and hawkers proclaiming their wares; while through them passed many a procession, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, bridal companies, pageants, and troops of crossbow-men and men-at-arms. Elizabeth herself might be met in the streets, driving her huge State carriage, when she did not prefer to sail on the Thames in her magnificent gondola, followed by a crowd of gaily decorated boats. . . .

"The handsome, parti-colored, extravagant costumes of the period are well known. The puffed sleeves of the men, the women's stiff ruffs, and the fantastic shapes of their hooped skirts, are still to be seen in the stage presentations of plays of the time. The Queen and her Court set the example of great and unreasonable luxury with respect to the number and material of costumes. The ladies rouged their faces, and often dyed their hair. Auburn, as the Queen's color, was the most fashionable. The conveniences of daily life were very meagre. Only of late had fireplaces begun to be substituted for the open hearths. Only of late had proper bedsteads come into general use. When Shakespeare's well-to-do grandfather, Richard Arden, made his will, in the year 1556, there was only one bedstead in the house where he lived with his seven daugh-

ters. People slept on straw mattresses, with a billet of wood under their heads and a fur rug over them. The only decoration of the rooms of the wealthier classes was the tapestry on the walls, behind which people so often conceal themselves in Shakespeare's plays."

There is a further description of the manner of living at the time which aids materially in giving reality to Shakespeare's plays, although not always revealed on the stage: "The dinner hour was at that time eleven in the morning, and it was reckoned fashionable to dine early. Those who could afford it ate rich and heavy dishes; the repasts would often last an inordinate time, and no regard whatever was paid to the minor decencies of life. Domestic utensils were very mean. So late as 1592, wooden trenchers, wooden platters and wooden spoons were in common use. It was just about this time that tin and silver began to supplant wood. Table knives had been in general use since about 1563, but forks were still unknown in Shakespeare's time—fingers supplied their place."

Georg Brandes, realizing the love element in almost all that Shakespeare produced early in his book discusses the poet's conception as to the relations of the sexes. It is one of the most interesting parts of the entire work. He speaks here of *Venus and Adonis*, published in the spring of 1593, when Shakespeare was twenty-nine years old. He took two lines from Ovid's *Amores* as the motto of the poem. Among the poets of antiquity Ovid is naturally his model.

Brandes is of the opinion that after coming to London, Shakespeare took his marriage to a woman eight years his senior as a piece of youthful folly. A close study of his works confirms this conjecture. There are in *Twelfth Night* certain passages that show this personal regret at the memory of his early marriage and the circumstances under which it came about. *The Tempest* is another instance where, as in Prospero's warning to Ferdinand, Shakespeare shows a growing tendency to have the love element predominate on equal terms and without compulsion.

IV.

Shakespeare early realized that in spite of the fame and popularity that such a poem as *Venus and Adonis* brought him it was not narrative but dramatic poetry which offered the fullest scope for his powers.

"And now it is that we find him for the first time rising to the full height of his genius," declares Brandes. "This he does in a work of dramatic form; but significantly enough, it is not as yet in its dramatic elements that we recognize the master-hand, but rather in the rich and incomparable lyric poetry with which he embroiders a thin dramatic canvas.

"His first is a masterpiece of grace, both lyrical and comic. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was no doubt written as a festival-play or masque, before the masque became an established art-form, to celebrate the marriage of a noble patron. . . . We have here no

pathos. The hurricane of passion does not as yet sweep through Shakespeare's work. No; it is only the romantic and imaginative side of love that is here displayed, the magic whereby longing transmutes and idealizes its object, the element of folly, infatuation and illusion in desire, with its consequent variability and transitoriness."

Very interesting is the way that Brandes characterizes *Romeo and Juliet* as the drama of youthful and impulsive love-at-first-sight, "so passionate that it bursts every barrier in its path; so determined that it knows no middle way between happiness and death, so strong that it throws the lovers into each other's arms with scarcely a moment's pause, and, lastly, so ill-fated that death follows straightway upon the ecstasy of the union."

How succinctly the Danish critic here tells with a few well directed strokes the life-story of youthful love self-consumed through the very fervor of the principals. *Romeo and Juliet* retains its hold on the imagination because of its fidelity to truth. His material enables Shakespeare to place his love-story in the setting best fitted to throw into relief the beauty of the emotion, using as his background a vendetta between two noble families, which has grown from generation to generation through one sanguinary reprisal after another, until it has actually infected the whole town around them. According to the traditions of the race the lovers ought to hate each other. The fact that, on the contrary, they are so passionately drawn together in mutual ecstasy bears witness from

the outset to the strength of an emotion which not only neutralizes prejudice in their own minds, but continues to assert itself in opposition to the prejudices of their surroundings.

There are several good reasons why *Love's Labor Lost* no doubt is Shakespeare's earliest comedy. As a counterpart to this he soon after wrote *Love's Labours Won.* As we know, no play of that name is now included in Shakespeare's works. But Brandes is of the opinion that it is scarcely conceivable that one of his plays, once acted, should have been entirely lost, and he believes that *Love's Labor's Won* is *All's Well that Ends Well,* but with many revisions.

Let us now with Brandes take a look into the theaters of Shakespeare's time. "On swampy ground beside the Thames lay the theaters," we read, "of which the largest were wooden sheds, only half thatched with rushes, with a trench around them and a flagstaff on the roof. After the middle of the fifteen-seventies, when the first was built, they shot up rapidly, and in the early years of the new century theater-building took such a start that, as we learn from Prynne's '*Histriomastix*,' there were in 1633 no fewer than nineteen permanent theaters in London, a number which no modern town of 300,000 inhabitants can equal. These figures show how keen and how widespread was the interest in the drama. . . . The days of performance at these theaters were announced by the hoisting of a flag on the roof. The time of beginning was three o'clock punctually and the performance went straight on, uninterrupted by entr'actes. It lasted as a rule

for only two hours, or two hours and a half. Close to the Globe Theater lay the Bear Garden, the rank smell from which greeted the nostrils, even before it came in sight. The famous bear, Sackerson, who is mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, now and then broke his chain and put female theater-goers shriekingly to flight.

"Tickets there were none. A penny was the price of admission to standing room in the yard; and those who wanted better places put their money in a box held out to them for that purpose, the amount varying from a penny to a half-crown, in accordance with the places required."

That much was left to the imagination of the audience and that the audience was fully prepared to utilize this imagination to the full is asserted by Brandes as he shows with what crude accessories the plays were staged. The walls were either hung with loose tapestries or quite uncovered, so that the wooden doors which led to the players' rooms at the back were clearly visible. In battle scenes, whole armies entered triumphant, or were driven off in confusion and defeat, though a single door. When a tragedy was acted the stage was usually hung in black; for a comedy the hangings were blue. As in the theater of antiquity, rude machines were employed to raise or lower actors through the stage; trap-doors were certainly in use, and probably "bridges" or small platforms, which could be elevated into the upper regions. It was Inigo Jones who first introduced movable scenery and decorations

at the court entertainments. They were certainly not in use at the popular playhouses at any time during Shakespeare's connection with the stage, avers Brandes.

Here is an interesting picture of one of the Shakespeare audiences as visualized by Georg Brandes: "In the boxes sat the better sort of spectators, officers, city merchants, sometimes with their wives; but ladies always wore a mask of silk or velvet, partly for protection against sun and air, partly in order to blush (or not to blush) unseen, at the frivolous and often licentious things that were said upon the stage. The mask was then as common an article of female attire as is the veil in our days. But the front rows of what we should now call the first tiers were occupied by beauties who had no desire whatever to conceal their countenances, though they might use the mask (as in later times the fan) for purposes of coquetry. These were the kept mistresses of men of quality, and other gorgeously decked ladies, who resorted to the playhouse in order to make acquaintances. Behind them sat the respectable citizens. But in the gallery above a rougher element assembled—sailors, artisans, soldiers and loose women of the lowest class.

"No woman ever appeared on the stage. The frequenters of the pit, with their coarse boisterousness, were the terror of the actors. They all had to stand—coalheavers and bricklayers, dock laborers, serving-men and idlers. Refreshment-sellers moved about among them, supplying them with sausages and ale, with apples and nuts. They ate and drank, drew

corks, smoked tobacco, fought with each other, and often, when they were out of humor, threw fragments of food, and even stones, at the actors. Now and then they would come to loggerheads with the fine gentlemen on the stage, so that the performance had to be interrupted and the theater closed."

V.

It is not the present purpose to take each of Shakespeare's plays and see what Brandes has to say about it. That would involve a task as unnecessary as it would be difficult within the prescribed limits of a Haldeman-Julius booklet, which first of all means compactness. However, there are certain high lights that shine with a refulgence all their own and with which the general public has acquaintance. Here the Brandes viewpoint should be of particular interest since it affords opportunity of comparison with other leading Shakespearean scholars' opinion.

Romeo and Juliet, because of its popularity, is just such a play as might induce a critic like Georg Brandes to give it his special attention. In its original form, he opines, the play must be assumed to date from 1591, from Shakespeare's twenty-seventh year. The First Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* was published in 1597. But even if the dramatist began to work upon the theme in 1591, there appears to be little doubt that Shakespeare, according to his frequent practice, went through the play again, revised and remolded it, somewhere between that date and 1599, when it appeared in the

Second Quarto almost in the form in which we now possess it.

"*Romeo and Juliet*," Brandes remarks, "is perhaps not such a flawless work of art as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is not so delicately, so absolutely harmonious. But it is an achievement of much greater significance and moment; it is the great and typical love-tragedy of the world. It soars immeasurably above all later attempts to approach it."

Shakespeare was thirty years old when he turned to the historic drama. He begins to occupy himself in earnest with history, reading the chronicles, to project and work out a whole series of historical plays. Brandes affirms that Shakespeare's plays founded on English history and numbering ten in all, are of a very unequal value, and can by no means be treated as standing on one plane.

Richard III appears to interest Brandes especially. "The text of *Richard III*," he says, "presents no slight difficulties to the editors of Shakespeare. Neither the First Quarto nor the greatly amended Folio is free from gross and baffling errors. The editors of the Cambridge Edition have attempted to show that both texts are taken from bad copies of the original manuscripts. It would not surprise us, indeed, that the poet's own manuscript, being perpetually handled by the prompter and stage-manager, should quickly become so ragged that now one page and now another would have to be replaced by a copy."

Everyone who has been nurtured upon Shakespeare has from his youth dwelt wonderingly

upon the figure of Richard, "that fiend in human shape, striding with savage impetuosity, from murder to murder, wading through falsehood and hypocrisy to ever-new atrocities, becoming in turn regicide, fratricide, tyrant, murderer of his wife and of his comrades, until, besmirched with treachery and slaughter, he faces his foes with invincible greatness." Into this character, Brandes adds, "Shakespeare transforms himself in imagination. It is the mark of the dramatic poet to be always able to get out of his own skin and into another's. But in later times some of the greatest dramatists have shrunk shuddering from the out-and-out criminal, as being too remote for them. For example, Goethe. His wrong-doers are only weaklings, like Weislingen and Clavigo; even his Mephistopheles is not really evil. Shakespeare, on the other hand, made the effort to feel like Richard.

"How did he set about it? Exactly as we do when we strive to understand another personality; for example, Shakespeare himself. He imagines himself into him; that is to say, he projects his mind into the other's body and lives in it for the time being. The question the poet has to answer is always this: How should I feel and act if I were a prince, a woman, a conqueror, an outcast, and so forth? Shakespeare takes, as his point of departure, the ignominy inflicted by Nature; Richard is one of Nature's victims."

How can Shakespeare feel with him here, asks Brandes,—Shakespeare to whom deformity of body was unknown, and who had been

immoderately favored by Nature? But he, too, had long endured humiliation, and had lived under mean conditions which afforded no scope either to his will or to his talents. Poverty is itself a deformity; and the condition of an actor was a blemish like a hump on his back. Thus he is in a position to enter with ease into the feelings of one of Nature's victims. He has simply to give free course to all the moods in his own mind which have been evoked by personal humiliation, and to let them ferment and run riot.

Who that has seen or read *Richard III*, (and who has not?) will at once perceive why Shakespeare managed to infuse such realism into that tragedy built on historic facts. So also, the Brandes interpretation reveals a psychological intent on the part of the Bard of Avon. Here, as perhaps nowhere else in Shakespeare, excepting *King Lear*, fear and trembling, coupled with almost unbelievable cruelty, underlie the actions of those characters through whom the dramatist sought to make them stand forth as object lessons.

It is true that Shakespeare was no miniature-painter. Minutely detailed psychological painting, such as in the case of Dostoevski, was not his affair. And yet he showed in *Hamlet* what he could do with complex characters. Richard he builds up from a few simple characteristics: deformity, the potent consciousness of intellectual superiority, and the lust for power. His whole personality can be traced back to these simple elements. He is courageous out of self-esteem; he plays the lover out of

ambition; he is cunning and false, a comedian and a blood-hound, as cruel as he is hypocritical—and all in order to attain to that despotism on which he had set his heart.

"In no other play of Shakespeare's, we may surely say," writes Brandes, "is the leading character so absolutely predominant as here. He absorbs almost the whole of the interest, and it is a triumph of Shakespeare's art that he makes us, in spite of everything, follow him with sympathy. This is partly because several of his victims are so worthless that their fate seems well deserved. Anne's weakness deprives us of our sympathy, and Richard's crime loses something of its horror when we see how lightly it is forgiven by the one who ought to take it most to heart. In spite of all his iniquities, he has wit and courage on his side—a wit which sometimes rises to Mephistophelian humor, a courage which does not fail him even in the moment of disaster, but sheds a glory over his fall which is lacking to the triumph of his coldly correct opponent. However false and hypocritical he may be towards others, he is no hypocrite to himself."

VI.

Brandes calls *King Lear* the tragedy of a world-catastrophe. "I imagine," he says, "that Shakespeare must, as a rule, have worked early in the morning. The division of the day at that time would necessitate this. But it can scarcely have been in bright morning hours, scarcely in the daytime, that he conceived *King*

Lear. No; it must have been on a night of storm and terror, one of those nights when a man, sitting at his desk at home, thinks of the wretches who are wandering in houseless poverty through the darkness—the blustering wind, and the soaking rain—when the rushing of the storm over the house-tops and its howling in the chimneys sound in his ears like shrieks of agony, the wail of all the misery of earth."

It is nothing less than the social question, as we understand it to-day, that Shakespeare presents in *King Lear;* the extreme wretchedness and want that underlie so many problems of the present as they must have been in evidence also in his day. Lear says in the play: "You see how this world goes." Nowhere else is evil and good shown in such immediate opposition. Everything centers in the protagonist, poor, stupid, great Lear, every inch a king, and every inch human.

"At heart he is so lovable," affirms Brandes, "that he arouses the unalterable devotion of the best among those who surround him; and he is so framed to command and accustomed to rule, that he misses every moment that power which, in an access of caprice, he has renounced. For a brief space at the beginning of the play the old man stands erect; then he begins to bend. And the weaker he grows the heavier the load heaped upon him, till at last, overburdened, he sinks. He wanders off, groping his way, with his crushing fate upon his back. Then the light of his mind is extinguished; madness seizes him. . . .

"The end of all things seems to have come

when we see the ruin of the moral world—when he who is noble and trustful like Lear is rewarded with ingratitude and hate; when he who is honest and brave like Kent is punished with dishonor; when he who is merciful like Gloucester, taking the suffering and injured under his roof, has the loss of his eyes for his reward; when he who is noble and faithful like Edgar must wander about in the semblance of a maniac with a rag round his loins, when, finally she who is the living emblem of womanly dignity and of filial tenderness towards an old father who has become as it were a child—when she meets her death before his eyes at the hands of assassins! What avails it that the guilty slaughter and poison each other afterwards? None the less is this the titanic tragedy of human life; there rings forth from it a chorus of passionate, jeering, wildly yearning and desperately wailing voices.

"Sitting by his fire at night, Shakespeare heard them in the roar of the storm against the window-pane, in the howling of the wind in the chimneys—heard all these terrible voices contrapuntally interwoven one with another as in a fugue, and heard in them the torture-shriek of suffering humanity."

It goes without saying that Cordelia appeals vastly to Brandes as a character whose sacrifices deserved better than was her lot. While the elder daughters have inherited and overdeveloped Lear's bad qualities, Cordelia has fallen heir to his goodness of heart; but he has also transmitted to her a certain obstinacy and pride, but for which the conflict would not have

arisen. How touching is the passage where Cordelia finds her brain-sick sire, and tends him until, by aid of the healing art, and sleep, and music, he slowly regains his health. That this old man should lose his youngest daughter —this is the catastrophe which Shakespeare has made so great that it is with reason Kent asks: "Is this the promised end? Is this the end of the world?"

"The loss of Cordelia," concludes Brandes's comment on this great tragedy, "that is the great catastrophe. We all lose, or live under the dread of losing, our Cordelia. The loss of the dearest and the best, of that which alone makes life worth living—that is the tragedy of life. Hence the question: Is this the end of the world? Yes, it is. Each of us has only his world, and lives with the threat of its destruction hanging over him. And in the year 1606 Shakespeare was in no mood to write other than dramas on the doom of worlds."

VII.

Passing from the sombre to the gay, from Shakespeare's *King Lear* to his immortal Falstaff, what a picture is Brandes's characterization as he turns his searchlight on a personality that stands for all time as the embodiment of mirth and the grotesque. But the Danish critic would not be what he is did he not furnish us with much more than a mere study of Falstaff as Falstaff. No, Brandes takes us into the Shakespearean inner circle, into the tavern life of the day, makes us acquainted with the

young aristocrats who, in Shakespeare, appear under the names of Mercutio and Benedick, Gratiano and Lorenzo, these gay fellows of the upper world who made pleasure their whole pursuit.

"Dressed in silk or ash-colored velvet," Brandes writes, "and with gold lace on his cloak, the young man of fashion began by riding to St. Paul's and promenading half-a-dozen times up and down its middle aisle. He then 'repaired to the Exchange, and talked pretty euphuisms to the citizens' daughters,' or looked in at the bookseller's to inspect the latest play-book or pamphlet against tobacco. Next he rode to the ordinary where he had appointed to meet his friends and dine. At dinner he discussed Drake's expedition to Portugal, or Essex's exploits at Cadiz, or told how he had broken a lance with Raleigh himself at the Tilt-yard. He would mingle snatches of Italian and Spanish with his talk, and let himself be persuaded, after dinner, to recite a sonnet of his own composition. At three he betook himself to the theater, saw Burbage as Richard III, and applauded Kemp in his new jig; after which he would spend an hour at the bear-garden. Then to the barber's, to have his hair and beard trimmed, in preparation for the carouse of the evening at whichever tavern he and his friends had selected—the 'Mitre,' the 'Falcon,' the 'Apollo,' the 'Boar's Head,' the 'Devil,' or—most famous of all—the 'Mermaid,' where the literary club, the 'Syren,' founded by none other than Sir Walter Raleigh himself, held its meetings."

This, then, was the environment of Shakespeare's Falstaff. Here also, the young aristocrat rubs shoulders with the leading players, such as Burbage and Kemp, and with the best known men of letters, such as John Lyly, George Chapman, John Florio, Michael Drayton, Samuel Daniel, John Marston, Thomas Nash, Ben Jonson, William Shakespeare.

"To Shakespeare's circle Chettle must doubtless have belonged," Brandes comments, "that Chettle who in bygone days had published Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, and afterwards made amends to Shakespeare for Greene's coarse attack upon him. In Dekker's tract, *A Knight's Conjuring*, dating from 1607, he figures among the poets in Elysium, where he is introduced in the following terms: 'In comes Chettle sweating and blowing, by reason of his fatness; to welcome whom, because hee was of olde acquaintance, all rose up, and fell presentlie on their knees, to drinck a health to all the louers of Hellicon.'

"Elze has conjectured, possibly with justice, that in this puffing and sweating old ton of flesh, who is so whimsically greeted with mock reverence by the whole gay company, we have the very model from whom Shakespeare drew his demigod, the immortal Sir John Falstaff, beyond comparison the gayest, the most concrete, and most entertaining figure in European comedy. In his close-woven and unflagging mirthfulness, in the inexhaustible wealth of drollery concentrated in his person, Falstaff surpasses all that antiquity and the Middle Ages have produced in the way of comic char-

acter, and all that the stage of later times can show."

Brandes takes occasion to bring Rabelais upon the scene for the purpose of comparing Shakespeare's Falstaff with the other's Panurge. Rabelais, of course, was the master spirit of the early Renaissance in France. Brandes says that when we compare Falstaff with Panurge we see that Rabelais stands to Shakespeare in the relation of a Titan to an Olympian god. Rabelais is gigantic, disproportioned, potent, but formless. Shakespeare is smaller and less excessive, poorer in ideas, though richer in fancies, and moulded with the utmost firmness of outline.

In 1598 appeared a Quarto with the following title: "The History of Henrie the Fourth; With the battell of Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe. At London. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." This was the first part of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, which must have been written in 1597—the play in which Shakespeare first attains his great and overwhelming individuality. At the age of thirty-three, he stands for the first time at the summit of his artistic greatness.

In the original form of *Henry IV*, we learn, Falstaff's name was Sir John Oldcastle. Under the name of Falstaff he became, after the lapse of half a century, the most popular of Shakespeare's creations. Between 1642 and 1694, he is more frequently mentioned than any other of

Shakespeare's characters. He was, according to Brandes, "the wine-god of merry England at the meeting of the centuries." Never before or since has England enjoyed so many sorts of beverages. There was ale, and all other kinds of strong and small beer, and apple-drink, and honey-drink, and strawberry-drink, and three sorts of mead—meath, metheglin, hydromel—and every drink was fragrant of flowers and spiced with herbs. In white meath alone there was infused rosemary and thyme, sweet-briar, pennyroyal, bays, water-cresses, agrimony, marsh-mallow, liverwort, maiden-hair, betony, eye-bright, scabious, ash-leaves, ringo root, wild angelica, rib-wort, sennicle, Roman wormwood, tamarisk, mother thyme, saxifrace, philipendula; and strawberries and violet leaves were often added. Cherry wine and sack were mixed with gillyflower syrup.

Is it to be wondered that an age that produced such a profusion of beverages could bring forth a character like Falstaff? There were fifty-six varieties of French wine in use, and thirty-six of Spanish and Italian, to say nothing of the many home-made kinds. But among the foreign wines none was so famous as Falstaff's favorite sherrisack. It took its name from Xeres in Spain, but differed from the modern sherry in being a sweet wine.

"Falstaff is a great wine-knower," Brandes declares, "but he is infinitely more than that. He is one of the brightest and wittiest spirits England has ever produced. He is one of the most glorious creations that ever sprang from a poet's brain. There is much rascality and

much genius in him, but there is no trace of mediocrity. He is always superior to his surroundings, always resourceful, always witty, always at his ease, often put to shame, but thanks to his inventive effrontery, never put out of countenance. He has fallen below his social position; he lives in the worst—though also in the best—society; he has neither soul, nor honor, nor moral sense; but he sins, robs, lies, and boasts, with such splendid exuberance, and is so far above any serious attempt at hyprocrisy, that he seems unfailingly amiable whatever he may choose to do. Therefore he charms every one, although he is a butt for the wit of all. He perpetually surprises us by the wealth of his nature. He is old and youthful, corrupt and harmless, cowardly and daring, 'a knave without malice, a liar without deceit; and a knight, a gentleman and a soldier, without either dignity, decency or honor.' The young Prince shows good taste in always and in spite of everything seeking out his company."

VIII.

The same creative spirit that produced such a rollicking character as Falstaff gave Shylock to the world. And what a contrast is here presented. *The Merchant of Venice* is perhaps that of Shakespeare's plays which gives earliest intimation of the author as a man of business. The date of its composition is no doubt around 1597. *The Taming of the Shrew* preceded it about a year. It is beyond question that Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* gave Shakespeare his first literary impulse towards *The Merchant of*

Venice. Barabas is a Jew and usurer, like Shylock. Like Shylock he has a daughter who is in love with a poor Christian; and like him, he thirsts for revenge. But he is a monster, not a man.

Brandes presents Shylock as a character as much to be pitied almost as shunned. "While Marlowe," he says, "according to his custom, made his Barabas revel in mythological similes, Shakespeare indicates that Shylock's culture is founded entirely upon the Old Testament and makes commerce his only point of contact with the civilization of later times. All his parallels are drawn from the Patriarchs and the Prophets. . . . He is no wild animal; he is no heathen who simply gives the rein to his natural instincts; his hatred is not ungoverned; he restrains it within its legal rights, like a tiger in its cage. He is entirely lacking, indeed, in the freedom and serenity, the easy-going, light-hearted carelessness which characterizes a ruling caste in its virtues and its vices, in its charities and in its prodigalities; but he has not a single twinge of conscience about anything that he does; his actions are in perfect harmony with his ideals.

"Sundered from the regions, the social forms, the language, in which his spirit is at home, he has yet retained his Oriental character. Passion is the kernel of his nature. It is his passion that has enriched him; he is passionate in action, in calculation, in sensation, in hatred, in revenge, in everything. His vengefulness is many times greater than his rapacity. Avari-

cious though he be, money is nothing to him in comparison with revenge.

"It is not until he is exasperated by his daughter's robbery and flight that he takes such hard measures against Antonio, and refuses to accept three times the amount of the loan. His conception of honor may be unchivalrous enough, but, such as it is, his honor is not to be bought for money. His hatred of Antonio is far more intense than his love for his jewels; and it is this passionate hatred, not avarice, that makes him the monster he becomes.'

The question naturally arises whether Georg Brandes's Jewish antecedents have in any way influenced him in his depiction of Shakespeare's vengeful Jew. We know, of course, that religion plays no part in Brandes's spiritual makeup. He avows adherence to no creed or dogma. Again and again he has proclaimed the fact that mankind has a right to believe as it prefers. For himself, the mentality of the old Greeks appears to have been transplanted in the mind of this Danish critic who is perhaps considerably of a stoic.

It is no secret that when Brandes began to attract attention as a writer of unusual talent he met with an opposition in his home country that could hardly fail to cause embitterment. His lectures at the University of Copenhagen had aroused the orthodox element of Denmark and his liberal viewpoints were termed nothing less than an absolute departure from what was in that day thought right and proper. We may be sure that Shakespeare's *Merchant of*

Venice came before his mental vision many times as an example of what religious bigotry may accomplish in the case of one who has been declared as standing apart from his fellow men. Shylock's vehemence unquestionably seemed justified to a degree in the eyes of the Danish critic who nearly half a century ago was perfecting the material that went to the making of his epochal "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature."

At this juncture it may not be amiss to digress for a moment from a consideration of Brandes's *Shakespeare* and turn to his *Lord Beaconsfield.* This biography of Benjamin Disraeli, Brandes wrote some time before 1880, the American translation appearing in that year. Here there are unmistakable signs of Brandes's bitter arraignment of those who would look down upon others not of the same religious belief as they. Every novel that Brandes here passes in review as explaining the ambitious plans of him who later was to rule the British empire as Prime Minister, bears the indubitable stamp of defense of the religion that Disraeli's forebears disavowed for reasons bordering on expediency. Lord Beaconsfield, however, never seemed to have forgotten that he sprang from the race that gave to the world the Savior of Christianity.

Benjamin Disraeli, writes Brandes, was a descendant of one of the Jewish families compelled by the Spanish Inquisition to leave the Peninsula towards the end of the fifteenth century. These families, who, although expelled from Palestine, had never wandered from the

originally civilized countries of ancient times—those in the Mediterranean basin, and who had never been exposed to a rigid climate—formed for a long time the natural aristocracy of the Jewish people. They had resided, happy and respected, partly in the large cities, partly on their estates in Aragon, Andalusia, and Portugal, for the acquisition of landed property was not then denied them.

"Fanaticism afterwards deprived them, by one blow, of all their rights and hopes," Brandes declares. "Lord Beaconsfield's ancestors, therefore, took refuge in the Venetian Republic, and, according to a family tradition, as soon as they trod the soil of Venice, renounced their Spanish name, and, "from gratitude to the God of Jacob, who had led them through unexampled trials and unheard-of dangers," took the name of d'Israeli, by which the family was henceforth to be known. It grew and flourished without let or hindrance for more than two hundred years.

We next read how toward the end of the eighteenth century, a member of the family resolved to send his youngest son, Benjamin, to England, which seemed then to secure religious liberty to the Jews, and offered a favorable opening for commercial undertakings on a large scale. Religious liberty, however, was neither of long standing nor complete in England. The Jews had been expelled from the country long before they had been driven from Spain or Portugal.

"It was not until the time of the Commonwealth that protected by Cromwell himself,

though not by any law, the Jews began to return to England," says Brandes. "Under George II, the Minister, Lord Pelham, was favorable to them, and during his ministry, Benjamin d'Israeli, the grandfather and namesake of Lord Beaconsfield, became, in the year 1748, an English citizen, without civil rights."

Benjamin Disraeli was the son of Isaac d'Israeli. His mother was Maria Basevi. The boy was received into the Jewish community; but when his father afterwards separated himself from it, if reports speak truly, avers Brandes, he gave his friend Samuel Rogers leave to take him to church and have him baptized. Rogers was totally indifferent to religion, but it seemed to him a pity—so it is said—that this fine, intelligent boy should be excluded by his creed from the most important and highest social advantages. At any rate, the baptism took place in the parish of St. Andrews, on the thirty-first of July, 1817.

What Benjamin Disraeli nevertheless suffered of ignominy because of his Jewish parentage, Brandes emphasizes as he considers *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming*, both as literary productions and as autobiographical novels in which the future Lord Beaconsfield gets back at those who hurled insult against him in his boyhood days. It is as a champion of religious liberty that Brandes with evident relish enters into a detailed account of Disraeli's heroes. It all has a tendency towards showing how much the Danish critic had stored up of literary equipment when finally the day came for him to treat of Shakespeare on a large scale and

with Shylock, one of the outstanding figures in his gallery of portraits.

IX.

And now as to *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.* It is not for nothing that Shakespeare's immortal tragedy caused Brandes to devote so much of his book to the Melancholy Dane.

"Many and various emotions crowded upon Shakespeare's mind in the year 1601," we learn. "In its early months Essex and Southampton were condemned. At exactly the same time there occurs the crisis in the relations of Pembroke and Shakespeare with the Dark Lady. Finally, in the early autumn, Shakespeare suffered a loss which he must have felt deeply. The Stratford register of burials for 1601 contains this line:

"September 8, Mr. Johannes Shakespeare.

"He lost his father, his earliest friend and guardian, whose honor and reputation lay so near to his heart. The father probably lived with his son's family in the handsome New Place, which Shakespeare had bought four years before. He had doubtless brought up the two girls Susanna and Judith; he had doubtless sat by the death-bed of the little Hamnet. Now he was no more. All the years of his youth, spent at his father's side, revived in Shakespeare's mind, memories flocked in upon him, the fundamental relations between son and father preoccupied his thought, and he fell to brooding over filial love and filial reverence. In the same year *Hamlet* began to take shape in Shakespeare's imagination."

It is with particular interest that we approach Brandes's interpretation of the Hamlet character. Not only because the critic, himself a Dane, may be expected to have analyzed most thoroughly the fundamental reasons why Shakespeare chose Denmark for the tragedy's environment, but also because, in following Brandes here, we are able to gain a clearer insight into his own character.

The chapters devoted to Hamlet occur in almost the middle of the book and occupy a large space. First we have Hamlet: Its Antecedents in Fiction, History and the Drama; next Hamlet—Montaigne and Giordano Bruno—Traits of Danish Manners; again, The Personal Element in Hamlet; then, in succession, The Psychology of Hamlet, Hamlet as a Drama, Hamlet and Ophelia, Hamlet's Influence on Later Times, finally, Hamlet as a Critic.

Hamlet as a critic! Brandes as a critic of Hamlet. What then do we find? We read: "Along with motives from novel, drama and history, impressions of a philosophical and quasi-scientific order went to the making of *Hamlet*. Of all Shakespeare's plays, this is the profoundest and most contemplative; a philosophical atmosphere breathes around it. . . In approaching the theme Shakespeare obeyed a fundamental instinct in his nature; and as he worked it out, everything that stood in relation to it rushed together in his mind. He might have said with Goethe: 'After long labor in piling up fuel and straw, I have often tried in vain to warm myself . . . until at last the spark catches all of a sudden, and the whole

is wrapped in flame.' It is this flame which shines forth from 'Hamlet,' shooting up so high and glowing so red that to this day it fascinates all eyes.

"Hamlet assumes madness in order to lull the suspicions of the man who has murdered his father and wrongfully usurped his throne; but under this mask of madness he gives evidence of rare intelligence, deep feeling, peculiar subtlety, mordant satire, exalted irony, and penetrating knowledge of human nature."

Brandes asserts that it cost Shakespeare no effort to transform himself into Hamlet. On the contrary, in giving expresison to Hamlet's spiritual life he was enabled to quite naturally pour forth all that during recent years had filled his heart and seethed in his brain. He could let this creation drink in his inmost heart's blood; he could transfer to it the throbbing of his own pulses. Behind its forehead he could hide his melancholy; on its tongue he could lay his wit; its eyes he could cause to glow and lighten with flashes of his own spirit.

It came almost as a matter of course, that when the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare was solemnized throughout the civilized world on April 23, 1916, and a performance of *Hamlet* was given at the very Castle of Elsinore in the presence of the Royal Danish family and the entire literary and artistic community of Copenhagen, the task of delivering the introductory address on that important day fell to Georg Brandes. His *William Shakespeare* had long before become a stand-

ard work to which Shakespearean students looked for that intimate information which Brandes supplies so plenteously. It need hardly be said that what he then had to tell about the Hamlet character and its creator was in entire accord with his reputation as orator.

As we proceed with this critic to a further examination of Hamlet's character the psychological aspect comes strongly into view. "Though there are in *Hamlet* more direct utterances of the poet's inmost spiritual life than in any of his earlier works," we read, "he has none the less succeeded in thoroughly disengaging his hero's figure, and making it an independent entity. What he gave him of his own nature was its unfathomable depth; for the rest, he retained the situation and the circumstances much as he found them in his authorities. . . . The figure of *Hamlet*, as it at last shaped itself in Shakespeare's imagination, and came to life in his drama, is one of the few immortal figures of art and poetry, which, like Cervantes's *Don Quixote*, exactly its contemporary, and Goethe's *Faust* of two centuries later, present to generation after generation problems to brood over and enigmas to solve."

What about Hamlet in his relation to Ophelia? Here Brandes is quite definite. "There is nothing more profoundly conceived in this play," he declares, "than the Prince's relation to Ophelia. Hamlet is genius in love —genius with its great demands and its highly unconventional conduct. He does not love like Romeo, with a love that takes entire pos-

session of his mind. He has felt himself drawn to Ophelia while his father was still in life, has sent her letters and gifts, and thinks of her with infinite tenderness; but she has it not in her to be his friend and confidante. . . . Hamlet draws away from Ophelia from the moment when he feels himself the appointed minister of a sacred revenge. In deep grief he bids her farewell without a word, grasps her wrist, holds it at arm's length from him, 'peruses' her face as if he would draw it —then shakes her arm gently, nods his head thrice, and departs with a 'piteous' sigh.

"If after this he shows himself hard, almost cruel, to her, it is because she was weak and tried to deceive him. She is a soft, yielding creature, with no power of resistance; a loving soul, but without the passion which gives strength. She resembles Desdemona in the unwisdom with which she acts towards her lover, but falls far short of her in warmth and resoluteness of affection. She does not in the least understand Hamlet's grief over his mother's conduct. She observes his depression without divining its cause."

It is the opinion of Brandes that in depicting the relation between Faust and Gretchen, Goethe appropriated and reproduced many features of the relation between Hamlet and Ophelia. In both cases we have the tragic love-tie between genius and tender girlhood.

X.

How different the characterization in the case of Cleopatra. Coming fresh from his treat-

ment of Cordelia in *King Lear*, Shakespeare had seen in her the ideal which one's imagination reads on a young girl's white brow, and which the young girl herself hardly understands, much less realizes. She was the ray of white light—the great, clear, symbol of the purity and nobility of heart which were expressed in her very name. He believed in her; he had looked into her innocent eyes, whose expression inspired him with the idea of her character.

"Cleopatra, on the contrary, O Cleopatra!" Brandes exclaims. Shakespeare, he says, "passed before his eyes the most feminine, and therefore the most dangerous, woman he had known since he gained a footing in London, and he gave her the grace of the one, the caprices of another, the teasing humor of a third, a fourth's instability; but deep in his heart he was thinking of one only, who had been to him all women in one, a mistress in the art of love and of awakening love, inciting to it as no other incited, and faithlessly betraying as no other betrayed—true and false, daring and frail, actress and lover without peer. . . .

"Assuming that it was Shakespeare's design in *Antony and Cleopatra*, as in *King Lear*, to evoke the conception of a world-catastrophe, we see that he could not in this play, as in *Macbeth* or *Othello*, focus the entire action around the leading characters alone. He could not even make the other characters completely subordinate to them; that would have rendered it impossible for him to give the im-

pression of majestic breadth, of an action embracing half of the then known world, which he wanted for the sake of the concluding effect. He required in the group of figures surrounding Octavius Caesar, and in the groups round Lepidus, Ventidius, and Sextus Pompeius, a counterpoise to Antony's group. He required the placid beauty and Roman rectitude of Octavia as a contrast to the volatile, intoxicating Egyptian. He required Enobarbus to serve as a sort of chorus and introduce an occasional touch of irony amid the highflown passion of the play."

Shakespeare had found in his Plutarch the life of Marcus Antonius which at first he read out of curiosity, then with attention and later with emotion. Here was the real downfall of the Roman world. As Brandes tells it: "Not till now did he hear the final, fatal crash of the old world-republic. The might of Rome, stern, austere, shivered at the touch of Eastern voluptuousness. Everything sank, everything fell—character and will, dominions and principalities, men and woman. Everything was worm-eaten, serpent-bitten, poisoned by sensuality—everything tottered and collapsed. Defeat in Asia, defeat in Europe, defeat in Africa, on the Egyptian coast; then self-abandonment and suicide.

"Again a poison story like *Macbeth*. In Macbeth's case the virus was ambition, in Antony's it was sensuality. But the story of Antony, with its far-reaching effects, was a very much weightier and more interesting subject than the story of the little barbarian Scottish king.

Macbeth was spiritually poisoned by his wife, a woman ambitious to bloodthirstiness, an abnormal woman, more masculine than her husband, almost a virago. She speaks of dashing out the brains of babes as of one of those venial offenses which one may commit on an emergency rather than break one's word, and she undertakes without a tremor to smear the faces of the murdered King's servants with his blood. What is Lady Macbeth to us? What's Hecuba to us? And what was this Hecuba now to Shakespeare?

"In a very different and more personal way did he feel himself attracted by Cleopatra. She poisons slowly, half-involuntarily, and in wholly feminine fashion, the faculty of rule, the generalship, the courage, the greatness of Antony, ruler of half the world—and her (Cleopatra) he (Shakespeare) knew. He knew her as we all know her, the woman of women, quintessentiated Eve, or rather Eve and the serpent in one—'My serpent of old Nile,' as Antony calls her. Cleopatra—the name meant beauty and fascination—it meant alluring sensuality combined with finished culture—it meant ruthless squandering of human life and happiness and the noblest powers. Here, indeed, was the woman who could intoxicate and undo a man, even the greatest; uplift him to such happiness as he had never known before, and then plunge him into perdition, and along with him that half of the world which it was his to rule."

Women, according to Plutarch, were Antony's bane. After a youth in which many women

had had a share, he married Fulvia, the widow of the notorious tribune, Clodius. She acquired the mastery over him, and bent him to all her wishes, so that from her hand he passed into Cleopatra's, ready broken-in to feminine dominion.

Brandes feels that Arthur Symons carries his enthusiasm too far when he writes that "*Antony and Cleopatra* is the most wonderful, I think, of all Shakespeare's plays, and it is so mainly because the figure of Cleopatra is the most wonderful of Shakespeare's women. And not of Shakespeare's women only, but perhaps the most wonderful of women." And yet, Brandes himself declares that "the great attraction of this masterpiece lies in the unique figure of Cleopatra, elaborated as it is with all Shakespeare's human experience and artistic enthusiasm. But the greatness of the world-historic drama proceeds from the genius with which he has entwined the private relations of the two lovers with the course of history and the fate of the empires. Just as Antony's ruin results from his connection with Cleopatra, so does the fall of the Roman Republic result from the contact of the simple hardihood of the West with the luxury of the East. Antony is Rome, Cleopatra is the Orient. When he perishes, a prey to the voluptuousness of the East it seems as though Roman greatness and the Roman Republic expired with him. Not Caesar's ambition, not Caesar's assassination, but this crumbling to pieces of Roman greatness fourteen years later brings home to us the ultimate fall of the old world-republic, and

impresses us with that sense of 'universal annihilation' which in this play, as in *King Lear*, Shakespeare aims at begetting.

"This is no tragedy of a domestic, limited nature like the conclusion of *Othello;* there is no Fortinbras here, as in *Hamlet*, giving the promise of brighter and better times to come; the victory of Octavius brings glory to no one and promises nothing. No; the final picture is that which Shakespeare was bent on painting the moment he felt himself attracted by this great theme—the picture of a world-catastrophe."

XI.

Of feminine types in Shakespeare of a far different order than the one to which Cleopatra belonged, most are of the period when *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night* sprang from this most fertile brain. All of these plays were written between 1599 and 1608. Brandes believes that Shakespeare had entered the stage in his career when all seemed sunshine and that he had never produced with such rapidity and ease as in this bright and happy interval. In *As You Like it* the roving spirit has awakened in his breast—the spirit which in bygone days sent him wandering with his gun through Charlcote Park, a life of hunting and song, and simple repasts in the open air, accompanied by witty talk; and at the same time a life full to the brim with the dreamy happiness of love. And with this life, the crea-

tion of his roving spirit, his gaiety and his longing for nature, he animates a fantastic Forest of Arden.

This is how the feminine characters are analyzed by Brandes: "The two cousins, Rosalind and Celia, seem at first glance like variations of the two cousins, Beatrice and Hero, in the play which Shakespeare has just finished. Rosalind and Beatrice in particular are akin in their victorious wit. Yet the difference between them is very great; Shakespeare never repeats himself. The wit of Beatrice is aggressive and challenging; we see, as it were, the gleam of a rapier in it. Rosalind's wit is gaiety without a sting; the gleam in it is of that sweet radiance which Oehlenschlaeger attributed to Freia; her sportive nature masks the depth of her love. Beatrice can be brought to love because she is a woman, and stands in no respect apart from her sex; but she is not of an amatory nature. Rosalind is seized with a passion for Orlando the instant she sets eyes on him. From the moment of Beatrice's first appearance she is defiant and combative, in the highest of spirits. We are introduced to Rosalind as a poor bird with a drooping wing; her father is banished, she is bereft of her birthright, and is living on sufferance as companion to a usurper's daughter, being, indeed, half a prisoner in the palace, where till lately she reigned as princess. It is not until she has donned the doublet and hose, appears in the likeness of a page, and wanders of her own sweet will in the open air and the greenwood, that she recovers her radiant humor,

and roguish merriment flows from her lips like the trilling of a bird. . . .

"What Rosalind says of women in general applies to herself in particular: you will never find her without an answer until you find her without a tongue. And there is always a bright and merry fantasy in her answers. She is literally radiant with youth, imagination and the joy of loving so passionately and being so passionately beloved."

In *Twelfth Night*, we read, the notes of seriousness and raillery, of passion, of tenderness and of laughter, blend in the richest and fullest concord. It is like a symphony in which no strain can be dispensed with, or like a picture veiled in a golden haze, into which all the colors resolve themselves.

"This comedy is connected by certain filaments with its predecessor, *As You Like It*," Brandes affirms. "The passion which Viola, in her male attire, awakens in Olivia, reminds us of that with which Rosalind inspires Phebe. But the motive is quite differently handled. While Rosalind gaily and unfeelingly repudiates Phebe's burning love, Viola is full of tender compassion for the lady whom her disguise has led astray. . . . The central character in *Twelfth Night* is Viola, of whom her brother does not say a word too much when, thinking that she has been drowned, he exclaims: 'She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair! . . . But the passion which possesses her makes her a more eloquent messenger of love than she designs to be. To Olivia's question as

to what she would do if she loved her as her master does, she answers:

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

"In short, if she were a man, she would display all the energy which the Duke lacks. No wonder that, against her own will, she awakens Olivia's love. She herself as a woman, is condemned to passivity; her love is wordless, deep, and patient. In spite of her sound understanding, she is a creature of emotion. It is a very characteristic touch when, in the scene where Antonio, taking her for Sebastian, recalls the services he has rendered, and begs for assistance in his need, she exclaims that there is nothing, not even 'lying vainness, babbling drunkenness, or any taint of vice,' that she hates as much as ingratitude. However bright her intelligence, her soul from first to last outshines it. Her incognito, which does not bring her joy as it does to Rosalind, but only trouble and sorrow, conceals the most delicate womanliness. She never, like Rosalind or Beatrice, utters an audacious or wanton word. Her heart-winning charm more than makes up for the high spirits and sparkling humor of the earlier heroines. She is healthful and beautiful, like these her somewhat elder sisters; and she has also their humorous eloquence, as

she proves in her first scene with Olivia. Yet there rests upon her lovely figure a tinge of melancholy. She is an impersonation of that 'farewell to mirth' which an able English critic discerns in this last comedy of Shakespeare's brightest years.

XII.

A time arrives when Shakespeare no longer writes comedies, but sends a train of gloomy tragedies across the boards which so lately echoed the laughter of Beatrice and Rosalind. It is in the tragedy of *Julius Caesar* that Georg Brandes considers Shakespeare not wholly fair to the great Roman. He declares on this point: "What attracted Shakespeare to this theme? The play is called *Julius Caesar*, but it was obviously not Caesar himself that attracted Shakespeare. The true hero of the piece is Brutus; he it is who has aroused the poet's fullest interest. We must explain to ourselves the why and wherefore.

"The answer is to be found in the point of time at which the play was written. It was that eventful year when Shakespeare's earliest friends among the great, Essex and Southampton, had set on foot their foolish conspiracy against Elizabeth, and when their attempted insurrection had ended in the death of one, the imprisonment of the other. He had seen how proud and nobly-disposed characters might easily be seduced into political error, and tempted to rebellion, on the plea of independence. It is true that there was little enough

resemblance of detail between the mere palace-revolution designed by Essex, which should free him from the Queen's incalculable caprices, and the attempt of the Roman patricians to liberate an aristocratic republic, by assassination, from the yoke of a newly-founded despotism. The point of resemblance lay in the mere fact of the imprudent and ill-starred attempt to effect a subversion of public order."

Shakespeare, according to Brandes, having so arranged his drama that Brutus should be its tragic hero, had to concentrate his art on placing him in the foreground, and making him fill the scene. The difficulty was not to let his lack of political insight—in the cast of Antony—or of practical sense—his quarrel with Cassius, —detract from the impression of his superiority. He had to be the centre and pivot of everything, and therefore Caesar was diminished and belittled to such a degree, unfortunately, that this matchless genius in war and statesmanship has become a miserable caricature, the Danish critic avers.

Brandes has very little good to say of Brutus. But Brutus was already in Plutarch the protagonist of the Caesar tragedy. Shakespeare followed the course of history as presented by Plutarch. As for Antony's oration, here Brandes thinks Shakespeare rose to the highest art as a dramatist. That "Julius Caesar" was received by the London public with acclaim there is indisputable evidence. The learned rejoiced in the breath of air from ancient Rome which met them in these scenes, and the populace was

entertained and fascinated by the striking events and heroic characters of the drama.

As already referred to, the theme of *Julius Caesar* seemed to have attracted Shakespeare on account of the analogy between the conspiracy against Caesar and the conspiracy against Elizabeth. Despite the foolish precipitancy of their action, the leaders of this conspiracy, men like Essex and his comrade Southampton, had Shakespeare's full sympathy; and he transferred some of that sympathy to Brutus and Cassius. He created Brutus under the deeply imprinted conviction that unpractical magnanimity, like that of his noble friends, is unfitted to play an effective part in the drama of history and that errors of policy revenge themselves at least as sternly as moral delinquencies.

But let us pass on to another character where Shakespeare displays a mood so much at variance with what elsewhere he had shown when dealing with the opposite sex.

"Shakespeare, who had hitherto worshipped women, has become a misogamist," declares Brandes in speaking of *Troilus and Cressida.* And he continues: "This mood, forgotten since his early youth, rises up again in hundredfold strength, and his very soul overflows in scorn for the sex. What is the cause? Has anything befallen him—anything new? Of what and whom does he think? Does he speak out of new and recent experience, or is it the old sorrow from the time of the Sonnets, of which he made use in the construction of Cleopatra's character, and is this the same grief which has

taken new shape in his mind and is turning sour? Is it this which has grown increasingly bitter until it corrodes? . . .

"We can imagine that Shakespeare began by worshipping his lady-love, complaining of her coldness and hardness, celebrating her fingers in song, cursing her faithlessness, and feeling himself driven nearly wild with grief at the false position in which she had placed him; this is the standpoint of the Sonnets. In the course of years the fever has stormed itself out, but the memory of the enchantment was still visibly fresh, and his mind pictured the loved one as a marvelous phenomenon, half queen, half gipsy, alluring and repellant, true and false, strong and weak, a siren and a mystery; this is the standpoint of *Antony and Cleopatra.* Then, possibly, when life had sobered him down, when he had cooled, as we all do cool in the hardening ice of experience, he suddenly and sharply realized the insanity of an exotic enthusiasm for so worthless an object. He looks upon this condition, which invariably begins with self-deception and must of necessity end in disillusionment, as a disgraceful and tremendous absurdity; and his wrath over wasted feelings and wasted time and suffering, over the degradation and humiliation of its self-deception and ultimately the treason itself, seeks final and supreme relief in the outburst, 'What a farce!' which is in itself the germ of *Troilus and Cressida.*

XIII.

Before discussing the play further, Brandes has a colorful chapter dealing with Shakespeare and Homer, as bearing upon the subject matter of *Troilus and Cressida*. "It is clear," he remarks, "that the Christian conception of faithlessness in love has displaced the old Hellenic innocence and náïveté. How fervant is Achilles's love for Briseis in Homer; how honest, warm and indignant he is when he asks Agamemnon's messengers if among the children of men only the Atrides love their wives, and he himself answers that every man who is brave and of good understanding loves and shelters his wife, as he of his inmost heart loved and would shelter Briseis, prisoner of war through she was. . . Contrast this with the burlesque attempt to provoke that cowardly snob and raw dunce of an Achilles out of his exclusiveness, by passing him by without returning his greeting or seeming conscious of his existence; this same Achilles, who falls upon Hector with his myrmidons and scoundrelly murders him, just as the hero, wearied by battle, has taken off his helmet and laid aside his sword. It reads like the invention of a mediaeval barbarian.

"But Shakespeare is neither mediaeval nor a barbarian. No, he has written it down out of a bitterness so deep that he has felt hero-worship, like love, to be an illusion of the senses. As the phantasy of first love is absurd, and Troilus' loyalty towards its object ridiculous, so is the honor of our forefathers and of war in general a delusion. Shakespeare now

suspects the most assured reputations; he believes that if Achilles really lived at all, he was most probably a stupid and vainglorious boaster, just as Helen must have been a hussy by no means worthy of the turmoil which was made about her. As he distorted Achilles into an absurdity, so he wrenched all other personalities into caricatures."

But what about Cressida? Brandes makes this answer: "Shakespeare deliberately made Cressida sensually attractive, but spiritually repulsive and unclean. She has desire for Troilus, but no love. She is among those who are born experienced; she knows how to inflame, win and keep men enchained, but the honorable love of a man is useless to her. At the same time she is one of those who easily find a master. Any man who is not imposed upon by her airs, who sees through her mock prudish rebuffs, subdues her without difficulty. . . . Cressida is never modest even when she is most prudish; she understands a jest, even bold and libertine ones, and she will bandy them with enjoyment. With all her kittenish charm she is uninteresting, and, in spite of her hot blood, she betrays the coldest selfishness. She is neither ridiculous nor unlovely, but as little is she beautiful; in no other of Shakespeare's characters is the sensual attraction of a woman so completely shorn of its poetry."

Of all Shakespeare's works it is perhaps *Troilus and Cressida* which most nearly approaches *Don Quixote* of Cervantes. There is besides, a chivalrous fine feeling and sensual

tenderness in Troilus's love, but the melancholy of Shakespeare's matured perception sets its iron teeth in everything at this period of his life, and he looks upon absorption in love as senseless and laughable. As Brandes expresses it: "He shows us how blindly Troilus runs into the snare, giddy with happiness and uplifted to the heavens, and how the next moment he awakes from this intoxication, betrayed; but he shows it without sympathy, coldly. Therefore, the play never once arouses any true emotion, since Troilus himself never really interests. The piece blazes out, but imparts no warmth. Shakespeare wrote it thus, and therefore, while *Troilus and Cressida* will find many readers who will admire it, few will love it."

XIV.

It has not been the intention of the present writer in his efforts to show how Georg Brandes interprets Shakespeare, to deal with each of the plays. Such a task within a limited compass would be fair to neither Brandes nor the Bard of Avon. The purpose has been, however, to aid in making this Danish critic's work better known in America. The year 1923 seems to be particularly suited for such a presentation since Shakespeare once more occupies the public mind more largely than at any time since the tercentenary of his death, in 1916. For it was in this year, three hundred years ago, it is said, that the First Folio was published. Modern research tends to show that it was in all probability William Jaggard of

Fleet Street who published the First Folio and that the editors were John Hemmings and Henry Condell, fellow actors with Shakespeare, who were church wardens at Bradbury in 1623. They signed the dedication to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery and they gave assurance to the readers of that day that the versions of the thirty-six plays they presented —twenty for the first time—were not stolen or maimed, but perfect in their numbers.

It is not to be wondered, then, that Stratford-on-Avon made much of Shakespeare's birthday in this year of the tercentenary of the First Folio, nor that London joined in. Since this account concerns itself largely with Georg Brandes as an interpreter of Shakespeare, we shall perhaps be justified in quoting him in this matter of the First Folio, as follows: "He seems never to have sanctioned any publication, or to have read a single proofsheet. The 1623 folio of his plays, issued after his death by two of his actor-friends, purports to be printed 'according to the True Original Copies,' but this assertion is demonstrably false in numerous instances in which we can test it—where the folio, that is to say, presents a simple reprint, often with additional blunders, of the old pirated quartos, which must have been based either on the surreptitious notes of stenographers or on prompt-copies dishonestly acquired."

It will be for other Shakespeare scholars, those upholding the genuineness of the First Folio, to accept the challenge of Georg Brandes in this matter. With his usual fearlessness in

contravening the most cherished traditions, no matter what they may be, so long as he considers himself justified to do so, Brandes simply says what he thinks on this point. The present writer cannot escape the obligation to make mention of it since such a statement by the noted Danish critic is included in the *William Shakespeare, A Critical Study.*

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Essays

G. K. Chesterton

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The Optimism of Byron

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Everything is against our appreciating the spirit and the age of Byron. The age that has just passed from us is always like a dream when we wake in the morning, a thing incredible and centuries away. And the world of Byron seems a sad and faded world, a weird and inhuman world, where men were romantic in whiskers, ladies lived, apparently, in bowers, and the very word has the sound of a piece of stage scenery. Roses and nightingales recur in their poetry with the monotonous elegance of a well-paper pattern. The whole is like a revel of dead men, a revel with splendid vesture and half-witted faces.

But the more shrewdly and earnestly we study the histories of men, the less ready shall we be to make use of the word 'artificial.' Nothing in the world has ever been artificial. Many customs, many dresses, many works of art are branded with artificiality because they exhibit vanity and self-consciousness: as if vanity were not a deep and elemental thing, like love and hate and the fear of death. Vanity may be found in darkling deserts, in the hermit and in the wild

beasts that crawl around him. It may be good or evil, but assuredly it is not artificial: vanity is a voice out of the abyss.

The remarkable fact is, however, and it bears strongly on the present position of Byron, that when a thing is unfamiliar to us, when it is remote and the product of some other age or spirit, we think it not savage or terrible, but merely artificial. There are many instances of this: a fair one is the case of tropical plants and birds. When we see some of the monstrous and flamboyant blossoms that enrich the equatorial woods, we do not feel that they are conflagrations of nature; silent explosions of her frightful energy. We simply find it hard to believe that they are not wax flowers grown under a glass case. When we see some of the tropic birds, with their tiny bodies attached to gigantic beaks, we do not feel that they are freaks of the fierce humour of Creation. We almost believe that they are toys out of a child's play-box, artificially carved and artificially coloured. So it is with the great convulsion of Nature which was known as Byronism. The volcano is not an extinct volcano now; it is the dead stick of a rocket. It is the remains not of a natural but of an artificial fire.

But Byron and Byronism were something immeasurably greater than anything that is represented by such a view as this: their real value and meaning are indeed little understood. The first of the mistakes about Byron lies in the fact that he is treated as a pessimist. True, he treated himself as such, but a critic can hardly have even a slight knowledge of Byron without knowing that he had the smallest amount of knowledge of himself that ever fell to the lot of an intelligent man. Byron's pessimism is better worth study than The real character of what is known as any real pessimism could ever be.

It is the standing peculiarity of this curious world of ours that almost everything in it has been extolled enthusiastically and invariably extolled to the disadvantage of everything else.

One after another almost every one of the phenomena of the universe has been declared to be alone capable of making life worth living. Books, love, business, religion, alcohol, abstract truth, private emotion, money, simplicity, mysticism, hard work, a life close to nature, a life close to Belgrave Square are every one of them passionately maintained by somebody to be so good that they re-

deem the evil of an otherwise indefensible world. Thus while the world is almost always condemned in summary, it is always justified, and indeed extolled, in detail after detail.

Existence has been praised and absolved by a chorus of pessimists. The work of giving thanks to Heaven is, as it were, divided ingeniously among them. Schopenhauer is told of as a kind of librarian in the House of God, to sing the praises of the austere pleasures of the mind. Carlyle, as steward, undertakes the working department and eulogises a life of labour in the fields. Omar Khayyam is established in the cellar and swears that it is the only room in the house. Even the blackest of pessimistic artists enjoys his art. At the precise moment that he has written some shameless and terrible indictment of Creation, his one pang of joy in the achievement joins the universal chorus of gratitude, with the scent of the wild flower and the song of the bird.

Now Byron had a sensational popularity, and that popularity was, as far as words and explanations go, founded upon his pessimism. He was adored by an overwhelming majority, almost every individual of which despised the majority of mankind. But when we come

to regard the matter a little more deeply we tend in some degree to cease to believe in this popularity of the pessimist. The popularity of pure and unadulterated pessimism is an oddity; it is almost a contradiction in terms. Men would no more receive the news of the failure of existence or of the harmonious hostility of the stars with ardour or popular rejoicing than they would light bonfires for the arrival of cholera or dance a breakdown when they were condemned to be hanged. When the pessimist is popular it must always be not because he shows some things to be bad, but because he shows some things to be good. Men can only join in a chorus of praise even if it is the praise of denunciation. The man who is popular must be optimistic about something even if he is only optimistic about pessimism. And this was emphatically the case with Byron and the Byronists. Their real popularity was founded not upon the fact that they blamed everything, but upon the fact that they praised something. They heaped curses upon man, but they used man merely as a foil. The things they wished to praise by comparison were the energies of Nature. Man was to them what talk and fashion were to Carlyle, what philosophical and religious

quarrels were to Omar, what the whole race after practical happiness was to Schopenhauer, the thing which must be censured in order that somebody else may be exalted. It was merely a recognition of the fact that one cannot write in white chalk except on a blackboard.

Surely it is ridiculous to maintain seriously that Byron's love of the desolate and inhuman in nature was the mark of vital scepticism and depression. When a young man can elect deliberately to walk alone in winter by the side of the shattering sea, when he takes pleasure in storms and stricken peaks, and the lawless melancholy of the older earth, we may deduce with the certainty of logic that he is very young and very happy. There is a certain darkness which we see in wine when seen in shadow; we see it again in the night that has just buried a gorgeous sunset. The wine seems black, and yet at the same time powerfully and almost impossibly red; the sky seems black, and yet at the same time to be only too dense a blend of purple and green. Such was the darkness which lay around the Byronic school. Darkness with them was only too dense a purple. They would prefer the sullen hostility of the earth because amid all

the cold and darkness their own hearts were flaming like their own firesides.

Matters are very different with the more modern school of doubt and lamentation. The last movement of pessimism is perhaps expressed in Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's allegorical designs. Here we have to deal with a pessimism which tends naturally not towards the oldest elements of the cosmos, but towards the last and most fantastic fripperies of artificial life. Byronism tended towards the desert; the new pessimism towards the restaurant. Byronism was a revolt against artificiality; the new pessimism is a revolt in its favour. The Byronic young man had an affection of sincerity; the decadent, going a step deeper into the avenues of the unreal, has positively an affection of affectation. And it is by their fopperies and their frivolities that we know that their sinister philosophy is sincere; in their lights and garlands and ribbons we read their indwelling despair. It was so, indeed, with Byron himself; his really bitter moments were his frivolous moments. He went on year after year calling down fire upon mankind, summoning the deluge and the destructive sea and all the ultimate energies of nature to

sweep away the cities of the spawn of man. But through all this his sub-conscious mind was not that of a despairer; on the contrary, there is something of a kind of lawless faith in thus parleying with such immense and immemorial brutalities. It was not until the time in which he wrote 'Don Juan' that he really lost his inward warmth and geniality, and a sudden shout of hilarious laughter announced to the world that Lord Byron had really become a pessimist.

One of the best tests in the world of what a poet really means is his metre. He may be a hypocrite in his metaphysics, but he cannot be a hypocrite in his prosody. And all the time that Byron's language is of horror and emptiness, his metre is a bounding 'pas de quatre.' He may arraign existence on the most deadly charges, he may condemn it with the most desolating verdict, but he cannot alter the fact that on some walk in a spring morning when all the limbs are swinging and all the blood alive in the body, the lips may be caught repeating:

'Oh, there's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early youth declines in beauty's dull decay;

'Tis not upon the cheek of youth the blush
that fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone ere
youth itself be past.'

That automatic recitation is the answer to the whole pessimism of Byron.

The truth is that Byron was one of a class who may be called the unconscious optimists, who are very often, indeed, the most uncompromising conscious pessimists, because the exuberance of their nature demands for an adversary a dragon as big as the world. But the whole of his essential and unconscious being was spirited and confident, and that unconscious being, long disguised and buried under emotional artifices, suddenly sprang into prominence in the face of a cold, hard, political necessity. In Greece he heard the cry of reality, and at the time that he was dying, he began to live. He heard suddenly the call of that buried and sub-conscious happiness which is in all of us, and which may emerge suddenly at the sight of the grass of a meadow or the spears of the enemy.

Pope and the Art of Satire

The general critical theory common in this and the last century is that it was very easy for the imitators of Pope to write English poetry. The classical couplet was a thing that anyone could do. So far as that goes, one may justifiably answer by asking anyone to try. It may be easier really to have wit, than really, in the boldest and most enduring sense, to have imagination. But it is immeasurably easier to pretend to have imagination than to pretend to have wit. A man may indulge in a sham rhapsody, because it may be the triumph of a rhapsody to be unintelligible. A man may pretend to be a poet: he can no more pretend to be a wit than he can pretend to bring rabbits out of a hat without having learnt to be a conjuror. Therefore, it may be submitted, there was a certain discipline in the old antithetical couplet of Pope and his followers. If it did not permit of the great liberty of wisdom used by the minority of great geniuses, neither did it permit of the great liberty of folly which is used by the majority of small writers. A prophet could not be a poet in those days, perhaps, but

at least a fool could not be a poet. If we take, for the sake of example, such a line as Pope's

'Damm with faint praise, assent with civil leer,'

the test is comparatively simple. A great poet would not have written such a line, perhaps. But a minor poet could not.

Supposing that a lyric poet of the new school really had to deal with such an idea as that expressed in Pope's line about Man:

'A being darkly wise and rudely great.'

Is it really so certain that he would go deeper into the matter than that old antithetical jingle goes? I venture to doubt whether he would really be any wiser or weirder or more imaginative or more profound. The one thing that he would really be, would be longer. Instead of writing 'A being darkly wise and rudely great,' the contemporary poet, in his elaborately ornamented book of verses, would produce something like the following:—

'A creature
Of feature
More dark, more dark, more dark than skies
Yea, darkly wise, yea, darkly wise
Darkly wise as a formless fate

And if he be great
If he be great, then rudely great,
Rudely great as a plough that plies,
And darkly wise, and darkly wise."

Have we really learnt to think more broadly? Or have we only learnt to spread our thoughts thinner? I have a dark suspicion that a modern poet might manufacture an admirable lyric out of almost every line of Pope.

There is, of course, an idea in our time that the very antithesis of the typical line of Pope is a mark of artificiality. I shall have occasion more than once to point out that nothing in the world has ever been artificial. But certainly antithesis is not artificial. An element of paradox runs through the whole of existence itself. It begins in the realms of ultimate physics and metaphysics, in the two facts that we cannot imagine a space that is infinite, and that we cannot imagine a space that is finite. It runs through the inmost complications of divinity, in that we cannot conceive that Christ in the wilderness was truly pure, unless we also conceive that he desired to sin. It runs, in the same manner, through all the minor matters of morals, so that we cannot imagine courage existing ex-

cept in conjunction with fear, or magnanimity existing except in conjunction with some temptation to meanness. If Pope and his followers caught this echo of natural irrationality, they were not any the more artificial. Their antitheses were fully in harmony with existence, which is itself a contradiction in terms.

Pope was really a great poet; he was the last great poet of civilization. Immediately after the fall of him and his school come Burns and Byron, and the reaction towards the savage and the elemental. But to Pope civilization was still an exciting experiment. Its perruques and ruffles were to him what feathers and bangles are to a South Sea Islander—the real romance of civilization. And in all the forms of art which peculiarly belong to civilization, he was supreme. In one especially he was supreme—the great and civilized art of satire. And in this we have fallen away utterly.

We have had a great revival in our time of the cult of violence and hostility. Mr. Henley and his young men have an infinite number of furious epithets with which to overwhelm any one who differs from them. It is not a placid or untroubled position to be

Mr. Henley's enemy, though we know that it is certainly safer than to be his friend. And yet, despite all this, these people produce no satire. Political and social satire is a lost art, like pottery and stained glass. It may be worth while to make some attempt to point out a reason for this.

It may seem a singular observation to say that we are not generous enough to write great satire. This, however, is approximately a very accurate way of describing the case. To write great satire, to attack a man so that he feels the attack and half acknowledges its justice, it is necessary to have a certain intellectual magnanimity which realizes the merits of the opponent as well as his defects. This is, indeed, only another way of putting the simple truth that in order to attack an army we must know not only its weak points, but also its strong points. England in the present season and spirit fails in satire for the same simple reason that it fails in war: it despises the enemy. In matters of battle and conquest we have got firmly rooted in our minds the idea (an idea fit for the philosophers of Bedlam) that we can best trample on a people by ignoring all the particular merits which give them a chance of trampling upon

us. It has become a breach of etiquette to praise the enemy; whereas when the enemy is strong every honest scout ought to praise the enemy. It is impossible to vanquish an army without having a full account of its strength. It is impossible to satirise a man without having a full account of his virtues. It is too much the custom in politics to describe a political opponent as utterly inhumane, as utterly careless of his country, as utterly cynical, which no man ever was since the beginning of the world. This kind of invective may often have a great superficial success: it may hit the mood of the moment; it may raise excitement and applause; it may impress millions. But there is one man among all those millions whom it does not impress, whom it hardly even touches; that is the man against whom it is directed. The one person for whom the whole satire has been written in vain is the man whom it is the whole object of the institution of satire to reach. He knows that such a description of him is not true. He knows that he is not utterly unpatriotic, or utterly self-seeking, or utterly barbarous and revengeful. He knows that he is an ordinary man, and that he can count as many kindly memories, as many humane instincts, as many

hours of decent work and responsibility as any other ordinary man. But behind all this he has his real weaknesses, the real ironies of his soul: behind all these ordinary merits lie the mean compromises, the craven silences, the sullen vanities, the secret brutalities, the unmanly visions of revenge. It is to these that satire should reach if it is to touch the man at whom it is aimed. And to reach these it must pass and salute a whole army of virtues.

If we turn to the great English satirists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for example, we find that they had this rough but firm grasp of the size and strength, the value and the best points of their adversary. Dryden, before hewing Ahitophel in pieces, gives a splendid and spirited account of the insane valour and inspired cunning of the

'daring pilot in extremity,'

who was more untrustworthy in calm than in storm, and

'Steered too near the rocks to boast his wit.'

The whole is, so far as it goes, a sound and picturesque version of the great Shaftesbury. It would, in many ways, serve as a very sound and picturesque account of Lord Ran-

dolph Churchill. But here comes in very pointedly the difference between our modern attempts at satire and the ancient achievement of it. The opponents of Lord Randolph Churchill, both Liberal and Conservative, did not satirise him nobly and honestly, as one of those great wits to madness near allied. They represented him as a mere puppy, a silly and irreverent upstart whose impudence supplied the lack of policy and character. Churchill had grave and even gross faults, a certain coarseness, a certain hard boyish assertiveness, a certain lack of magnanimity, a certain peculiar patrician vulgarity. But he was a much larger man than satire depicted him, and therefore the satire could not and did not overwhelm him. And here we have the cause of the failure of contemporary satire, that it has no magnanimity, that is to say, no patience. It cannot endure to be told that its opponent has his strong points, just as Mr. Chamberlain could not endure to be told that the Boers had a regular army. It can be content with nothing except persuading itself that its opponent is utterly bad or utterly stupid—that is, that he is what he is not and what nobody else is. If we take any prominent politician of the day—such, for example,

as Sir William Harcourt—we shall find that this is the point in which all party invective fails. The Tory satire at the expense of Sir William Harcourt is always desperately endeavoring to represent that he is inept, that he makes a fool of himself, that he is disagreeable and disgraceful and untrustworthy. The defect of all this is that we all know that it is untrue. Everyone knows that Sir William Harcourt is not inept, but is almost the ablest Parliamentarian now alive. Everyone knows that he is not disagreeable or disgraceful, but a gentleman of the old school who is on excellent social terms with his antagonists. Everyone knows that he is not untrustworthy, but a man of unimpeachable honor who is much trusted. Above all, he knows it himself, and is therefore affected by the satire exactly as any one of us would be if we were accused of being black or of keeping a shop for the receiving of stolen goods. We might be angry at the libel, but not at the satire; for a man is angry at a libel because it is false, but at a satire because it is true.

Mr. Henley and his young men are very fond of invective and satire: if they wish to know the reason of their failure in these things, they need only turn to the opening of

Pope's superb attack upon Addison. The Henleyite's idea of satirising a man is to express a violent contempt for him, and by the heat of this to persuade others and himself that the man is contemptible. I remember reading a satiric attack on Mr. Gladstone by one of the young anarchic Tories, which began by asserting that Mr. Gladstone was a bad public speaker. If these people would, as I have said, go quietly and read Pope's 'Atticus,' they would see how a great satirist approaches a great enemy: :

'Peace to all such! But were there one whose
fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with
ease.
Should such a man———'

And then follows the torrent of that terrible criticism. Pope was not such a fool as to try to make out that Addison was a fool. He knew that Addison was not a fool, and he knew that Addison knew it. But hatred, in Pope's case, had become so great, and, I was almost going to say, so pure, that it illuminated all things, as love illuminates all things. He said what was really wrong with Addi-

son; and in calm and clear and everlasting colours he painted the picture of the evil of the literary temperament:

'Bear like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise.

* * * *

Like Cato give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause.
While wits and templars every sentence raise.
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.'

This is the kind of thing which really goes to the mark at which it aims. It is penetrated with sorrow and a kind of reverence, and it is addressed directly to a man. This is no mock-tournament to gain the applause of the crowd. It is a deadly duel by the lonely seashore.

In current political materialism there is everywhere the assumption that, without understanding anything of his case or his merits, we can benefit a man practically. Without understanding his case and his merits, we cannot even hurt him.

Stevenson*

* 'Robert Louis Stevenson: A Life Study in Criticism.' By H. Bellyse Baildon. Chatto & Windus.

A recent incident has finally convinced us that Stevenson was, as we suspected, a great man. We knew from recent books that we have noticed, from the scorn of 'Ephemera Critica' and Mr. George Moore, that Stevenson had the first essential qualification of a great man: that of being misunderstood by his opponents. But from the book which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have issued, in the same binding as Stevenson's works, 'Robert Louis Stevenson,' by Mr. H. Bellyse Baildon, we learn that he has the other essential qualification, that of being misunderstood by his admirers. Mr. Baildon has many interesting things to tell us about Stevenson himself, whom he knew at college. Nor are his criticisms by any means valueless. That upon the plays, especially 'Beau Austin,' is remarkably thoughtful and true. But it is a very singular fact, and goes far, as we say, to prove that Stevenson had that unfathomable quality which belongs to the great, that this admiring student of Stevenson can number

and marshal all the master's work and distribute praise and blame with decision and even severity, without ever thinking for a moment of the principles of art and ethics which would have struck us as the very thing that Stevenson nearly killed himself to express.

Mr. Baildon, for example, is perpetually lecturing Stevenson for his 'pessimism'; surely a strange charge against the man who has done more than any modern artist to make men ashamed of their shame of life. But he complains that, in 'The Master of Ballantrae' and 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' Stevenson gives evil a final victory over good. Now if there was one point that Stevenson more constantly and passionately emphasized than any other it was that we must worship good for its own value and beauty, without any reference whatever to victory or failure in space and time. 'Whatever we are intended to do,' he said, 'we are not intended to succeed.' That the stars in their courses fight against virtue, that humanity is in its nature a forlorn hope, this was the very spirit that through the whole of Stevenson's work sounded a trumpet to all the brave. The story of Henry Durie is dark enough, but could any one stand beside the grave of that sodden monomanic and

not respect him? It is strange that men should see sublime inspiration in the ruins of an old church and see none in the ruins of a man.

The author has most extraordinary ideas about Stevenson's tales of blood and spoil; he appears to think that they prove Stevenson to have had (we use Mr. Baildon's own phrase) a kind of 'homicidal mania.' 'He (Stevenson) arrives pretty much at the paradox that one can hardly be better employed than in taking life.' Mr. Baildon might as well say that Dr. Conan Doyle delights in committing inexplicable crimes, that Mr. Clark Russell is a notorious pirate, and that Mr. Wilkie Collins thought that one could hardly be better employed than in stealing moonstones and falsifying marriage registers. But Mr. Baildon is scarcely alone in this error: few people have understood properly the goriness of Stevenson. Stevenson was essentially the robust schoolboy who draws skeletons and gibbets in his Latin grammar. It was not that he took pleasure in death, but that he took pleasure in life, in every muscular and emphatic action of life, even if it were an action that took the life of another.

Let us suppose that one gentleman throws a knife at another gentleman and pins him

to the wall. It is scarcely necessary to remark that there are in this transaction two somewhat varying personal points of view. The point of view of the man pinned is the tragic and moral point of view, and this Stevenson showed clearly that he understood in such stories as 'The Master of Ballantrae' and 'Weir of Hermiston.' But there is another view of the matter—that in which the whole act is an abrupt and brilliant explosion of bodily vitality, like breaking a rock with a blow of a hammer, or just clearing a five-barred gate. This is the standpoint of romance, and it is the soul of 'Treasure Island' and 'The Wrecker.' It was not, indeed, that Stevenson loved men less, but that he loved clubs and pistols more. He had in truth, in the devouring universalism of his soul, a positive love for inanimate objects such as has not been known since St. Francis called the sun brother and the well sister. We feel that he was actually in love with the wooden crutch that Silver sent hurtling in the sunlight, with the box that Billy Bones left at the 'Admiral Benbow,' with the knife that Wicks drove through his own hand and the table. There is always in his work a certain clean-cut angularity which makes us remember that he was

fond of cutting wood with an axe.

Stevenson's new biographer, however, cannot make any allowance for this deep-rooted poetry of mere sight and touch. He is always imputing something to Stevenson as a crime which Stevenson really professed as an object. He says of that glorious riot of horror, 'The Destroying Angel,' in 'The Dynamiter,' that it is 'highly fantastic and putting a strain on our credulity.' This is rather like describing the travels of Baron Munchausen as 'unconvincing.' The whole story of 'The Dynamiter' is a kind of humorous nightmare, and even in that story 'The Destroying Angel' is supposed to be an extravagant lie made up on the spur of the moment. It is a dream within a dream, and to accuse it of improbability is like accusing the sky of being blue. But Mr. Baildon, whether from hasty reading or natural difference of taste, cannot in the least comprehend the rich and romantic irony of Stevenson's London stories. He actually says of that portentous monument of humour, Prince Florizel of Bohemia, that 'though evidently admired by his creator, he is to me on the whole rather an irritating presence.' From this we are almost driven to believe (though desperately and against our will) that Mr.

Baildon thinks that Prince Florizel is to be taken seriously, as if he were a man in real life. For ourselves, Prince Florizel is almost our favorite character in fiction; but we willingly add the proviso that if we met him in real life we should kill him.

The fact is, that the whole mass of Stevenson's spiritual and intellectual virtues had been partly frustrated by one additional virtue—that of artistic dexterity. If he had chalked up his great message on a wall, like Walt Whitman, in large and straggling letters, it would have startled men like a blasphemy. But he wrote his light-headed paradoxes in so flowing a copy-book hand that every one supposed they must be copy-book sentiments. He suffered from his versatility, not, as is loosely said, by not doing every department well enough, but by doing every department too well. As a child, cockney, pirate, or Puritan, his disguises were so good that most people could not see the same man under all. It is an unjust fact that if a man can play the fiddle, give legal opinions, and black boots just tolerably, he is called an Admirable Crichton, but if he does all three thoroughly well, he is apt to be regarded, in the several departments as a com-

mon fiddler, a common lawyer, and a common boot-black. This is what has happened in the case of Stevenson. If 'Dr. Jekyll,' 'The Master of Ballantrae,' 'The Child's Garden of Verses,' and 'Across the Plains' had been each of them one shade less perfectly done than they were, everyone would have seen that they were all parts of the same message; but by succeeding in the proverbial miracle of being in five places at once, he has naturally convinced others that he was five different people. But the real message of Stevenson was as simple as that of Mahomet, as moral as that of Dante, as confident as that of Whitman, and as practical as that of James Watt.

The conception which unites the whole varied work of Stevenson was that romance, or the vision of the possibilities of things, was far more important than mere occurrences: that one was the soul of our life, the other the body, and that the soul was the precious thing. The germ of all his stories lies in the idea that every landscape or scrap of scenery has a soul: and that soul is a story. Standing before a stunted orchard with a broken stone wall, we may know as a mere fact that no one has been through it but an elderly fe-

male cook. But everything exists in the human soul: that orchard grows in our own brain, and there it is the shrine and theatre of some strange chance between a girl and a ragged poet and a mad farmer. Stevenson stands for the conception that ideas are the real incidents: that our fancies are our adventures. To think of a cow with wings is essentially to have met one. And this is the reason for his wide diversities of narrative: he had to make one story as rich as a ruby sunset, another as grey as a hoary monolith: for the story was the soul, or rather the meaning, of the bodily vision. It is quite inappropriate to judge 'The Teller of Tales' (as the Samoans called him) by the particular novels he wrote, as one would judge Mr. George Moore by 'Esther Waters.' These novels were only the two or three of his soul's adventures that he happened to tell. But he died with a thousand stories in his heart.

Rostand

When 'Cyrano de Bergerac' was published, it bore the subordinate title of a heroic comedy. We have no tradition in English literature which would justify us in calling a comedy heroic, though there was once a poet who called a comedy divine. By the current modern conception, the hero has his place in a tragedy, and the one kind of strength which is systematically denied to him is the strength to succeed. That the power of a man's spirit might possibly go to the length of turning a tragedy into a comedy is not admitted; nevertheless, almost all the primitive legends of the world are comedies, not only in the sense that they have a happy ending, but in the sense that they are based upon a certain optimistic assumption that the hero is destined to be the destroyer of the monster. Singularly enough, this modern idea of the essential disastrous character of life, when seriously considered, connects itself with a hyper-aesthetic view of tragedy and comedy which is largely due to the influence of modren France, from which the great heroic

comedies of Monsieur Rostand have come. The French genius has an instinct for remedying its own evil work, and France gives always the best cure for 'Frenchiness.' The idea of comedy which is held in England by the school which pays most attention to the technical niceties of art is a view which renders such an idea as that of heroic comedy quite impossible. The fundamental conception in the minds of the majority of our younger writers is that comedy is, 'par excellence,' a fragile thing. It is conceived to be a conventional world of the most absolutely delicate and gimcrack description. Such stories as Mr. Max Beerbohm's 'Happy Hypocrite' are conceptions which would vanish or fall into utter nonsense if viewed by one single degree too seriously. But great comedy, the comedy of Shakespeare or Sterne, not only can be, but must be, taken seriously. There is nothing to which a man must give himself up with more faith and self-abandonment than to genuine laughter. In such comedies one laughs with the heroes and not at them. The humour which steeps the stories of Falstaff and Uncle Toby is a cosmic and philosophic humour, a geniality, which goes down to the depths. It is not superficial read-

ing, it is not even, strictly speaking, light reading. Our sympathies are as much committed to the characters as if they were the predestined victims in a Greek tragedy. The modern writer of comedies may be said to boast of the brittleness of his characters. He seems always on the eve of knocking his puppets to pieces. When John Oliver Hobbes wrote for the first time a comedy of serious emotions, she named it, with a thinly-disguised contempt for her own work, 'A Sentimental Comedy.' The ground of this conception of the artificiality of comedy is a profound pessimism. Life in the eyes of these mournful buffoons is itself an utterly tragic thing; comedy must be as hollow as a grinning mask. It is a refuge from the world, and not even, properly speaking, a part of it. Their wit is a thin sheet of shining ice over the eternal waters of bitterness.

'Cyrano de Bergerac" came to us as the new decoration of an old truth, that merriment was one of the world's natural flowers, and not one of its exotics. The gigantesque levity, the flamboyant eloquence, the Rabelaisian puns and digressions were seen to be once more what they had been in Rabelais, the mere outbursts of a human sym-

pathy and bravado as old and solid as the stars. The human spirit demanded wit as headlong and haughty as its will. All was expressed in the words of Cyrano at his highest moment of happiness. 'Il me faut des geants.' An essential aspect of this question of heroic comedy is the question of drama in rhyme. There is nothing that affords so easy a point of attack for the dramatic realist as the conduct of a play in verse. According to his canons, it is indeed absurd to represent a number of characters facing some terrible crisis in their lives by capping rhymes like a party playing 'bouts rimes." In his eyes it must appear somewhat ridiculous that two enemies taunting each other with insupportable insults should obligingly provide each other with metrical spacing and neat and convenient rhymes. But the whole of this view rests finally upon the fact that few persons, if any, today understand what is meant by a poetical play. It is a singular thing that those poetical plays which are now written in England by the most advanced students of the drama follow exclusively the lines of Maeterlinck, and use verse and rhyme for the adornment of a profoundly tragic theme. But rhyme has a supreme appropriateness for the

treatment of the higher comedy. The land of heroic comedy is, as it were, a paradise of lovers, in which it is not difficult to imagine that men could talk poetry all day long. It is far more conceivable that men's speech should flower naturally into these harmonious forms, when they are filled with the essential spirit of youth, than when they are sitting gloomily in the presence of immemorial destiny. The great error consists in supposing that poetry is an unnatural form of language. We should all like to speak poetry at the moment when we truly live, and if we do not speak it, it is because we have an impediment in our speech. It is not song that is the narrow or artificial thing, it is conversation that is a broken and stammering attempt at song. When we see men in a spiritual extravaganza, like Cyrano de Bergerac, speaking in ryhme, it is not our language disguised or distorted, but our language rounded and made whole. Rhymes answer each other as the sexes in flowers and in humanity answer each other. Men do not speak so, it is true. Even when they are inspired or in love they talk inanities. But the poetic comedy does not misrepresent the speech one-half so much, as the speech mis-

represents the soul. Monsieur Rostand showed even more than his usual insight when he called 'Cyrano de Bergerac' a comedy, despite the fact that, strictly speaking, it ends with disappointment and death. The essence of tragedy is a spiritual breakdown or decline, and in the great French play the spiritual sentiment mounts unceasingly until the last line. It is not the facts themselves, but our feeling about them, that makes tragedy and comedy, and death is more joyful in Rostand than life in Maeterlinck. The same apparent contradiction holds good in the case of the drama of 'L'Aiglon.' Although the hero is a weakling, the subject a fiasco, the end a premature death and a personal disillusionment, yet, in spite of this theme, which might have been chosen for its depressing qualities, the unconquerable paean of the praise of things, the ungovernable gaiety of the poet's song swells so high that at the end it seems to drown all the weak voices of the characters in one crashing chorus of great things and great men. A multitude of mottoes might be taken from the play to indicate and illustrate, not only its own spirit, but much of the spirit of modern life. When in the vision of the field of Wagram the horrible

voices of the wounded cry out, 'Les corbeaux, les corbeaux,' the Duke, overwhelmed with a nightmare of hideous trivialities, cries out, 'Ou, ou sont les aigles?' That antithesis might stand alone as an invocation at the beginning of the twentieth century to the spirit of heroic comedy. When an ex-General of Napoleon is asked his reason for having betrayed the Emperor he replies, 'La fatigue,' and at that a veteran private of the Great Army rushes forward, and crying passionately "Et nous?' pours out a terrible description of the life lived by the common soldier. Today when pessimism is almost as much a symbol of wealth and fashion as jewels or cigars, when the pampered heirs of the ages can sum up life in few other words but 'la fatigue,' there might surely come a cry from the vast mass of common humanity from the beginning "et nous?' It is this potentiality for enthusiasm among the mass of men that makes the function of comedy at once common and sublime. Shakespeare's 'Much Ado about Nothing' is a great comedy, because behind it is the whole pressure of that love of love which is the youth of the world, which is common to all the young, especially to those who swear they will die bachelors and old

maids. 'Love's Labour's Lost' is filled with the same energy, and there it falls even more definitely into the scope of our subject since it is a comedy in rhyme in which all men speak lyrically as naturally as the birds sing in pairing time. What the love of love is to the Shakespearian comedies, that other and more mysterious human passion, the love of death, is to 'L'Aiglon." Whether we shall ever have in England a new tradition of poetic comedy it is difficult at present to say, but we shall assuredly never have it until we realize that comedy is built upon everlasting foundations in the nature of things, that it is not a thing too light to capture, but too deep to plumb. Monsieur Rostand, in his description of the Battle of Wagram, does not shrink from bringing about the Duke's ears the frightful voices of actual battle, of men torn by crows and, suffocated with blood, but when the Duke, terrified at these dreadful appeals, asks them for their final word, they all cry together, 'Vive l'Empereur!' Monsieur Rostand, perhaps, did not know that he was writing an allegory. To me that field of Wagram is the field of the modern war of literature. We hear nothing but the voices of pain; the whole is one phonograph of horror. It is

right that we should hear these things, it is right that not one of them should be silenced; but these cries of distress are not in life as they are in modern art the only voices, they are the voices of men, but not the voice of man. When questioned finally and seriously as to their conception of their destiny, men have from the beginning of time answered in a thousand philosophies and religions with a single voice and in a sense most sacred and tremendous, 'Vive l'Empereur.'

Charles II

There are a great many bonds which still connect us with Charles II., one of the idlest men of one of the idlest epochs. Among other things Charles II. represented one thing which is very rare and very satisfying; he was a real and consistent sceptic. Scepticism both in its advantages and disadvantages is greatly misunderstood in our time. There is a curious idea abroad that scepticism has some connection with such theories as materialism and atheism and secularism. This is of course a mistake; the true sceptic has nothing to do with these theories simply because they are theories. The true sceptic is as much a spiritualist as he is a materialist. He thinks that the savage dancing round an African idol stands quite as good a chance of being right as Darwin. He thinks that mysticism is every bit as rational as rationalism. He has indeed the most profound doubts as to whether St. Matthew wrote his own gospel. But he has quite equally profound doubts as to whether the tree he is looking at is a tree and not a rhinoceros.

This is the real meaning of that mystery

which appears so prominently in the lives of great sceptics, which appears with special prominence in the life of Charles II. I mean their constant oscillation between atheism and Roman Catholicism. Roman Catholicism is indeed a great and fixed and formidable system, but so is atheism. Atheism is indeed the most daring of all dogmas, more daring than the vision of a palpable day of judgment. For it is the assertion of a universal negative; for a man to say that there is no God in the universe is like saying that there are no insects in any of the stars.

Thus it was with that wholesome and systematic sceptic, Charles II. When he took the Sacrament according to the forms of the Roman Church in his last hour he was acting consistently as a philosopher. The wafer might not be God; similarly it might not be a wafer. To the genuine and poetical sceptic the whole world is incredible, with its bulbous mountains and its fantastic trees. The whole order of things is as outrageous as any miracle which could presume to violate it. Transubstantiation might be a dream, but if it was, it was assuredly a dream within a dream. Charles II. sought to guard himself against hell fire because he could not think hell itself

more fantastic than the world as it was revealed by science. The priest crept up the staircase, the doors were closed, the few of the faithful who were present hushed themselves respectfully, and so, with every circumstance of secrecy and sanctity, with the cross uplifted and the prayers poured out, was consummated the last great act of logical unbelief.

The problem of Charles II. consists in this, that he has scarcely a moral virtue to his name, and yet he attracts us morally. We feel that some of the virtues have been dropped out in the lists made by all the saints and sages, and that Charles II. was pre-eminently successful in these wild and unmentionable virtues. The real truth of this matter and the real relation of Charles II. to the moral ideal is worth somewhat more exhaustive study.

It is a commonplace that the Restoration movement can only be understood when considered as a reaction against Puritanism. But it is insufficiently realized that the tyranny which half frustrated all the good work of Puritanism was of a very peculiar kind. It was not the fire of Puritanism, the exultation in sobriety, the frenzy of a restraint, which passed away; that still burns in the heart of

England, only to be quenched by the final overwhelming sea. But it is seldom remembered that the Puritans were in their day emphatically intellectual bullies, that they relied swaggeringly on the logical necessity of Calvinism, that they bound omnipotence itself in the chains of syllogism. The Puritans fell, through the damning fact that they had a complete theory of life, through the eternal paradox that a satisfactory explanation can never satisfy. Like Brutus and the logical Romans, like the logical French Jacobins, like the logical English utilitarians, they taught the lesson that men's wants have always been right and their arguments always wrong. Reason is always a kind of brute force; those who appeal to the head rather than the heart however pallid and polite, are necessarily men of violence. We speak of 'touching' a man's heart, but we can do nothing to his head but hit it. The tyranny of the Puritans over the bodies of men was comparatively a rifle; pikes, bullets, and conflagrations are comparatively a trifle. Their real tyranny was the tyranny of aggressive reason over the cowed and demoralized human spirit. Their brooding and raving can be forgiven, can in truth be loved and reverenced, for it

is humanity on fire; hatred can be genial, madness can be homely. The Puritans fell, not becuase they were fanatics, but because they were rationalists.

When we consider these things, when we remember that Puritanism, which means in our day a moral and almost temperamental attitude, meant in that day a singularly arrogant logical attitude, we shall comprehend a for the revolt of the vices and of that empty little more the grain of good that lay in the vulgarity and triviality of the Restoration. The Restoration, of which Charles II. was a pre-eminent type, was in part a revolt of all the chaotic and unclassed parts of human nature, the parts that are left over, and will always be left over, by every rationalist system of life. This does not merely accou[illegible] recklessness and horseplay which is sometimes more irritating than any vice. It accounts also for the return of the virtue of politeness, for that also is a nameless thing ignored by logical codes. Politeness has indeed about it something mystical; like religion, it is everywhere understood and nowhere defined. Charles is not entirely to be despised because, as the type of this movement, he let himself float upon this new tid[illegible]

of politeness. There was some moral and social value in his perfection in little things. He could not keep the Ten Commandments, but he kept the ten thousand commandments. His name is unconnected with any great acts of duty or sacrifice, but it is connected with a great many of those acts of magnanimous politeness, of a kind of dramatic delicacy, which lie on the dim borderland between morality and art. 'Charles II.' said Thackeray, with unerring brevity, 'was a rascal but not a snob.' Unlike George IV. he was a gentleman, and a gentleman is a man who obeys strange statutes, not to be found in any moral text-book, and practices strange virtues nameless from the beginning of the world.

So much may be said and should be said for the Restoration, that it was the revolt of something human, if only the debris of human nature. But more cannot be said. It was emphatically a fall and not an ascent, a recoil and not an advance, a sudden weakness and not a sudden strength. That the bow of human nature was by Puritanism bent immeasurably too far, that it overstrained the soul by stretching it to the height of an almost horrible idealism, makes the collapse of the

Restoration infinitely more excusable, but it does not make it any the less a collapse. Nothing can efface the essential distinction that Puritanism was one of the world's great efforts after the discovery of the true order, whereas it was the essence of the Restoration that it involved no effort at all. It is true that the Restoration was not, as has been widely assumed, the most immoral epoch of our history. Its vices cannot compare for a moment in this respect with the monstrous tragedies and almost suffocating secrecies and villainies of the Court of James I. But the dram-drinking and nose-slitting of the saturnalia of Charles II. seem at once more human and more detestable than the passions and poisons of the Renaissance, much in the same way that a monkey appears inevitably more human and more detestable than a tiger. Compared with the Renaissance, there is something Cockney about the Restoration. Not only was it too indolent for great morality, it was too indolent even for great art. It lacked that seriousness which is needed even for the pursuit of pleasure, that discipline which is essential even to a game of lawn tennis. It would have appeared to Charles II.'s poets

quite as arduous to write 'Paradise Lost' as to regain Paradise.

All old and vigorous languages abound in images and metaphors, which, though lightly and casually used, are in truth poems in themselves, and poems of a high and striking order. Perhaps no phrase is so terribly significant as the phrase "killing time.' It is a tremendous and poetical image, the image of a kind of cosmic parricide. There is on the earth a race of revellers who do, under all their exuberance, fundamentally regard time an enemy. Of these were Charles II. and the men of the Restoration. Whatever may have been their merits, and as we have said we think that they had merits, they can never have a place among the great representatives of the joy of life, for they belonged to those lower epicureans who kill time, as opposed to those higher epicureans who make time live.

Of a people in this temper Charles II. was the natural and rightful head. He may have been a pantomime King, but he was a King, and with all his geniality he let nobody forget it. He was not, indeed, the aimless flaneur that he has been represented. He

was a patient and cunning politician, who disguised his wisdom under so perfect a mask of folly that he not only deceived his allies and opponents, but has deceived almost all the historians that have come after him. But if Charles was, as he emphatically was, the only Stuart who really achieved despotism, it was greatly due to the temper of the nation and the age. Despotism is the easiest of all governments, at any rate for the governed.

It is indeed a form of slavery, and it is the despot who is the slave. Men in a state of decadence employ professionals to fight for them, professionals to dance for them, and a professional to rule them.

Almost all the faces in the portraits of that time look, as it were, like masks put on artificially with the perruque. A strange unreality broods over the period. Distracted as we are with civic mysteries and problems, we can afford to rejoice. Our tears are less desolate than their laughter, our restraints are larger than their liberty.

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Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Cup-Bearers of Wine and Hellebore

(A Book of Intellectual Rowdies)

Llewelyn Powys

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Cup-Bearers of Wine and Hellebore

Llewelyn Powys

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NOTE

These essays have already appeared in one or the other of the following publications: The New York Times, The Dial, The Freeman and are printed here with the kind permission of the editors.

DEDICATED TO A. R. ORAGE,

whose intellectual vigour is only surpassed by the goodness of his heart, and whose criticism and appreciation were of such inestimable value to me in the days when I first began writing, sitting under the Catherine Pear-tree, outside the saddle-room at Montacute, in the County of Somerset.

CUP-BEARERS OF WINE AND HELLEBORE

FRANCOIS RABELAIS

Few books have managed to draw into their pages more of the unregenerate body of the earth than have the works of François Rabelais. In truth these exultant and extravagant pages seem writ, as it were, with the actual rank sweat of our planet, with the bitter, salt sweat that for ever rises from the commons and goose-greens of the world, from those commons and goose-greens whose gay levels, for all their buttercups and daisies, are soundly chequered with round, flat, homely cow-pats.

But what perhaps especially separates this good great work from all others is the fact that amid its boisterous joviality, its sly whimsicality, its monumental and monstrous bawdry, one comes continually upon utterances of the gravest and most profound significance. The riotous earth of Rabelais's conception rolls and rollicks it under the still, frosty light of the eternal stars like a coopered barrel of beer tumbled and jogged across the floor of the universe; and scarcely have we found time to register a protest against the acceptance of such jolly friskings, maintaining, as best we may, that life has more in it than just that, when, behold! we hear words spoken above the music of the spheres, above the hum of the

outer darkness, which cause us to discover, with a sense of infinite relief, that, as a matter of fact, nobody understands better than Rabelais the desperate nature of the human situation. And undoubtedly it is this very solicitude about our fate, so vigorous and yet so tender, that to a great extent explains the hold that this work has had upon men's minds for close upon four hundred years.

Rabelais was born near Chinon, and his earliest recollections had to do with the fat, grain-growing, grape-producing fields of Touraine. He knew what it was to keep starlings from the vineyards in springtime; to pick a pannier-full of purple mulberries in August; to thrash a walnut tree in October; and to spend long, drowsy, fireside hours sitting in the great family-kitchen during the winter months. It was doubtless the memory of one such evening, stored away in his mind for years afterwards like a cask of unforgotten wine in a rich cellar, that inspired him to write those mellow sentences which have to do with the home-life of the most good, most royal Grangousier, "who after supper warmeth his b——s by a good clear grate fire, and waiting upon the broiling of some chestnuts is very serious in drawing scratches on the hearth, with a stick burnt at one end, wherewith they did stir up the fire, telling to his wife and the rēst of the family pleasant old stories and tales of former times."

Shut away in a monastery from such happy surroundings when still only a lad, his energy for many years found expression in absorbing the new learning But alas! these pursuits

only led him into trouble. His cell was searched and was found to contain books in that language which the instinct of his ignorant fellow-monks suspected, not altogether unjustly perhaps, as being entirely inimical to the spirit of mediæval Christianity. To understand Greek with its strange, clear-cut, artistic lettering, with its lucid, uninhibited methods of reasoning, there could not but be definite evil in that! But perhaps their eccentric intellectual brother had in other ways provoked their hostility. Certain legends have come down to us concerning Rabelais's conduct at Fontenay-le-Comte which ought to be remembered. Had he not on a certain famous festival played the devil with the lustral water in the chapel-stoups, and with even more malice on another occasion diluted their refectory-wine with some villainous aphrodisiac concoction—that same red wine which they had trodden out in the autumn and had hoped to whiff up in the winter?

Rabelais escaped further persecution at the hands of the Grey brothers by appealing to a higher authority, to no less a person than Pope Clement VII. To use influential personages as so many stalking-horses was a practice which in later life he reduced to a fine art. Until the day of his death he was content to remain a sly assailant of obscurantism, ambushed behind this or that formal potentate. It is clear he had no predilection for the stake. On every side he saw men being burnt alive for their opinions. "Now God forbid," he cried, "that I should die this death! for I am by nature sufficiently dry

already without heating myself any further." And between Catholics and Protestants he had a hard enough time of it to keep a whole skin on his back. Orthodox churchmen would always have been glad to lay hands on him, while Robert Estienne from his refuge at John Calvin's side kept inveighing against "the theologians of Paris for not burning Rabelais, the atheist."

What then does Rabelais, this great modern ancient, teach? Above everything a courageous acceptance of existence for its own sake. He is no mincing idealist. He loves the hurly-burly, the large, brutal transactions of life. He feels no misgivings. He accepts the hungry, carnivorous world as he finds it, full of "jolly pugs and well-mouthed wenches," full of "excellent godebillios of the dun ox (you know with the black streak)" and monstrous mares of "burnt sorrel hue" with "slouch ears, like the goats in Languedoc." He likes a world in which there are forests "most horribly fertile and copious in dorflies, hornets and wasps," and where "a pair of breeches is not so easily got; I have experience of it"; and yet at the same time where a man may sit an hour or two "at Innocents the pastry cook over against the painted wine shop at Chinon," or go to mass with a thick-covered breviary weighing heavy with its grease and clasps, or visit the kitchen "to see what roast meat is on the spit," or "pass through certain meadows, or grassy places to behold the trees and plants," or, when night is full, look out of the castle window "to see the face of the sky."

He is intolerant of all that is false and artificial. A goose-step education, an education that is narrow, insular and standardized, exists he declares, "but to bastardize good and noble spirits and to corrupt all the flower of youth"; better to follow the good Gargantua's example than to allow the natural philosophic temper of one's mind to be spoiled by the adhesion of so many false, stereotyped and dead ideas; better in fact to study "some paltry half-hour with eyes fixed upon a book but with one's mind in the kitchen," and then go "to see a coney ferrited or caught in a gin . . . or to lie tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crabs."

Hypocrites of every cast are as bitter to Rabelais's taste as the pilgrims in his salad were to Gargantua. Of doctors he says, "a hundred devils leap into my body if there are not more old drunkards than old physicians." As for monks, "the very shadow of the steeple of an abbey," he declares, "is fruitful." Picrochole, who is used by him as the exact prototype of an evil michief-making monarch, he is content to leave as a "common porter at Lyons as testy and pettish in humor as ever he was before." "These devilish kings which we have," he says, "are but as so many calves; they know nothing and are good for nothing but to do a thousand mischiefs to their poor subjects, and to trouble all the world with war for their unjust and detestable pleasure."

He is opposed to all that is mean, small,

conventional; to the proprieties which are invented to restrain and hold back the free and frank expression of natural emotion.

"Never trust those men that always peep out at one hole."

"Nor can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and direction."

The fact is that there is more in these works than Mr. John Sumner and the rest of the "rabble of great pocky loggerheads" who clamor against them are able to discern. Nobody can write of Our Lord with more devotion than can Rabelais when he is so disposed. Consider Friar John's stout words as he sipped his wine. "O how good is God, that gives us of this excellent juice! I call him to witness, if I had been in the time of Jesus Christ, I would have kept him from being taken by the Jews in the garden of Olivet. And the devil fail me, if I should have failed to cut off the hams of those gentlemen-apostles who ran away so basely after they had well supped, and left their good master in the lurch."

What passage in all literature could be found more truly religious than Pantagruel's explanation of that mysterious cry, "Pan is dead," which was heard over the waves of the Mediterranean at the time that Tiberius Cæsar sat upon the Imperial throne! Coming as it does in the very midst of such vast, grotesque, gorbellied merriment, it strikes one to the heart as might some graceful, magnanimous bene-

diction heard unexpectedly from the lips of an heroic drunkard. We are laughing all of us "like a swarm of flies," and suddenly we find ourselves listening to this fine, ironic tribute to that most incredible and desperate of man's fancies which conceives as possible that the son of God actually in very truth came down to visit the high roads, the farmyards, the pantries of the earth, from beyond the familiar aura of the moon, from beyond the wide expanses of our solar system, from beyond the outer borders of the cold constellations.

> For my part I understand it of that great Saviour of the faithful who was shamefully put to death at Jerusalem by the envy and wickedness of the doctors, priests and monks of the Mosaic law. . . . He is the good Pan. . . . At his death, complaints, sighs, fears and lamentations were spread through the whole fabric of the Universe, whether heavens, land, sea or hell. The time also concurs with this interpretation of mine; for this most good, most mighty Pan, our only Saviour, died near Jerusalem during the reign of Tiberius Cæsar. Pantagruel, having ended his discourse, remained silent and full of contemplation. A little while after we saw the tears flow out of his eyes as big as ostrich's eggs.

But quite apart from Rabelais's attitude toward Christianity, his mood with regard to all philosophic speculations seems to be penetrated with the profoundest wisdom of the ages. Panurge in referring to the heroes says, "May I never be damned if I was not so much a lobcock as to believe they had been immortal, like so many fine angels." To which Pantagruel answers with sublime and noble simplicity, "I

believe that all intellectual souls are exempted from Atropos's scissors."

Indeed, so strong is the underswirl of enigmatic revelation throughout these pages that one comes almost to believe that this wayward, sophisticated French monk was in some especial way conversant with the hidden secrets of the universe:

"Fate leads the willing and the unwilling draws."

"All things tend to their end."

"Good hope lies at the bottom."

Finally, in full recognition of the treacherous nature of all theological conceptions, he commits his readers through the mouth of the Priestess Bacbuc into the almighty protection "of that Intellectual sphere whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere."

How we would like to have had an authentic glimpse of the old man during those last years when he was officiating as parish priest in the village near Paris! Did he also, like the honest schoolman, confess at last that he had finished with argumentations and had come to that pass when he "wanted nothing but a cup of good wine, a good bed, my back to the fire, my belly to the table, and a good deep dish"? It may well have been so, for he had passed through many dangers and up to the last must have felt himself fortunate in that he escaped the fate of Euclion's cock, "which cock, for having by his scraping uncovered a treasure, had his neck twisted round." From certain legendary

accounts of his death, it would seem that he accepted that last experience with characteristic equanimity; and indeed who would dare to assert that there has ever lived an intellectual spirit more worthy "to receive the gentlest, the deserved, the last kind embraces of the great Alma Mater, the earth"?

JONATHAN SWIFT

It is very certain that there never has lived a man who would have made a better subject for a psycho-analyst than Jonathan Swift, the ferocious, splenetic, and impotent Dean, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

Proud with an inordinate pride, cynically frank and yet pestered by strange and unaccountable inhibitions, the "mad parson" lived out his long life, dependent upon human beings and yet disdainful of them, attracted by the crazy drama of existence and yet at the same time out of conceit with it. Small wonder that the anomalies and contradictions of such a character should have captivated the minds of succeeding generations for nearly two hundred years! Was this man, the savagery of whose glance was actually potent enough to kill, the mere victim of some morbid physical derangement; or did the madness that fell upon him at last owe its origin to a deeper and more terrible cause? It is really possible that one glimpse into the ghastly secret designs of life is sufficient to shatter, in certain abnormally sensitive temperaments, those delicately adjusted cerebral nerves which distinguish mortal men from the beasts of the field? When we remember the fate of Pascal, of Nietzsche, of Guy de Maupassant, each one of them gifted with just this dangerous, penetrating insight, our hearts quail lest this indeed be so.

With that irony which was characteristic of him, Swift himself affected to attribute his malady to a simple enough cause, to nothing else, in fact, than a youthful surfeit of golden pippins.

"Dropped in Ireland by a perfect accident" he was educated at Dublin University, his expenses being borne by his uncle Godwin, an eminent lawyer, whose benevolence did not save him from the hot tongue of his tetchy nephew who in his autobiographical notes gravely declares him to have been "a little too dexterous in the subtler parts of the law." Swift's mind in those days, as he himself tells us, "was like a conjured spirit which would do mischief if I did not give it employment."

From Dublin he went to Moor Park at Surrey as a secretary to Sir William Temple. His *locus standi* in this capacity was at first ill-defined and one can well imagine the anguish that the youth's haughty spirit underwent—already racked with the travail of genius—at finding himself in the position of an upper servant in the well-appointed country house of a pompous English gentleman. A cold, distant look from Sir William was sufficient, so Swift tells us, to put him at odds with himself for days together. In such an atmosphere, stiff, formal, and correct, the youthful satellite was at pains to exercise an ironic submission that ate into his very soul. It was as though a leopard were being fed on lettuce in a rabbit-hutch, or a vulture on groundsel seed in a parrot's cage.

It was a habit of his to relieve the constraint

from which he suffered by rushing off at top speed, whenever occasion offered, to the summit of a neighboring hill. There was only one congenial spirit in that conventional community, a little girl, probably a bastard daughter of Sir William Temple. Something about the sprightly personality of this child thawed the "chilly temper" of the awkward tutor. They were together always, in the cool, spacious library, in the stately oak-paneled hall, and in the ornate stone summer houses of the well ordered garden. "From those hours," as has been so well said, "the child and man went hand in hand into the eternity of sorrowful fame."

It was not, however, only the companionship of Stella which relieved the tedium and ignominy of those days; for it was Swift's custom to make periodical visits to his mother, walking, hedge-stick in hand, all the way from Surrey to Leicester. During these excursions he would sleep at the poorest ale-houses, paying sixpence for clean sheets and, in order the more to taste and relish the precious hours of his freedom, would hold familiar intercourse with the human riffraff which is ever to be found up and down the English turnpike roads. In after years he put such experiences to good use, and it may well be that his peculiar style of writing, at once restrained and outspoken, owes much of its vigor to the curious juxtaposition in which he found himself between ministers of State and hedge rogues. We know that William III as he strolled along the trim borders of Sir William Temple's kitchen gar-

den expressed his liking for the young secretary by instructing him about the cutting of asparagus after the Dutch manner; may we not also conclude that the eccentric youth picked up from the acquaintanceships that he made on his Majesty's highways, other scraps of information equally pertinent to life? Just as at Sir William's board, he was in a position to observe at first hand the foibles and vanities of the great, so on many a sunny settle throughout the midland shires of England he was a constant witness of the grosser peculiarities of the rude and baseborn.

Sir William Temple died in 1699 and Swift, who had already taken orders, now entered upon that career of political pamphleteering which eventually won for him so exceptional a position in the history of those times.

In his "Battle of the Books" he had already showed unmistakable indications of his power. Could there be, for example, a more humorously graphic description of the sentiments of a testy spider disturbed by the foundering movements of a bee entangled in its web?

> 'A plague split you,' said he, 'for a giddy son of a whore. Is it you with a vengeance that have made this litter here? Could not you look before you, and be damned? Do you think I have nothing better to do, in the Devil's name, but mend and repair after your arse?'

This work was followed by the "Tale of a Tub," that extraordinary, profane and sceptical piece of writing in which it would seem that Swift wittingly offended against his own maxim that "the want of a belief is a defect which

ought to be concealed when it can not be overcome." Under the guise of the elder brother Peter he directs his rancorous ridicule against the Roman Catholic Church with all its nice regulations for human conduct. Peter it was who insisted that brothers Martin and Jack—the Church of England and the dissenters—must "by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion." Even the divine consolation of the holy sacrament is treated with the utmost irreverence as a "remedy for the worms, especially those of the spleen"; and in reference to the perennial dispute concerning transubstantiation he makes the eldest brother roundly assert that the sacred wafer itself, far from being merely bread is "as true natural mutton as any to be had in Leadenhall Market."

In spite of such literary conceits, however, Swift. remained throughout his life a zealous champion of the Church of England as by law established. It was chiefly for its sake that he came to play the part of a turncoat and left the Whigs for the Torys, through whose patronage he won for himself the Deanship of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

Once safely installed in his deanery he lived in Ireland, "like a poisoned rat in a hole," the plague and scourge of all tyrants and at the last the bitter, misanthropic censor of the whole human race. "Gulliver's Travels" even he tells us, was written "to vex rather than divert the world"; and this we can readily believe when we read passages such as the one describing the infant Yahoo, "I observed the

young animal's flesh to smell very rank and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but more disagreeable."

Perhaps it would be best, in order to fully acquaint the reader with his temper, to gather together a few haphazard quotations from his works.

I love only individuals, I hate and detest that animal called man.

When a true genius appears in this world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

The merriest countenances are in mourning-coaches.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

It is said of the horses in the vision that their power is in their mouths and in their tails. What is said of horses in the vision, in reality may be said of women.

What a fund of nice and curious observation is revealed in his scandalous "Directions to Servants." How these outrageous sentences seem at once to get under the lid of the decorous indelicacies of society, opening them wide, so to speak, to the sanative influence of light and air. Such "unconfined humor" has upon it the very stamp and signature of the man who is described as never laughing but "sucking in his cheeks to prevent it" when such a mood was upon him.

Rules that Concern All Servants in General.

When your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there would be no end to your drudgery. Never come till you have

been called three or four times; for nought but dogs will come at the first whistle; and when the master calls 'who's there?' no servant is bound to come. 'Who's there' is no name.

Directions to the Nurse.

If you happen to let the child fall and lame it, be sure never confess it, if it dies all is safe.

. . . . to the House Maid.

When you have scoured the brasses and irons in the parlour-chimney, lay the foul wet clout on the next chair that your Lady may see that you have not neglected your work.

His poetry is just as unpardonable, revealing a propensity to expose everything, to gnaw down to the very bone. Probably Dryden was right when he said, "Cousin Swift, you will never make a poet," and yet these rhyming, facile verses will always possess a curious fascination for certain minds, for they express, in poetry that is no poetry, a morbid reaction to the visible world. Was his incipient sickness revealing itself already in his tabid preoccupation with the excremental? Only a madman surely could make such giddy sport with dung and litter! Or is this fetid, but at the same time strangely formal poetry merely the outcome of a spiritual sensitiveness recoiling with inexpressible bitterness from an ideal of beauty which does not bear too close an inspection?

It is, however, in his prose that one finds Swift's real power. How often when injustice is rampant in the world and nothing said, have lovers of liberty envied that inimitable style, whose searing quality of venomous satire could not only dislodge the mighty from their seats, but alter the very laws of the land!

Throughout what we may call the militant years of Jonathan Swift's life, Stella was not the only young girl who, in the words of Dr. Johnson "from being proud of his praise grew fond of his person." In following his life it becomes apparent that there was something in the morbid construction of his uncommon temperament that enabled him to derive a wanton and perverted satisfaction from mental intercourse with immature women. Both in his journals to Stella and in his letters to Vanessa this curious preoccupation is quite evident. It was this denaturalized and extraordinary man's vice to make love not with his body but with his genius. This perilous pastime became a kind of obsession with him, an obsession which perhaps alone reconciled him to an existence for which as the years passed his distaste became more and more emphasized. His love letters are all written in ambiguous and masked language as though he half anticipated the fierce searchlight of inquiry that would be poured upon their pages by future generations. "Farewell, dear Sirrahs, dearest lives; there is peace and quiet with M D and nowhere else."

Esther Vanhomrigh, as the other Esther had done before her, followed her equivocal lover to Ireland only to discover that she was conjured to practise the utmost discretion with regard to the amphibolous relationship. "You have taught me to distinguish and now you leave me miserable," she wrote reproaching the Dean for his judicious abstentions.

Stella took alarm at the presence of a rival and managed to persuade Swift into marrying

her, but even her triumph proved elusive for the Dean insisted upon the ceremony being performed with such rigid secrecy that to this day there are to be found those who hold to the opinion that it never took place at all.

Everybody knows what followed. Vanessa, distressed by a rumour of the wedding, wrote to Stella to have the matter cleared up. When the impolitic epistle was put into Swift's hands, he rode in a fit of blind rage to Marlay Abbey. He reached the place in the early morning and, going straight up to the bed-room of the unhappy woman, threw the incriminating document at her feet and turned on his heel without a word. A week later Vanessa was dead and underground, killed, so it was said, by the single venomous, asp like look that her ferocious lover had given her.

There are other equally strange stories connected with him. One of the most significant of these is recounted by Delaney. On one occasion he saw the Dean hurrying away from Archbishop King to whom he had been speaking. "You have just met the most unhappy man who ever lived," was the only comment vouchsafed by the circumspect prelate. What it was that had been said or confessed during that historic conversation has never been divulged. But whatever horrible thing was hagriding the unfortunate man, worse was to follow.

In January 1732, Stella died. She was buried at midnight in the Cathedral. Swift was too ill to be present; and indeed had to be carried to the back of the deanery so as not to be

distracted into a frenzy by the lights that shone into his room from the lanterns of those who were occupied in putting into church-yard mould the body of the only woman he had ever loved. From that hour he never lifted "his sorry head" in mirth again. A blank and hopeless gloom wrapped itself about him. The record of those years is one of the most terrible episodes in all literary history. Never for a moment was he unaware of his impending doom. He knew that he would inevitably go mad.

He was observed one day standing under an elm tree the top branches of which were already fading. "I shall be like that; I shall die first at the top," he said. Once, when a heavy glass had fallen from its place nearly crushing him, and he was congratulated on his escape, he remarked simply, "I wish it had killed me." A servant passing near his room overheard the words of a desperate prayer, "that he should be taken away from the evil to come."

On the anniversaries of his birthday, when all Ireland was agog to do honour to the author of the "Drapier's Letters," and "A Modest Proposal," he would sit quietly at home and read the third chapter of the book of Job, wherein that ancient, long-suffering Jew curses the day on which he was born. Already he began to feel a change coming over him. "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" he said once, as he turned over the pages of the "Tale of a Tub." But worse was to follow.

An abscess as large as a hen's egg formed

over his left eye, and for a month the aging man howled out to the night in abject torment. Five servants could hardly prevent him from tearing out his own eyeball, and when the agony had passed he was left a lunatic. But was he? Occasionally, in spite of the strange aphasia by which he was afflicted, he would be heard to mutter words which to the awe of those who loved him seemed to denote that even yet, in some obscure way, he retained a ghastly and incredible consciousness.

More years passed by and still up and down the wide staircase and through the silent rooms of the deanery the figure that had been Jonathan Swift paced to and fro. Like a caged animal he ate his food—little chopped up pieces of meat—as he walked, and once he was found, with horrible contorted face, threatening his own image in one of the tall mirrors. Once his cousin called to see him. "Go, go," he shrieked, and then pointing significantly to his head, "My best understanding." Once there escaped from him the simple tragic words, "I am a fool"; and this from the lips of the man whom Addison had not hesitated to call the greatest genius of his age! Once more the devoted populace, as his birthday came round, lit bonfires, and paraded the streets, and rang the Dublin bells. The noise of their rejoicing came in through the open window and, to the dismay of the attendants, the idiot inmate uttered the words, " 'Tis folly. better let it alone." At another time a knife was left within his reach, and he who removed it was shocked to hear as though in rebuke for

his own prudent action, the ambiguous and impressive utterance, "I am what I am."

He died in his seventy-eighth year, October 19, 1745. He lies buried in his own cathedral near the grave of Esther Johnson. Amongst the letters that he left, as though he wished even after death to bewilder the over-curious concerning the true significance of the deepest emotions of his life, was found an envelope containing one of Stella's tresses, "black as a raven's wing," with the four words, "only a woman's hair" inscribed upon it.

His worldly goods were left by his will for the construction of a mad house.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Matthew Prior was undoubtedly one of the principal precursors of the Augustan age of English poetry; however, born as he was in 1664, his lighter verses are redeemed somewhat from the tedious classical anaesthesia that we associate with the eighteenth century by the fact that they still carry with them a suggestion of the delightful sophisticated levity which belonged to the Caroline epoch.

Matthew Prior, so we are assured by Dr. Johnson, was "one of those that have burst out from an obscure original to great eminence." Whether or not the ancient county of Dorset is justified in claiming Wimborne Minster as the place of his actual birth, it is clear that it was from the immediate vicinity of that old-world country town that his progenitors sprang. Indeed it is within the memory of our own generation that the last of the family, Martha Prior, daughter of a simple shepherd, died at Godmanston.

The first authentic glimpse we get of the young poet is as a wine carrier in his uncle's tavern in London. It was here that Lord Dorset discovered him, Horace in hand, and with that generous munificence, so characteristic of the restoration, paid for his schooling at Westminster and later for his entrance to St. John's College, Cambridge. Matthew Prior it is quite evident made the best of his opportunities. He

had a good "sense of direction," if we may be permitted to use that invidious modern phrase, and cultivated with the utmost zeal useful friendships. In London during the vacations he sought the company of the wits and was one of those who frequented Wills' Coffee-House and who during the long drawn-out evenings of the late summer would sit on the balcony of that famous resort "proud to dip a finger and thumb into Mr. Dryden's snuff box." This privilege, however, in no way prevented him from cleverly parodying in his City Mouse and Country Mouse the famous pro-Catholic poem of the Poet Laureate. It was, in fact, upon this undergraduate exercise that his future career was founded. He became secretary to the Ambassador at the Hague and, because of a series of chances, remained for several years as England's chief representative "at this central cogwheel of the cumbrous engine" of the Coalition.

From a pecuniary point of view the berth was not as satisfactory as it might have been, and Prior's letters from now on are filled with fretful references to the inadequacy of the Government's payment of twenty shillings a day with an allowance for "reasonable extraordinaries." He was never tired of deploring the fact that his creditors, as he put it, "were brisker in business than the Treasury." "Who has ever heard," he exclaimed, "of a professed panegyric poet that was able to advance two guineas to the public?" In vain he pointed out to the preoccupied authorities at home "that a little house, this winter, would be convenient

in so cold a country as Holland." His agitated pleas were greeted with evasions and procrastinations and the poet-diplomatist was left "to scramble at ordinaries with Switzers or French Protestants." One of his own poems suggests, however, that his time was not entirely occupied with his ambassadorial duties. He too had, we may assume, as well as another, his margins, his moments, his golden week-ends when it mattered not a rush to him whether or no the "disaffected" reached the shores of England.

"In a little Dutch-chaise on a Saturday night
On my left hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right."

As the years passed his financial straits were considerably relieved by a sinecure secretaryship in Dublin, from which he drew for several years, though never setting foot in Ireland, remuneration to the tune of nearly £1,000 a year.

From the Hague he was eventually transferred to Paris. His letters from that capital are full of entertaining gossipy information. He was shown over the royal palace and as he viewed Le Brun's gorgeous pictures representing the victories of Louis XIV was asked whether Hampton Court could be said to rival such a display. "The monuments of my master's actions," he replied appositely enough, "are to be seen everywhere but in his own house." He visited the court of the exiled King of England and though the account he gives of that fallen monarch was not exactly

in the best of taste it has its own interest: "I faced old James the other day at St. Cloud. Vive Guillaume! You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is, lean, worn and riv'led."

On his return to England he abandons his friends the Whigs and turns Tory, actually for a short time gaining a seat in the House of Commons, for which act of treachery, on the death of Queen Anne and the return of the opposition, he is held in custody for two years and is, so he fancies, in no small danger of losing his life.

But even so he is still full of resource. He conceives the fortunate idea of issuing a "tall folio" of his poems done on "paper imperial and the largest in England." He manages to interest innumerable people in his project: Jonathan Swift even exerts himself and extracts not less than £200 from what he called the "hedge country" of his residence. The volumes are sold for two guineas each and Matthew Prior is soon rewarded by having four thousand pounds in his fob and this with an equal sum which he owed to the generosity of Lord Oxford and with the money due to him from his fellowship at John's ensures the poet "his bread and butter at the last." And yet when one looks over this famous collection of poems how few of them seem to us at this later date worthy of preservation. How weary one grows of his Cupids and Chloes and how truly gross and artificial so many of his poems appear! Their only redeeming quality lies, it would seem, in a certain airy amorousness

which sometimes, but by no means always, carries with it a happy distinctive tone derived, we may perhaps be justified in surmising, from those wanton digressions in his private life which were to be afterwards so deplored by Samuel Johnson. For there can be small doubt that this "ambassador of meane extraction" as Queen Anne used to call him, this "creature" of Dorset's, was extremely addicted to the pursuit of the not altogether intangible delights which come to those who indulge in what the Elizabethans were wont to name as the pastime of "wenching."

Mat Prior was in fact a most incorrigible amorist. He would spend an evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift and then go off gay and incontinent to this or that little midnight drab.

"Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighbouring grove
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love."

"So when I am wearied with wandering all day
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home."

However much one may regret in his poems the presence of a certain note of hard artificial and insensitive cynicism, one cannot but accede that he is able in his own facile way better almost than any other English poet to indicate the unwisdom of putting too high a value upon the ungenerous temptation of inordinate chastity. The iniquity of thus capriciously damming up one of the main streams of human happiness seems to have lodged it-

self very firmly in this Dorset man's brain. And he was at pains to whisper his perilous convictions into the pretty conch-like ears of every young girl he had to do with.

"Never fancy time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then alas! who will adore you
Or to wrinkles tribute pay.

All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve;
But, miser-like, for fear of spending,
You amidst your plenty starve.

While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Though your beauty theirs surpasses,
Live in far more perfect Joy."

His frolic philosophy shows scant respect even towards the state of Holy Matrimony. It would seem that his profligate mind could find an excuse to justify the most reprehensible indulgence. His reasoning on this head cannot but be painful reading for married ears! What home would be safe if punishment were made to fit the crime at this rate?

"Since we your husband daily see
So jealous out of season
Phyllis, let you and I agree
To make him so with reason."

But it would be a mistake to think that Matthew Prior was altogether incapable of writing in a more moral vein. His book of poems ends with the epitaph he composed for the tomb of Sir Thomas Powys.

"Here lies Sir Thomas Powys Knight. . . .

What by example he taught throughout his life
At his death he recommended to his family and friends:
'To fear God, and live uprightly'
Let who ever reads this stone
Be wise, and be instructed."

It is, however, unlikely that the author of the inscription, gave, if the truth were known, very much attention to this death bed exhortation, any more, with shame be it spoken, than does up to the present time the author of this Essay—the humblest and least punctilious of the large and graceless brood which owes its existence to the pious and potent loins of the Knight of Lilford Hall.

"To the grave with the dead
And the living to the bread."

With the money he derived from his book and with the gift of the house in Essex that he had from Lord Oxford, Matthew Prior proposed to spend the last years of his life happily enough. He had grown a little deaf for no other reason, as he explained, than that "he had not thought of taking care of his ears, while not sure of his head." But apparently this slight physical handicap in no way interfered with his relish for life. We hear of him planting quincunxes in the garden of his manor, or spending long happy months at Wimple, Oxford's country seat, delighted as much by the grace of the little Lady Margaret as he had before been by the manners "wild as colt untam'd" of the high-spirited Kitty,

afterward to become the famous Duchess of Queensbury whom Beau Nash is said to have treated so roughly and who living to the latter end of the eighteenth century died, at last, characteristically enough, from a surfeit of cherries!

It was at Wimple that Matthew Prior himself ended his life on September 18, 1721. His will was found to contain a legacy to a woman whom Dr. Johnson does not hesitate to describe as "a despicable drab of the lowest species."

In a letter written at the time we read:

"I find poor Prior's will makes noise in town much to his disadvantage. Some malicious fellows have had the curiosity to go and inquire of the ale-house woman what sort of conversation Prior had with her. The ungrateful strumpet is very free of telling it and gives such accounts as affords much diversion."

Also from Arbuthnot we get a suggestive glimpse of this side of the poet's life, which was, after all, so singularly removed from the stately quincunxes, round which on August evenings "My noble, lovely little Peggy" was wont to play and trip it. "We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his Emma; she owned Flanders Jane was his Chloe."

Matthew Prior had long had Westminster Abbey "in his eye" and in the end he indulged "a last piece of human vanity" by bequeathing five hundred pounds towards the erection of

the preposterous monument which now stands above his grave.

The actual place of his burial is at the feet of Edmund Spenser in the poet's corner.

It must be confessed there appears something curiously incongruous about a trick of fortune which could cause the wanton paramour of Mistress Besse Cox to lie down in the dust, head to heel, with none other than the fastidious author of the Faerie Queene.

WILLIAM COWPER

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days:
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind.

It is not for nothing that William Cowper is so often associated in our memory with the particular animal which delighted him more than any other. From the day if his birth to the day of his death his plight was curiously similar to that of a hunted hare. In his case, however, the flight, the desperate agony, the tragic climax, was by no means contained in the brief hours of a mud-splashed January afternoon, for it was the awful destiny of this sensitive and polished gentleman, of this elegant partial hermaphrodite, to hear for no less than sixty-nine years, unmistakably upon the midnight wind, the sound of "The Hound of Heaven" following close at his heels.

He heard it as a schoolboy crossing the churchyard of St. Margaret's; he heard it in his chambers at the Inner Temple above "the sound of waters passing only into pails and pitchers"; he heard it in the sweet seclusion of Olney "upon the southern side of the slant hills" and louder and even louder he heard it during the last terrible years of exile in East Anglia.

William Cowper was born at Great Berkamstead in Hertfordshire on Nov. 26, 1731. His father was the rector of the village and also chaplain to George II. His mother, whose maiden

name had been Donne, belonged to the same family as the famous Dean of St. Paul's. While still but a child Cowper was sent to a boarding school, where he fell under the evil persecution of an older boy. So deeply did the personality of this bully impress itself upon the nerves of the young poet that he never dared to look at him above the knees, and, as he himself tells us, "knew him by his shoe buckles better than by anything else." From this school he went to Westminster. Was it, one wonders, some half-conscious premonition of the terrible fate that the future had in store for him which as a boy led him to pay a visit to Bedlam, whose ghastly chamber in those days stood open for the morbid curiosity of the public? The good Hanoverian chaplain appears to have entertained no suspicion of the nature of his son's temperament, for we learn that he at this time gravely put into his hands a treatise on suicide for the purpose of receiving the opinion of his eldest son on that academic question.

Only a few years were to intervene before William Cowper, whatever his judgment may have been upon the philosophical aspects of this problem, was to make a serious attempt to put the precepts of the dissertation into practical use. Terrified beyond reason by certain contingencies which might require him to appear in public, he deliberately tried to kill himself by means of his garters and his chamber door.

Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror and rising up in despair.

It was his first attack of actual madness, and he was taken to an asylum. Obsessed by the delusion that he was damned, he remained in this place for two years. His brother, John Cowper, came to visit him, but his sympathetic reasoning got for its pains only one answer: "O brother, I am damned- Think of eternity and then think what it is to be damned!"

On being released from confinement he went to live near Cambridge, and it was during this time that he attached himself to the household of a retired clergyman called Unwin. Shortly after this the good man, his host, was thrown from his horse and killed, and the haunted poet for the rest of his life continued to live under the same roof with the widow, Mary Unwin.

Under the influence of the Rev. John Newton, that "old African blasphemer," as he loved to call himself, the family moved to Olney. There can be no doubt that close proximity to this converted ex-slave trader did William Cowper little good. They saw a great deal of each other. They attended prayer meetings, visited the sick, and collaborated in composing the Olney hymns. And what hymns those of William Cowper are! Some of them as liquid and beautiful as the songs heard from the lips of a shepherd boy in a shadowy fern-grown glade of the delectable mountains:

> Hark, my soul! It is the Lord;
> 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;

and others, alas! marred by the primordial savageries of a crude and debased theology:

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

John Newton had already earned a reputation for "preaching people mad!" And indeed it would seem that such achievements filled him with no slight complacence. "Near a dozen gracious people," he tells us, "became disordered in their heads" after listening to his winged words. With such a man at his elbow, what chance, we may well ask, had William Cowper? In the year 1773 he was once more insane, and from then till the day of his death nothing was able to remove his fixed conviction that he had been uttterly and finally abandoned by God to the irrevocable doom of eternal perdition.

Damned below Judas, more abhorred than he was,
Who for a few pence sold his holy Master!

So deep-set had this terrible delusion now become that he even denied himself the solace of prayer, deeming that to one in his extreme case it was useless, nay, blasphemous, to attend church or even so much as to say a grace over his daily bread.

And so we come to that long period of Cowper's life which is so familiar to the literary world—the period when the strange, obsessed poet diverted himself "under the point of a sword suspended by a hair" by composing those verses which have made his name famous. Everything was done that could be done to draw his attention away from his sombre, spiritual preoccupations. His friends presented him with tame hares and he spent

his hours in building hutches for these long-eared sensitive creatures, which in the evenings would gambol on the parlor carpet. But even as he watched them at their playful antics he would hear that pursuant voice, "Cowper, you are damned! Cowper, you are damned!" He walked abroad, he chatted, he laughed, he helped to wind Mary Unwin's balls of thread; during the warmer months he would spend long hours in a summer-house, "not much bigger than a sedan chair," and on mild Winter afternoons would take shelter in a greenhouse, the glass of which was covered with mats. But go where he might, hide where he might, those sensitive ears under the quaint cambric muslin cap were aware of sounds by no means easily to be confused with the murmur of bees in mignonette or the chirruping of birds in leafy trees.

There is in truth something almost ghastly in contemplating the spectacle of William Cowper playing spillikins or battledore and shuttlecock with Lady Austin in the face of such preoccupations. It is to Lady Austin, of course, that we owe some of his finest verse, and his talent for poetry at its best is a very high quality. In these long, rambling productions wherein, as Mr. Robert Lynd has so admirably said, Cowper's music progresses "as a snail of imagination laboring under a heavy shell of eloquence," one comes upon passages in which the poet in a manner quite peculiar to himself makes immortal certain scenes of nature. All that he looked upon in his afternoon walks by the side of Mrs. Unwin, all that he noticed as he drove abroad in Lady Has-

keth's carriage, found its place sooner or later in his poetry. And so close was his observation, and so genuine his power of appreciation, that something of the thrill that came to him upon those far-off excursions is still conveyed to us. Many of his country vignettes have in them the burden out of which unique and authentic poetry is made. With what consummate skill he can make us see those country roads about Olney, which to him had become so familiar! The very farm wains he etches in:

and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.

How by a few inimitable touches he can conjure up before our eyes the look of the Winter landscape, made strange by the first fall of snow, with its few single dead grasses or "bents" still showing above the white surface and indeed made "conspicuous" now by being "fledged with icy feathers."

The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half-petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness.

We follow his steps up a long arched avenue and share his pleasure in watching the quick movements of a Winter robin—

Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, wher'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.

The reappearance of his cousin, Lady Hasketh, into his life was undoubtedly of the greatest advantage to Cowper. This excellent woman did all that was in her power to en-

liven the poet's days. She persuaded the singular household to move from Olney to Weston Underwood and encouraged its two inmates to enjoy such harmless pleasures as were provided by the society of the neighborhood. William Cowper had inherited from his forefathers the manners and easy grace of a well-bred gentleman, and now that fame had come to him his cousin was evidently anxious that he should cut something of a figure in Olney. Commenting upon his clothes at this time, the poet says: "Green and buff are colors in which I am oftener seen than any others, and are become almost as natural to me as to a parrot." The Rev. John Newton was not a little put out by this sudden change in his friend's manner of life. "I find," he wrote, "after all my supposed acquaintance with the human heart there are windings and depths in it of which I know no more than of the dark, unfathomable caves of the ocean," and he never penned a truer word. One feels in entire sympathy with the good sense of Lady Hasketh when she declared, in explanation of her cousin's sadness, "The eternal praying and preaching were too much." As a matter of fact, the Rev. John Newton need have felt no misgiving. Cowper remained still the helpless quarry of the Hound of Heaven, though he disguised himself never so cleverly by "associating with gay people, wearing a green coat and becoming an archer."

In 1787 he tried once more to commit suicide. In superstitious awe he would await the appearance of each new moon and the yearly return of his black month—the month of Jan-

uary. Little enough it availed him to write verses to a dead bullfinch when the following morning he would awake in tremulous apprehension with this line from Milton ringing in his ears:

The wonted roar is up amid the woods.

In 1791 a fresh disaster overtook him. Mrs. Unwin had a paralytic stroke, "Oh, Mr. Cowper, don't let me fall!" came the frightened cry as he stood one morning at his desk in his parlor. The seizure had an unexpected effect upon the behavior of this woman, "more polite than a Duchess." From thenceforth, instead of feeling concern for the comfort of the aging and demented poet, Mary Unwin became more and more exacting in her querulous demands upon his attention. His work, his walks, his diversions had each in turn to be abandoned, until every hour of his day was occupied in looking after her slightest wish and whim.

The strain became too much. Again his hallucinations took audible form. He heard voices. With questionable veracity a stone in the wall called out, "I am God." And once at midnight he listened to this mysterious and baleful utterance, "He shall eat eleven days longer or thereabout."

At last he was persuaded by his kinsman, "Johnny of Norfolk," to leave Weston and travel to East Anglia. John Baily alludes to this drastic change in the poet's life as "a last heroic service rendered to him by his cousin." The wisdom and kindness of the move have always seemed dubious. "Johnny of Norfolk"

happened to be a progenitor of the present writer, and even as a child he remembers noting the strangely unimaginative look of the good man's features as represented in a family portrait. It is incredible to believe that so spruce and bepowdered an individual should have been able to understand the difficult and delicate nature of the obligations he was undertaking. There is evidence that the ailing poet resented the change. A few days before he left he wrote on a window shutter of his home the following words:

> Farewell, dear scenes, forever closed to me;
> Oh, for what sorrows must I now exchange ye?

Once in Norfolk, under the care of his energetic kinsman, things went from bad to worse. The few remaining letters penned by Cowper hit one to the heart. He recognized in the wayside grass of the Norfolk lanes the same herbs that he had so often gathered for his pet birds and is reminded of that long interim of years when he was at least *half-happy*. He writes to Lady Hesketh:

> Oh, that there could be pity, or if not that, at least forbearance, for the most forlorn of all men! Such I am, and expect to be in a condition worse than such tomorrow. Farewell—W. C.

Mrs. Unwin was slowly dying and the poet knew it. "Sally, is there life above-stairs?" he asked the maidservant on the morning before the end came. When told of her death he persisted in declaring that she was not "actually dead," but it was easy enough to dislodge any delusion upon that score by simply showing him the face of the woman who had been his constant companion for so many years.

With one shrill, wild cry the nightcapped hermaphrodite turned from the bedside, never to mention her name again.

Slowly the years passed, with William Cowper sitting "still and silent as a stone." Terrible indeed must have been the thoughts that passed through that diseased brain! Once more he heard voices; and to counteract their influence "Johnny of Norfolk," a man of infinite resource, had tubes let into that silent chamber, little tin tubes, through which he caused to have piped words of comfort in attempted emulation of the awful voice of God!

The end approached. They asked him how he felt. "I feel," answered William Cowper, "unutterable despair." On his deathbed they brought him a cordial, but he waved it aside. "What can it signify?"

It is satisfactory to learn that in the opinion of my great-grandfather, when at length at liberty to scrutinize the corpse, there rested upon the dead poet's face an expression of "holy surprise."

Cowper was buried at East Dereham. A month before his death for one short interval his poetic genius returned to him and taking pen in hand he wrote "The Castaway." Even to this day the terrible and tragic lines of this tremendous poem trouble our imaginations. What a cry is here! What an appalling cry!

No voice divine the storm allayed,
  No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
  We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

JAMES THOMSON

The attitude of forlorn despair which finds perpetual recurrence in the minds of certain types of human beings when they come to look beneath the surface of existence, has never, perhaps, been given more complete and final expression than in the poetry of James Thomson. There remains indeed nothing further to be said, for this unfortunate man has found it in him to curse the womb that bare him and the paps which he has sucked and to outface God and go down into the pit at last with his terrible avowals still unretracted.

James Thomson was born in 1834, of Scots parentage. His father was a sea-captain, and a man apparently as capable of holding his own against the storms of the Atlantic as was his son against those other more terrible gales that beat in upon him from eternity. For six days, we are told, the master of the good ship "Eliza Stewart" never left the bridge; stood there, in fact, until carried below broken and paralyzed; and up to the very last year of his tragic life his son may be said to have remained at his post with no less resolution.

James Thomson was trained to be an army school master. At the age of eighteen, while quartered at Ballincollig, in Cork, he fell in love with a young girl named Matilda Wella. After he had known her for two years she died; a calamity of which the full and bitter consciousness remained with Thomson for a

quarter of a century. There is scarcely one of his poems that has not some allusion to this child, and in the end, when the awful history of his days was at last concluded, a lock of her hair was buried with him.

In Ireland, he also met Charles Bradlaugh who, having already got into trouble for his free-thinking views, had enlisted as a common trooper. When Bradlaugh was on sentry duty it was Thomson's custom to walk by his side, and one gets an interesting picture of these two men who were destined to become so famous, discoursing philosophy under the summer stars.

In 1862, Thomson was expelled from the service for a slight breach of military discipline. For the next five years he lived in London in the house of Charles Bradlaugh, earning his livelihood as best he could by office work and journalism. This period was in all probability the happiest of his life. With his friend to satisfy his craving for companionship, and Hypatia and Alice Bradlaugh to satisfy his more sentimental affections, he would seem to have attained to some measure of contentment. In the evenings, he would tell stories to the children or sit smoking with their father, and on Sundays and holidays the whole party would often go out for excursions or perhaps walk together to the grave of Charles Lamb.

It was now that his poems began to appear in the *National Reformer*. Many of them are marred by that same tone of forced jocularity which spoils his letters. Now and again, however, they are excellent, as, for example, the

one entitled "l'Ancien Régime," the bitter, satyrical quality of which is altogether characteristic of his temper.

> Who has a thing to bring
> For a gift to our Lord the King?
> A harlot brought him her flesh,
> Her lusts, and the manifold mesh
> Of her wiles, intervolved with caprice;
> Harlotry's just the thing
> To bring as a gift for our King.

Thomson made at this time two expeditions out of England, one to America as the secretary to some mining corporation in Colorado, and one to Spain as a correspondent for the New York *World*. The latter enterprise proved a complete failure: sufficient copy was not forthcoming. Soon after his return a quarrel with Bradlaugh threw him once for all upon his own resources and he became for the rest of his life what is known as a "single-room bachelor" in the East End of London.

> There were thousands and thousands of human kind
> In this desert of brick and stone:
> But some were deaf and some were blind,
> And he was there alone.

Closed up in one small room, as it were in a cage, he dragged out the rest of his life, day by day.

The publication in 1874, of his masterpiece "The City of Dreadful Night," brought him into contact with several of the more discerning men of letters of the day. George Meredith, Philip Bourke Marston, W. M. Rossetti, Emerson and Longfellow all recognized its value. He sent copies of it to Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, no comment, however, being

evoked from the former old curmudgeon, though the ethical-minded novelist was considerate enough to write a letter to him in which she expressed the hope "that a mind informed with so much passionate energy would soon produce works with a wide embrace of human fellowship in them."

Slowly the dull years passed by with penury, disappointment and insomnia as his three constant companions. At certain periods he would endeavour to drown in alcohol the misery of his weary and jaded mind, but it was only to return to his sordid surroundings, after the bout was over, in a fit of even greater depression. That people could ever think of time as passing swiftly was to James Thomson incomprehensible—

> This Time which crawleth like a monstrous snake
> Wounded and slow and very venomous;

From his diaries we get a devastating insight into the dreariness of his life, into the agony that too often, alas! in this world besets an imaginative and sensitive nature submerged in commonplace surroundings. Day followed day in uneventful melancholy procession, and each was as like to each in its neutral tone as one dull English penny is to another. From his walks along the depressing streets of London, he would return to his lodging house, would open the dreary house-door and, passing through the tiny hall, smelling of today's cooking, yesterday's gas, and innumerable forgotten inmates, stumble up the dark stairway to be confronted at last by the same books, the same dirty and hateful litter that he had left so

short a time before. It is no wonder that references to the weather play so important a part in these journals, references to the visibility or invisibility of sun or moon, those two free luminaries that moved above his head with so large and tranquil an assurance.

Bitter easterly. Some sun. Aftn. walk about Soho. (bought coal-scuttle; after three years!) Moon keen as crystal, sky pale and cloudless, stars few and dim, ground like iron, wind like a razor.

. . . Cold slight snow; fine morning, livid day. Snowing pretty heavily at night (9 p. m.). Picked just twenty-one sticks out of my grate, the rest being quite enough to light the fire.

Nov. 2nd, 1874. Forty years old to-day. Cold; third day of fog. Congenial natal weather.

It was at this time that James Thomson wrote that curious poem called "In the Room."

The afternoon has grown late and still the curtains of the apartment remain undrawn,

> And nimble mice slept, wearied out
> With such a double night's uproar;

At last in the silent dimness the very furniture becomes articulate! The mirror, the cupboard and finally the bed, speak!

> I know when men are good or bad,
> When well or ill, he slowly said;
> When sad or glad, when sane or mad,
> And when they sleep alive or dead.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The bed went on, 'This man who lies
> Upon me now is stark and cold;
> He will not any more arise,
> And do the things he did of old.'

But envisage his release as he might in imaginative verse, James Thomson's life still dragged on, dragged on, with all the horrible tenacity of some wretched animal whose spine

is broken and yet does not die. His insomnia grew worse, but still he survived,

> Feeling the hands of the Infernal Powers
> Heavy upon me for enormous ill.

In his ghastly poem to insomnia he describes with intolerable vividness, the nerve-tortured state of one to whose brain even the solace of sleep is denied; as if he alone, James Thomson, ex-army schoolmaster, had been selected by some incredible and malign causality to bear the burden of an immortal consciousness when all other men had rest.

I heard the sounding of the midnight hour;
The others one by one had left the room,
In certain assurance that the gracious power
Of sleep's fine alchemy would bless the gloom.
. . . . . .
But I with infinite weariness outworn,
Haggard with endless nights unblessed by sleep,
Ravaged by thoughts unutterably forlorn,
Plunged in despairs unfathomably deep,
Went cold and pale and trembling with affright
Into the desert vastitude of Night
Arid and wild and black.
. . . . . .
How I got through I know not, faint as death;
And then I had to climb the awful scarp,
. . . . . .
Perspiring with faint chills instead of heat,
Trembling, and bleeding hands and knees and feet;
Falling, to rise anew;
Until, with lamentable toil and travel
Upon the ridge of arid sand and gravel
I lay supine half-dead and heard the bells chime two.

Towards the end of his life he was occupied in writing certain literary essays, selecting, curiously enough, amongst other writers no less a subject than Walt Whitman, whose poetry at

that time was little known in England. There is something extremely affecting in this appreciation of the great American avoucher written by the hand of the man who of all others was the most unhappy. Might it really have been possible, had the two ever met, that the great, life-giving, life-accepting heart of Walt Whitman would have had vigour enough in its ample aplomb to fortify and sustain the darkened spirit of the London poet? At any rate, one experiences a strange sensation, as of miraculous help arriving suddenly in a situation of desperate need, when one comes upon a quotation of this kind in an article by Thomson:

Let the physicians and priest go home
I seize the descending man, and raise him with resistless will.
O despairer, here is my neck:
By God! you shall not go down! Hang your whole weight upon me.
I dilate you with tremendous breath—I buoy you up;
Every room of the house I fill with armed force,
Lovers of me; bafflers of the graves.

It would be a mistake, however, to regard Thomson as a spiritual weakling. He was not that. Rather, like Dante's proud Italian, damned for ever in the blackest abyss of Hell, he raises his hand in blasphemous imprecation against Almighty God. "Take it, God, for it is at thee that I aim it."

"The City of Dreadful Night" contains passages of extraordinary and appalling power. But, as James Thomson himself declared, its appeal is likely always to be limited.

If any care for the weak words here written,
It must be some one desolate, Fate-smitten,
Whose faith and hope are dead, and who would die.

The conception of the poem, with its sombre imagery, is terrific. The world in which we live is likened to a vast, doomed city which lifts its "mass enorm" in the centre of an arid desert. The city is enveloped in a dim penumbra through the nebulous light of which street-lights burn obscurely. "Amidst the sounding solitudes," "ranged mansions" overshadow everything, "still as tombs" where

Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence!

Along the darkened sidewalks of this tremendous and awful metropolis, James Thomson makes his way, following close upon another figure "because he seemed to walk with an intent."

As I came through the desert, thus it was,
As I came through the desert.

How the reiteration of those famous lines beats in upon the brain after a while, like the regular treading, appalling in its heavy monotony, of hostile feet on a pavement outside one's door:

As I came through the desert, thus it was
As I came through the desert . . .
But I strode on austere;
No hope could have no fear.

In the resonant alleys along which they go they see

worn faces that look deaf and blind
Like tragic masks of stone. With weary tread,
Each wrapt in his own doom, they wander, wander,
Or sit foredone and desolately ponder
Through sleepless hours with heavy drooping head.

They glimpse a thousand evil things ominous and dreadful.

After a hundred steps I grew aware
Of something crawling in a lane below;
It seemed a wounded creature prostrate there
That sobbed with pangs in making progress slow,
The hind limbs stretched to push, the fore limbs
then
To drag.

The thing looked up, and behold it was a man:

Long grey unreverened locks befouled with mire.
A haggard filthy face with bloodshot eyes,
An infamy for manhood to behold.

At last they draw near to a vast cathedral whose portentous sculptured mass, shadowed far up in the cold, limitless darkness of the night, overlooks a moonlit, cloistral lawn across the wide expanse of which dim crowds of wavering phantom citizens are hurrying. The two travellers enter with the throng, and there in the vast, hollow, many-aisled sanctuary, with tinted moonbeams slanting down through the high mullioned windows, they await the Preacher. Suddenly a voice goes echoing through the vaulted tracery.

And I have searched the heights and depth, the
scope
Of all our Universe, with desperate hope
To find some solace for your wild unrest.
And now at last authentic word I bring,
Witnessed by every dead and living thing;
Good tidings of great joy for you, for all:
There is no God; no Fiend with names divine
Made us and tortures us; if we must pine,
It is to satiate no Being's gall.

I find no hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessings or of curse;
I find alone Necessity Supreme;

With infinite Mystery, abysmal dark,
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark
For us the flitting shadows of a dream.

The world rolls round for ever like a mill;
It grinds out death and life and good and ill
It has no purpose, heart or mind or will.

This little life is all we must endure,
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure,
We fall asleep and never wake again.

As the years passed, James Thomson's melancholy grew deeper and deeper. Dejected, poverty-stricken, unrecognized, he still tramped the streets, and still from his bed in his lodging house stared blankly into an ultimate void. In the beginning of the year 1882, something seems to have given way in him at last and, fully cognizant of what he was doing, he deliberately set about to drink himself to death. He was thrown out into the streets by his landlord. Again and again with a strange dogged determination he tried to force his way into the miserable abode which, after all, was the only home he knew. "I must have a roof over my head."

Four months passed by and he was still alive. It is known that he spent some part of the time in jail; for the rest, he drifted about in the purlieus of Wapping-Old-Stairs and The Isle of Dogs. Most of his friends lost sight of him. A few of them saw him at rare intervals, and always from his finely moulded head, furrowed now with deep lines, his blue eyes looked out with abject defiance. On one occasion he was seen in a tavern, dressed in mud-stained, ragged clothes. He was wearing a pair of carpet slippers, through the broken

soles of which his naked feet were clearly visible.

Then suddenly he appeared in the rooms of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet. Although Marston could not see his guest there was something about his wild speech that filled the blind man with terrible misgivings. Fortunately, William Sharp, the critic, happened to come in later in the afternoon. He found Thomson lying on Marston's bed, in a pool of blood, almost unconscious. He had the sick man conveyed to the London University Hospital where, it is said, he lay for a long time on the bare bench of the common waiting-room until the house physician found time to attend to him. What, exactly, were Thomson's last words has never been divulged. It has been hinted that they were such as to cause even his friends to look askance. "I shall get out of here on Monday, even if it's in my coffin" was one sentence shrieked out by the frenzied man who could not die. His words proved happily true. On the following Monday he, the atheist, theophobist, life hater, found rest at last for his "homeless mind," in a good hour, under six feet of honest earth. No religious service was said over his grave. Free at length from

> Infections of unutterable sadness,
> Infections of incalculable madness,
> Infections of incurable despair,

he was simply put under ground, "unhouseled, unanneal'd," cursed alike by man and God, a renegade and outcast who had been denied everything in the world except genius.

PADRAIC COLUM

It has been given to few writers of verse to express the mood of the land of their birth with an accent as autochthonous as that of Mr. Padraic Colum. It is not for nothing that this shy and delicate poet derives his family name from the most Irish of Irish saints and singers who himself most wonderfully, more than a thousand years ago, struck the very same note that delights us today in Mr. Colum's poetry. For as the holy Columcille looked back from his small craft of skins and branches at the green fields of Ireland growing more and more indistinct behind him, it is said that the sound of his singing was heard far and wide over the cold, drab-coloured waves of the northern sea:

> How swift is the speed of my coracle;
> Its stem towards Derry.
> I grieve at my errand o'er the noble sea
> Traveling to Alba of the Ravens.
> A grey eye looks back to Erin
> A grey eye full of tears.

It is just this same quality, so heightened, so imaginative and yet so convincingly realistic "with its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic," that we find in Padraic Colum's verse. For all the bewildering effrontery displayed by certain Celtic adventurers in the realm of Saxon literature, for all the dash and intellectual brilliance, for instance, of men like Burke, Sheridan, Moore, Wilde, and Shaw, it is not to them that we look

for the true articulate expression of the sad soul of Ireland. We must turn to the ancient Catholic singers, to the country ballad-makers, to the vague, wistful, half-expressed romanticism of poets like Francis Mahony, James Clarence Mangan, W. B. Yeats, J. M. Synge and Padraic Colum, if we are to catch the wild, doleful music which the wandering west winds of the Atlantic awaken in the whin bushes and lone moorland trees of the dedicated and tragic Island.

Mr. Colum was born and brought up in one of the middle counties, and his spirit has been permeated with the very thrill of this articulation. His imagination is the imagination of the incorrigible and wilful people who have retained throughout history so strange an attitude to the bleak illusions which occupy, in so rigid a manner, the attention and interests of the rest of the world.

From the earliest times, the Irish have been irresistibly attracted by those half-uttered secrets of the earth's margins which a chance phrase or unexpected word in Celtic literature seems often so nearly to reveal. Above everything these "amorous Gaedhils" are impressionable to what *can not be spoken;* to the inconstant, tremulous, spiritual messages that come to us with retrospection; to the indefinable, provocative calls, sad voices from lost worlds, as it were, that are brought to us each year with the passing of the seasons; to the incoherent evocations that emanate from certain localities or objects whose forlorn identity when once observed can never be forgotten.

It is indeed fitting enough that Padraic Colum should have called the one slim, precious volume he has given us "Wild Earth." No more adequate title could possibly have been selected. Wild Earth!—in these poems one finds the dew of a thousand early mornings, drawn forth by the yellow sun from our wanton planet which after a million dancing æons remains to this day proud, and hard, and "wild," and never entirely "broken for corn."

Everything Mr. Colum writes has its peculiar interest. In a single illuminating sentence he has done much to elucidate the mysterious power of the most perplexing work of genius that has appeared in modern times. Of "Ulysses" he says: "James Joyce does not write savagely, he writes satanically, and his satire touches not individuals and institutions but life itself!" Again and again in Padraic Colum's plays one comes upon passages which bear the stamp of his sensitive and fastidious genius. Take this quotation:

> The people have to watch
> The black rain and it falling all the day.

And again,

> God's will is set
> Against us all; it is against
> The cattle in the field, and it was they
> Stood by his crib; they're moaning always now
> He has forgotten them.

In the mere use of the simple words "black rain," what a fresh, unsophisticated approach to the manifestations of the visible world is revealed; and in the second quotation what a winnowed, sensitive delicacy, so Celtic, so

Catholic, is suggested by the "long long thoughts" which could conceive of a deity being laid under some kind of magnanimous obligation to the beasts of the field for no other reason, forsooth, than that they had been the mute spectators of the birth of a god! It is, indeed, this "fresh approach" which gives to Mr. Colum's books written for children the clear, lucid tone which makes each of them, in its way, a perfect work of art. They seem always to be the narrations of one who has experienced something or seen something for the first time. In truth, to the eye of a poet, what matter that a thousand ages have passed since the world's crust first cooled? Are not men, birds, animals, and flowers, created every hour, incredible and exultant, from the mysterious, fecund breathing of the nostrils of God?

How evasively and unpretentiously Padraic Colum conveys to us the poetry of life; lines, and even single words of his, brushing against our intelligence with the surprise and softness of a linnet's wings. What a rich harvest of impressions his poet's nature must have gathered in those days of his youth—the homely, simple look of white geese against a peat stack, the cottage interior with its shrine and corn bin, the "lonesome hush" of a deserted country road, "the fire-seed sleeping deep in white ashes"!

But valuable though his other contributions to literature are, it is to his poetry that one returns, time and again, when one wishes for the particular refreshment that in certain moods he alone can give us. Has he, one won-

ders, in his poem entitled "The Poet" presented us with a valuable clue by which to explain his power?

'The blackbird's nest, in the briar,
The sea-gulls' nests on the ground
They are nests, and they're more than nests' he said
'They are tokens I have found.'

. . . . . .

'But close to the ground are they reared
The wings that take widest way,
And the birds that sing best in the wood,' he said,
'Are bred with their breasts to the clay.'

The poems of "Wild Earth" do in very fact remind one of the direct appeal of the familiar European blackbird with its liquid, flute-like song; but they also have in them something else, something unutterable, unaccountable, melancholy, which one might well associate with a different bird. Continually, as we read, we are startled by a note plaintive and intractable as the whistle of a curlew coming to us on the wind, in fitful intervals, from some far-off, desolate moorland.

The crows still fly to that wood, and out of the wood she comes
Carrying her load of sticks, a little less now than before,
Her strength being less; she bends as the hoar rush bends in the wind.

. . . . . .

And then, between daybreak and dark,
And between the hill and the sea,
Three Women, come down from the Mountain,
Will raise the Keen over me.

. . . . . .

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

Hidden away in many of his poems side by side with this haunting feeling of bane, one comes upon an extraordinary suggestion of those unexplained emotions which for want of a better word we call romantic. Perhaps what I mean will also best be illustrated by quoting from certain poems.

To Meath of the pastures,
From wet hills by the sea,
Through Leitrim and Longford,
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness
Their slipping and breathing—
I name them the bye-ways
They're to pass without heeding;

Then the wet, winding roads,
Brown bogs with black water;
And my thoughts on white ships
And the King o' Spain's daughter.

We hear it again in

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue!

From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things
Across the half-door.

Or in,

She'll hear my boat on the shingles,
And she'll hear my step on the land,
And the corncrake hid in the meadow
Will tell her I'm at hand!

But it may very well be that in its ultimate essence what constitutes the chief value of Padraic Colum's work is the faculty he pos-

sesses for calling up before our eyes the peculiar characteristics of the native Irish, characteristics so simple and yet so imaginative, lingering on even yet, in the more out of the way districts of their country-side. In his writings we hear once more the exact intonation of the fiddlers and the wavering voices of the harp-players who for generations have gone wailing through each white washed hovel, and whose wandering footprints have been mingled for centuries with the webbed indentures of ganders and ducks which mark each muddy bohereen. Again and yet again we catch the echoes of their doleful exclamations, Och! Ochone! or hear the reiterate murmur of their ranns and quaint benedictions.

I save the seed of fire to-night,
Even so may Christ save me,

On the top of the house let Mary
In the middle let Bridget be.

These are the people whose hearts for so many centuries have been entrammelled with a perilous love for their dark Rosaleen with "her holy delicate white hands."

The priests are on the ocean green
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;

These are the people who "went forth to war, but always fell" and who to this day cherish deep in their hearts a proud contempt for the "creeping Saxon."

Not forgetting Saxon faith
Not forgetting Norman scath
Not forgetting William's word
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword

From Cruckmoylinn to Carricknabauna, from Glen Nefin to Leitrim, they have eaten "the scrape of hog's lard" and looked upon the three most desolate things in the world, and yet have retained throughout the worst period of their agony a "deep affection and recollection" for the tragic soul of their country whose memory in retrospect ever haunts their minds.

> In the old, old days, upon Innish,
> The fields were lucky and bright,

But possibly in one single poem of three verses Padraic Colum has succeeded more than in any other in giving perfect expression to his feeling not only for the romance and beauty that he finds in innocent, homely things but also for the silent glamour of nature in her most entranced and lambent moods. His poem called "Across the Door" is unsurpassed both in form and imaginative suggestiveness. These lines have upon them the simplicity and inevitability which belong only to great poetry.

With what ease our imagination re-creates the poem's setting—the close interior with the candle light making flickering patterns on the smoke-stained rafters, the quick elbow-movements of the fiddlers, and the young, eager girl who, transported by the music and dance, so soon feels on the moonlit threshold with "the dim, wide meadows" about her, a conscious, bewildered awakening to that wild mystery before which all creation trembles and faints. If Mr. Colum had written no other line of poetry except this piece, in my opinion, it would have ensured for him an undisputed place among the immortals:

The fiddles were playing and playing,
The couples were out on the floor;
From converse and dancing he drew me,
And across the door.

Ah! strange were the dim, wide meadows,
And strange was the cloud-strewn sky,
And strange in the meadows the corncrakes,
And they making cry!

The hawthorn bloom was by us,
Around us the breath of the south.
White hawthorn, strange in the night-time—
His kiss on my mouth!

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A Story of Primitive Love

By Robert W. Chambers

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I

They were doing their work very badly. They got the rope around his neck, and tied his wrists with moose-bush withes, but again he fell, sprawling, turning, twisting over the leaves, tearing up everything around him like a trapped panther.

He got the rope away from them; he clung to it with bleeding fists, he set his white teeth in it, until the jute strands relaxed, unravelled, and snapped, gnawed through by his white teeth.

Twice Tully struck him with a gum hook. The dull blows fell on flesh rigid as stone.

Panting, foul with forest mould and rotten leaves, hands and face smeared with blood, he sat up on the ground, glaring at the circle of men around him.

"Shoot him!" gasped Tully, dashing the sweat from his bronzed brow; and Bates, breathing heavily, sat down on a log and dragged a revolver from his rear pocket. The man on the ground watched him; there was froth in the corners of his mouth.

"Git back!" whispered Bates, but his voice and hand trembled. "Kent," he stammered, "won't ye hang?"

The man on the ground glared.

"Ye've got to die, Kent," he urged; "they all say so. Ask Lefty an' Dyce; ask Carrots.—He's got to swing fur it—ain't he, Tully?—Kent, fur God's sake, swing fur these here gents!"

The man on the ground panted; his bright eyes never moved.

After a moment Tully sprang on him again. There was a flurry of leaves, a crackle, a gasp and a grunt, then the thumping and thrashing of two bodies writhing in the brush. Dyce and Carrots jumped on the prostrate men. Lefty Sawyer caught the rope again, but the jute strands gave way and he stumbled. Tully began to scream, "He's chokin' me!" Dyce staggered out into the open, moaning over a broken wrist.

"Shoot!" shouted Lefty Sawyer, and dragged Tully aside. "Shoot, Jim Bates! Shoot straight, b'God!"

"Git back!" gasped Bates, rising from the fallen log.

The crowd parted right and left; a quick report rang out—another—another. Then from the whirl of smoke a tall form staggered, dealing blows—blows that sounded sharp as the crack of a whip.

"He's off! Shoot straight!" they cried.

There was a gallop of heavy boots in the woods. Bates, faint and dazed, turned his head.

"Shoot!" shrieked Tully.

But Bates was sick; his smoking revolver fell to the ground; his white face and pale eyes contracted. It lasted only a moment; he started after the others, plunging, wallowing through thickets of osier and hemlock underbrush.

Far ahead he heard Kent crashing on like a young moose in November, and he knew he was making for the shore. The others knew too. Already the gray gleam of the sea cut a straight line along the forest edge; already the soft clash of the surf on the rocks broke faintly through the forest silence.

"He's got a canoe there!" bawled Tully. "He'll be into it!"

And he was into it, kneeling in the bow, driving his paddle to the handle. The rising sun gleamed like red lightning on the flashing blade; the canoe shot to the crest of a wave, hung, bows dripping in the wind, dropped into the depths, glided, tipped, rolled, shot up again, staggered, and plunged on.

Tully ran straight out into the cove surf; the water broke against his chest, bare and wet with sweat. Bates sat down on a worn black rock and watched the canoe listlessly.

The canoe dwindled to a speck of gray and silver; and when Carrots, who had run back to the gum camp for a rifle, returned, the speck on the water might have been easier to hit than a loon's head at twilight. So Carrots, being thrifty by nature, fired once, and was satisfied to save the other cartridges. The canoe was still visible, making for the open sea. Somewhere beyond the horizon lay the keys, a string of rocks bare as skulls, black and slimy where the sea cut their base, white on the crests with the excrement of sea birds.

"He's makin' fur the Key to Grief!" whispered Bates to Dyce.

Dyce, moaning, and nursing his broken wrist, turned a sick face out to sea.

The last rock seaward was the Key to Grief, a splintered pinnacle polished by the sea. From the Key to Grief, seaward a day's paddle, if a man dared, lay the long wooded island in the ocean known as Grief on the charts of the bleak coast.

In the history of the coast, two men had made the voyage to the Key to Grief, and from there to the island. One of these was a rum-crazed pelt hunter, who lived to come back; the other was a college youth; they found his battered canoe at sea, and a day later his battered body was flung up in the cove.

So, when Bates whispered to Dyce, and when Dyce called to the others, they knew that the end was not far off for Kent and his canoe; and they turned away into the forest, sullen, but satisfied that Kent would get his dues when the devil got his.

Lefty spoke vaguely of the wages of sin. Carrots, with an eye to thrift, suggested a plan for an equitable division of Kent's property.

When they reached the gun camp they piled Kent's personal effects on a blanket.

Carrots took the inventory: a revolver, two gum hooks, a fur cap, a nickel-plated watch, a pipe, a pack of new cards, a gum sack, forty pounds of spruce gum, and a frying pan.

Carrots shuffled the cards, picked out the joker and flipped it pensively into the fire. Then he dealt cold decks all around.

When the goods and chattels of their late companion had been divided by chance—for there was no chance to cheat—somebody remembered Tully.

"He's down there on the coast, starin' after the canoe," said Bates huskily.

He rose and walked toward a heap on the ground covered by a blanket. He started to lift the blanket, hesitated, and finally turned away. Under the blanket lay Tully's brother, shot the night before by Kent.

"Guess we'd better wait till Tully comes," said Carrots uneasily. Bates and Kent had been campmates. An hour later Tully walked into camp.

He spoke to no one that day. In the morning Bates found him down on the coast digging, and said: "Hello, Tully! Guess we ain't much hell on lynchin'!"

"Naw," said Tully. "Git a spade."

"Goin' to plant him there?"

"Yep."

"Where he kin hear them waves?"

"Yep."

"Purty spot."

"Yep."

"Which way will he face?"

"Where he kin watch fur that damned canoe!" cried Tully fiercely.

"He—he can't see," ventured Bates uneasily. "He's dead, ain't he?"

"He'll heave up that there sand when the canoe comes back! An' it's a-comin'! An' Bud Kent'll be in it, dead or alive! Git a spade!"

The pale light of superstition flickered in Bates's eyes. He hesitated.

"The—the dead can't see," be began; "kin they?"

Tully turned a distorted face toward him.

"Yer lie!" he roared. "My brother kin see, dead or livin'! An' he'll see the hangin' of Bud Kent! An' he'll git up outer the grave fur to see it, Bill Bates! I'm tellin' ye! I'm tellin' ye! Deep as I'll plant him, he'll heave that there sand and call to me, when the canoe comes in! I'll hear him; I'll be here! An' we'll live to see the hangin' of Bud Kent!"

About sundown they planted Tully's brother, face to the sea.

II

On the Key to Grief the green waves rub all day. White at the summit, black at the base, the shafted rocks rear splintered pinnacles, slanting like channel buoys. On the polished pillars sea birds brood—white-winged, bright-eyed sea birds, that nestle and preen and flap and clatter their orange-coloured beaks when the sifted spray drives and drifts across the reef.

As the sun rose, painting crimson streaks criss-cross over the waters, the sea birds sidled together, huddling row on row, steeped in downy drowse.

Where the sun of noon burnished the sea, an opal wave washed, listless, noiseless; a sea bird stretched one listless wing.

And into the silence of the waters a canoe glided, bronzed by the sunlight, jewelled by the salt drops stringing from prow to thwart, seaweed a-trail in the diamond-flashing wake, and in the bow a man dripping with sweat.

Up rose the gulls, sweeping in circles, turning, turning over rock and sea, and their clamour filled the sky, starting little rippling echoes among the rocks.

The canoe grated on a shelf of ebony; the seaweed rocked and washed; the little sea crabs sheered sideways, down, down, into limpid depths of greenest shadows. Such was the coming of Bud Kent to the Key to Grief.

He drew the canoe halfway up the shelf of rock and sat down, breathing heavily, one brown arm across the bow. For an hour he sat there. The sweat dried under his eyes. The sea birds came back, filling the air with soft querulous notes.

There was a livid mark around his neck, a red, raw circle. The salt wind stung it; the sun burned it into his flesh like a collar of red-hot steel. He touched it at times; once he washed it with cold salt water.

Far in the north a curtain of mist hung on the sea, dense, motionless as the fog on the Grand Banks. He never moved his eyes from it; he knew what it was. Behind it lay the Island of Grief.

All the year round the Island of Grief is hidden by the banks of mist, ramparts of dead white fog encircling it on every side. Ships give it wide berth. Some speak of warm springs on the island whose waters flow far out to sea, rising in steam eternally.

The pelt hunter had come back with tales of forests and deer and flowers everywhere; but he had been drinking much, and much was forgiven him.

The body of the college youth tossed up in the cove on the mainland was battered out of recognition, but some said, when found, one hand clutched a crimson blossom half wilted, but broad as a sap pan.

So Kent lay motionless beside his canoe, burned with thirst, every nerve vibrating, thinking all these things. It was not fear that whitened the firm flesh under the tan; it was the fear of fear. He must not think—he must throttle dread; his eyes must never falter, his head never turn from that wall of mist across the sea. With set teeth he crushed back terror; with glittering eyes he looked into the hollow eyes of fright. And so he conquered fear.

He rose. The sea birds whirled up into the sky, pitching, tossing, screaming, till the sharp flapping of their pinions set the snapping echoes flying among the rocks.

Under the canoe's sharp prow the kelp bobbed and dipped and parted; the sunlit waves ran out ahead, glittering, dancing. Splash! splash! bow and stern! And now he knelt again, and the polished paddle swung and dipped, and swept and swung and dipped again.

Far behind, the clamour of the sea birds lingered in his ears, till the mellow dip of the paddle drowned all sound and the sea was a sea of silence.

No wind came to cool the hot sweat on cheek and breast. The sun blazed a path of flame before him, and he followed out into the waste of waters. The still ocean divided under the bows and rippled innocently away on either side, tinkling, foaming, sparkling like the current in a woodland brook. He looked around at the world of flattened water, and the fear of fear rose up and gripped his throat again. Then he lowered his head, like a tortured bull, and shook the fear of fear from his throat, and drove the paddle into the sea as a butcher stabs, to the hilt.

So at last he came to the wall of mist. It was thin at first, thin and cool, but it thickened and grew warmer, and the fear of fear dragged at his head, but he would not look behind.

Into the fog the canoe shot; the gray water ran by, high as the gunwales, oily, silent. Shapes flickered across the bows, pillars of mist that rode the waters, robed in films of tattered shadows. Gigantic forms towered to dizzy heights above him, shaking out shredded shrouds of cloud. The vast draperies of the fog swayed and hung and trembled as he brushed them; the white twilight deepened to a sombre gloom. And now it grew thinner; the fog became a mist, and the mist a haze, and the haze floated away and vanished into the blue of the heavens.

All around lay a sea of pearl and sapphire, lapping, lapping on a silver shoal.

So he came to the Island of Grief.

III

On the silver shoal the waves washed and washed, breaking like crushed opals where the sands sang with the humming froth.

Troops of little shore birds, wading on the shoal, tossed their sun-tipped wings and scuttled inland, where, dappled with shadow from the fringing forest, the white beach of the island stretched.

The water all around was shallow, limpid as crystal, and he saw the ribbed sand shining on the bottom, where purple seaweed floated, and delicate sea creatures darted and swarmed and scattered again at the dip of his paddle.

Like velvet rubbed on velvet the canoe brushed across the sand. He staggered to his feet, stumbled out, dragged the canoe high up under the trees, turned it bottom upward, and sank beside it, face downward in the sand. Sleep came to drive away the fear of fear, but hunger, thirst, and fever fought with sleep, and he dreamed—dreamed of a rope that sawed his neck, of the fight in the woods, and the shots. He dreamed, too, of the camp, of his forty pounds of spruce gum, of Tully, and of Bates. He dreamed of the fire and the smoke-scorched kettle, of the foul odour of musty bedding, of the greasy cards, and of his own new pack, hoarded for weeks to please the others. All this he dreamed, lying there face downward in the sand; but he did not dream of the face of the dead.

The shadows of the leaves moved on his blonde head, crisp with clipped curls. A butterfly flitted around him, alighting now on his legs, now on the back of his bronzed hands. All the afternoon the bees hung droning among the wildwood blossoms; the leaves above scarcely rustled; the shore birds brooded along the water's edge; the thin tide, sleeping on the sand, mirrored the sky.

Twilight paled the zenith; a breeze moved in the deeper woods; a star glimmered, went out, glimmered again, faded, and glimmered.

Night came. A moth darted to and fro under the trees; a beetle hummed around a heap of seaweed and fell scrambling in the sand. Somewhere among the trees a sound had become distinct, the song of a little brook, melodious, interminable. He heard it in his dream; it threaded all his dreams like a needle of silver, and like a needle it pricked him—pricked his dry throat and cracked lips. It could not awake him; the cool night swathed him head and foot.

Toward dawn a bird woke up and piped. Other birds stirred, restless, half awakened; a gull spread a cramped wing on the shore, preened its feathers, scratched its tufted neck, and took two drowsy steps toward the sea.

The sea breeze stirred out behind the mist bank; it raised the feathers on the sleeping gulls; it set the leaves whispering. A twig snapped, broke off, and fell. Kent stirred, sighed, trembled, and awoke.

The first thing he heard was the song of the brook, and he

stumbled straight into the woods. There it lay, a thin, deep stream in the gray morning light, and he stretched himself beside it and laid his cheek in it. A bird drank in the pool, too—a little fluffy bird, bright-eyed and fearless.

His knees were firmer when at last he rose, heedless of the drops that beaded lips and chin. With his knife he dug and scraped at some white roots that hung half meshed in the bank of the brook, and when he had cleaned them in the pool he ate them.

The sun stained the sky when he went down to the canoe, but the eternal curtain of fog, far out at sea, hid it as yet from sight.

He lifted the canoe, bottom upwards, to his head, and, paddle and pole in either hand, carried it into the forest.

After he had set it down he stood a moment, opening and shutting his knife. Then he looked up into the trees. There were birds there, if he could get at them. He looked at the brook. There were prints of his fingers in the sand; there, too, was the print of something else—a deer's pointed hoof.

He had nothing but his knife. He opened it again and looked at it.

That day he dug for clams and ate them raw. He waded out into the shallows, too, and jabbed at fish with his setting pole, but hit nothing except a yellow crab.

Fire was what he wanted. He hacked and chipped at flinty-looking pebbles, and scraped tinder from a stick of sun-dried driftwood. His knuckles bled, but no fire came.

That night he heard deer in the woods, and could not sleep for thinking, until the dawn came up behind the wall of mist, and he rose with it to drink his fill at the brook and tear raw clams with his white teeth. Again he fought for fire, craving it as he had never craved water, but his knuckles bled, and the knife scraped on the flint in vain.

His mind, perhaps, had suffered somewhat. The white beach seemed to rise and fall like a white carpet on a gusty hearth. The birds, too, that ran along the sand, seemed big and juicy, like partridges; and he chased them, hurling shells and bits of driftwood at them till he could scarcely keep his feet for the rising, plunging beach—or carpet, whichever it was. That night the deer aroused him at intervals. He heard them splashing and grunting and crackling along the brook. Once he arose and stole after them, knife in hand, till a false step into the brook awoke him to his folly, and he felt his way back to the canoe trembling.

Morning came, and again he drank at the brook, lying on the sand where countless heartshaped hoofs had passed leaving clean imprints; and again he ripped the raw clams from their shells and swallowed them, whimpering.

All day long the white beach rose and fell and heaved and flattened under his bright dry eyes. He chased the shore birds at times, till the unsteady beach tripped him up and he fell full length in the sand. Then he would rise moaning, and creep into the shadow of the wood, and watch the little song-birds in the branches, moaning, always moaning.

His hands, sticky with blood, hacked steel and flint together, but so feebly that now even the cold sparks no longer came.

He began to fear the advancing night; he dreaded to hear the

big warm deer among the thickets. Fear clutched him suddenly, and he lowered his head and set his teeth and shook fear from his throat again.

Then he started aimlessly into the woods, crowding past bushes, scraping trees, treading on moss and twig and mouldy stump, his bruised hands swinging, always swinging.

The sun set in the mist as he came out of the woods on to another beach—a warm, soft beach, crimsoned by the glow in the evening clouds.

And on the sand at his feet lay a young girl asleep, swathed in the silken garment of her own black hair, round limbed, brown, smooth as the bloom on the tawny beach.

A gull flapped overhead, screaming. Her eyes, deeper than night, unclosed. Then her lips parted in a cry, soft with sleep, "Iho!"

She rose, rubbing her velvet eyes. "Iho!" she cried in wonder; "Inah!"

The gilded sand settled around her little feet. Her cheeks crimsoned.

"E-ho! E-ho!" she whispered, and hid her face in her hair.

IV

The bridge of the stars spans the sky seas; the sun and the moon are the travellers who pass over it. This was also known in the lodges of the Isantee, hundreds of years ago. Chaske told it to Harpam, and when Harpam knew he told it to Hapeda; and so the knowledge spread to Harka, and from Winona to Weharka, up and down, across and ever across, woof and web, until it came to the Island of Grief. And how? God knows!

Weharka, prattling in the tules, may have told Ne-ka; and Ne-ka, high in the November clouds, may have told Kay-oshk, who told it to Shinge-bis, who told it to Skee-skah, who told it to Se-so-Kah.

Iho! Inah! Behold the wonder of it! And this is the fate of all knowledge that comes to the Island of Grief.

. . . . . .

As the red glow died in the sky, and the sand swam in shadows, the girl parted the silken curtains of her hair and looked at him.

"Eho!" she whispered again in soft delight.

For now it was plain to her that he was the sun! He had crossed the bridge of stars in the blue twilight; he had come!

"E-to!"

She stepped nearer, shivering, faint with the ecstasy of this holy miracle wrought before her.

He was the Sun! His blood streaked the sky at dawn; his blood stained the clouds at even. In his eyes the blue of the sky still lingered, smothering two blue stars; and his body was as white as the breast of the Moon.

She opened both arms, hands timidly stretched, palm upward. Her face was raised to his, her eyes slowly closed; the deep-fringed lids trembled.

Like a young priestess she stood, motionless save for the sudden quiver of a limb, a quick pulse-flutter in the rounded throat. And so she worshipped, naked and unashamed, even after he, reeling, fell heavily forward on his face; even when the evening breeze stealing over the sands stirred the hair on his head, as winds stir the fur of a dead animal in the dust.

. . . . . .

When the morning sun peered over the wall of mist, and she

saw it was the sun, and she saw him, flung on the sand at her feet, then she knew that he was a man, only a man, pallid as death and smeared with blood.

And yet—miracle of miracles—the divine wonder in her eyes deepened, and her body seemed to swoon, and fall a-trembling, and swoon again.

For, although it was but a man who lay at her feet, it had been easier for her to look upon a god.

He dreamed that he breathed fire—fire, that he craved as he had never craved water. Mad with delirium, he knelt before the flames, rubbing his torn hands, washing them in the crimson-scented flames. He had water, too, cool scented water, that sprayed his burning flesh, that washed in his eyes, his hair, his throat. After that came hunger, a fierce rending agony, that scorched and clutched and tore at his entrails; but that, too, died away, and he dreamed that he had eaten and all his flesh was warm. Then he dreamed that he slept; and when he slept he dreamed no more.

One day he awoke and found her stretched beside him, soft palms tightly closed, smiling, asleep.

V

Now the days began to run more swiftly than the tide along the tawny beach; and the nights, star-dusted and blue, came and vanished and returned, only to exhale at dawn like perfume from a violet.

They counted hours as they counted the golden bubbles, winking with a million eyes along the foam-flecked shore; and the hours ended, and began, and glimmered, iridescent, and ended as bubbles end in a tiny rainbow haze.

There was still fire in the world; it flashed up at her touch and where she chose. A bow strung with the silk of her own hair, an arrow winged like a sea bird and tipped with shell, a line from the silver tendon of a deer, a hook of polished bone—these were the mysteries he learned, and learned them laughing, her silken head bent close to his.

The first night that the bow was wrought and the glossy string attuned, she stole into the moonlit forest to the brook; and there they stood, whispering, listening, and whispering, though neither understood the voice they loved.

In the deeper woods, Kaug, the porcupine, scraped and snuffed. They heard Wabose, the rabbit, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, loping across dead leaves in the moonlight. Skee-skah, the woodduck, sailed past, noiseless, gorgeous as a floating blossom.

Out on the ocean's placid silver, Shinge-bis, the diver, shook the scented silence with his idle laughter, till Kay-oshk, the gray gull, stirred in his slumber. There came a sudden ripple in the stream, a mellow splash, a soft sound on the sand.

"Iho! Behold!"

"I see nothing."

The beloved voice was only a wordless melody to her.

"Iho! Ta-hinca, the red deer! E-ho! The buck will follow!"

"Ta-hinca," he repeated, notching the arrow.

"E-to! Ta-mdoka!"

So he drew the arrow to the head, and the gray gull feathers brushed his ear, and the darkness hummed with the harmony of the singing string.

Thus died Ta-mdoka, the buck deer of seven prongs.

VI

As an apple tossed spinning into the air, so spun the world above the hand that tossed it into space.

And one day in early spring, Se-so-Kah, the robin, awoke at dawn, and saw a girl at the foot of the blossoming tree holding a babe cradled in the silken sheets of her hair.

At its feeble cry, Kaug, the porcupine, raised his quilled head. Wabose, the rabbit, sat still with palpitating sides. Kay-oshk, the gray gull, tiptoed along the beach.

Kent knelt with one bronzed arm around them both.

"Iho! Inah!" whispered the girl, and held the babe up in the rosy flames of dawn.

But Kent trembled as he looked, and his eyes filled. On the pale green moss their shadows lay—three shadows. But the shadow of the babe was white as froth.

Because it was the firstborn son, they named it Chaske; and the girl sang as she cradled it there in the silken vestments of her hair; all day long in the sunshine she sang:

Wa-wa, wa-wa, wa-we—yea;
Kah-ween, nee-zheka Ke-diaus-ai,
Ke-gah nau-wai, ne-me-go S'ween,
Ne-baun, ne-baun, ne-daun-is ais.
E-we wa-wa, wa-we—yea;
E-we wa-wa, wa-we—yea.

Out in the calm ocean, Shinge-bis, the diver, listened, preening his satin breast in silence. In the forest, Ta-hinca, the red deer, turned her delicate head to the wind.

That night Kent thought of the dead, for the first time since he had come to the Key of Grief.

"Ake-u! ake-u!" chirped Se-so-Kah, the robin. But the dead never come again.

"Beloved, sit close to us," whispered the girl, watching his troubled eyes. "Ma-cante maseca."

But he looked at the babe and its white shadow on the moss, and he only sighed: "Macante maseca, beloved! Death sits watching us across the sea."

Now for the first time he knew more than the fear of fear; he knew fear. And with fear came grief.

He never before knew that grief lay hidden there in the forest. Now he knew it. Still, that happiness, eternally reborn when two small hands reached up around his neck, when feeble fingers clutched his hand—that happiness that Se-so-Kah understood, chirping to his brooding mate—that Ta-mdoka knew, licking his dappled fawns—that happiness gave him heart to meet grief calmly, in

dreams or in the forest depths, and it helped him to look into the hollow eyes of fear.

He often thought of the camp now; of Bates, his blanket mate; of Dyce, whose wrist he had broken with a blow; of Tully, whose brother he had shot. He even seemed to hear the shot, the sudden report among the hemlocks; again he saw the haze of smoke, he caught a glimpse of a tall form falling through the bushes.

He remembered every minute incident of the trial: Bates's hand laid on his shoulder; Tully, red-bearded and wild-eyed, demanding his death; while Dyce spat and spat and smoked and kicked at the blackened log-ends projecting from the fire. He remembered, too, the verdict, and Tully's terrible laugh; and the new jute rope that they stripped off the market-sealed gum packs.

He thought of these things, sometimes wading out on the shoals, shell-tipped fish spear poised: at such times he would miss his fish. He thought of it sometimes when he knelt by the forest stream listening for Ta-hinca's splash among the cresses: at such moments the feathered shaft whistled far from the mark, and Tamdoka stamped and snorted till even the white fisher, stretched on a rotting log, flattened his whiskers and stole away into the forest's blackest depths.

When the child was a year old, hour for hour notched at sunset and sunrise, it prattled with the birds, and called to Ne-Ka, the wild goose, who called again to the child from the sky: "Northward! northward, beloved!"

When winter came—there is no frost on the Island of Grief—Ne-Ka, the wild goose, passing high in the clouds, called: "Southward! southward, beloved!" And the child answered in a soft whisper of an unknown tongue, till the mother shivered, and covered it with her silken hair.

"O beloved!" said the girl, "Chaske calls to all things living—to Kaug, the porcupine, to Wabose, to Kay-oshk, the gray gull—he calls, and they understand."

Kent bent and looked into her eyes.

"Hush, beloved; it is not that I fear."

"Then what, beloved?"

"His shadow. It is white as surf foam. And at night—I—I have seen——"

"Oh, what?"

"The air about him aglow like a pale rose."

"Ma cante maseca. The earth alone lasts. I speak as one dying—I know, O beloved!"

Her voice died away like a summer wind.

"Beloved!" he cried.

But there before him she was changing; the air grew misty, and her hair wavered like shreds of fog, and her slender form swayed, and faded, and swerved, like the mist above a pond.

In her arms the babe was a figure of mist, rosy, vague as a breath on a mirror.

"The earth alone lasts. Inah! It is the end, O beloved!"

The words came from the mist—a mist as formless as the ether—a mist that drove in and crowded him, that came from the sea, from the clouds, from the earth at his feet. Faint with terror,

he staggered forward calling, "Beloved! And thou, Chaske, O beloved! Ake u! Ake u!"

Far out at sea a rosy star glimmered an instant in the mist and went out.

A sea bird screamed, soaring over the waste of fog-smothered waters. Again he saw the rosy star; it came nearer; its reflection glimmered in the water.

"Chaske!" he cried.

He heard a voice, dull in the choking mist.

"O beloved, I am here!" he called again.

There was a sound on the shoal, a flicker in the fog, the flare of a torch, a face white, livid, terrible—the face of the dead.

He fell upon his knees; he closed his eyes and opened them. Tully stood beside him with a coil of rope.

. . . . . .

Iho! Behold the end! The earth alone lasts. The sand, the opal wave on the golden beach, the sea of sapphire, the dusted starlight, the wind, and love, shall die. Death also shall die, and lie on the shores of the skies like the bleached skull there on the Key to Grief, polished, empty, with its teeth embedded in the sand.

THE END

THE MESSENGER

A Ghost Story

I

"The bullet entered here," said Max Fortin, and he placed his middle finger over a smooth hole exactly in the centre of the forehead.

I sat down upon a mound of dry seaweed and unslung my fowling piece.

The little chemist cautiously felt the edges of the shot-hole, first with his middle finger, then with his thumb.

"Let me see the skull again," said I.

Max Fortin picked it up from the sod.

"It's like all the others," he observed. I nodded, without offering to take it from him. After a moment he thoughtfully replaced it upon the grass at my feet.

"It's like all the others," he repeated, wiping his glasses on his handkerchief. "I thought you might care to see one of the skulls, so I brought this over from the gravel pit. The men from Bannalec are digging yet. They ought to stop."

"How many skulls are there altogether?" I inquired.

"They found thirty-eight skulls; there are thirty-nine noted in the list. They lie piled up in the gravel pit on the edge of Le Bihan's wheat field. The men are at work yet. Le Bihan is going to stop them."

"Let's go over," said I; and I picked up my gun and started across the cliffs, Fortin on one side, Mome on the other.

"Who has the list?" I asked, lighting my pipe. "You say there is a list?"

"The list was found rolled up in a brass cylinder," said the little chemist. He added: "You should not smoke here. You know that if a single spark drifted into the wheat——"

"Ah, but I have a cover to my pipe," said I, smiling.

Fortin watched me as I closed the pepperbox arrangement over the glowing bowl of the pipe. Then he continued:

"The list was made out on thick yellow paper; the brass tube has preserved it. It is as fresh to-day as it was in 1760. You shall see it."

"Is that the date?"

"The list is dated 'April, 1760.' The Brigadier Durand has it. It is not written in French."

"Not written in French!" I exclaimed.

"No," replied Fortin solemnly, "it is written in Breton."

"But," I protested, "the Breton language was never written or printed in 1760."

"Except by priests," said the chemist.

"I have heard of but one priest who ever wrote the Breton language," I began.

Fortin stole a glance at my face.

"You mean—the Black Priest?" he asked.

I nodded.

Fortin opened his mouth to speak again, hesitated, and finally shut his teeth obstinately over the wheat stem that he was chewing.

"And the Black Priest?" I suggested encouragingly. But I knew it was useless; for it is easier to move the stars from their courses than to make an obstinate Breton talk. We walked on for a minute or two in silence.

"Where is the Brigadier Durand?" I asked, motioning Mome to come out of the wheat, which he was trampling though it were heather. As I spoke we came in sight of the farther edge of the wheat field and the dark, wet mass of cliffs beyond.

"Durand is down there—you can see him; he stands just behind the Mayor of St. Gildas."

"I see," said I; and we struck straight down, following a sun-baked cattle path across the heather.

When we reached the edge of the wheat field, Le Bihan, the Mayor of St. Gildas, called to me, and I tucked my gun under my arm and skirted the wheat to where he stood.

"Thirty-eight skulls," he said in his thin, high-pitched voice; "there is but one more, and I am opposed to further search. I suppose Fortin told you?"

I shook hands with him, and returned the salute of the Brigadier Durand.

"I am opposed to further search," repeated Le Bihan, nervously picking at the mass of silver buttons which covered the front of his velvet and broadcloth jacket like a breastplate of scale armour.

Durand pursed up his lips, twisted his tremendous mustache, and hooked his thumbs in his sabre belt.

"As for me," he said, "I am in favour of further search."

"Further search for what—for the thirty-ninth skull?" I asked.

Le Bihan nodded. Durand frowned at the sunlit sea, rocking like a bowl of molten gold from the cliffs to the horizon. I followed his eyes. On the dark glistening cliffs, silhouetted against the glare of the sea, sat a cormorant, black, motionless, its horrible head raised toward heaven.

"Where is that list, Durand?" I asked.

The gendarme rummaged in his despatch pouch and produced a brass cylinder about a foot long. Very gravely he unscrewed the head and dumped out a scroll of thick yellow paper closely covered with writing on both sides. At a nod from Le Bihan he handed me the scroll. But I could make nothing of the coarse writing, now faded to a dull brown.

"Come, come, Le Bihan," I said impatiently, "translate it, won't you? You and Max Fortin make a lot of mystery out of nothing, it seems."

Le Bihan went to the edge of the pit where the three Bannalec men were digging, gave an order or two in Breton, and turned to me.

As I came to the edge of the pit the Bannalec men were removing a square piece of sailcloth from what appeared to be a pile of cobblestones.

"Look!" said Le Bihan shrilly. I looked. The pile below was a heap of skulls. After a moment I clambered down the gravel sides of the pit and walked over to the men of Bannalec. They saluted me gravely, leaning on their picks and shovels, and wiping their sweating faces with sunburned hands.

"How many?" said I in Breton.

"Thirty-eight," they replied.

I glanced around. Beyond the heap of skulls lay two piles of human bones. Beside these was a mound of broken, rusted bits of iron and steel. Looking closer, I saw that this mound was composed of rusty bayonets, sabre blades, scythe blades, with here and there a tarnished buckle attached to a bit of leather hard as iron.

I picked up a couple of buttons and a belt plate. The buttons bore the royal arms of England; the belt plate was emblazoned with the English arms, and also with the number "27."

"I have heard my grandfather speak of the terrible English regiment, the 27th Foot, which landed and stormed the fort up there," said one of the Bannalec men.

"Oh!" said I; "then these are the bones of English soldiers?"

"Yes," said the men of Bannalec.

Le Bihan was calling to me from the edge of the pit above, and I handed the belt plate and buttons to the men and climbed the side of the excavation.

"Well," said I, trying to prevent Mome from leaping up and licking my face as I emerged from the pit, "I suppose you know what these bones are. What are you going to do with them?"

"There was a man," said Le Bihan angrily, "an Englishman, who passed here in a dogcart on his way to Quimper about an hour ago, and what do you suppose he wished to do?"

"Buy the relics?" I asked, smiling.

"Exactly—the pig!" piped the mayor of St. Gildas. "Jean Marie Tregunc, who found the bones, was standing there where Max Fortin stands, and do you know what he answered? He spat upon the ground, and said: 'Pig of an Englishman, do you take me for a desecrator of graves?'"

I knew Tregunc, a sober, blue-eyed Breton, who lived from one year's end to the other without being able to afford a single bit of meat for a meal.

"How much did the Englishman offer Tregunc?" I asked.

"Two hundred francs for the skulls alone."

I thought of the relic hunters and the relic buyers on the battlefields of our civil war.

"Seventeen hundred and sixty is long ago," I said.

"Respect for the dead can never die," said Fortin.

"And the English soldiers came here to kill your fathers and burn your homes," I continued.

"They were murderers and thieves, but—they are dead," said Tregunc, coming up from the beach below, his long sea rake balanced on his dripping jersey.

"How much do you earn every year, Jean Marie?" I asked, turning to shake hands with him.

"Two hundred and twenty francs, monsieur."

"Forty-five dollars a year," I said. "Bah! you are worth more. Jean. Will you take care of my garden for me? My wife wished me to ask you. I think it would be worth one hundred francs a month

to you and to me. Come on, Le Bihan—come along, Fortin—and you, Durand. I want somebody to translate that list into French for me."

Tregunc stood gazing at me, his blue eyes dilated.

"You may begin at once," I said, smiling, "if the salary suits you?"

"It suits," said Tregunc, fumbling for his pipe in a silly way that annoyed Le Bihan.

"Then go and begin your work," cried the mayor impatiently; and Tregunc started across the moors toward St. Gildas, taking off his velvet-ribboned cap to me and gripping his sea rake very hard.

"You offer him more than my salary," said the mayor, after a moment's contemplation of his silver buttons.

"Pooh!" said I, "what do you do for your salary except play dominoes with Max Fortin at the Groix Inn?"

Le Bihan turned red, but Durand rattled his sabre and winked at Max Fortin, and I slipped my arm through the arm of the sulky magistrate, laughing.

"There's a shady spot under the cliff," I said; "come on, Le Bihan, and read me what is in the scroll."

In a few moments we reached the shadow of the cliff, and I threw myself upon the turf, chin on hand, to listen.

The gendarme, Durand, also sat down, twisting his moustache into needlelike points. Fortin leaned against the cliff, polishing his glasses and examining us with vague, near-sighted eyes; and Le Bihan, the mayor, planted himself in our midst, rolling up the scroll and tucking it under his arm.

"First of all," he began in a shrill voice, "I am going to light my pipe, and while lighting it I shall tell you what I have heard about the attack on the fort yonder. My father told me; his father told him."

He jerked his head in the direction of the ruined fort, a small square stone structure on the sea cliff, now nothing but crumbling walls. Then he slowly produced a tobacco pouch, a bit of flint and tinder, and a long-stemmed pipe fitted with a microscopical bowl of baked clay. To fill such a pipe requires ten minutes' close attention. To smoke it to a finish takes but four puffs. It is very Breton, this Breton pipe. It is the crystallization of everything Breton.

"Go on," said I, lighting a cigarette.

"The fort," said the mayor, "was built by Louis XIV, and was dismantled twice by the English. Louis XV restored it in 1739. In 1760 it was carried by assault by the English. They came across from the island of Groix—three shiploads—and they stormed the fort and sacked St. Julien yonder, and they started to burn St. Gildas—you can see the marks of their bullets on my house yet; but the men of Bannalec and the men of Lorient fell upon them with pike and scythe and blunderbuss, and those who did not run away lie there below in the gravel pit now—thirty-eight of them."

"And the thirty-ninth skull?" I asked, finishing my cigarette.

The mayor had succeeded in filling his pipe, and now he began to put his tobacco pouch away.

"The thirty-ninth skull," he mumbled, holding the pipestem between his defective teeth—"the thirty-ninth skull is no business of mine. I have told the Bannalec men to cease digging."

"But what is—whose is the missing skull?" I persisted curiously.

The mayor was busy trying to strike a spark to his tinder. Presently he set it aglow, applied it to his pipe, took the prescribed four puffs, knocked the ashes out of the bowl, and gravely replaced the pipe in his pocket.

"The missing skull?" he asked.

"Yes," said I impatiently.

The mayor slowly unrolled the scroll and began to read, translating from the Breton into French. And this is what he read:

"On the Cliffs of St. Gildas,
"April 13, 1760.

"On this day, by order of the Count of Soisic, general in chief of the Breton forces now lying in Kerselec Forest, the bodies of thirty-eight English soldiers of the 27th, 50th, and 72d regiments of Foot were buried in this spot, together with their arms and equipments."

The mayor paused and glaced at me reflectively.

"Go on, Le Bihan," I said.

"With them," continued the mayor, turning the scroll and reading on the other side, "was buried the body of that vile traitor who betrayed the fort to the English. The manner of his death was as follows: By order of the most noble Count of Soisic, the traitor was first branded upon the forehead with the brand of an arrowhead. The iron burned through the flesh, and was pressed heavily so that the brand should even burn into the bone of the skull. The traitor was then led out and bidden to kneel. He admitted having guided the English from the island of Groix. Although a priest and a Frenchman, he had violated his priestly office to aid him in discovering the password to the fort. This password he extorted during confession from a young Breton girl who was in the habit of rowing across from the island of Groix to visit her husband in the fort. When the fort fell, this young girl, crazed by the death of her husband, sought the Count of Soisic and told how the priest had forced her to confess to him all she knew about the fort. The priest was arrested at St. Gildas as he was about to cross the river to Lorient. When arrested he cursed the girl, Marie Trevec——"

"What!" I exclaimed, "Marie Trevec!"

"Marie Trevec," repeated Le Bihan; "the priest cursed Marie Trevec, and all her family and descendants. He was shot as he knelt, having a mask of leather over his face, because the Bretons who composed the squad of execution refused to fire at a priest unless his face was concealed. The priest was l'Abbe Sorgue, commonly known as the Black Priest on account of his dark face and swarthy eyebrows. He was buried with a stake through his heart."

Le Bihan paused, hesitated, looked at me, and handed the manuscript back to Durand. The gendarme took it and slipped it into the brass cylinder.

"So," said I, "the thirty-ninth skull is the skull of the Black Priest."

"Yes," said Fortin. "I hope they won't find it."

"I have forbidden them to proceed," said the mayor querulously. "You heard me, Max Fortin."

I rose and picked up my gun. Mome came and pushed his head into my hand.

"That's a fine dog," observed Durand, also rising.

"Why don't you wish to find his skull?" I asked Le Bihan. "It would be curious to see whether the arrow brand really burned into the bone."

"There is something in that scroll that I didn't read to you," said the mayor grimly. "Do you wish to know what it is?"

"Of course," I replied in surprise.

"Give me the scroll again, Durand," he said; then he read from the bottom: "I, l'Abbe Sorgue, forced to write the above by my executioners, have written it in my own blood; and with it I leave my curse. My curse on St. Gildas, on Marie Trevec, and on her descendants. I will come back to St. Gildas when my remains are disturbed. Woe to that Englishman whom my branded skull shall touch!"

"What rot!" I said. "Do you belicve it was really written in his own blood?"

"I am going to test it," said Fortin, "at the request of Monsieur le Maire. I am not anxious for the job, however."

"See," said Le Bihan, holding out the scroll to me, "it is signed, 'l'Abbe Sorgue.'"

I glanced curiously over the paper.

"It must be the Black Priest," I said. "He was the only man who wrote in the Breton language. This is a wonderfully interesting discovery, for now, at last, the mystery of the Black Priest's disappearance is cleared up. You will, of course, send this scroll to Paris, Le Bihan?"

"No," said the mayor obstinately, "it shall be buried in the pit below where the rest of the Black Priest lies."

I looked at him and recognised that argument would be useless. But still I said, "It will be a loss to history, Monsieur Le Bihan."

"All the worse for history, then," said the enlightened Mayor of St. Gildas.

We had sauntered back to the gravel pit while speaking. The men of Bannalec were carrying the bones of the English soldiers toward the St. Gildas cemetery, on the cliffs to the east, where already a knot of white-coiffed women stood in attitudes of prayer; and I saw the sombre robe of a priest among the crosses of the little graveyard.

"They were thieves and assassins; they are dead now," muttered Max Fortin.

"Respect the dead," repeated the Mayor of St. Gildas, looking after the Bannalec men.

"It was written in that scroll that Marie Trevec, of Groix Island, was cursed by the priest—she and her descendants," I said, touching Le Bihan on the arm. "There was a Marie Trevec who married an Yves Trevec of St. Gildas——"

"It is the same," said Le Bihan, looking at me obliquely.

"Oh!" said I; "then they were ancestors of my wife."

"Do you fear the curse?" asked Le Bihan.

"What?" I laughed.

"There was the case of the Purple Emperor," said Max Fortin timidly.

Startled for a moment, I faced him. then shrugged my shoulders and kicked at a smooth bit of rock which lay near the edge of the pit, almost embedded in gravel.

"Do you suppose the Purple Emperor drank himself crazy because he was descended from Marie Trevec?" I asked contemptuously.

"Of course not," said Max Fortin hastily.

"Of course not," piped the mayor. "I only—— Hello! what's that you're kicking?"

"What?" said I, glancing down, at the same time involuntarily giving another kick. The smooth bit of rock dislodged itself and rolled out of the loosened gravel at my feet.

"The thirty-ninth skull!" I exclaimed. "By jingo, it's the noddle of the Black Priest! See! there is the arrowhead branded on the front!"

The mayor stepped back. Max Fortin also retreated. There was a pause, during which I looked at them, and they looked anywhere but at me.

"I don't like it," said the mayor at last, in a husky, high voice. "I don't like it! The scroll says he will come back to St. Gildas when his remains are disturbed. I—I don't like it, Monsieur Darrel——"

"Bosh!" said I; "the poor wicked devil is where he can't get out. For Heaven's sake, Le Bihan, what is this stuff you are talking in the year of grace 1896?"

The mayor gave me a look.

"And he says 'Englishman.' You are an Englishman, Monsieur Darrel," he announced.

"You know better. You know I'm an American."

"It's all the same," said the Mayor of St. Gildas, obstinately.

"No, it isn't!" I answered, much exasperated, and deliberately pushed the skull till it rolled into the bottom of the gravel pit below.

"Cover it up," said I; "bury the scroll with it too, if you insist, but I think you ought to send it to Paris. Don't look so gloomy, Fortin, unless you believe in were-wolves and ghosts. Hey, what the—what the devil's the matter with you, anyway? What are you staring at, Le Bihan?"

"Come, come," muttered the mayor in a low, tremulous voice, "it's time we got out of this. Did you see? Did you see, Fortin?"

"I saw," whispered Max Fortin, pallid with fright.

The two men were almost running across the sunny pasture now, and I hastened after them, demanding to know what was the matter.

"Matter!" chattered the mayor, gasping with exasperation and terror. "The skull is rolling uphill again!" and he burst into a terrified gallop. Max Fortin followed close behind.

I watched them stampeding across the pasture, then turned toward the gravel pit, mystified, incredulous. The skull was lying on the edge of the pit, exactly where it had been before I pushed it over the edge. For a second I stared at it; a singular chilly feeling crept up my spinal column, and I turned and walked away, sweat starting from the root of every hair on my head. Before I had gone twenty paces the absurdity of the whole thing struck me. I halted, hot with shame and annoyance, and retraced my steps.

There lay the skull.

"I rolled a stone down instead of the skull," I muttered to myself. Then with the butt of my gun I pushed the skull over the

edge of the pit and watched it roll to the bottom; and as it struck the bottom of the pit, Mome, my dog, suddenly whipped his tail between his legs, whimpered, and made off across the moor.

"Mome!" I shouted, angry and astonished; but the dog only fled the faster, and I ceased calling from sheer surprise.

"What the mischief is the matter with that dog!" I thought. He had never before played me such a trick.

Mechanically I glanced into the pit, but I could not see the skull. I looked down. The skull lay at my feet again, touching them.

"Good heavens!" I stammered, and struck at it blindly with my gunstock. The ghastly thing flew into the air, whirling over and over, and rolled again down the sides of the pit to the bottom. Breathlessly I stared at it, then, confused and scarcely comprehending, I stepped back from the pit, still facing it, one, ten, twenty paces, my eyes almost starting from my head, as though I expected to see the thing roll up from the bottom of the pit under my very gaze. At last I turned my back to the pit and strode out across the gorse-covered moorland tward my home. As I reached the road that winds from St. Gildas to St. Julien I gave one hasty glance at the pit over my shoulder. The sun shone hot on the sod about the excavation. There was something white and bare and round on the turf at the edge of the pit. It might have been a stone; there were plenty of them lying about.

II

When I entered my garden I saw Mome sprawling on the stone doorstep. He eyed me sideways and flopped his tail.

"Are you not mortified, you idiot dog?" I said, looking about the upper windows for Lys.

Mome rolled over on his back and raised one deprecating forepaw, as though to ward off calamity.

"Don't act as though I was in the habit of beating you to death," I said, disgusted. I had never in my life raised whip to the brute. "But you are a fool dog," I continued. "No, you needn't come to be babied and wept over; Lys can do that, if she insists, but I am ashamed of you, and you can go to the devil."

Mome slunk off into the house, and I followed, mounting directly to my wife's boudoir. It was empty.

"Where has she gone?" I said, looking hard at Mome, who had followed me. "Oh! I see you don't know. Don't pretend you do. Come off that lounge! Do you think Lys wants tan-coloured hairs all over her lounge?"

I rang the bell for Catherine and 'Fine, but they didn't know where "Madame" had gone; so I went into my room, bathed, exchanged my somewhat grimy shooting clothes for a suit of warm, soft knickerbockers, and, after lingering some extra moments over my toilet—for I was particular, now that I had married Lys—I went down to the garden and took a chair out under the fig-trees.

"Where can she be?" I wondered. Mome came sneaking out to be comforted, and I forgave him for Lys's sake, whereupon he frisked.

"You bounding cur," said I, "now what on earth started you off across the moor? If you do it again I'll push you along with a charge of dust shot."

As yet I had scarcely dared think about the ghastly hallucination of which I had been a victim, but now I faced it squarely, flushing a little with mortification at the thought of my hasty retreat from the gravel pit.

"To think," I said aloud, "that those old woman's tales of Max Fortin and Le Bihan should have actually made me see what didn't exist at all! I lost my nerve like a schoolboy in a dark bedroom." For I knew now that I had mistaken a round stone for a skull each time, and had pushed a couple of big pebbles into the pit instead of the skull itself.

"By jingo!" said I, "I'm nervous; my liver must be in a devil of a condition if I see such things when I'm awake! Lys will know what to give me."

I felt mortified and irritated and sulky, and thought disgustedly of Le Bihan and Max Fortin.

But after a while I ceased speculating, dismissed the mayor, the chemist, and the skull from my mind, and smoked pensively, watch-

ing the sun low dipping in the western ocean. As the twilight fell for a moment over ocean and moorland, a wistful, restless happiness filled my heart, the happiness that all men know—all men who have loved.

Slowly the purple mist crept out over the sea; the cliffs darkened; the forest was shrouded.

Suddenly the sky above burned with the afterglow, and the world was alight again.

Cloud after cloud caught the rose dye; the cliffs were tinted with it; moor and pasture, heather and forest burned and pulsated with the gentle flush. I saw the gulls turning and tossing above the sand bar, their snowy wings tipped with pink; I saw the sea swallows sheering the surface of the still river, stained to its placid depths with warm reflections of the clouds. The twitter of drowsy hedge birds broke out in the stillness, a salmon rolled its shining side above tide-water.

The interminable monotone of the ocean intensified the silence. I sat motionless, holding my breath as one who listens to the first low rumour of an organ. All at once the pure whistle of a nightingale cut the silence, and the first moonbeam silvered the wastes of mist-hung waters.

I raised my head.

Lys stood before me in the garden.

When we had kissed each other, we linked arms and moved up and down the gravel walks, watching the moonbeams sparkle on the sand bar as the tide ebbed and ebbed. The broad beds of white pinks about us were atremble with hovering white moths; the October roses hung all abloom, perfuming the salt wind.

"Sweetheart," I said, "where is Yvonne? Has she promised to spend Christmas with us?"

"Yes, Dick; she drove me down from Plougat this afternoon. She sent her love to you. I am not jealous. What did you shoot?"

"A hare and four partridges. They are in the gun room. I told Catherine not to touch them until you had seen them."

Now I suppose I knew that Lys could not be particularly enthusiastic over game or guns; but she pretended she was, and always scornfully denied that it was for my sake and not for the pure love of sport. So she dragged me off to inspect the rather meagre game bag, and she paid me pretty compliments and gave a little cry of delight and pity as I lifted the enormous hare out of the sack by his ears.

"He'll eat no more of our lettuce," I said, attempting to justify the assassination.

"Unhappy little bunny—and what a beauty! O Dick, you are a splendid shot, are you not?"

I evaded the question and hauled out a partridge.

"Poor little dead things!" said Lys in a whisper; "it seems a pity—doesn't it, Dick? But then you are so clever——"

"We'll have them broiled," I said guardedly; "tell Catherine."

Catherine came in to take away the game, and presently 'Fine Lelocard, Lys's maid, announced dinner, and Lys tripped away to her boudoir.

I stood an instant contemplating her blissfully, thinking, "My boy, you're the happiest fellow in the world—you're in love with your wife!"

I walked into the dining room, beamed at the plates, walked out again; met Tregunc in the hallway, beamed on him; glanced into the kitchen, beamed at Catherine, and went up stairs, still beaming.

Before I could knock at Lys's door it opened, and Lys came hastily out. When she saw me she gave a little cry of relief, and nestled close to my breast.

"There is something peering in at my window," she said.

"What!" I cried angrily.

"A man, I think, disguised as a priest, and he has a mask on. He must have climbed up by the bay tree."

I was down the stairs and out of doors in no time. The moonlit garden was absolutely deserted. Tregunc came up, and together we searched the hedge and shrubbery around the house and out to the road.

"Jean Marie," said I at length, "loose my bulldog—he knows you—and take your supper on the porch where you can watch. My wife says the fellow is disguised as a priest, and wears a mask."

Tregunc showed his white teeth in a smile. "He will not care to venture in here again, I think, Monsieur Darrel."

I went back and found Lys seated quietly at the table.

"The soup is ready, dear," she said. "Don't worry; it was only some foolish lout from Bannalec. No one in St. Gildas or St. Julien would do such a thing."

I was too much exasperated to reply at first, but Lys treated it as a stupid joke, and after a while I began to look at it in that light.

Lys told me about Yvonne, and reminded me of my promise to have Herbert Stuart down to meet her.

"You wicked diplomat!" I protested. "Herbert is in Paris, and hard at work for the Salon."

"Don't you think he might spare a week to flirt with the prettiest girl in Finistere?" inquired Lys innocently.

"Prettiest girl! Not much!" I said.

"Who is, then?" urged Lys.

I laughed a trifle sheepishly.

"I suppose you mean me, Dick," said Lys, colouring up.

"Now I bore you, don't I?"

"Bore me? Ah, no, Dick."

After coffee and cigarettes were served I spoke about Tregunc, and Lys approved.

"Poor Jean! he will be glad, won't he? What a dear fellow you are!"

"Nonsense," said I: "we need a gardener; you said so yourself, Lys."

But Lys leaned over and kissed me, and then bent down and hugged Mome, who whistled through his nose in sentimental appreciation.

"I am a very happy woman," said Lys.

"Mome was a very bad dog today," I observed.

"Poor Mome!" said Lys, smiling.

When dinner was over and Mome lay snoring before the blaze—for the October nights are often chilly in Finistere—Lys curled up in the chimney corner with her embroidery, and gave me a swift glance from under her drooping lashes.

"You look like a schoolgirl, Lys," I said teasingly. "I don't believe you are sixteen yet."

She pushed back her heavy burnished hair thoughtfully. Her wrist was as white as surf foam.

"Have we been married four years? I don't believe it," I said.

She gave me another swift glance and touched the embroidery on her knee, smiling faintly.

"I see," said I, also smiling at the embroidered garment. "Do you think it will fit?"

"Fit?" repeated Lys. Then she laughed.

"And," I persisted, "are you perfectly sure that you—er—we shall need it?"

"Perfectly," said Lys. A delicate colour touched her cheeks and neck. She held up the little garment, all fluffy with misty lace and wrought with quaint embroidery.

"It is very gorgeous," said I; "don't use your eyes too much, dearest. May I smoke a pipe?"

"Of course," she said, selecting a skein of pale blue silk.

For a while I sat and smoked in silence, watching her slender fingers among the tinted silks and thread of gold.

Presently she spoke: "What did you say your crest is, Dick?"

"My crest? Oh, something or other rampant on a something or other——"

"Dick!"

"Dearest?"

"Don't be flippant."

"But I really forget. It's an ordinary crest; everybody in New York has them. No family should be without 'em."

"You are disagreeable, Dick. Send Josephine upstairs for my album."

"Are you going to put that crest on the—the—whatever it is?"

"I am; and my own crest, too."

I thought of the Purple Emperor and wondered a little.

"You didn't know I had one, did you?" she smiled.

"What is it?" I replied evasively.

"You shall see. Ring for Josephine."

I rang, and, when 'Fine appeared, Lys gave her some orders in a low voice, and Josephine trotted away, bobbing her white-coiffed head with a "Bien, madame!"

After a few minutes she returned, bearing a tattered, musty volume, from which the gold and blue had mostly disappeared.

I took the book in my hands and examined the ancient emblazoned covers.

"Lilies!" I exclaimed.

"Fleur-de-lis," said my wife demurely.

"Oh!" said I, astonished, and opened the book.

"You have never before seen this book?" asked Lys, with a touch of malice in her eyes.

"You know I haven't. Hello! what's this? Oho! So there should be a de before Trevec? Lys de Trevec? Then why in the world did the Purple Emperor——"

"Dick!" cried Lys.

"All right," said I. "Shall I read about the Sieur de Trevec who rode to Saladin's tent alone to seek for medicine for St. Louis? or shall I read about—what is it? Oh, here it is, all down in black

and white—about the Marquis de Trevec who drowned himself before Alva's eyes rather than surrender the banner of the fleur-de-lis to Spain? It's all written here. But, dear, how about that soldier named Trevec who was killed in the old fort on the cliff yonder?"

"He dropped the de, and the Trevecs since then have been Republicans," said Lys—"all except me."

"That's quite right," said I; "it is time that we Republicans should agree upon some feudal system. My dear, I drink to the king!" and I raised my wine-glass and looked at Lys.

"To the king," said Lys, flushing. She smoothed out the tiny garment on her knees; she touched the glass with her lips; her eyes were very sweet. I drained the glass to the king.

After a silence I said: "I will tell the king stories. His Majesty shall be amused."

"His Majesty," repeated Lys softly.

"Or hers," I laughed. "Who knows?"

"Who knows?" murmured Lys, with a gentle sigh.

"I know some stories about Jack the Giant-Killer," I announced. "Do you, Lys?"

"I? No, not about a giant-killer, but I know all about the werewolf, and Jeanne-la-Flamme, and the Man in Purple Tatters, and—O dear me! I know lots more."

"You are very wise," said I. "I shall teach his Majesty English."

"And I Breton," cried Lys jealously.

"I shall bring playthings to the king," said I—"big green lizards from the gorse, little gray mullets to swim in glass globes, baby rabbits from the forest of Kerselec——"

"And I," said Lys, "will bring the first primrose, the first branch of aubepine, the first jonquil, to the king—my king."

"Our king," said I; and there was peace in Finistere.

I lay back, idly turning the leaves of the curious old volume.

"I am looking," said I, "for the crest."

"The crest, dear? It is a priest's head with an arrow-shaped mark on the forehead, on a field——"

I sat up and stared at my wife.

"Dick, whatever is the matter?" she smiled. "The story is there in that book. Do you care to read it? No? Shall I tell it to you? Well, then: It happened in the third crusade. There was a monk whom men called the Black Priest. He turned apostate, and sold himself to the enemies of Christ. A Sieur de Trevec burst into the Saracen camp, at the head of only one hundred lances, and carried the Black Priest away out of the very midst of their army."

"So that is how you come by the crest," I said quietly; but I thought of the branded skull in the gravel pit, and wondered.

"Yes," said Lys. "The Sieur de Trevec cut the Black Priest's head off, but first he branded him with an arrow mark on the forehead. The book says it was a pious action, and the Sieur de Trevec got great merit by it. But I think it was cruel, the branding," she sighed

"Did you ever hear of any other Black Priest?"

"Yes. There was one in the last century, here in St. Gildas. He cast a white shadow in the sun. He wrote in the Breton language. Chronicles, too, I believe. I never saw them. His name was the same as that of the old chronicler, and of the other priest, Jacques Sorgue. Some said he was a lineal descendant of the traitor. Of

course the first Black Priest was bad enough for anything. But if he did have a child, it need not have been the ancestor of the last Jacques Sorgue. They say this one was a holy man. They say he was so good he was not allowed to die, but was caught up to heaven one day," added Lys, with believing eyes.

I smiled.

"But he disappeared," persisted Lys.

"I'm afraid his journey was in another direction," I said jestingly, and thoughtlessly told her the story of the morning. I had utterly forgotten the masked man at her window, but before I finished I remembered him fast enough, and realized what I had done as I saw her face whiten.

"Lys," I urged tenderly, "that was only some clumsy clown's trick. You said so yourself. You are not superstitious, my dear?"

Her eyes were on mine. She slowly drew the little gold cross from her bosom and kissed it. But her lips trembled as they pressed the symbol of faith.

III

About nine o'clock the next morning I walked into the Groix Inn and sat down at the long discoloured oaken table, nodding goodday to Marianne Bruyere, who in turn bobbed her white coiffe at me.

"My clever Bannalec maid," said I, "what is good for a stirrup-cup at the Groix Inn?"

"Schist?" she inquired in Breton.

"With a dash of red wine, then," I replied.

She brought the delicious Quimperle cider, and I poured a little Bordeaux into it. Marianne watched me with laughing black eyes.

"What makes your cheeks so red, Marianne?" I asked. "Has Jean Marie been here?"

"We are to be married, Monsieur Darrel," she laughed.

"Ah! Since when has Jean Marie Tregunc lost his head?"

"His head? Oh, Monsieur Darrel—his heart, you mean!"

"So I do," said I. "Jean Marie is a practical fellow."

"It is all due to your kindness——" began the girl, but I raised my hand and held up the glass.

"It's due to himself. To your happiness, Marianne;" and I took a hearty draught of the schist. "Now," said I, "tell me where I can find Le Bihan and Max Fortin."

"Monsieur Le Bihan and Monsieur Fortin are above in the broad room. I believe they are examining the Red Admiral's effects."

"To send them to Paris? Oh, I know. May I go up, Marianne?"

"And God go with you," smiled the girl.

When I knocked at the door of the broad room above little Max Fortin opened it. Dust covered his spectacles and nose; his hat, with the tiny velvet ribbons fluttering, was all awry.

"Come in, Monsieur Darrel," he said; "the mayor and I are packing up the effects of the Purple Emperor and of the poor Red Admiral."

"The collections?" I asked, entering the room. "You must be very careful in packing those butterfly cases; the slightest jar might break wings and antennae, you know."

Le Bihan shook hands with me and pointed to the great pile of boxes.

"They're all cork lined," he said, "but Fortin and I are putting felt around each box. The Entomological Society of Paris pays the freight."

The combined collections of the Red Admiral and the Purple Emperor made a magnificent display.

I lifted and inspected case after case set with gorgeous butterflies and moths, each specimen carefully labelled with the name in Latin. There were cases filled with crimson tiger moths all aflame with colour; cases devoted to the common yellow butterflies; symphonies in orange and pale yellow; cases of soft gray and dun-

coloured sphinx moths; and cases of garish nettle-bred butterflies of the numerous family of **Vanessa.**

All alone in a great case by itself was pinned the purple emperor, the Apatura Iris, that fatal specimen that had given the Purple Emperor his name and quietus.

I remembered the butterfly, and stood looking at it with bent eyebrows.

Le Bihan glanced up from the floor where he was nailing down the lid of a box full of cases.

"It is settled, then," said he, "that madame, your wife, gives the Purple Emperor's entire collection to the city of Paris?"

I nodded.

"Without accepting anything for it?"

"It is a gift," I said.

"Including the purple emperor there in the case? That butterfly is worth a great deal of money," persisted Le Bihan.

"You don't suppose that we would wish to sell that specimen, do you?" I answered a trifle sharply.

"If I were you I should destroy it," said the mayor in his high-pitched voice.

"That would be nonsense," said I—"like your burying the brass cylinder and scroll yesterday."

"It was not nonsense," said Le Bihan doggedly, "and I should prefer not to discuss the subject of the scroll."

I looked at Max Fortin, who immediately avoided my eyes.

"You are a pair of superstitious old women," said I, digging my hands into my pockets; "you swallow every nursery tale that is invented."

"What of it?" said Le Bihan sulkily; "there's more truth than lies in most of 'em."

"Oh!" I sneered, "does the Mayor of St. Gildas and St. Julien believe in the Loup-garou?"

"No, not in the Loup-garou."

"In what, then—Jeanne-la-Flamme?"

"That," said Le Bihan with conviction, "is history."

"The devil it is!" said I; "and perhaps, monsieur the mayor, your faith in giants is unimpaired?"

"There were giants—everybody knows it," growled Max Fortin.

"And you a chemist!" I observed scornfully.

"Listen, Monsieur Darrel," squeaked Le Bihan; "you know yourself that the Purple Emperor was a scientific man. Now suppose I should tell you that he always refused to include in his collection a Death's Messenger?"

"A what?" I exclaimed.

"You know what I mean—that moth that flies by night; some call it the Death's Head, but in St. Gildas we call it 'Death's Messenger.'"

"Oh!" said I, "you mean that big sphinx moth that is commonly known as the 'death's-head moth.' Why the mischief should the people here call it death's messenger?"

"For hundreds of years it has been known as death's messenger in St. Gildas," said Max Fortin. "Even Froissart speaks of it in his commentaries on Jacques Sorgue's Chronicles. The book is in your library."

"Sorgue? And who was Jacques Sorgue? I never read his book."

"Jacques Sorgue was the son of some unfrocked priest—I forget. It was during the crusades."

"Good Heavens!" I burst out, "I've been hearing of nothing but crusades and priests and death and sorcery ever since I kicked that skull into the gravel pit, and I am tired of it, I tell you frankly. One would think we lived in the dark ages. Do you know what year of our Lord it is, Le Bihan?"

"Eighteen hundred and ninety-six," replied the mayor.

"And yet you two hulking men are afraid of a death's-head moth."

"I don't care to have one fly into the window," said Max Fortin; "it means evil to the house and the people in it."

"God alone knows why he marked one of his creatures with a yellow death's head on the back," observed Le Bihan piously, "but I take it that he meant it as a warning; and I propose to profit by it," he added triumphantly.

"See here, Le Bihan," I said; "by a stretch of imagination one can make out a skull on the thorax of a certain big sphinx moth. What of it?"

"It is a bad thing to touch," said the mayor, wagging his head.

"It squeaks when handled," added Max Fortin.

"Some creatures squeak all the time," I observed, looking hard at Le Bihan.

"Pigs," added the mayor.

"Yes, and asses," I replied. "Listen, Le Bihan: do you mean to tell me that you saw that skull roll uphill yesterday?"

The mayor shut his mouth tightly and picked up his hammer.

"Don't be obsinate," I said; "I asked you a question."

"And I refuse to answer," snapped Le Bihan. "Fortin saw what I saw; let him talk about it."

"I don't say that I saw it actually roll up out of the pit, all by itself," said Fortin with a shiver, "but—but then, how did it come up out of the pit, if it didn't roll up all by itself?"

"It didn't come up at all; that was a yellow cobblestone that you mistook for the skull again," I replied. "You were nervous, Max."

"A—a very curious cobblestone, Monsieur Darrel," said Fortin.

"I also was a victim to the same hallucination," I continued, "and I regret to say that I took the trouble to roll two innocent cobblestones into the gravel pit, imagining each time that it was the skull I was rolling."

"It was," observed Le Bihan with a morose shrug.

"It just shows," said I, ignoring the mayor's remark, "how easy it is to fix up a train of coincidences so that the result seems to savour of the supernatural. Now, last night my wife imagined that she saw a priest in a mask peer in at her window——"

Fortin and Le Bihan scrambled hastily from their knees, dropping hammer and nails.

"W-h-a-t—what's that?" demanded the mayor.

I repeated what I had said. Max Fortin turned livid.

"My God!" muttered Le Bihan, "the Black Priest is in St. Gildas!"

"D-don't you—you know the old prophecy?" stammered Fortin; "Froissart quotes it from Jacques Sorgue:

> 'When the Black Priest rises from the dead,
> St. Gildas folk shall shriek in bed;
> When the Black Priest rises from his grave,
> May the good God St. Gildas save!'"

"Aristide Le Bihan," I said angrily, "and you, Max Fortin, I've got enough of this nonsense! Some foolish lout from Bannalec has been in St. Gildas playing tricks to frighten old fools like you. If you have nothing better to talk about than nursery legends I'll wait until you come to your senses. Good-morning." And I walked out, more disturbed than I cared to acknowledge to myself.

The day had become misty and overcast. Heavy, wet clouds hung in the east. I heard the surf thundering against the cliffs, and the gray gulls squealed as they tossed and turned high in the sky. The tide was creeping across the river sands, higher, higher, and I saw the seaweed floating on the beach, and the **lancons** springing from the foam, silvery thread-like flashes in the gloom. Curlew were flying up the river in twos and threes; the timid sea swallows skimmed across the moors toward some quiet, lonely pool, safe from the coming tempest. In every hedge field birds were gathering, huddling together, twittering restlessly.

When I reached the cliffs I sat down, resting my chin on my clenched hands. Already a vast curtain of rain, sweeping across the ocean miles away, hid the island of Groix. To the east, behind the white semaphore on the hills, black clouds crowded up over the horizon. After a little the thunder boomed, dull, distant, and slender skeins of lightning unravelled across the crest of the coming storm. Under the cliff at my feet the surf rushed foaming over the shore, and the **lancons** jumped and skipped and quivered until they seemed to be but the reflections of the meshed lightning.

I turned to the east. It was raining over Groix, it was raining at Sainte Barbe, it was raining now at the semaphore. High in the storm whirl a few gulls pitched; a nearer cloud trailed veils of rain in its wake; the sky was spattered with lightning; the thunder boomed.

As I rose to go, a cold raindrop fell upon the back of my hand, and another, and yet another on my face. I gave a last glance at the sea, where the waves were bursting into strange white shapes that seemed to fling out menacing arms toward me. Then something moved on the cliff, something black as the black rock it clutched—a filthy cormorant, craning its hideous head at the sky.

Slowly I plodded homeward across the sombre moorland, where the gorse stems glimmered with a dull metallic green, and the heather, no longer violet and purple, hung drenched and dun-coloured among the dreary rocks. The wet turf creaked under my heavy boots, the black-thorn scraped and grated against knee and elbow. Over all lay a strange light, pallid, ghastly, where the sea spray whirled across the landscape and drove into my face until it grew

numb with the cold. In broad bands, rank after rank, billow on billow, the rain burst out across the endless moors, and yet there was no wind to drive it at such a pace.

Lys stood at the door as I turned into the garden, motioning me to hasten; and then for the first time I became conscious that I was soaked to the skin.

"How ever in the world did you come to stay out when such a storm threatened?" she said. "Oh, you are dripping! Go quickly and change; I have laid your warm underwear on the bed, Dick."

I kissed my wife, and went upstairs to change my dripping clothes for something more comfortable.

When I returned to the morning room there was a driftwood fire on the hearth, and Lys sat in the chimney corner embroidering.

"Catherine tells me that the fishing fleet from Lorient is out. Do you think they are in danger, dear?" asked Lys, raising her blue eyes to mine as I entered.

"There is no wind, and there will be no sea," said I, looking out of the window. Far across the moor I could see the black cliffs looming in the mist.

"How it rains!" murmered Lys; "come to the fire, Dick."

I threw myself on the fur rug, my hands in my pockets, my head on Lys's knees.

"Tell me a story," I said. "I feel like a boy of ten."

Lys raised a finger to her scarlet lips. I always waited for her to do that.

"Will you be very still, then?" she said.

"Still as death."

"Death," echoed a voice, very softly.

"Did you speak, Lys?" I asked, turning so that I could see her face.

"No; did you, Dick?"

"Who said 'death'?" I asked, startled.

"Death," echoed a voice, softly.

I sprang up and looked about. Lys rose too, her needles and embroidery falling to the floor. She seemed about to faint, leaning heavily on me, and I led her to the window and opened it a little way to give her air. As I did so the chain lightning split the zenith, the thunder crashed, and a sheet of rain swept into the room, driving with it something that fluttered—something that flapped, and squeaked, and beat upon the rug with soft, moist wings.

We bent over it together, Lys clinging to me, and we saw that it was a death's-head moth drenched with rain.

The dark day passed slowly as we sat beside the fire, hand in hand, her head against my breast, speaking of sorrow and mystery and death. For Lys believed that there were things on earth that none might understand, things that must be nameless forever and ever, until God rolls up the scroll of life and all is ended. We spoke of hope and fear and faith, and the mystery of the saints; we spoke of the beginning and the end, of the shadow of sin, of omens, and of love. The moth still lay on the floor, quivering its sombre wings in the warmth of the fire, the skull and ribs clearly etched upon its neck and body.

"If it is a messenger of death to this house," I said, "why should we fear, Lys?"

"Death should be welcome to those who love God," murmured

Lys, and she drew the cross from her breast and kissed it.

"The moth might die if I threw it out into the storm," I said after a silence.

"Let it remain," sighed Lys.

Late that night my wife lay sleeping, and I sat beside her bed and read in the Chronicle of Jacques Sorgue. I shaded the candle, but Lys grew restless, and finally I took the book down into the morning room, where the ashes of the fire rustled and whitened on the hearth.

The death's-head moth lay on the rug before the fire where I had left it. At first I thought it was dead, but, when I looked closer I saw a lambent fire in its amber eyes. The straight white shadow it cast across the floor wavered as the candle flickered.

The pages of the Chronicle of Jacques Sorgue were damp and sticky; the illuminated gold and blue initials left flakes of azure and gilt where my hand brushed them.

"It is not paper at all; it is thin parchment," I said to myself; and I held the discoloured pages close to the candle flame and read, translating laboriously:

"I, Jacques Sorgue, saw all these things. And I saw the Black Mass celebrated in the chapel of St. Gildas-on-the-Cliff. And it was said by the Abbe Sorgue, my kinsman: for which deadly sin the apostate priest was seized by the most noble Marquis of Plougastel and by him condemned to be burned with hot irons, until his seared soul quit its body and fly to its master the devil. But when the Black Priest lay in the crypt of Plougastel, his master Satan came at night and set him free, and carried him across land and sea to Mahmoud, which is Soldan or Saladin. And I, Jacques Sorgue, travelling afterward by sea, beheld with my own eyes my kinsman, the Black Priest of St. Gildas, borne along in the air upon a vast black wing, which was the wing of his master Satan. And this was seen also by two men of the crew."

I turned the page. The wings of the moth on the floor began to quiver. I read on and on, my eyes blurring under the shifting candle flame. I read of battles and of saints, and I learned how the great Soldan made his pact with Satan, and then I came to the Sieur de Trevec, and read how he seized the Black Priest in the midst of Saladin's tents and carried him away and cut off his head, first branding him on the forehead. "And before he suffered," said the Chronicle, "he cursed the Sieur de Trevec and his descendants, and he said he would surely return to St. Gildas. 'For the violence you do to me, I will do violence to you. For the evil I suffer at your hands, I will work evil on you and your descendants. Woe to your children, Sieur de Trevec!'" There was a whirr, a beating of strong wings, and my candle flashed up as in a sudden breeze. A humming filled the room; the great moth darted hither and thither, beating, buzzing, on ceiling and wall. I flung down my book and stepped forward. Now it lay fluttering upon the window sill, and for a moment I had it under my hand, but the thing squeaked and I shrank back. Then suddenly it darted across the candle flame; the light flared and went out, and at the same moment a shadow moved in the darkness outside. I raised my eyes to the window. A masked face was peering in at me.

Quick as thought I whipped out my revolver and fired every cartridge, but the face advanced beyond the window, the glass

melting away before it like mist, and through the smoke of my revolver I saw something creep swiftly into the room. Then I tried to cry out, but the thing was at my throat, and I fell backward among the ashes of the hearth.

. . . . . .

When my eyes unclosed I was lying on the hearth, my head among the cold ashes. Slowly I got on my knees, rose painfully, and groped my way to a chair. On the floor lay my revolver, shining in the pale light of early morning. My mind clearing by degrees, I looked, shuddering, at the window. The glass was unbroken. I stooped stiffly, picked up my revolver and opened the cylinder. Every cartridge had been fired. Mechanically I closed the cylinder and placed the revolver in my pocket. The book, the Chronicles of Jacques Sorgue, lay on the table beside me, and as I started to close it I glanced at the page. It was all splashed with rain, and the lettering had run, so that the page was merely a confused blur of gold and red and black. As I stumbled toward the door I cast a fearful glance over my shoulder. The death's-head moth crawled shivering on the rug.

IV

The sun was about three hours high. I must have slept, for I was aroused by the sudden gallop of horses under our window. People were shouting and calling in the road. I sprang up and opened the sash. Le Bihan was there, an image of helplessness, and Max Fortin stood beside him, polishing his glasses. Some gendarmes had just arrived from Quimperle, and I could hear them around the corner of the house, stamping, and rattling their sabres and carbines, as they led their horses into my stable.

Lys sat up, murmuring half-sleepy, half-anxious questions.

"I don't know," I answered. "I am going out to see what it means."

"It is like the day they came to arrest you," Lys said, giving me a troubled look. But I kissed her, and laughed at her until she smiled too. Then I flung on coat and cap and hurried down the stairs.

The first person I saw standing in the road was the Brigadier Durand.

"Hello!" said I, "have you come to arrest me again? What the devil is all this fuss about anyway?"

"We were telegraphed for an hour ago," said Durand briskly, "and for a sufficient reason, I think. Look there, Monsieur Darrel!"

He pointed to the ground almost under my feet.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "where did that puddle of blood come from?"

"That's what I want to know, Monsieur Darrel. Max Fortin found it at daybreak. See, it's splashed all over the grass, too. A trail of it leads into your garden, across the flower beds to your very window, the one that opens from the morning room. There is another trail leading from this spot across the road to the cliffs, then to the gravel pit, and thence across the moor to the forest of Kerselec. We are going to mount in a minute and search the bosquets. Will you join us? Bon Dieu! but the fellow bled like an ox. Max Fortin says it's human blood, or I should not have believed it."

The little chemist of Quimperle came up at that moment, rubbing his glasses with a coloured handkerchief.

"Yes, it is human blood," he said, "but one thing puzzles me: the corpuscles are yellow. I never saw any human blood before with yellow corpuscles. But your English Doctor Thompson asserts that he has——"

"Well, its human blood, anyway—isn't it?" insisted Durand, impatiently.

"Ye-es," admitted Max Fortin.

"Then it's my business to trail it," said the big gendarme, and he called his men and gave the order to mount.

"Did you hear anything last night?" asked Durand of me.

"I heard the rain. I wonder the rain did not wash away these traces."

"They must have come after the rain ceased. See this thick splash, how it lies over and weighs down the west grass blades. Pah!"

It was a heavy, evil-looking clot, and I stepped back from it, my throat closing in disgust.

"My theory," said the brigadier, "is this: Some of those Biribi fishermen, probably the Icelanders, got an extra glass of cognac into their hides and quarrelled on the road. Some of them were slashed, and staggered to your house. But there is only one trail, and yet—and yet, how could all that blood come from only one person? Well, the wounded man, let us say, staggered first to your house and then back here, and he wandered off, drunk and dying, God knows where. That's my theory."

"A very good one," said I calmly. "And you are going to trail him?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"At once. Will you come?"

"Not now. I'll gallop over by-and-bye. You are going to the edge of the Kerselec forest?"

"Yes; you will hear us calling. Are you coming, Max Fortin? And you, Le Bihan? Good; take the dog-cart."

The big gendarme tramped around the corner to the stable and presently returned mounted on a strong gray horse; his sabre shone on his saddle; his pale yellow and white facings were spotless. The little crowd of white-coiffed women with their children fell back, as Durand touched spurs and clattered away followed by his two troopers. Soon after Le Bihan and Max Fortin also departed in the mayor's dingy dog-cart.

"Are you coming?" piped Le Bihan shrilly.

"In a quarter of an hour," I replied, and went back to the house.

When I opened the door of the morning room the death's-head moth was beating its strong wings against the window. For a second I hesitated, then walked over and opened the sash. The creature fluttered out, whirred over the flower beds a moment, then darted across the moorland toward the sea. I called the servants together and questioned them. Josephine, Catherine, Jean Marie Tregunc, not one of them had heard the slightest disturbance during the night. Then I told Jean Marie to saddle my horse, and while I was speaking Lys came down.

"Dearest," I began, going to her.

"You must tell me everything you know, Dick," she interrupted, looking me earnestly in the face.

"But there is nothing to tell—only a drunken brawl, and some one wounded."

"And you are going to ride—where, Dick?"

"Well, over to the edge of Kerselec forest. Durand and the mayor, and Max Fortin, have gone on, following a—a trail."

"What trail?"

"Some blood."

"Where did they find it?"

"Out in the road there." Lys crossed herself.

"Does it come near our house?"

"Yes."

"How near?"

"It comes up to the morning-room window," said I, giving in.

Her hand on my arm grew heavy. "I dreamed last night——"

"So did I——" but I thought of the empty cartridges in my revolver, and stopped.

"I dreamed that you were in great danger, and I could not move hand or foot to save you; but you had your revolver, and I called out to you to fire——"

"I did fire!" I cried excitedly.

"You—you fired?"

I took her in my arms. "My darling," I said, "something strange has happened—something that I can not understand as yet. But, of course, there is an explanation. Last night I thought I fired at the Black Priest."

"Ah!" gasped Lys.

"Is that what you dreamed?"

"Yes, yes, that was it! I begged you to fire——"

"And I did."

Her heart was beating against my breast. I held her close in silence.

"Dick," she said at length, "perhaps you killed the—the thing."

"If it was human I did not miss," I answered grimly. "And it was human," I went on, pulling myself together, ashamed of having so nearly gone to pieces. "Of course it was human! The whole affair is plain enough. Not a drunken brawl, as Durand thinks; it was a drunken lout's practical joke, for which he has suffered. I suppose I must have filled him pretty full of bullets, and he has crawled away to die in Kerselec forest. It's a terrible affair; I'm sorry I fired so hastily; but that idiot Le Bihan and Max Fortin have been working on my nerves till I am as hysterical as a schoolgirl," I ended angrily.

"You fired—but the window glass was not shattered," said Lys in a low voice.

"Well, the window was open, then. And as for the—the rest—I've got nervous indigestion, and a doctor will settle the Black Priest for me, Lys."

I glanced out of the window at Tregunc waiting with my horse at the gate.

"Dearest, I think I had better go to join Durand and the others."

"I will go too."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, Dick."

"Don't Lys."

"I shall suffer every moment you are away."

"The ride is too fatiguing, and we can't tell what unpleasant sight you may come upon. Lys, you don't really think there is anything supernatural in this affair?"

"Dick," she answered gently, "I am a Bretonne." With both arms around my neck, my wife said, "Death is the gift of God. I

do not fear it when we are together. But alone—oh, my husband, I should fear a God who could take you away from me!"

We kissed each other soberly, simply, like two children. Then Lys hurried away to change her gown, and I paced up and down the garden waiting for her.

She came, drawing on her slender gauntlets. I swung her into the saddle, gave a hasty order to Jean Marie, and mounted.

Now, to quail under thoughts of terror on a morning like this, with Lys in the saddle beside me, no matter what had happened or might happen, was impossible. Moreover, Mome came sneaking after us. I asked Tregunc to catch him, for I was afraid he might be brained by our horses' hoofs if he followed, but the wily puppy dodged and bolted after Lys, who was trotting along the high-road. "Never mind," I thought; "if he's hit he'll live, for he has no brains to lose."

Lys was waiting for me in the road beside the Shrine of Our Lady of St. Gildas when I joined her. She crossed herself, I doffed my cap, then we shook out our bridles and galloped toward the forest of Kerselec.

We said very little as we rode. I always loved to watch Lys in the saddle. Her exquisite figure and lovely face were the incarnation of youth and grace; her curling hair glistened like threaded gold.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the spoiled puppy Mome come bounding cheerfully alongside, oblivious of our horses' heels. Our road swung close to the cliffs. A filthy cormorant rose from the black rocks and flapped heavily across our path. Lys' horse reared, but she pulled him down, and pointed at the bird with her riding crop.

"I see," said I; "it seems to be going our way. Curious to see a cormorant in a forest, isn't it?"

"It is a bad sign," said Lys. "You know the Morbihan proverb: 'When the cormorant turns from the sea, Death laughs in the forest, and wise woodsmen build boats.'"

"I wish," said I sincerely, "that there were fewer proverbs in Brittany."

We were in sight of the forest now; across the gorse I could see the sparkle of gendarmes' trappings, and the glitter of Le Bihan's silver-buttoned jacket. The hedge was low and we took it without difficulty, and trotted across the moor to where Le Bihan and Durand stood gesticulating.

They bowed ceremoniously to Lys as we rode up.

"The trail is horrible—it is a river," said the mayor in his squeaky voice. "Monsieur Darrel, I think perhaps madame would scarcely care to come any nearer."

Lys drew bridle and looked at me.

"It is horrible!" said Durand, walking up beside me; "it looks as though a bleeding regiment had passed this way. The trail winds and winds about there in the thickets; we lose it at times, but we always find it again. I can't understand how one man—no, nor twenty—could bleed like that!"

A halloo, answered by another, sounded from the depths of the forest.

"It's my men; they are following the trail," muttered the brigadier. "God alone knows what is at the end!"

"Shall we gallop back, Lys?" I asked.

"No; let us ride along the western edge of the woods and dismount. The sun is so hot now, and I should like to rest for a moment," she said.

"The western forest is clear of anything disagreeable," said Durand.

"Very well," I answered; "call me, Le Bihan, if you find anything."

Lys wheeled her mare, and I followed across the springy heather, Mome trotting cheerfully in the rear.

We entered the sunny woods about a quarter of a kilometre from where we left Durand. I took Lys from her horse, flung both bridles over a limb, and, giving my wife my arm, aided her to a flat mossy rock which overhung a shallow brook gurgling among the beach trees. Lys sat down and drew off her gauntlets. Mome pushed his head into her lap, received an undeserved caress, and came doubtfully toward me. I was weak enough to condone his offence, but I made him lie down at my feet, greatly to his disgust.

I rested my head on Lys's knees, looking up at the sky through the crossed branches of the trees.

"I suppose I have killed him," I said. "It shocks me terribly, Lys."

"You could not have known, dear. He may have been a robber, and—if—not—— Did—have you ever fired your revolver since that day four years ago, when the Red Admiral's son tried to kill you? But I know you have not."

"No," said I, wondering. "It's a fact, I have not. Why?"

"And don't you remember that I asked you to let me load it for you the day when Yves went off, swearing to kill you and his father?"

"Yes, I do remember. Well?"

"Well, I—I took the cartridges first to St. Gildas chapel and dipped them in holy water. You must not laugh, Dick," said Lys gently, laying her cool hands on my lips.

"Laugh, my darling!"

Overhead the October sky was pale amethyst, and the sunlight burned like orange flame through the yellow leaves of beach and oak. Gnats and midges danced and wavered overhead; a spider dropped from a twig halfway to the ground and hung suspended on the end of his gossamer thread.

"Are you sleepy, dear?" asked Lys, bending over me.

"I am—a little; I scarcely slept two hours last night," I answered.

"You may sleep, if you wish," said Lys, and touched my eyes caressingly.

"Is my head heavy on your knees?"

"No, Dick."

I was already in a half doze; still I heard the brook babbling under the beeches and the humming of forest flies overhead. Presently even these were stilled.

The next thing I knew I was sitting bolt upright, my ears ringing with a scream, and I saw Lys beside me, covering her white face with both hands.

As I sprang to my feet she cried again and clung to my knees. I saw my dog rush growling into a thicket, then I heard him whimp-

er, and he came backing out, whining, ears flat, tail down. I stooped and disengaged Lys's hand.

"Don't go, Dick!" she cried. "Oh God, it's the Black Priest!"

In a moment I had leaped across the brook and pushed my way into the thicket. It was empty. I stared about me; I scanned every tree trunk, every bush. Suddenly I saw him. He was seated on a fallen log, his head resting in his hands, his rusty black robe gathered around him. For a moment my hair stirred under my cap; sweat started on forehead and cheek-bone; then I recovered my reason, and understood that the man was human and was probably wounded to death. Ay, to death; for there, at my feet, lay the wet trail of blood, over leaves and stones, down into the little hollow, across to the figure in black resting silently under the trees.

I saw that he could not escape even if he had the strength, for before him, almost at his very feet, lay a deep, shining swamp.

As I stepped forward my foot broke a twig. At the sound the figure started a little, then its head fell forward again. Its face was masked. Walking up to the man, I bade him tell where he was wounded. Durand and the others broke through the thicket at the same moment and hurried to my side.

"Who are you who hide a masked face in a priest's robe?" said the gendarme loudly.

There was no answer.

"See—see the stiff blood all over his robe!" muttered Le Bihan to Fortin.

"He will not speak," said I.

"He may be too badly wounded," whispered Le Bihan.

"I saw him raise his head," I said; "my wife saw him creep up here."

Durand stepped forward and touched the figure.

"Speak!" he said.

"Speak!" quavered Fortin.

Durand waited a moment, then with a sudden upward movement he stripped off the mask and threw back the man's head. We were looking into the eye sockets of a skull. Durand stood rigid; the skeleton burst out from its rotting robes and collapsed on the ground before us. From between the staring ribs and the grinning teeth spurted a torrent of black blood, showering and shrinking grasses; then the thing shuddered, and fell over into the black ooze of the bog. Little bubbles of iridescent air appeared from the mud; the bones were slowly engulfed, and, as the last fragments sank out of sight, up from the depth and along the bank crept a creature, shiny, shivering, quivering its wings.

It was a death's-head moth.

. . . . . .

I wish I had time to tell you how Lys outgrew superstitions—for she never knew the truth about the affair, and she never will know, since she has promised not to read this book. I wish I might tell you about the king and his coronation, and how the coronation robe fitted. I wish that I were able to write how Yvonne and Her-

bert Stuart rode to a boar hunt in Quimperle, and how the hounds raced the quarry right through the town, overturning three gendarmes, the notary, and an old woman. But I am becoming garrulous, and Lys is calling me to come and hear the king say that he is sleepy. And his Highness shall not be kept waiting.

THE END

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The Renaissance: A European Awakening

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THE RENAISSANCE: A EUROPEAN AWAKENING

CHAPTER I

THE END OF THE NIGHTMARE

Renaissance is the French word for Re-Birth. In its earliest use in history it referred to the revival in Italy of the ancient Roman architecture. Other countries had adopted the Gothic style, but the Italians preferred the purer lines of the old temples, whose stately remains still rose from the soil of their country to rebuke the barbarism of the new era.

Later historians, observing that it was not the pagan architecture alone that was reborn in the later Middle Ages, used the word Renaissance in a much broader sense. They meant by it the Re-Birth of Greek and Roman literature and ideals as well as art, chiefly in the fifteenth century. That is the proper meaning of the word, but modern writers give it a still wider significance. The Re-Birth of the classical spirit and literature was part of a very widespread "revival of intelligence, knowledge, refinement, and conscious mastery of life," so the Renaissance has come to mean the Re-Birth of Civilization out of the dark womb of the Middle Ages. It means to modern historians the entire transition from the Middle Age to the Modern Age, the Awakening.

This division of the Christian Era into Classic Age, Middle (or Dark) Age, and Modern Age does not flatter Christianity. It suggests that civilization was suspended during the long period between the death and the resurrection of paganism: that Christendom was coarse, brutal, and ignorant until the spirit of Greece and Rome restored it to some sense of dignity and humanity. And as our literature of general information is now largely written by anonymous priests and by literary men who would close like oysters if you asked them merely in what century Charlemagne lived, some singular ideas about the Renaissance are in circulation. In unexpected places you get smiling assurances that the "old history" was quite wrong: that now the splendor of the Catholic Middle Age is fully recognized, and the "tinsel" of the Renaissance is estimated at is true value. A Catholic writer (not an historian, of course) who was entrusted with the Renaissance in a recent series of manuals for the general public wonders, with the grave air of a Michelet or a Gibbon, whether it did not do more harm than good!

Unfortunately, historical writers often use language which these propagandists can quote. On the specious plea that history, like art, must be neutral, we find extraordinary concessions made to a false version of human events. Moreover, modern history is so specialized that it can hardly realize its own aim of taking broad views. No recent work on the Renaissance is equal even in historical truth, to say nothing

of the appalling contrast in literary quality, to the superb study, written fifty years ago, by John Addington Symonds, *The Renaissance in Italy*, and none approaches Jacob Burckhardt's *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* in detailed knowledge of the period. No one today, however, can find leisure to read a seven-volume work, like that of Symonds, and in a sense his beautiful and true study of the spirit of the Renaissance requires a correction. The blaze of his period so fills his eyes that all the previous history of Europe seems to him uniformly dark.

The finest recent study ought to be the first volume of the *Cambridge Modern History*, which is entitled *The Renaissance*. Unfortunately, it is not an analysis of the Renaissance and its meaning, but mainly a chronicle of the wars and other familiar "historical events" which occurred during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and its deliberate concessions to possible Roman Catholic readers, by inviting men like Canon W. Barry to contribute, make it in some degree historically false. Mr. S. Dark's recent *Story of the Renaissance* is similarly a piece of Catholic propaganda and is unreliable. The last edition of Professor W. H. Hudson's *Story of the Renaissance* (1924) is still the best manual of moderate dimensions.

Here we take the Renaissance as a stage in the evolution of Christendom, and a most important stage. What every thoughtful person wants to know is, not what antics the French kings played in Naples, but what is the religious

meaning of this fact, now endorsed by all historians, that civilization, or a higher civilization, was not reborn in Europe until a thousand years after the adoption of Christianity: what is the exact relation of the Christian creed or Church to the previous barbarism and the later revival.

Academic historians often evade this unpleasant issue by gibing at "popular writers" who describe Europe as sunk in barbaric sloth until the revival of Greek literature in the fifteenth century, which is the main period of the Renaissance. Symonds thinks that the period proper is 1450 to 1500; others take the whole fifteenth century; and others — most recent writers—a period of two or three centuries. It depends on the precise sense in which you take the word Renaissance, and it is well to remember that it has two definite meanings—the revival of classical literature and the revival of civilization.

Now it is an essential part of my program that the awakening began long before the fifteenth century. After a few centuries of barbarism Europe was constantly endeavoring to rouse itself from its torpor, but—this is what the academic historians will not clearly say—the Church murderously suppressed every attempt. Bogomils, Cathari, Albigensians, Patarenes, Lollards, Hussites, and Luciferists (witches), representing millions of heretics, are just symptoms of the very widespread effort of Christendom, from the tenth century onward, to civilize itself in spite of Christianity; and

the successful secularization of architecture, sculpture, painting, teaching, law, etc., is another symptom. Let me, as we are now passing from the Middle Ages to modern times, give a further and final illustration.

Historical writers who diplomatically, and with fatal effect, borrow a phrase or two from "Catholic historians" speak of the Gilds as "inspired by the Church" (they were of pagan origin and the Church fought them for a century), the schools and philanthropy of the monasteries (which were generally colonies of sensual and slothful parasites, who rarely had schools even for themselves), the wonderful art of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries (which became wonderful only when it was secularized), and Dante.

I doubt whether any of these Catholic writers who enthuse about Dante ever read him. The third part of the *Divine Comedy* is, as Goethe bluntly said, "insipid." It is precisely a proof that pure Christian doctrine cannot inspire poetry. The other two parts are made interesting—Goethe says "repulsive"—by their material setting, but they are absolutely heretical from the Catholic point of view.

Read Canto IV of the *Inferno*. Before entering hell proper, Dante comes to a "noble castle," with a charming "meadow of fresh verdure," and finds a number of "great spirits" leading a life of ghostly dignity and tranquillity in this desirable home. Their only punishment is that they are not allowed the "Beatific Vision" (of God) which makes up the bliss of Paradise.

(And from Dante's description of this in his third book, I should say that they must have been profoundly grateful for the exclusion from heaven, for an eternity of such bliss, with no throat to cut, is a lot to which I would not condemn even Innocent III or Anthony Comstock.) These "great spirits," whom Dante honors with all his art, are the great pagans of Greece and Rome, the Moorish thinkers Avicenna and Averroes, and even Saladin, the deadly foe of Christianity!

In the next Canto, which describes the first circle of hell, with the very lightest punishments of that divine invention, Dante puts Semiramis and Cleopatra, Dido and Francesca, and all the prettier women known to history who lived in what the theologian calls the deadliest of sins, impurity. Throughout his *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* Dante classifies sins and sinners, not according to Christian teaching, but according to the social moral standard of Cicero and Aristotle.

And the meaning of this bold heresy of "the great Catholic poet" can be gathered from Canto X. It describes the quarter of hell, and by no means the worst quarter, where dwell "Epicurus and all his followers, who make the soul die with the body." Amongst these Dante puts the greatest monarch of the thirteenth century, Frederic II, the famous Cardinal Negli Ubaldini, and "more than a thousand" other Italians of his time! In this glorious thirteenth century, in other words, Florence was, in spite of the Inquisition, a hotbed of

radical skepticism. Indeed, there is very strong reason to believe that Pope Boniface VIII, who crowns the century, was an utter skeptic.

Let us now go back to the early part of the century, when Pope Innocent III inaugurated the practice of murdering people who would not profess to believe what they did not believe.

We read that in the opening years of his reign Innocent had to fly from Rome, driven out of his city by anti-clerical democrats. We follow the clue and learn that in the twelfth century a fiery and noble-minded ex-monk, Arnold of Brescia, induced the Romans to throw off the authority of corrupt priests and establish the first Republic in the world since pagan days. He was, of course, hanged for this vile transgression of the ethic of Christ; yet fifty years later the democrats of Rome were still strong enough to make the aristocratic Innocent fly for his life. And I presume you never even heard of that splendid little man, Arnold of Brescia, or of the democratic movement in the heart of Christendom nearly four centuries before the time of Luther.

We may, in fact, divide "the Christian Era" into four parts. I may use round numbers, as they are near enough to the facts to justify me in thus simplifying the history of Christendom. The first section (1 to 500 A.D.) was not a Christian Era; during three fourths of it Christians were a small and despised minority, and they won the majority only by the use of force. The next five hundred years (500 to 1000) were the Nightmare: not even the most ingenious

historian of our time who wishes to distinguish himself by correcting his predecessors has attempted to lighten the darkness and mitigate the horrors of that real and only Christian Era. The next five hundred years (1000 to 1500) are the Awakening. To our positive knowledge hundreds of thousands, and probably millions, had to be killed by the Church to prevent Europe from rejecting its tyranny. And the period 1500-2000 is the Dawn. It opens with the destruction of one-half of the Papal dominion; it sees irreligion broadening and deepening in each century; it already finds the Christian majority turned into a minority in every great civilization; its close will see the end of Christianity.

Surely I amply prove the first and second of these statements in other volumes, and I give half the evidence for the third. Christendom awoke, first, because a nation or a race does not, any more than an individual, sleep forever. One must not suppose that the terrible reaction from the fifth to the twelfth century is without parallel in history. Egypt twice fell into some such confusion, though apparently not to such a depth of degradation, in the course of its long history. China and India and Persia have similar periods. They awoke by the action of their own political and economic forces. Men find that order is preferable to disorder, wealth is preferable to povety, security of life and property is better than lawlessness. The economic vitality of Europe again gathered in the condensations which we call towns.

Wealth made for art and refinement, and a class of lay artists, teachers, and writers arose, who wrested what was called art and learning from the monks and raised them to higher level.

Secondly, there was a very material awakening force which hardly any writer on the Renaissance properly appreciates; the stimulation of the Moorish civilization. The fact that Dante mentions with honor Avicenna and Averroes does lead some historians to remark, in a footnote, that there *was* a civilization in Spain; but few seem to be aware that when he mentions Homer, all the Greek philosophers from Thales to Zeno, Euclid and Ptolemaeus, Galen and Hippocrates, he is borrowing from the Mohammedans. No one in his time in Italy knew Greek or had Greek books, as we shall see. The group of skeptical scholars in Florence to which Dante at first belonged, and whose influence he never entirely escaped, owed their culture to the Mohammedans of southern Italy or of Spain.

The third awakening factor was the influence of Greek and Roman literature, which we consider in this book. These are the three fundamental influences in the Re-Birth of civilization, and the other causes assigned are either effects of them or are of little importance.

The Crusades are often vaguely quoted as having contributed to the civilization of Europe, since they enabled the boorish Christian knights to see what civilization really was, in the refined Mohammedan world. But the influence of this hostile clash was trivial compared with

the peaceful penetration of Europe by the Moors and Jews. One does not learn much on a battlefield except how to fight.

The astronomical revolution, the discovery that the sun is the center of the solar system, is given as a factor by all writers. It is one of the three causes of the Renaissance given by Professor Hudson; the others are printing and the discovery of new lands overseas. These two events, which we will consider later, are rather parts of the general awakening, or effects of the deeper causes I have assigned. As to the "Copernican Revolution," the effect of which modern writers fancifully exaggerate, it had no share whatever in the Italian Renaissance (which is regarded as ending in 1500 or 1520) and little elsewhere. The work of Copernicus did not appear until 1543, and its contents were known to very few until the days of Kepler and Galileo. Europe was then awake.

Much stress is laid also on the decay of the idea of a universal Empire and a universal Church. Symonds thought that this lifted a burden of despotism from the minds of men and fostered the spirit of initiative and independence. It sounds rather fanciful. The classic revival would favor the idea of a universal empire; and certainly the monarchs of France, England, Spain, etc., were as despotic as the Emperors had been. As to the idea of a universal Church, there had been wide revolts against it ever since the tenth century, but there were less in the fifteenth century than before. The Inquisition seemed to have triumphed. It was

the corruption rather than the tyranny of the Church that stirred men.

If we admitted any fourth fundamental cause of the Renaissance, it should be the realization of the corruption of the Church. It fired Humanists like Petrarch and Erasmus as much as it fired Luther and Melanchthon. It was the deepest and most persistent cause of revolt. But the Renaissance was a rebellion of a very special kind. It is not in the same line of evolution with the big democratic movements of the Bogomils, Albigensians, Lollards, Hussites, and Protestants. It was sensual, aristocratic, and scholarly; they were ascetic, democratic, and simple. Its standard was the pagan ideal; theirs was, generally, the Bible. The Renaissance was the beginning of modern times, if we think especially of the modern spirit; the Reformation, taking men back to Christ and the Bible, essentially rebuked it, and postponed its development, as we shall see.

It was a great half-century, that culminating period of the Renaissance, from 1450 to 1500. Every step in advance made the way easier, and put pride and joy into the heart of the wayfarer. Printing and paper gave a marvelous opportunity to the new ambition to spread knowledge. I do not compare it with the nineteenth century—I repeat that in the nineteenth century the world saw more progress than it had ever before seen in a thousand years—because science was too feeble to advance much, and because the Renaissance did little directly for the mass of the race. Ninety percent of

the people of Europe remained illiterate, miserably poor, practically serfs. Catholic writers who point out this, and charge the Renaissance with artistocratic selfishness, have no sense of humor. *Their church* had made ninety percent of the people so ignorant and coarse. The Renaissance, which would in time have helped them (it greatly enlarged the artisan class)—was checked by the old Church as well as the new or Lutheran Church. But it put a spirit into Europe, it gave a thrist for knowledge, it lit up a vision of science, which would never again perish. Our age is the son of the Renaissance.

CHAPTER II

THE CALL OF GREECE

Of the three fundamental causes of the awakening, I fully described the second, the inspiration of Mohammedan civilization, in Little Blue Book No. 1137. The first cause I assigned, the internal economic development of Europe, is a matter that would require a large volume. I have lightly sketched it, but most readers will understand it even without the historical details. The consolidation of the new monarchies and republics of Europe brought about a more settled, a more protected life. The population increased and got more out of the soil. Market centers became towns, then cities. By the time of the Renaissance Italy had cities of a hundred thousand to two hundred thousand people. Cities meant wealth leisure, thinking, luxury, art. Regular international relations promoted travel and commerce. The artisan class and the middle class greatly increased.

And when we remember that during all this time, from the ninth century onward, travelers were bringing into Christendom stories of the high culture and prosperity of Spain, we realize that Europe was bound to return to a fair level of civilization. Then occurred what we call the Renaissance in the stricter sense, the revival of classical literature, and it had a most important influence.

Europe had almost no Greek works and only an imperfect collection of the Latin classics. Catholic writers now remind us how (for reasons of Church policy) the Council of Vienne had in 1311 ordered the teaching of Greek and how this or that scholar of the Middle Ages knew Greek. As Sir R. Jebb says, "Several scholars" in the course of "several centuries" knew a little Greek—a fine record, surely—and not a single teacher was appointed after the Council of Vienne. No priest could read the New Testament in Greek. It was a dead language. Religious bitterness had raised an insuperable barrier between eastern and western Christendom. Even the Latin classics had so fallen into obscurity that the Humanists, as we call the scholars of the Renaissance, had infinite trouble in making collections of them.

Petrarch (1304-1374) is regarded as the first Humanist. The English poet, Chaucer is often said to have been the morning star of Humanism, but the word is then taken in a broader sense. Petrarch is counted as the founder of the classical Renaissance.

However, there was a good deal of Humanism in Italy before the time of Petrarch, and his zeal for the classics was a direct outcome of it. Frederic II had done everything in his power to foster the intellectual revival. From his youth, when Pope Innocent III had been his guardian and had taken shameless advantage of his position, Frederic had learned to despise the Church; and he had later appreciated the far higher civilization

of the Saracens. Through his influence Florence and the other growing cities of Italy had begun to treasure lay culture and independent thinking, and had acquired the veneration of paganism that is reflected in Dante.

For men, the moment they began to reflect, saw three things: the degradation of Christendom, the corruption of the Church, and (if they had any learning) the superiority of Greece and Rome. Indeed, we must not forget that the really religious popes, bishops, and monks did more harm than the corrupt majority. Gregory VII and Innocent III did incalculable injury to human interests; and the more pious monks were the men who thrust the classics out of sight and kept art and literature in swaddling clothes. The truculent austerity of the good Christians was as irksome as the hypocrisy of the others.

What really characterizes the new movement, from the thirteenth century onward is the scorn of hypocrisy. Modern pagan writers on the Renaissance, like Symonds and Pater, describe with equal elegance and feeling, how the Renaissance was an assertion of man's right to beauty and love. Catholic writers entirely agree in this—though, boasting of medieval art, as they do, they would rather say sensuality and love—and they appeal to the puritanism of modern times to see in the Renaissance only an outburst of immorality. Both are right—and wrong. Symonds never quite explains how this assertion of the right to beauty and love was related to men's religious belief; and the Catholic never explains how

it was that his religion rose to its greatest height in the thirteenth century (he says), only to be followed at once by the license of the Renaissance.

Small as these little sketches in the Little Blue Books are, they show the true course of events. There was a continuous intellectual revolt against the Christian religion long before the Renaissance, and there was a revolt of the heart, an assertion of the right to beauty and love, all the time since the fourth century. All through its history Christendom was generally and profoundly immoral. The difference was that in the earlier period the taste was coarser and the right to love was not regarded as an admitted right, but an encroachment on God's rights. Old-age or death-bed repentance or clerical incantations would put matters straight. It was a stupid frame of mind, the result of forcing upon human nature a creed which was really unnatural.

With the growth of intellectual life men became clearer-headed. We must remember always that we are speaking of a minority—the few who could read. All through these changes which fascinate the historian—the triumph of Christianity in the fourth century, the Renaissance, the Reformation, etc.—the overwhelming mass of the people remained unchanged. The names in their prayers changed, that was all. But the thoughtful minority began to conceive God much like H. G. Wells conceives his Invisible King: he was not interested in small matters like love affairs. The Church, with its massive and general hypocrisy in regard to

sex, was evidently a human business. The laity felt itself free; free to paint the human figure in all its fleshiness, as Giotto did; free to depict human joviality as it was, as Rabelais did; free to love, as people had hitherto illicitly done. It is absurd to say that there was a growth of immorality after the revival of Greek literature. It had no margin for growth. Now, however, in cultivated men, it was a deliberate act, on principle, and therefore not immoral.

Let me complete this important aspect of the spirit of the Renaissance by a glance at the Papacy. I deal with its tenth-century degradation in another book (*The Dark Ages*, Little Blue Book No. 1130), and I will deal with its fifteenth-century degradation in the next chapter. But it must not be imagined that from the eleventh to the fifteenth century it kept a high character.

The century and a half of almost continuous blackguardism (890 to 1045 A. D.) was followed by a puritan reaction, led by Hildebrand; but this Pope's policy was such that after his death there ensued a century of such Papal grossness and violence that the churches of Rome were over and over again splashed with clerical blood. Then came Innocent III, and he in turn was followed by a turbulent period. Boniface VIII, the Pope who crowned the beautiful thirteenth century, is accused by a crowd of Roman clerical witnesses of natural and unnatural vice and every variety of corruption. After his death in 1304, the Popes lived at Avignon for seventy years, and their

court was described by Petrarch as "a sink of iniquity." They returned to Rome in 1376, and in 1415 the Council of Constance had to find Pope John XXIII guilty of "adultery, murder, spoliation, rape and theft." Yet immediately afterwards began the long line of corrupt Popes of the Renaissance, as we shall see.

Petrarch, the first of the Humanists, was the son of a Florentine lawyer who seems to have belonged to the cultivated circle which venerated pagan Rome. He had manuscript works of the old Latin writers, and Petrarch was reared in a high regard for these. After a time he settled near Avignon, where the Papal court then was, and the sordid hypocrisy of its puritan creed and open vices—unnatural vice was common amongst the clerics, from the cardinals downward, though women were as numerous as pages—intensified his veneration for Cicero. The Roman orator's sober and reasoned work *On Duty* (the chief moral authority used by Dante) gave a plainer map of life than did this ecclesiastical organization that lived by "the fable of Jesus Christ" (as a later Pope said) and outraged every letter of his teaching. Petrarch searched everywhere for and got other men to seek, more fragments of the old Latin literature. He was a Christian and in orders, but he was clearly very independent of the actual teaching of the Church. It was too obviously human.

The Romans, Petrarch soon found, had candidly represented the Greeks as far greater thinkers than themselves, and he turned to

Greece. The story of those days is a singular commentary on the worn legend, which one still finds in magazines and books, that the monks preserved the classics. When the Humanists began, there was very little even of Latin literature on the market. They had to spend whole lives traveling from town to town, and monastery to monastery, sifting the rubbish to find manuscript copies of the old Roman writers. Greek was a dead language in Europe, and scarcely anybody could have read or copied a Greek manuscript. Petrarch learned a little Greek from an Italian who had been some years in Greece, but there was no such thing as a grammar or dictionary, and he could never read the language.

Contemporary with Petrarch was his friend Boccaccio (1313-1375), author of the *Decameron*: a serious scholar who was much prouder of his learned works than of his stories. At the instigation of Petrarch he took up the study of Greek and even made a bad translation of Homer. Rich merchants were interested. The ambition arose to have collections of manuscript books. What we call "the Greek spirit" was discussed in literary gatherings, and to those men and women of the Middle Ages, living in a world of weird speculation and peculiar dogmas, it seemed as new and characteristic as Omar Khayyam seemed to moderns when he was first translated.

The Humanists recognized that the Greek spirit was the guide they needed. The real history of Judaism and early Christianity was quite unknown in those days, but educated

men *felt* that there was something wrong in the account which the Church gave of itself and its authority. The Greeks gave them a sane and balanced creed. Strictly speaking, there is no single Greek spirit. The spirit of Plato is not the spirit of Aristotle; the spirit of the Stoics is so different from that of the Epicureans that the rivals fought bitterly. But there is the common element that they all speculate in complete independence of religious traditions. They make man his own oracle and legislator. They exalt human nature and natural law. They reflect a civilization in which there was a general cultivation of beauty and wisdom; a glorification of the human body in art, of nature in poetry, of the intellect in science and philosophy. This was just the note for awakening Christendom. Human nature felt that it had been oppressed and exploited. The Greeks gave it its Magna Charta, formulated its Rights of Man.

But we must be careful not to exaggerate. Down to the end of the fourteenth century and long after, only a few hundred people were involved in this new Humanism, whereas the Lollards, Hussites and Witches (or Luciferists) must have numbered well over a million. Very few people could read, and so rebellion generally took the form of an appeal to the Gospels against the usurped authority and corruption of the Church.

I am not going to complicate this simple sketch by giving all the names and dates of the Humanists. In short, the living Greeks before the end of the fourteenth century dis-

covered this new zeal for their old literature and began to encourage it and profit by it. A well educated Greek, Manuel Chrysoloras, came to Italy on a diplomatic mission in 1391, and the cultured group at Florence prevailed on him to stay there and teach Greek. He wrote the first Greek grammar. Other Greeks now came over to earn a living by teaching, and chairs were set up in all the leading cities of Italy. Italians went to Constantinople, to learn the language at its source. The Turks were now pressing the Greeks very hard, and it was discovered that the fact that the Western Christians were a little heretical as regards the procession of the Holy Ghost did not really matter so much—now that the Greek Empire was in danger. Traffic across the Adriatic increased, and the zeal for Greek spread into Italy. It is related of Guarino, one of the Humanists, that, when his precious Greek manuscripts were lost in a shipwreck on his way back from Constantinople, his hair turned white in a day.

This was the great age of the Medici family at Florence, and the wealth which the bankers had accumulated, and the social and political power which the family acquired, were used on behalf of the new culture. Greek tutors were engaged for the Medici boys. Zeal for classical culture opened the door of the palace more easily than wealth or piety. Florence was becoming the wonderful city, the new Athens, which is so frequently described in George Eliot's *Romola.* The *Cambridge Modern History* makes the point which is worth

noting, that Florence was not at all a city of vice. It was noted for its general sobriety and its disgust with the corruption of Rome. Other cities—Genoa, Venice, Mantua, Ferrara, etc., followed the lead of princely Florence. Even Rome—always the last to join in a cultural development—had to adopt the fashion.

It was also the great age of art, which had a separate and earlier development. Architecture and sculpture had reached their height, and painting was in the first stage of its new evolution. Independently of any literary influence, laymen had taken over architecture and sculpture from the monks, and had by their soaring structures helped to educate Europe in a sense of beauty. This helped the new feeling for culture, and the revival of the classical standards reacted on painting and lifted it to its highest level, as we shall see in a later chapter.

But it was an historical accident which did most to promote the classical Renaissance. As I have said, the Greeks were relenting in their attitude toward the heretics of Rome because they wanted help against the Turks. The aggression of the Mongols had driven the Turks from western Asia into Mesopotamia, and they turned Mohammedan and joined the Arabs. We have here one more instance of the utter falseness of the Christian plea that *no* agency could have civilized the Teutonic tribes in less time —six or seven centuries—than the Church took to civilize them. Like the Arabs in the days of Mohammed the early Turks were not a whit higher in culture than the Teutons had been,

yet, again like the Arabs, they were fully civilized within about a century; not by any religion, but by contact with the older civilization. They steadily encroached upon the Greek or Byzantine Empire, and in 1543 they took Constantinople. Then it was, especially, that Greek scholars swarmed to Italy, with manuscript copies of the old Greek classics in their trunks.

One may wonder—indeed, it is remarkable how few historical writers do wonder—why this Greek literature which they brought to Europe had not proved a greater inspiration to themselves. By the middle of the fourteenth century, hardly a hundred years since the first Turks had pitched their rude tents in Mesopotamia, the Turkish Mohammedan civilization was so superior, not only to the Latin Christian, but to the Greek Christian, that numbers of Greeks fled to it and embraced Islam. The Turkish corruption with which we are more familiar belongs to later centuries of Ottoman history. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Turkish government or administration was one of the purest in the world, and art and letters were brilliantly cultivated; whereas the Greek Empire was, as I have shown in my *Empresses of Constantinople*, corrupt, degenerate, vicious, and—in spite of its very conventional art and decorativeness—coarse and brutal.

I do not see how any historian can avoid the conclusion that the responsibility lies with the creed of the Greeks. It may have inspired

many self-tormenting saints, as it did in Europe, on the principle that forty years repression or starvation of their sex-impulses would be rewarded with an eternity of bliss. I am, I fear, obtuse to that kind of superiority. It may have insured a safe passage through the gates of heaven for millions: a matter on which I do not care to speculate. But its entire and lamentable failure to sustain a civilization is as obvious in the east as its failure to inspire a civilization is in the west. Not the German barbarism, but the creed imposed upon them, ruined Europe.

But these works which the Greek refugees brought to Italy, and helped to make known to Europe, entered a new world. One thinks of the seed stored in Egyptian tombs for millennia; or one would recall that fact if it were true that the seed will germinate if we plant it today. The Greek ideals were not dead. They had but lain for a thousand years in a living tomb. They were brought to Europe when the corruption of the Papal Church was at its height, and men were therefore prepared to consider other standards of life. They were brought to a race which had for a century or two been pushing, half consciously, in the direction of the Greek idea of life. That feeling was really anti-Christian, and we have to see how it was that no thunders from the Vatican fell upon the ears of the Humanists, and why so few of them were requested to explain their philosophy of life to the Inquisition.

CHAPTER III

THE PAPACY AND THE RENAISSANCE

A type of letter often reaches me, a type of Christian often approaches me, with the reproach that I do not distinguish between the teaching of Christ and the teaching and conduct of the Churches. It amuses me to hear that I have "overlooked" this platitudinous distinction; that I still think of all religion as of the peculiar Roman Catholic variety; or that at least I have a "tough complex" which makes me honestly incapable of appreciating the theological refinements of our own age.

Seeing that the first half dozen books of this series deal, not with Catholicism, or even with Christianity, but with religion, including even the most ethereal and most modern shapes of it, the reproach is humorous. It will be found, when my program is considered as a whole, that not much of real interest in connection with religion or Christianity has been "overlooked"; and it must be realized at once that precisely in the present section of my work I am, while anxious to give a positive reconstruction of the real development, criticizing the teaching of Jesus, as far as we know it, as well as the Church. No man is a Christian because he believes in the same ethic as Jesus. He might as well call himself a Stoic,

an Epicurean, a Buddhist, a Platonist, a Confucian, or a Mohammedan. The teaching of Jesus is essentially a message about a supposed next world. Jesus cared not one cent about civilizing forces; he blighted life with an unnatural asceticism; he was as emphatic that we should not love woman as he was that we should love men; he had an entirely false conception of moral conduct and gave an entirely false motive for it.

The pure teaching of Jesus would never have engendered the art and refinement, the science and knowledge, the organization and productiveness and concern for earthly welfare which lift us, in comfort and character, high above the Middle Ages. The men of the Middle Ages who were most true to the spirit and letter of the teaching of Jesus were the most indifferent to the advance of civilization. Those who did contribute to it were to that extent faithless to his teaching. And one of the strongest proofs of this lies in what we are now about to see of the Popes of the Renaissance period.

The Popes, as I said, were living luxuriously, and some of them immorally, in Avignon when Petrarch began the classical revival. Read his letters, and you will realize that it was in large part the spectacle of ignorant Christendom exploited to pay for the vices and luxuries of the Papal court at Avignon which made Petrarch turn with affection and regard to the old pagan world reflected in the classical literature. Petrarch loved when he listed, not when priests permitted it, yet the sight of Avignon, near which he then lived, in its Papal

days makes him write as if he were a Marcus Aurelius.

During the seventy years' absence of the Pope at Avignon, which was due entirely to bribery and political influence, Rome sank rapidly in culture and importance. The grass grew on its streets. We have seen that it had never taken the lead in any cultural advance, and now the opulent cities of northern Italy regarded it with disdain. There was a serious danger of Italy disavowing the Papacy, and with much trouble the Popes were at length induced to return to Rome. A Neapolitan monk, of fiery speech, was made Pope, and, when he told the cardinals what he thought of their morals, they elected an Anti-Pope; and the cardinals sought the life of the Pope, and the Pope had six of them lowered into a deep well and almost murdered.

So the strange spectacle was prolonged from age to age—the heart of Christendom sinking lower and lower as the rest of Christendom rose in civilization—until at last the whole Church was outraged to learn, from the great Council of Constance, that the man who had ruled it for five years under the name of John XXIII was an ex-brigand of boundless sensuality, entirely destitute of religious or moral sentiments. Rome was by this time the butt of popular songsters all over Europe. The best elements in the Church united in a demand that the Roman masquerade should cease, and the Church should be governed by Councils.

It will thus be understood why up to this stage the Papacy had taken no interest in the

new cultural movement. Three decent Popes—Rome's abominable financial scheme—then ruled the Church for a few decades, and the third of them, Nicholas V, was a man of some cultivation. He opened Rome to the classical revival. He began the adornment of the city with beautiful buildings.

It is now the fashion for Catholic writers to tell how the Church applauded the Renaissance and sought to direct the zeal for knowledge without infidelity and for beauty without license. Let us remind them that it was not until 1450—a century or more after the rest of Europe—that the Papacy began to show any concern for letters or art though its wealth, the sources of wnich I will describe presently, was enormous. Let us remind them also that Rome, with its glorious ancient monuments, was the natural home for the Renaissance, yet it was not until 1462 that any Pope forbade builders to strip the marble linings off the old buildings to make lime and use the precious stones to make the miserable dwellings of the medieval Romans.

And, when it is boasted that Pope Nicholas V vied with the Humanists in a zeal for letters, let us recall that at his death in 1455 his collection consisted of only 1,176 manuscript books, mostly ecclesiastical literature, and that in 1484 the Vatican Library, "the most important library in the west in the fifteenth century" (an apologist in the *Cambridge Modern History* proudly says), had only about two thousand books. Six centuries earlier the Moorish ruler in Spain, Al Hakim, had had a library of

more than half a million books, and hundreds of his subjects, with not one-tenth the income of the Popes, would have regarded the Papal collection with disdain.

Nicholas V made a beginning, and it was quite time. That is the germ of historical truth in all the glorification of him by writers on "the Catholic Renaissance." Granted, you may say, but why cavil about these humble beginnings? Within a hundred years Rome became the most beautiful city in the world and had the greatest school of painters, sculptors, and architects in the world. A long line of Popes used all the resources of the Renaissance to embellish the center of Christendom.

I am meeting questions which occur to every thoughtful person and the answer to which is generally shirked by academic historians. And the question here is: What relation had this late artistic splendor in Rome, this patronage of the Renaissance by the Popes, to the Christian creed? The answer is: None. Of the inspiration of the artists I will speak in the next chapter, but about the Papal patrons of the art there is now no controversy. The most learned Catholic historian of the Papacy, Dr. Pastor, is in line with all other historians. The Papal court had passed into a new phase of degradation, and, the less religious the Popes were, the more they patronized art.

Since the cardinals elect the Pope, it is upon these that the moral health of the Papacy depends, and for two hundred years the cardinals were, as a body, appallingly corrupt. At every

election they fought, with gold and hired assassins, for the great prize, since the income of the Papacy was now stupendous, and the successful candidate was forced to make new cardinals of totally unworthy supporters, or chose to make cardinals of equally unworthy relatives. When the Popes were not corrupt, they were Nepotists, promoting and enriching their relatives irrespective of character. The result was that during the period of what is called the Catholic Renaissance the Papal court had a degradation which differed from that of the tenth century only in being refined and perfumed and clad in silk. I have given the details in my *Crises in the History of the Papacy* and *Popes and Their Church*, but the whole of them may be read, or discovered by the diligent inquirer, in the very extensive Catholic history of Dr. L. Pastor (*The History of the Popes*).

At the death of Nicholas V the rival cardinals fought until there was a deadlock, and a pious old Spaniard, the first Borgia, got the prize. His piety, however, was quite consistent with his rapid promotion of his amorous nephew, Rodrigo Borgia, who at once began to exploit the venereal opportunities of his high clerical position. The next Pope, Pius II, was actually a Humanist, but he did next to nothing for letters. He was gouty and repentant, and he saw "the gates ajar" in front of him. The next Pope, Paul II, also was aged and inactive, and the stream of Roman life simply flowed on.

Then a Franciscian friar, Sixtus IV, be-

came Pope; and Catholic writers tell how the patronage of art and letters in Rome took a more generous turn. They do not tell how Sixtus IV at once promoted two nephews (some historians say natural sons) of his who were as unbridled as Rodrigo Borgia. Sixtus IV said his prayers while Cardinal Pietro Riario, his younger nephew, painted Rome red—very literally, for his gorgeous palace had five hundred servants in scarlet silk. His favorite paramour, Tiresia, wore two thousand dollars' worth of pearls on her slippers. Pietro, a raw provincial youth until the Holy Ghost descended upon his uncle, spent nearly a million dollars (worth many times that sum today) and died of vice and drink, under the shadow of the Vatican, within two years. The other nephew was sober by comparison. He was piling up his dollars to buy the Papacy—it now went to the greatest briber—and his one luxury was handsome women. His children were not disguised as nephews or his chief mistress as a secretary. This was the "great Pope" of the future, Julius II.

When Sixtus died, Rome was an armed camp. The cardinals had troops of the medieval equivalent of gunmen, and the bribery was opulent. But it was again a deadlock, and the tired Holy Ghost selected Innocent VIII. In the new fashion he at once sent for his natural son, Franceschetto, and this youth leaned much nearer to Nero than to Christ. Most of the cardinals kept their pages—unnatural vice was as common as natural—and their mistresses in their luxurious palaces, and their gambling, in which half a million dollars might be lost

in a night, was done in the light of their own lamps. But the palate for this kind of thing was becoming jaded in Rome, and the Pope's son wandered about at night, with his cut-throats, breaking into any house where a pretty maid or wife had been located.

The old Roman families, such as the Colonna and the Orsini, who regarded the Papacy as their proper heritage, had now to contend with three new broods: the Borgias, the Riarios, and the Cibos. All of them left it to a few old-fashioned cardinals to practice the old-fashioned virtues of chastity and sobriety, and for their advancement in the Sacred College relied on the new weapons, steel and gold. More than two hundred murders distinguished the Papal election of 1492, but Cardinal Borgia distributed amonst the voting cardinals gifts worth something like a million dollars and became the Holy Father. Rome gasped, and smiled.

We are now permitted to believe that there were "a few" bad Popes and a few others who had been "irregular" in their youth, but we are asked to admire how *rarely* Popes were immoral during their tenure of office. Is the world losing its sense of humor? This modern apologetic makes one wonder. In the first place, cardinals are not usually chosen to be Popes unless they are well advanced in years, and, on careful inquiry, these new apologists will learn that men advanced in years are, curiously, not so ardent in love as they had once been. In the next place, however, the Papal record is, in view of this highly moral arrangement, to say nothing of the light of the Holy Ghost and the very special inter-

est of Christ in his Church, quite picturesque. We really know nothing about the youth of the great majority of the Popes of the Middle Ages, but of those whose actions have been chronicled between 900 A. D. and 1500 A. D. twelve of the Popes were immoral (five of them in an unnatural way) during their term of office, and as many more had merely outburned their vices. For a series of generally old men, presiding over one of the most ascetic of creeds, it is certainly a gay calendar.

Alexander VI is by no means the worst of the Popes. Several Popes of the tenth century, as well as Boniface VIII and John XXIII, were much worse. But we happen to know him well, and even Catholic historians like Dr. Pastor now reproduce the birth-certificates of his six children.

In a sort of historical romance, *The Pope's Favorite*, I have given a detailed picture of Rome and the Vatican in the days of Alexander and his latest mistress, a beautiful girl of fifteen when he first seduced her. The element of fiction in that book is light. It is simply history clothed with flesh; and it is safe to say that no professedly religious establishment that the world has ever seen could compare for a moment with the Vatican Palace at that time. Alexander's philandering was all conducted in the "Sacred Palace." Not content with his lovely young mistress, and although he was nearing seventy years old, he had other women brought to him. In 1496, four years after his election, the sixty-seventh year of his age, the Pope begot a son; and in the same year a severed head was found on

a pole in Rome with the inscription: "This is the head of my father-in-law, who prostituted his daughter to the Pope." His favorite and dissolute son Juan was murdered, most probably by his brother Cesare, in the following year, yet as late as 1501, less than two years before his death, the veteran sensualist had orgies in the Vatican of so exotic a nature that my British publisher compelled me to curtail the description of one of them which I took from the highest possible authority, the Master of Ceremonies of the Vatican. The Pope and his son and daughter had fifty of the most beautiful prostitutes of Rome dancing naked before them. And the priest who wrote this down in the Vatican at the time concludes with the amazing statement that the Pope distributed prizes to those of his male servants who could demonstrate the greatest virility. I have read many descriptions of orgies, in many tongues, but his in the "Sacred Palace" is the most picturesque.

So the Popes did not discourage the Renaissance. That is the serious point of my again writing on these matters. Rome and the Vatican were drenched with what the Christian ethic calls corruption. Alexander's rival, Julius II, had to wait so long for the Papacy, that the days of his natural and unnatural vices were over. He was quite a proper Pope, a very great patron of art; but he swore like a stevedore, and his passions were only less elegant than the amorous excesses of his cardinal-cousin. Leo X followed him, and fully sustained the princely patronage of art; and he had the most grossly indecent comedies

enacted in the Vatican; he is said by the contemporary historian Guiccardini to have been, as Pope, "excessively devoted to pleasures which cannot be called decent" (he means unnatural vice), and was quite clearly devoid of any moral sentiment and most probably of religious sentiment or beliefs. Paul III closes the period of the "Catholic Renaissance"; and he had been made a cardinal because his sister was Alexander's mistress, and had had four children born in his palace.

Need one say more? You can read all this in Pastor, the Catholic historian. The poor man imagined that, when Leo X threw open the Secret Archives of the Vatican (after abstracting the compromising documents), and urged Catholic writers to "tell the truth," the Pope meant what he said. So he wrote a fairly (not entirely) candid history of the Popes of the Renaissance; and his Church has kept him in sackcloth and ashes, so to say, ever since. The whole story is, however, now well known. Rome was as conspicuous for "free love" during the Catholic Renaissance as Corinth or Antioch or Alexandria had ever been.

But to complete the story we must glance at the sources of the wealth with which the Popes built St. Peters, decorated the Vatican, and drew great artists from all sides to form a Roman School.

Here again there is no dispute. It was tainted money, if there ever was tainted money. The simony of Rome, the sale of sacred offices, shocked Christendom even more than its vices.

For two hundred years the system had grown of selling a clerical office with income before the holder died—selling it to various people, with "expectations" and "preferences"—and charging fees for every grace and permit that Rome had to issue. John XXII at the beginning of the fourteenth century, so organized and enlarged this traffic as to secure an acknowledged income of about a million dollars a year; and the brother of his banker tells us that he left sixty million dollars in gold and jewels, the far greater part of which never passed through his ledgers. We must not forget, moreover, that a dollar would then purchase many times as much as it now does.

But Pope after Pope extended the sordid traffic and discovered that "indulgences" could be gained just as easily by those who remained at home and paid to the Church the price of a journey to Rome as by those who made the actual pilgrimage; and since one was robbed all the way across Europe, and even in St. Peter's, to say nothing of the loss of time and business, the easier way proved popular. It was like the discovery of the Californian or Alaskan gold-fields. The Popes sent agents out over Europe, and, unfurling the Papal banner in the churches, they shouted their wares with all the oratory of street-salesmen, and the gold flowed in streams to Rome. It is estimated that Leo X, who is generally named by Catholics as the greatest patron of the Renaissance, spent about two million dollars (ancient value) a year, and left enormous debts at his death. Nor was it, in his case, mere zeal for the prestige of Rome

that cost so much. "The splendor of the Leonine Age," says Dr. Pastor, "so often and so much belauded, is in many respects more apparent than real." He spent prodigious sums on luxuries for the Vatican palace, but neglected the Roman University, slighted Michelangelo, and did relatively little for sculpture and architecture. His tastes were in many respects gross, and his rooms and gardens stank with what his Church calls indecency!

St. Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, and the other memorials of the Catholic Renaissance are monuments of the corruption of the Papacy. For a season the great art of the Renaissance found a superb opportunity in Rome, precisely because the spirit of Christ was utterly forgotten in it for a season. Of the eight "Holy Fathers" who ruled the Church during that season, from 1484 to 1549, five were fathers in the carnal sense, and the other three reigned only twelve years collectively. All the time the atmosphere of the clerical world was one of extravagant luxury and every kind of vice, and the funds for it all were derived in ways in comparison with which the ways of the money-changers whom Jesus is said to have driven from the Temple were as innocent as the games of children.

CHAPTER IV

THE SPIRIT OF HUMANISM

The leading scholars of the Renaissance are generally described as the Humanists, and the latter word is, like the former, open to more than one interpretation. The poet Chaucer is often hailed by literary men as the first Humanist, though his Humanism had no relation to classical literature; and the philosopher William of Occam is hailed my philosophical writers as the first Humanist, though his work in turn was unaffected by Greek or Roman literature. In our own day a new meaning has been read into the word.

It is, in any case, an awkward term. Properly speaking, it ought to mean a concern about human affairs rather than divine. The Agnostic is the only real Humanist, and ours is the dawning age of Humanism, the inauguration of the kingdom of Man instead of the passing kingdom of God.

But the persistence with which the word has clung to the scholars of the Renaissance brings out a very important truth. Few of them rejected belief in God, but as a body they rejected the tyranny over life and culture exercised by the clergy in the name of God. They brought the world nearer to Humanism. Painters and sculptors demanded the use of living human models instead of the lifeless conventional figures which had hitherto been copied.

Literary men demanded that they should be allowed to tell stories and write poems or songs about common human life—be as free to describe a sin as the painter was to describe a limb—and not confine the pen to chronicles and hymns and lives of saints. Teachers insisted on the value of instruction about man and nature as well as about God. Philosophers determined to speculate freely about man and nature apart from revelation. The Renaissance was, as Michelet said, "the discovery of the world and of man," but man was the more important of the two. Humanism is a note rather than a creed in the Renaissance.

But the note is skeptical and it is significant in world-history. It was a rebellion against the genuine teaching of the Christian creed. The interest, the inspiration, the high potentialities of man had been obscured by the miserable philosophy of human nature which priests imposed in the name of the Bible. If the race lay under a primitive curse, if all men had died in Adam, as Paul said, Paul's attitude to human nature was correct. If Jesus was right that to look with desire at a beautiful woman was to be punished for all eternity, and that wealth was a very serious handicap to one's hopes of heaven, the moral was clear.

Yet somehow, in the course of that long awakening that I have described, human nature was vindicating its worth in spite of the creed. Men felt that they had the high powers which priests denied. Unconsecrated men wrested in succession from the hands of priests and monks the arts and crafts of building, carving, paint-

ing, governing, making laws, teaching, thinking, writing, etc., and each rose to a much higher level. In a glorious burst of confidence, strengthened by the example of the Mohammedans, they tried their creativeness, and they found it as great in art as in industry. And the discovery of beauty, in woman or in nature, brought its usual sequel: the assertion of the right to love and to enjoy. It was the beginning of naturalism as a deliberate creed, and the beginning of the end of supernaturalism.

It is easy to see how the classical revival, which supervened upon this development, stimulated it. It was the human form that had inspired the world's greatest artists. It was in an age when men were proud of their human nature, and had no theology which overshadowed it, that man wrought his finest achievements. It was a little nation with the least tyrannical and most superficial of religions (as far as the men who *did* things were concerned) which gave us the finest philosophies, finest sculpture and architecture, finest tragedies, and finest ideals of corporate and individual life. Pride in human power is the real Humanism of the Renaissance.

It is usual to contrast Humanism and Scholasticism, the system of theological thought elaborated in the medieval schools which became the universities of Europe. As I have occasionally pointed out, some modern writers, partly to make a parade of liberality, partly to say something new, partly in a consciousness that a sixth of the reading public in America is Catholic, borrow phrases from Catholic writ-

ers. Scholasticism had been calumniated, they say; it was not a barren system of thought, discussing such things as how many angels can stand on the point of a needle. Let them try to read the Scholastics, as they have obviously not done. When I was a Catholic professor, I found that even my colleagues never read them. There is no living thought in them.

But Scholasticism is interesting on one side. Large numbers of French students went to work amongst the Moors in Spain, and it was impossible for men like Thomas Aquinas to ignore that a very high civilization smiled at his verbose deductions from Scripture and the Fathers. These Moorish philosophers, he found, swore by Aristotle; and just at that time Greek copies of Aristotle's works reached Paris. The Crusaders had gone out to meet the Saracens once more, and they had this time preferred the easier and more profitable task of taking and sacking Christian Constantinople (1204 A. D.). They brought home manuscript copies of Aristotle amongst their loot, and these were translated into Latin. Aristotle was henceforward used to give some substance to the frothy verbiage of the Schoolmen. Some (Roger Bacon, etc.) tried even to develop the germs of science buried in Aristotle's works, but the Church smelt sulphur at once and stamped out the danger.

The philosophical works brought to Italy in the fifteenth century were chiefly those of Plato and the Neo-Platonists. I cannot discuss here the contrast between Plato and Aristotle. One illustration must suffice. Plato used all

his art of rhetoric and reasoning to prove the personal immortality of the soul, and Aristotle rejected the belief. So, as the Humanists followed Plato, there was a very decided hostility to the professional or clerical teachers of theology and philosophy. The main point was, however, that Plato was used as a cover for free speculation, while the teachers in the universities were hidebound. The Church, naturally, watched this side of the Renaissance, and some, like Pomponazzi, were driven to say that a thing could be false in the light of reason and true in the light of religion.

Philosophy is, however, a subject too large for the limits of my space and, to say the truth, too small for my inclination. Let us pass to the other extreme and consider what influence the new spirit had on art.

Until well on in the fifteenth century the classical revival affected a relatively small number of people, whereas medieval art was then far advanced. Painting, however, lingered behind sculpture and architecture. It began its higher development, in Giotto, independently of classic literature, by the sheer artistic impulse to reproduce beauty as it actually was, in man and nature. Yet it had not reached its great days when the classical ideals began to be diffused in Italy, and the influence of the new spirit is then plain to the eye.

It will suffice here to consider for a moment the two supreme artists of the Roman school, if not of all Christendom, Michelangelo and Raphael. I have described the skeptical and

sensual atmosphere in which they worked, but one is constantly confronted with the claim that, as they were "profoundly religious" men, they found their mighty inspiration in their own piety in spite of the scurrilities of Popes and cardinals. I would not here express a personal opinion, and I have earlier quoted Symonds and various authorities on art. But it is interesting to see how Professor W. H. Hudson, who had a weight of authority behind his words, deals with these artists in his particularly valuable chapter on the art of the Renaissance.

He quotes the often-quoted saying of Michelangelo, that the painter of religious pictures must, if he is to succeed, be a good man, or "even a saint." The Catholic (forgetting the paintings of Pinturicchio, a very wicked man, or of Rubens, a very fleshy man) generally ends there. But Professor Hudson goes on to say that "no man did more than he [Michelangelo] to destroy the religious meaning of traditional Christian art." The great artist, he says, contributed mightily to the "secularization" of painting, sculpture, and architecture. He says in one of his sonnets that the highest manifestation of God is in "human forms sublime." And of his wonderful painting of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel, to which the enthusiast will turn most eagerly for proof of religious inspiration, Professor Hudson observes that it is "difficult to detect the play of any distinctively Christian feeling," that "the last link connecting art with Christian tradition has been broken," and that "to

regard it as a Christian interpretation of a Christian theme is absurd" (pp. 205-6).

Raphael, on the other hand, he says, sometimes shows religious inspiration, but "more often he simply paints the most beautiful woman he can find as the representative of motherhood, without indicating, either by symbolism or by general tone and expression, the transcendental significance of his type" (p. 203). We saw that Murillo in his best work does the same, and it is the general truth about the Renaissance painters. Like Rubens, who loves to paint the luscious nude body of his mistress as Venus—there are three known copies of his "Venus and Adonis"—they painted figures from the ancient mythology and allegory just as beautifully as they represented the Madonna and the Bambino. Titian, the last great Italian painter, was a pure Humanist. Rembrandt shows art fully secularized. Dürer and Holbein seem to the expert to reflect the influence of Protestantism. In any case, the broad historical fact is that once Rome was purified of its paganism and sensuality, all great art ceased in it. Let the admirer of the "Catholic Renaissance" digest that.

In literature the spirit of Humanism did not wait for the classical revival, but it received a remarkable invigoration in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Chaucer is decidedly a Humanist, and the entire body of troubadours and song and ballad makers of earlier centuries represents a determination to secularize music and poetry. By the fifteenth century many of these popular songs actually satirized

the vices of the clergy and the greed of the Vatican. Then came the new learning, and Italy soon had its Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, Cellini, Machiavelli, etc.

A very distinctive effect of the classical Renaissance, and more particularly of the *Catholic* Renaissance, if we were to take that phrase seriously, was the revival of indecent comedy. The comedies of Plautus and Terentius are now cited by the apologist as one of the symptoms of the low moral tone of the pagan world, but he would be astonished if he took the trouble to ascertain how fond the Popes were of seeing them acted in the Vatican. In point of fact, they are much less gross than they are represented to be by the people who do not read them. I have a complete edition of the Latin Comedies of Plautus, and have read them all. The least delicate is the *Menaechmi*, and it was performed in the Vatican Palace before the end of the fifteenth century, and often repeated.

Such comedies proved so popular that a large number of imitations of them were composed, and Pope Leo X was one of their most ardent patrons. His intimate friend Cardinal Bibbiena (who had his bathroom frescoed as the bedroom walls of houses of love in Paris today) wrote some of the most lascivious, and Cardinal Cibo took leading parts in them. Ariosto, Machiavelli, and others contributed to this kind of literature, and it went all over Europe. Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* is directly inspired by the *Menaechmi* of Plautus.

Here the Renaissance found a material im-

plement of an importance that cannot be exaggerated: the printed book. Artless pictures of the monks of the Middle Ages copying and preserving the classics for us no longer move us when we know that Moorish rulers had libraries of half a million manuscript volumes, and when we read what infinite trouble the Humanists of Christendom had to get the classics together in the fifteenth century. Yet it was a revolutionary advance in the education of the world when paper and printing came into use. I am a quick writer, yet find eight thousand words—not of original composition, but of copying or translating—a day too severe a task to contemplate daily. A monk would take a lifetime to make, at the rate of one per week, a thousand copies of this little book. A machine spits them out at the rate of 5,000 copies or more an hour.

Paper had been introduced from China by the Mohammedans, and Christendom very slowly and reluctantly borrowed it from the Moors. Printing also should be traced back along the same route, for the Chinese had for ages been accustomed to block printing. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the turning point of the Renaissance, this led to the invention of printing by separate letter blocks, and before the end of the century there were twenty-two master printers in Cologne and a number in each of the German cities. By 1465 there was a press in Italy, five years later one in France, and in 1476 the Caxton Press was established in England.

Although printing was at first necessarily

very slow, there can be no doubt that the multiplication and cheapening of books would soon have led to an extension of culture to the more thoughtful workers if the normal course of events had not been broken by the Reformation. The works of Erasmus, in particular, were read far beyond the circle of the cultivated few. In the main, however, as we should expect at so early a date, the efforts of the Humanists were directed to the improvement of such education as already existed. Vittorino da Feltre and Guarino in Italy, Johann Sturm and W. Ratke in Germany, Comenius in Moravia, Roger Ascham in England, opened model schools, and forced the introduction of the "humanities" into education. Rabelais has many ideas for the reform of education in his extraordinary work, and Montaigne gave currency to them in a more respectable medium.

The effect of Humanism upon the study of science, which was at once seen in the work of Francis Bacon, is too important to be discussed in a few lines. Little Blue Book No. 1142 is devoted to the beginning of science and the facts about Bacon, Copernicus, and Galileo.

We must, however, note here that the critical spirit, which is the essence of science and of all discovery of truth, was at once aroused by the classical Renaissance. The Italian critic Lorenzo Valla, in fact, better deserves a place in the memory of our age than most of the monarchs and Popes of the Middle Ages. A fierce critic of Scholasticism, an avowed follower of Epicurus, he was the first man in Christendom to examine fearlessly the bases of

the Papal power and expose the forgeries. In 1440 he published a short study of the supposed Donation of Constantine which opened the eyes of many to the real character of the Papacy, and he was the first to apply criticism to the New Testament. Naturally, the Inquisition sought to make his acquaintance, and he earned the protection of the Popes by abjuring his wicked habit of telling the truth and devoting his genius to such innocent subjects as *Elegancies of the Latin Tongue.* A century later the power of the Vatican was shattered over half of Europe, and a complete edition of Valla's works helped to lay the foundation of modern critical history.

CHAPTER V

ERASMUS AND OTHER HUMANISTS

Geographical circumstances account for the original development of civilization, not in what we call the Great White Race, but in Crete, Egypt, and Mesopotamia. The same geographical circumstances explain the Re-Birth of civilization in Italy, as we have already explained. Germany had had its hour of hope under Charlemagne, and its period of achievement when it developed the Romanesque architecture. France had had a promising civilization, inspired by the Moors, in its southern provinces, had taken the lead in the revival of schools, and had given the world the Gothic architecture. But religious reaction and political vicissitudes had brought these efforts to an end, and it was the breathing of the spirit of the old world, through Moors and Byzantines, upon the nearest country, Italy, that effected the real and lasting awakening.

From Italy "the new learning" naturally passed at once to France, and as early as 1458 Greeks were teaching Greek in Paris University. The French, like the Spaniards and Rumanians, flatter themselves that they are a Latin nation—strange how persistently Christian nations have claimed affinity with the wicked old pagan civilization—and they had a temperamental inclination to a classical revival. In the south, moreover, they had, like

Italy, beautiful and impressive remains of Roman days. In point of historical fact, the Renaissance did not at once conquer France. Until the French invaded southern Italy in 1494 there was little effect of the revival except a group of students of Greek literature.

After 1500 the new spirit gained ground. From the court downward manners were refined, and from the university downward education was reformed. Men of great and real learning like Scaliger and Casaubon arose; Rabelais put his remarkable erudition and his skeptical and stimulating ideas in a form which appealed to the lingering grossness of Christian taste; and at length Montaigne (1532-92) formulated the new spirit with an elegance and sobriety of taste which commended it to all who could read. The great age of Richelieu and the Academy, of Molière (a complete skeptic), Racine, and Corneille soon followed, and prepared the way for Voltaire and Rousseau.

But Paris rendered one early service of which it thought nothing at the time. It taught Erasmus Greek. Erasmus, the man who "laid the egg which Luther hatched," did more than any other single Humanist to spread and deepen the influence of the Renaissance. A traveler in Spain in 1527 found in almost every country inn in that reactionary land a translation of the *Encheiridion* (or moral treatise) of Erasmus. Another and bolder work of his, the *Colloquia*, was brought under the grave consideration of the Sorbonne at Paris, and it was expected that it would be condemned. A Paris printer hastily brought out and distributed an

edition of 24,000 copies of it; and this, even in our time, is a larger circulation than a serious work of any price could hope to attain. It is a measure of what the modern world owes to Erasmus, and should be carefully considered by those who, not living in the days of the Inquisition, lightly blame him for not joining the Reformers or even heading a pronounced Rationalist movement. His works were eagerly read all over Europe, and had a remarkable influence in spreading the critical and humanitarian spirit.

Desiderius Erasmus was a Dutchman, born in Rotterdam in 1467, the illegitimate son of a doctor's daughter. Gheraerd was his father's name, which he Latinized as Erasmus. He became a monk, for the convenience of his guardians, and had a wicked eye on monks ever afterwards. "They are called fathers," he says of the friars, "and they often are." He became a priest and went to study theology and Greek at Paris and in Italy. His wit and brilliant talent opened every door to him, but he migrated to England, where he gave powerful assistance to the little group of Humanists, and pointed the true moral of the new learning by publishing his *Encomium Moriae* (Praise of Folly), a mirror of the folly of Christendom in tolerating such priests and Popes as it had. For the last twenty years of his life he lived in southern Germany, where his works did much to prepare the way for the Reformation.

Known in four countries, indeed in the whole of civilized Europe, as the most brilliant man of his time, Erasmus had a thousand readers

for the reader of any other serious writer of the seventeenth century. And he did not hesitate to season his work with, not only his pungent wit, but passages which show how entirely free his mind was. His most effective work was his *Colloquia* (Conversations) a familiar and mirthful indictment of the religious comedy of Christendom. It is, says a recent writer, "a masterpiece," but "disfigured by lewd and unchaste passages." That was why Christians read it in their tens of thousands, and had their eyes opened. It was condemned by the Sorbonne, and burned in Spain, not for its "lewdness," but for its scorching exposure of religion. Erasmus knew that the world was not ripe for a powerful movement on the lines of his own intimate ideas, and he remained a nominal Christian, stimulating people to think by attacking plain abuses. He refused, when pressed, to join Luther precisely because he did not believe the Christianity of Luther any more than the Christianity of Thomas Aquinas. He did a mighty work for modernism, and that is enough for us.

In Germany the work of the Renaissance was brief because it was soon lost in the roar and chaos of the Reformation, so that I leave it mainly for consideration elsewhere. Erasmus was not the first to teach Greek and translate Greek books there. Johann Müller and Rudolph Agricola had been to Italy to study Greek early in the sixteenth century, and they prepared the way for Erasmus in Germany. Johann Reuchlin, the first great German Humanist, studied Greek at Paris and

in Italy, and he revived the study of Hebrew (hitherto almost confined to the rabbis) which would in time, in a freer age, inspire the beginning of Biblical criticism. Reuchlin was summoned before the Inquisition at Cologne, a dense center of reaction, and although a representative of the Pope saved him, the friars persevered and induced Rome later to condemn him. He inspired Melanchthon and worked with Ulrich von Hutten. But there was formidable opposition in Germany to the Renaissance, and I consider such success as it had in Little Blue Book No. 1141.

In England the service of the classical Renaissance in guiding and confirming a native development, or broader Renaissance, is particularly clear. Early in the days of Humanism a few English scholars had gone to Italy to study Greek. They were "monks of Canterbury," and on their return they taught at Canterbury. The news slowly spread, and Oxford University, and later Cambridge University, started chairs of Greek. Erasmus went to England first in 1498, and he taught there from 1510 to 1513. He does not say so, but the heavy piety of the English Hellenists—one hesitates to call them Humanists—cannot have been entirely to his taste. It was a church group. Grocyn was a conservative Doctor of Divinity. Colet was Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral and an early Protestant in his zeal for pure and primitive Christianity. Linacre was a royal physician, but ended his days as a priest. Sir Thomas More, the wit and scholar and Utopianist, was the only real Humanist; and he

must have astonished, if not pained, Erasmus by eventually suffering the removal of his head for the Catholic faith.

Even in the sixteenth century, says Sir Richard Jebb, "Britain produced no scholar of the first rank," and "the British press sent forth few books which advanced Greek or Latin learning." A painful confession for an academic Englishman, but, as all the world knows, England produced something of infinitely greather value than commentaries on Tacitus or new editions of Ovid. It not only reformed education in the classical sense, and produced some great early educators, but it gave birth to Shakespeare and the Elizabethan drama, to Francis Bacon and the new zeal for science, to a literature which would not shrink, as the Italian did, but remain fertile in great productions down to the nineteenth century. It adopted the classic model in architecture, started a new school of painting, joined with great effect in the conquest of the seas, brought about a general refinement of manners (compared with the Middle Ages), and founded "the Mother of Parliaments."

That in all this we have to see the quickening of a native development by putting into it the ferment of the classical spirit needs no proof. Shakespeare teems with evidence. Even his early comedies are inspired by Plautus and the Italian imitators of Plautus, his tragedies often turn to pagan themes, and his language is one of the most singular mixtures of exquisite imagery in pure English and long Latin words which many of his hearers can

hardly have understood. Francis Bacon is heavily indebted to early Greek science. Thomas More is equally indebted to Plato.

The political and economic conditions were at the time favoring a revival of civilization in England, but the effect of the Renaissance, in the narrower sense, is obvious. Men caught its spirit even when they ignored its scholarship. The standard of conduct remained gross, both before and after the Reformation. The life of the mass of the people—"the clowns," in Shakespearean language—was so coarse and stupid that we can hardly imagine it. The idea that Elizabethan days had more sexual license than earlier days can only occur to people who do not know the Middle Ages. But this freedom, as I said in speaking of Christendom generally, became more deliberate and respectable. It was not a sneaking infringement of a divine law. Man had a sense of mastery. Life and love were his possessions. The soft touch of silk, the perfume of flowers, the thrill of gay music and dancing, the flash of gold and jewels, were good things; and if they did quicken the pulse, well . . . Men were not yet quite clear how they stood with the Almighty in such matters, but they were vaguely asserting that human right to all knowledge, power, and pleasure which our age is at length formulating in incontrovertible terms.

We have now, therefore, a correct historical view of the course of human events and can judge for ourselves the timid and accommodating phrases of some of our modern his-

torical writers. Indeed, it is not only from concessions to the noisy religious crowd that the professors occasionally use language that is not historically correct. The field of knowledge is so vast that the historical specialist cannot take into account all the elements of the problem he is discussing, all the streams which have contributed to the stretch of the river that he is contemplating. On the other hand, the general historian, as far as he still exists, had to learn such a mass of detail that is humanly trivial and irrelevant that he cannot completely command any particular theme. One of the ablest and most independent historical teachers in America refers to "the civilizing force of Christianity." He has never studied Christianity in that respect.

In twelve Little Blue Books*—apart from the essays on the various ancient civilizations and on the origin of Christianity—I tell the story of Christendom up to the threshold of modern times. I use no facts that are called into question in modern history and no authorities that are not recognized. In fact, I base the narrative very largely on my own reading of

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*As follows: Legends of Saints and Martyrs (Little Blue Book No. 1107); How Christianity "Triumphed" (No. 1110); The Evolution of Christian Doctrine (No. 1121); The Degradation of Woman (No. 1122); Christianity and Slavery (No. 1127); The Church and the School (No. 1128); The Dark Ages (No. 1130); New Light on Witchcraft (No. 1132); The Horrors of the Inquisition (No. 1134); Medieval Art and the Church (No. 1136); The Moorish Civilization in Spain (No. 1137); and the present volume.

the contemporary chroniclers from the fourth to the sixteenth century.

And this story yields us a conclusion of decisive value in the religious controversy of our time. Christianity never was, and is not now, a civilizing force. It includes moral sentiments which make for civilization, but not a single one of those sentiments is peculiar to it, and they are so mixed with quixotic puritanism and impossible beliefs that in their Christian form they proved ineffective. When that creed was forced upon Europe a high and sober civilization, with a most extensive system of education, controlled a hundred million people. Within a century or two Europe sank to a level of ignorance and disorder to which we cannot give the name of civilization. We are prepared to make every allowance for the Church in view of the barbaric invasions, but history shows that tribes at the same level of culture could be civilized in the course of a century or century and a half where there were real civilizing forces, yet Europe remained semi-barbarous for six or seven centuries, and, as far as the mass of the people were concerned, grosser than the Greeks and Romans for more than a thousand years. And, when the awakening came, we discern no call of the Church, no impulse from religion, but a spontaneous movement away from religion quickened and guided by the Mohammedans and the revived ideals of the pagan world.

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A Guide to Aristotle

Will Durant, Ph.D.

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But after all, these are quite inessential criticisms of what remains the most marvelous and influential system of thought ever put together by any single mind. It may be doubted if any other thinker has contributed so much to the enlightenment of the world. Every

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A GUIDE TO ARISTOTLE

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A WORD TO THE READER

The student who has come to philosophy under the spur of Plato's eloquence will need some encouragement to face the more practical and prosaic work of Aristotle. If he finds the following essay difficult and unattractive, let him reflect that Aristotle's is almost the most abstract and obscure of all the great philosophies; and that only the exigencies of logical and chronological sequence have led us to study him before mastering simpler systems. Aristotle is hard to grasp because his work is so varied and manifold that no centralizing unity can be found to co-ordinate it for easier comprehension. Nor is there in his work any enthralling drama of passionate reform; he is a man of the world who has become almost reconciled to the eternity of human imperfections. The author has spared neither time nor labor to make out under the mummy-like mass of lecture notes in which Aristotle has come down to us, the features of the living man; but he is very much afraid that he has failed.

W. D.

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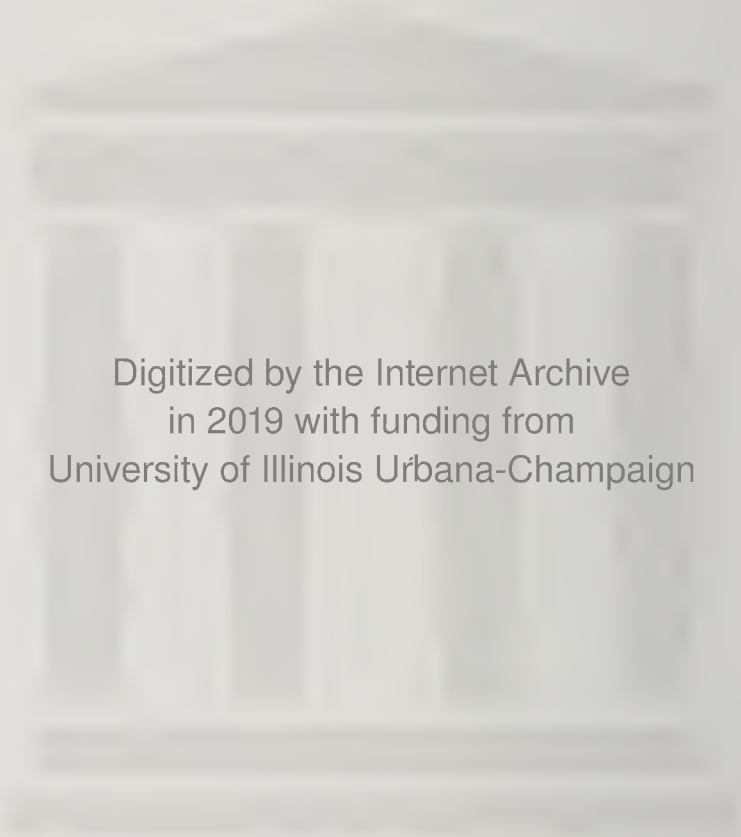

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The other incidents of this Athenian period are still more problematical. Some biographers tell us that Aristotle founded a school of oratory to rival Isocrates; and that he had among his pupils in this school the wealthy Hermias, who was soon to become autocrat of the city-state of Atarneus. After reaching this elevation Hermias invited Aristotle to his court; and in the year 344 B. C. he rewarded his teacher for past favors by bestowing upon him a sister (or a niece) in marriage. One might suspect this as a Greek gift; but the historians hasten to assure us that Aristotle, despite his genius, lived happily enough with his wife, and spoke of her most affectionately in his will. It was just a year later that Philip, King of Macedon, called Aristotle to the court at Pella to undertake the education of Alexander. It bespeaks the rising repute of our philosopher that the greatest monarch of the time, looking about for the greatest teacher, should single out Aristotle to be the tutor of the future master of the world.

Philip was determined that his son should have every educational advantage, for he had made for him illimitable designs. His conquest of Thrace in 356 B. C. had given him command of gold mines which at once began to yield him precious metal to ten times the amount then coming to Athens from the failing silver of Laurium; his people were vigorous peasants and warriors, as yet unspoiled by city luxury and vice: here was the combination that would make possible the subjugation of a hundred petty city-states and the political unification of Greece. Philip had no sympathy with the individualism that had fostered the art and intellect of Greece but had at the same time disintegrated her social order; in all these little capitals he saw not the exhilarating culture and the unsurpassable art, but the commercial corruption and the political chaos; he saw insatiable merchants and bankers absorbing the vital resources of the nation, incompetent politicians and clever orators misleading a busy populace into disastrous plots and wars, factions cleaving classes and classes congealing into castes: this, said Philip, was not a nation but only a welter of individuals,—geniuses and

and structure and entelechy;[1] the egg of the hen is internally designed or destined to become not a duck but a chick; the acorn becomes not a willow but an oak. This does not mean for Aristotle that there is an external providence designing earthly structures and events; rather the design is internal, and arises from the type and function of the thing. "Divine Providence coincides completely for Aristotle with the operation of natural causes."[2]

Yet there is a God, though not perhaps the simple and human god conceived by the forgivable anthropomorphism of the adolescent mind. Aristotle approaches the problem from the old puzzle about motion—how, he asks, does motion begin? He will not accept the possibility that motion is as beginningless as he conceives matter to be: matter may be eternal, because it is merely the everlasting possibility of future forms; but when and how did that vast process of motion and formation

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[1] *Entelecheia*—having (*echo*) its purpose (*telos*) within (*entos*); one of those magnificent Aristotelian terms which gather up into themselves a whole philosophy. The informed reader need not be reminded that the "orthogenic" school of evolutionists finds its first formulation in these passages of Aristotle.

[2] *Ethics*, i, 10; Zeller, ii, 329.

begin which at last filled the wide universe with an infinity of shapes? Surely motion has a source, says Aristotle; and if we are not to plunge drearily into an infinite regress, putting back our problem step by step, endlessly, we must posit a prime mover unmoved (*primum mobile immotum*), a being incorporeal, indivisible, spaceless, sexless, passionless, changeless, perfect and eternal. God does not create, but he moves, the world; and he moves it not as a mechanical force but as the total motive of all operations in the world; "God moves the world as the beloved object moves the lover."[1] He is the final cause of nature, the drive and purpose of things, the form of the world; the principle of its life, the sum of its vital processes and powers, the inherent goal of its growth, the energizing entelechy of the whole. He is pure energy;[2] the Scholastic *Actus Purus* —activity *per se;* perhaps the mystic "Force" of modern physics and philosophy. He is not so much a person as a magnetic power.[3]

Yet, with his usual inconsistency, Aristotle

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[1] *Metaphysics, ix, 7.*
[2] *Ibid.,* xii, 8.
[3] Grant. 173.

represents God as self-conscious spirit. A rather mysterious spirit; for Aristotle's God never does anything; he has no desires, no will, no purpose; he is activity so pure that he never acts. He is absolutely perfect; therefore he cannot desire anything; therefore he does nothing. His only occupation is to contemplate the essence of things; and since he himself is the essence of all things, the form of all forms, his sole employment is the contemplation of himself.[1] Poor Aristotelian God!—he is a *roi-fainéant*, a do-nothing king; "the king reigns, but he does not rule." No wonder the British like Aristotle; his God is obviously copied from their king.

Or from Aristotle himself. Our philosopher so loved contemplation that he sacrificed to it his conception of divinity. His God is of the quiet Aristotelian type, nothing romantic, withdrawn to his ivory tower from the strife and stain of things; all the world away from the philosopher-kings of Plato, or from the stern flesh-and-blood reality of Yahveh, or the gentle and solicitous fatherhood of the Christian God.

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[1] *Meta.* xii, 8; *Ethics*, x,, 8.

VI. PSYCHOLOGY AND THE NATURE OF ART

Aristotle's psychology is marred with similar obscurity and vacillation. There are many interesting passages: the power of habit is emphasized, and is for the first time called "second nature"; and the laws of association, though not developed, find here a definite formulation. But both the crucial problems of philosophical psychology—the freedom of the will and the immortality of the soul—are left in haze and doubt. Aristotle talks at times like a determinist—"We cannot directly will to be different from what we are"; but he goes on to argue, against determinism, that we can choose what we shall be, by choosing now the environment that shall mould us; so we are free in the sense that we mould our own characters by our choice of friends, books, occupations, and amusements.[1] He does not anticipate the determinist's ready reply that these formative choices are themselves determined by our antecedent character, and this at last by un-

[1] *Ethics*, iii, 7.

later age has drawn upon Aristotle, and stood upon his shoulders to see the truth. The varied and magnificent culture of Alexandria found its scientific inspiration in him. His *Organon* played a central rôle in shaping the minds of the medieval barbarians into disciplined and consistent thought. The other works, translated by Nestorian Christians into Syriac in the fifth century A. D., and thence into Arabic and Hebrew in the tenth century, and thence into Latin towards 1225, turned scholasticism from its eloquent beginnings in Abélard to encyclopedic completion in Thomas Aquinas (1227-1274). The Crusaders brought back more accurate Greek copies of the philosopher's texts; and the Greek scholars of Constantinople brought further Aristotelian treasures with them when, after 1453, they fled from the besieging Turks. The works of Aristotle came to be for European philosophy what the Bible was for theology—an almost infallible text, with solutions for every problem. In 1215 the Papal legate at Paris forbade teachers to lecture on his works; in 1231 Gregory IX appointed a commission to expurgate him; by 1260 he was *de rigueur* in every Christian school, and

ecclesiastical assemblies penalized deviations from his views. Chaucer describes his student as happy by having

> At his beddes hed
> Twenty bookes clothed in blake or red ,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophie;[1]

and in the first circles of Hell, says Dante,

> "I saw the Master there of those who know,
> Amid the philosophic family,
> By all admired, and by all reverenced;
> There Plato too I saw, and Socrates,
> Who stood beside him closer than the rest.[2]

Such lines give us some inkling of the honor which a thousand years offered to the Stagirite. Not till new instruments, accumulated observations, and patient experiments remade science and gave irresistible weapons to Occam and Ramus, to Roger and Francis Bacon, was the reign of Aristotle ended. No other mind had for so long a time ruled the intellect of mankind.

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[1]Quoted by Benn, i, 276.
[2]*Inferno*, iv, 131f.

X. LATER LIFE AND DEATH

Meanwhile life had become unmanageably complicated for our philosopher. He found himself on the one hand embroiled with Alexander for protesting against the execution of Callisthenes (a nephew of Aristotle), who had refused to worship Alexander as a god; and Alexander had answered the protest by hinting that it was quite within his omnipotence to put even philosophers to death. At the same time Aristotle was busy defending Alexander among the Athenians. He preferred Greek solidarity to city patriotism, and thought culture and science would flourish better when petty sovereignties and disputes were ended; and he saw in Alexander what Goethe was to see in Napoleon—the philosophic unity of a chaotic and intolerably manifold world. The Athenians, hungering for liberty, growled at Aristotle, and became bitter when Alexander had a statue of the philosopher put up in the heart of the hostile city. In this turmoil we get an impression of Aristotle quite contrary to that left upon us by his *Ethics*: here is a man

not cold and inhumanly calm, but a fighter, pursuing his Titanic work in a circle of enemies on every side. The successors of Plato at the Academy, the oratorical school of Isocrates, and the angry crowds that hung on Demosthenes' acid eloquence, intrigued and clamored for his exile or his death.

And then, suddenly (323 B. C.), Alexander died. Athens went wild with patriotic joy; the Macedonian party was overthrown, and Athenian independence was proclaimed. Antipater, successor of Alexander and intimate friend of Aristotle, marched upon the rebellious city. Most of the Macedonian party fled. Eurymedon, a chief priest, brought in an indictment against Aristotle, charging him with having taught that prayer and sacrifice were of no avail. Aristotle saw himself fated to be tried by juries and crowds incomparably more hostile than those that had murdered Socrates. Very wisely, he left the city, saying that he would not give Athens a chance to sin a second time against philosophy. There was no cowardice in this; an accused person at Athens had always the option of preferring exile.[1]

[1]Grote, 20.

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Guide to Aristotle

Will Durant, Ph.D.

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A GUIDE TO ARISTOTLE

WILL DURANT, PH. D.

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Instructor in Philosophy, Columbia University.
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"A Guide to Plato," etc.

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slaves; he would bring the hand of order down upon this turmoil, and make all Greece stand up united and strong as the political center and basis of the world. In his youth in Thebes he had learned the arts of military strategy and civil organization under the noble Epaminondas; and now, with courage as boundless as his ambition, he bettered the instruction. In 338 B. C. he defeated the Athenians at Chaerônea, and saw at last a Greece united, though with chains. And then, as he stood upon this victory, and planned how he and his son should master and unify the world, he fell under an assassin's hand.

Alexander, when Aristotle came, was a wild youth of thirteen; passionate, epileptic, almost alcoholic; it was his pastime to tame horses untamable by men. The efforts of the philosopher to cool the fires of this budding volcano were not of much avail; Alexander had better success with Bucephalus than Aristotle with Alexander. "For a while," says Plutarch, "Alexander loved and cherished Aristotle no less than as if he had been his own father; saying that though he had received life from the one, the other had taught him the art of living."

("Life," says a fine Greek adage, "is the gift of nature; but beautiful living is the gift of wisdom.") "For my part," said Alexander in a letter to Aristotle, "I had rather excel in the knowledge of what is good than in the extent of my power and dominion." But this was probably no more than a royal-youthful compliment; beneath the enthusiastic tyro of philosophy was the fiery son of a barbarian princess and an untamed king; the restraints of reason were too delicate to hold these ancestral passions in leash; and Alexander left philosophy after two years to mount the throne and ride the world. History leaves us free to believe (though we should suspect these pleasant thoughts) that Alexander's unifying passion derived some of its force and grandeur from his teacher, the most synthetic thinker in the history of thought; and that the conquest of order in the political realm by the pupil, and in the philosophic realm by the master, were but diverse sides of one noble and epic project—two magnificent Macedonians unifying two chaotic worlds.

But as usual, impersonal economic factors lay hidden under the surface of personal and

dramatic events. The development of commerce had bound the Mediterranean nations, from Persia to Spain, into one great web of trade; and this commercial unity, harassed in a thousand ways by political frontiers, autocratic tolls, and the vicissitudes of unprotected transport, called insistently for unity of political and military administration. Persia controlled the Asiatic land routes of the eastern half of this economic system; Greece (or, since Philip, Macedon) controlled the Mediterranean sea-routes of the western half. It appeared to Alexander that the absorption of one of these political systems by the other was made inevitable by the growing pressure of economic circumstance. Hence his reply to the Persian embassy which came to him from Darius, suggesting conciliation and division of rule: "As it would be impossible for order to reign in the world with two suns, so it is impossible for the earth to be at peace with two masters." And so he set out, in the year 334 B. C., to conquer Persia. Three years later the task was accomplished, and the Mediterranean world was one.

He had left behind him, in the cities of

Greece, governments favorable to him but populations resolutely hostile. The long tradition of a free and once imperial Athens made subjection—even to a brilliant world-conquering despot—intolerable; and the bitter eloquence of Demosthenes kept the Assembly always on the edge of revolt against the "Macedonian party" that held the reins of city power. Now when Aristotle, after another period of travel, returned to Athens in the year 334 B. C., he very naturally associated with this Macedonian group, and took no pains to conceal his approval of Alexander's unifying rule. As we study the remarkable succession of works, in speculation and research, which Aristotle proceeded to unfold in the last twelve years of his life; and as we watch him in his multifold tasks of organizing his school, and of organizing such a wealth of knowledge as probably never before had passed through the mind of one man; let us occasionally remember that this was no quiet and secure pursuit of truth; that at any minute the political sky might change, and precipitate a storm in this peaceful philosophic life. Only

with this situation in mind shall we understand Aristotle's political philosophy, and his tragic end.

II. THE WORK OF ARISTOTLE

It was not hard for the instructor of the king of kings to find pupils even in so hostile a city as Athens. When, in the fifty-third year of his age, Aristotle established his school, the Lyceum, so many students flocked to him that it became necessary to make complicated regulations for the maintenance of order. The students themselves determined the rules, and elected, every ten days, one of their number to supervise the School. But we must not think of it as a place of rigid discipline; rather the picture which comes down to us is of scholars eating their meals in common with the master, and learning from him as he and they strolled up and down the Walk along the athletic field from which the Lyceum took its name.[1]

[1]The Walk was called *Peripatos;* hence the later name, Peripatetic School. The athletic field was part of the grounds of the temple of Apollo Lyceus—the protector of the flock against the wolf (*lycos*).

The new School was no mere replica of that which Plato had left behind him. The Academy was devoted above all to mathematics and to speculative and political philosophy; the Lyceum had rather a tendency to biology and the natural sciences. If we may believe Pliny,[1] Alexander instructed his hunters, gamekeepers, gardeners and fishermen to furnish Aristotle with all the zoological and botanical material he might desire; other ancient writers tell us that at one time he had at his disposal a thousand men scattered throughout Greece and Asia, collecting for him specimens of the fauna and flora of every land. With this wealth of material he was enabled to establish the first great zoological garden that the world had seen. We can hardly exaggerate the influence of this collection upon his science and his philosophy.

Where did Aristotle derive the funds to finance these undertakings? He was himself, by this time, a man of spacious income; and he had married into the fortune of one of the most powerful public men in Greece. Athenaeus (no

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[1] *Hist. Nat.*, viii, 16; in Lewes, *Aristotle, a Chapter from the History of Science*, London, 1864, p. 15.

doubt with some exaggeration) relates that Alexander gave Aristotle, for physical and biological equipment and research, the sum of 800 talents (in modern purchasing power, some $4,000,000).[1] It was at Aristotle's suggestion, some think, that Alexander sent a costly expedition to explore the sources of the Nile and discover the causes of its periodical overflow.[2] Such works as the digest of 158 political constitutions, drawn up for Aristotle, indicate a considerable corps of aides and secretaries. In short we have here the first example in European history of the large-scale financing of science by public wealth. What knowledge would we not win if modern states were to support research on a proportionately lavish scale!

Yet we should do Aristotle injustice if we were to ignore the almost fatal limitations of equipment which accompanied these unprecedented resources and facilities. He was compelled "to fix time without a watch, to compare degrees of heat without a thermometer, to observe the heavens without a telescope, and the weather without a barometer. . . . Of all

[1]Grant, *Aristotle,* Edinburgh, 1877, p. 18.
[2]The expedition reported that the inundations were due to the melting of the snow on the mountains of Abyssinia.

our mathematical, optical and physical instruments he possessed only the rule and compass, together with the most imperfect substitutes for some few others. Chemical analysis, correct measurements and weights, and a thorough application of mathematics to physics, were unknown. The attractive force of matter, the law of gravitation, electrical phenomena, the conditions of chemical combination, pressure of air and its effects, the nature of light, heat, combustion, etc., in short, all the facts on which the physical theories of modern science are based were wholly, or almost wholly, undiscovered."[1]

See, here, how inventions make history: for lack of a telescope Aristotle's astronomy is a tissue of childish romance; for lack of a microscope his biology wanders endlessly astray. Indeed, it was in industrial and technical invention that Greece fell furthest below the general standard of its unparalleled achievements. The Greek disdain of manual work kept everybody but the listless slave from direct acquaintance with the processes of production, from that stimulating contact with

[1]Zeller, i, 264, 443.

machinery which reveals defects and prefigures possibilities; technical invention was possible only to those who had no interest in it, and could not derive from it any material reward. Perhaps the very cheapness of the slaves made invention lag; muscle was still less costly than machines. And so, while Greek commerce conquered the Mediterranean Sea, and Greek philosophy conquered the Mediterranean mind, Greek science straggled, and Greek industry remained almost where Ægean industry had been when the invading Greeks had come down upon it, at Cnossos, at Tiryns and Mycene, a thousand years before. No doubt we have here the reason why Aristotle so seldom appeals to experiment; the mechanisms of experiment had not yet been made; and the best he could do was to achieve an almost universal and continuous observation. Nevertheless the vast body of data gathered by him and his assistants became the groundwork of the progress of science, the text-book of knowledge for two thousand years; one of the wonders of the work of man.

Aristotle's writings ran into the hundreds. Some ancient authors credit him with four

hundred volumes, others with a thousand. What remains is but a part, and yet it is a library in itself—conceive the scope and grandeur of the whole. There are, first, the *Logical* works: "Categories," "Topics," "Prior" and "Posterior Analytics," "Propositions," and "Sophistical Refutations;" these works were collected and edited by the later Peripatetics under the general title of Aristotle's "Organon," —that is, the organ or instrument of correct thinking. Secondly, there are the *Scientific* works: "Physics," "On the Heavens," "Growth and Decay," "Meteorology," "Natural History," "On the Soul," "The Parts of Animals," "The Movements of Animals," and "The Generation of Animals." There are, thirdly, the *Esthetic* works: "Rhetoric" and "Poetics." And fourthly come the more strictly *Philosophical* works: "Ethics," "Politics," and "Metaphysics."[1] Here, evidently, is the Encyclopedia Brittanica of Greece: every problem under the sun and about it finds a place; no wonder there are more errors and absurdities here than in any other philosopher who ever

[1]This is the chronological order, so far as known (Zeller, i, 156f). Our discussion will follow this order except in the case of the "Metaphysics."

wrote. Here is such a synthesis of knowledge and theory as no man would ever achieve again till Spencer's day, and even then not half so magnificently; here, better than Alexander's fitful and brutal victory, was a conquest of the world. If philosophy is the quest of unity Aristotle deserves the high name that twenty centuries gave him—*Ille Philosophus*: *The* Philosopher.

Naturally, in a mind of such scientific turn, poesy was lacking. We must not expect of Aristotle such literary brilliance as floods the pages of the dramatist-philosopher Plato. Instead of giving us great literature, in which philosophy is embodied (and obscured) in myth and imagery, Aristotle gives us science, technical, abstract, concentrated; if we go to him for entertainment we shall sue for the return of our money. Instead of giving terms to literature, as Plato did, he builds the terminology of science and philosophy; we can hardly speak of any science today without employing terms which he invented; they lie like fossils in the strata of our speech: faculty, mean, maxim, (meaning, in Aristotle, the major premiss of a syllogism), category, energy,

actuality, motive, end, principle, form—these indispensable coins of philosophic thought were minted in his mind. And perhaps this passage from delightful dialogue to precise scientific treatise was a necessary step in the development of philosophy; and science, which is the basis and backbone of philosophy, could not grow until it had evolved its own strict methods of procedure and expression. Aristotle, too, wrote literary dialogues, as highly reputed in their day as Plato's; but they are lost, just as the scientific treatises of Plato have perished. Probably time has preserved of each man the better part.

Finally, it is possible that the writings attributed to Aristotle were not his, but were largely the compilations of students and followers who had embalmed the unadorned substance of his lectures in their notes. It does not appear that Aristotle published in his lifetime any writings except those on logic and rhetoric; and the present form of the logical treatises is due to later editing. In the case of the *Metaphysics* and the *Politics* the notes left by Aristotle seem to have been put together by his executors without revision or alteration.

Even the unity of style which marks Aristotle's writings, and offers an argument to those who defend his direct authorship, may be, after all, merely a unity given them through common editing by the Peripatetic School. About this matter there rages a sort of Homeric question, of almost epic scope, into which the busy reader will not care to go, and on which a modest student will not undertake to judge.[1] We may at all events be sure that Aristotle is the spiritual author of all these books that bear his name: that the hand may be in some cases another's hand, but that the head and the heart are his.[2]

III. THE FOUNDATION OF LOGIC.

The first great distinction of Aristotle is that almost without predecessors, almost entirely by his own hard thinking, he created a new

[1]Cf. Zeller, ii, 204, note; Encyc. Britt., ii, 509; and Shule: *History of the Aristotelian Writings.*

[2]The reader who wishes to go to the philosopher himself will find the *Meteorology* an interesting example of Aristotle's scientific work; he will derive much practical instruction from the *Rhetoric;* and he will find Aristotle at his best in books i-ii of the *Ethics,* and books i-iv of the *Politics.* The best translation of the *Ethics* is Welldon's; of the *Politics,* Jowett's. Sir Alexander Grant's *Aristotle* is a simple book; Zeller's *Aristotle* (vols. iii-iv in his *Greek Philosophy*), is scholarly but dry; Gomperz's *Greek Thinkers* (vol. iv) is masterly but difficult.

science—Logic. Renan[1] speaks of "the ill training of every mind that has not, directly or indirectly, come under Greek discipline;" but in truth the Greek intellect itself was undisciplined and chaotic till the ruthless formulae of Aristotle provided a ready method for the test and correction of thought. Even Plato (if a lover may so far presume) was an unruly and irregular soul, caught up too frequently in a cloud of myth, and letting beauty too richly veil the face of truth. Aristotle himself, as we shall see, violated his own canons plentifully; but then he was the product of his past, and not of that future which his thought would build. The political and economic decay of Greece brought a weakening of the Hellenic mind and character after Aristotle; but when a new race, after a millenium of barbaric darkness, found again the leisure and ability for speculation, it was Aristotle's "Organon" of logic, translated by Boethius (470-525 A. D.), that became the very mould of medieval thought, the strict mother of that scholastic philosophy which, though rendered sterile by encircling dogmas, nevertheless trained the in-

[1] *History of the People of Israel*, vol. v, p. 338.

tellect of adolescent Europe to reasoning and subtlety, constructed the terminology of modern science, and laid the bases of that same maturity of mind which was to outgrow and overthrow the very system and methods which had given it birth and sustenance.

Logic means, simply, the art and method of correct thinking. It is the *logy* or method of every science, of every discipline and every art; and even music harbors it. It is a science because to a considerable extent the processes of right thinking (and we use "right" not in a moral but in a mathematical sense) can be reduced to rules like physics and geometry, and taught to any normal mind; it is an art because by practice it gives to thought, at last, that unconscious and immediate accuracy which guides the fingers of the pianist over his instrument to effortless harmonies. Nothing is so dull as logic, and nothing is so important.

There was a hint of this new science in Socrates' maddening insistence on definitions, and in Plato's constant refining of every concept. Aristotle's little treatise on *Definitions* shows how his logic found nourishment at this source. "If you wish to converse with me," said Vol-

taire, "define your terms." How many a debate would have been deflated into a paragraph if the disputants had dared to define their terms! This is the alpha and omega of logic, the heart and soul of it, that every important term in serious discourse shall be subjected to strictest scrutiny and definition. It is difficult, and ruthlessly tests the mind; but once done it is half of any task.

Yet how shall we proceed to define an object or a term? Aristotle answers that every good definition has two parts, stands on two solid feet: first, it assigns the object in question to a class or group of objects whose general characteristics are also its own—so man is, first of all, an animal; and secondly, it indicates wherein the object differs from all the other members in its class—so man, in the Aristotelian system, is a *rational* animal, his "specific difference" is that unlike all other animals he is rational (here, you see, is the origin of a pretty legend). Aristotle drops an object into the ocean of its class, then takes it out all dripping with generic meaning, with the marks of its kind and group; while its individuality and difference shine out all the

more clearly for this juxtaposition with other objects which resemble it so much and are so different.

Passing out from this rear line of logic we come into the great battlefield on which Aristotle fought out with Plato the dread question of "universals"; it was the first conflict in a war which was to last till our own day, and make all medieval Europe ring with the clash of "realists" and "nominalists."[1] A universal, to Aristotle, is any common noun, any name capable of universal application to the members of a class: so *animal*, *man*, *book*, *tree*, are universals. But these universals are subjective notions, not tangibly objective realities; they are *nomina* (names), not *res* (things); all that exists outside us is a world of individual and specific objects, not of generic and universal things; men exist, and trees, and animals; but man-in-general, or the universal man, does not exist, except in thought; he is a handy mental abstraction, not an external presence or *re*-ality. Now Aristotle understands Plato to have held

[1]It was in reference to this debate that Friedrich Schlegel said, "Every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian" (in Benn, i, 291).

that universals have objective existence; and indeed Plato had said that the universal is incomparably more lasting and important and substantial than the individual,—the latter being but a little wavelet in a ceaseless surf; *men* come and go, but *man* goes on forever. Aristotle's is a matter-of-fact mind; as William James would say, a tough, not a tender, mind; he sees the root of endless mysticism and scholarly nonsense in this Platonic "realism;" and he attacks it with all the vigor of a first polemic. As Brutus loved not Caesar less but Rome more, so Aristotle says, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*—"Dear is Plato, but dearer still is truth." A hostile commentator might remark that Aristotle (like Nietzsche) criticizes Plato so keenly because he is conscious of having borrowed from him generously; no man is a hero to his debtors. But Aristotle has a healthy attitude, nevertheless; he is a realist almost in the modern sense; he is resolved to concern himself with the objective presence, while Plato is absorbed in a subjective future; or, to juggle with the words, Aristotle has a present objective, and Plato's subject is the future. There was, in the Socratic-Platonic

demand for definitions, a tendency away from things and facts to theories and ideas, from particulars to generalities, from science to scholasticism; at last Plato became so devoted to generalities that they began to determine his particulars, so devoted to ideas that they began to define or select his facts. Aristotle preaches a return to things, to the "unwithered face of nature" and reality; he had a lusty preference for the concrete particular, for the flesh and blood individual. But Plato so loved the general and universal that in the *Republic* he destroyed the individual to make a perfect state.

Yet, as is the usual humor of history, the young warrior takes over many of the qualities of the old master whom he assails. We have always goodly stock in us of that which we condemn: as only similars can be profitably contrasted, so only similar people quarrel, and the bitterest wars are over the slightest variations of purpose or belief. The knightly Crusaders found in Saladin a gentleman with whom they could quarrel amicably; but when the Christians of Europe broke into hostile camps there was no quarter for even the

courtliest foe. Aristotle is so ruthless with Plato because there is so much of Plato in him; he too remains a lover of abstractions and generalities, repeatedly betraying the simple fact for some speciously bedizened theory, and compelled to a continuous struggle to conquer the philosophic passion for exploring the empyrean.

There is a heavy trace of this in the most characteristic and original of Aristotle's contributions to philosophy—the doctrine of the syllogism. A syllogism is a trio of propositions of which the third (the conclusion) follows from the conceded truth of the other two (the "major" and "minor" premisses). E. g., man is a rational animal; but Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is a rational animal. The mathematical reader will see at once that the structure of the syllogism resembles the proposition that two things equal to the same thing are equal to each other; if A is B, and C is A, then C is B. As in the mathematical case the conclusion is reached by canceling from both premisses their common term, A; so in our syllogism the conclusion is reached by canceling from both premisses their common term "man," and combining what remains.

The difficulty, as logicians have pointed out from the days of Pyrrho to those of Stuart Mill, lies in this, that the major premiss of the syllogism takes for granted precisely the point to be proved; for if Socrates is not rational (and since no one questions that he is a man) it is not universally true that man is a rational animal. Aristotle would reply, no doubt, that where an individual is found to have a large number of qualities characteristic of a class ("Socrates is a man"), a strong presumption is established that the individual has the other qualities characteristic of the class ("rationality"). But apparently the syllogism is not a mechanism for the discovery of truth so much as for the clarification of exposition and thought.

All this, then, like the many other items of the Organon, has its value: "Aristotle has discovered and formulated every canon of theoretical consistency, and every artifice of dialectical debate, with an industry and acuteness which cannot be too highly extolled; and his labors in this direction have perhaps contributed more than any other single writer to the intellectual

stimulation of after ages."[1] But no man ever lived who could lift logic to a lofty strain: a guide to correct reasoning is as elevating as a manual of etiquette; we may use it, but it hardly spurs us to nobility. Not even the bravest philosopher would sing to a book of logic underneath the bough. One always feels towards logic as Virgil bade Dante feel towards those who had been damned because of their colorless neutrality: *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa*—"Let us think no more about them, but look once and pass on."[2]

IV. THE ORGANIZATION OF SCIENCE

1. GREEK SCIENCE BEFORE ARISTOTLE

"Socrates," says Renan,[3] "gave philosophy to mankind, and Aristotle gave it science. There was philosophy before Socrates, and science before Aristotle; and since Socrates and since Aristotle, philosophy and science have made immense advances. But all has been built upon the foundation which they laid." Before Aris-

[1] *Benn*, i, 307.
[2] *Inferno*, iii, 60.
[3] *Life of Jesus*, ch. 28.

totle, science was in embryo; with him it was born.

Earlier civilizations than the Greek had made attempts at science; but so far as we can catch their thought through their still obscure cuneiform and hieroglyphic script, their science was indistinguishable from theology. That is to say, these pre-Hellenic peoples explained every obscure operation in nature by some supernatural agency; everywhere there were gods. Apparently it was the Ionian Greeks who first dared to give natural explanations of cosmic complexities and mysterious events; they sought in physics the natural causes of particular incidents, and in philosophy a natural theory of the whole. Thalès (640-550 B. C.), the "Father of Philosophy," was primarily an astronomer, who astonished the natives of Miletus by informing them that the sun and stars (which they were wont to worship as gods) were merely balls of fire. His pupil Anaximander (610-540 B. C.), the first Greek to make astronomic and geographical charts, believed that the universe had begun as an undifferentiated mass, from which all things had arisen by the separation of opposites; that astronomic history peri-

odically repeated itself in the evolution and dissolution of an infinite number of worlds; that the earth was at rest in space by a balance of internal impulsions (like Buridan's ass); that all our planet had once been fluid, but had been evaporated by the sun; that life had first been formed in the sea, but had been driven upon the land by the subsidence of the water; that of these stranded animals some had developed the capacity to breathe air, and had so become the progenitors of all later land life; that man could not from the beginning have been what he now was, for if man, on his first appearance, had been so helpless at birth, and had required so long an adolescence, as in these later days, he could not possibly have survived. Anaximenes, another Milesian (fl. 450 B. C.), described the primeval condition of things as a very rarefied mass, gradually condensing into wind, cloud, water, earth, and stone; the three forms of matter—gas, liquid and solid—were progressive stages of condensation; heat and cold were merely rarefaction and condensation; earthquakes were due to the solidification of an originally fluid earth; life and soul were one, an animating and expansive force present

in everything everywhere. Anaxagoras (500-428 B. C.), teacher of Pericles, seems to have given a correct explanation of solar and lunar eclipses; he discovered the processes of respiration in plants and fishes; and he explained man's intelligence by the power of manipulation that came when the fore-limbs were freed from the tasks of locomotion.

Heraclitus (530-470 B.C.), who left wealth and its cares to live a life of poverty and study in the shade of the temple porticoes at Ephesus, turned science from astronomy to earthlier concerns. All things forever flow and change, he said; even in the stillest matter there is unseen flux and movement. Cosmic history runs in repetitious cycles, each beginning and ending in fire (here is one source of the Stoic and Christian doctrine of last judgment and hell). "Through strife," says Heraclitus, "all things arise and pass away...War is the father and king of all: some he has made gods, and some men; some slaves, and some free." Where there is no strife there is decay: "the mixture which is not shaken decomposes." In this flux of change and struggle and selection, only one

thing is constant, and that is law. "This order, the same for all things, no one of gods or men has made; but it always was, and is, and shall be."—Empedocles (fl 445 B. C., in Sicily) developed to a further stage the idea of evolution.[1] Organs arise not by design but by selection. Nature makes many trials and experiments with organisms, combining organs variously; where the combination meets environmental needs the organism survives and perpetuates its like; where the combination fails, the organism is weeded out; as time goes on, organisms are more and more intricately and successfully adapted to their surroundings.—Finally, in Leucippus (fl. 445 B. C.) and Democritus (460-360), master and pupil in Thracian Abdera, we get the last stage of pre-Aristotelian science—materialistic, deterministic atomism. "Everything," said Leucippus, "is driven by necessity." "In reality," says Democritus,[2] "there are only atoms and the void." Perception is due to the expulsion of atoms

[1]Cf. Osborn, *From the Greeks to Darwin;* and M. Arnold, *Empedocles on Etna.*

[2]Democritus is ranked above Plato and Aristotle in Francis Bacon's *De Principus* (*Philosophical Works,* ed. Robertson, London, 1905, p. 650).

from the object upon the sense organ.[1] There is or have been or will be an infinite number of worlds; at every moment planets are colliding and dying, and new worlds are rising out of chaos by the selective aggregation of atoms of similar size and shape. There is no design; the universe is a machine.

This, in dizzy and superficial summary, is the story of Greek science before Aristotle. Its cruder items can be well forgiven when we consider the narrow circle of experimental and observational equipment within which these pioneers were compelled to work. The stagnation of Greek industry under the incubus of slavery prevented the full development of these magnificent beginnings; and the rapid complication of political life in Athens turned the Sophists and Socrates and Plato away from these physical and biological researches into the vaguer paths of ethical and political theory. It is one of the many glories of Aristotle that he was broad and brave enough to compass and combine these two lines of Greek thought, the physical and the moral; that going back

[1]Cf. Newton's theory of light, now (through Einstein) returning into favor.

beyond his teacher, he caught again the thread of scientific development in the pre-Socratic Greeks, carried on their work with more resolute detail, and more varied observation, and brought together all the accumulated results in a magnificent body of organized science.

2. ARISTOTLE AS A NATURALIST

If we begin here chronologically, with his *Physics*, we shall be disappointed; for we find that this treatise is really a *metaphysics*, an abstruse analysis of matter, motion, space, time, infinity, cause, and other such "ultimate concepts." One of the more lively passages is an attack on Democritus' "void": there can be no void or vacuum in nature, says Aristotle, for in a vacuum all bodies would fall with equal velocity; this being impossible, "the supposed void turns out to have nothing in it"—an instance at once of Aristotle's very occasional humor, his addiction to unproved assumptions, and his tendency to disparage his predecessors in philosophy. It was the habit of our philosopher to preface his works with historical sketches of previous contributions to the sub-

ject in hand, and to add to every contribution an annihilating refutation. "Aristotle, after the Ottoman manner," says Bacon, "thought he could not reign secure without putting all his brethren to death."[1] But to this fratricidal mania we owe much of our knowledge of pre-Socratic thought.

For reasons already given, Aristotle's astronomy represents very little advance upon his predecessors. He rejects the view of Pythagoras (sixth century B. C.) that the sun is the center of our system; he prefers to give that honor to the earth. But the little treatise on meteorology is full of brilliant observations, and even its speculations strike illuminating fire. This is a cyclic world, says our philosopher: the sun forever evaporates the sea, dries up rivers and springs, and transforms at last the boundless ocean into the barest rock; while conversely the uplifted moisture, gathered into clouds, falls and renews the rivers and the seas. Everywhere change goes on, imperceptibly but effectively. Egypt is "the work of the Nile," the product of its deposits through a

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, bk. iii, ch. 4.

thousand centuries. Here the sea encroaches upon the land, there the land reaches out timidly into the sea; new continents and new oceans rise, old oceans and old continents disappear, and all the face of the world is changed and rechanged in a great systole and diastole of growth and dissolution. Sometimes these vast effects occur suddenly, and destroy the geological and material bases of civilization and even of life; great catastrophes have periodically denuded the earth and reduced man again to his first beginnings; like Sisyphus, civilization has repeatedly neared its zenith only to fall back into barbarism and begin *da capo* its upward travail. Hence the almost "eternal recurrence," in civilization after civilization, of the same inventions and discoveries, the same "dark ages" of slow economic and cultural accumulation, the same rebirths of learning and science and art. No doubt some popular myths are vague traditions surviving from earlier cultures. So the story of man runs in a dreary circle, because he is not yet master of the earth that holds him.

3. THE FOUNDATION OF BIOLOGY

It is not so with life.

As Aristotle walked wondering through his great zoological garden, he became convinced that the infinite variety of life could be arranged in a continuous series in which each link would be almost indistinguishable from the next. In all respects, whether in structure, or mode of life, or reproduction and rearing, or sensation and feeling, there are minute gradations and progressions from the lowest organisms to the highest.[1] At the bottom of the scale we can scarcely divide the living from the "dead": "nature makes so gradual a transition from the inanimate to the animate kingdom that the boundary lines which separate them are indistinct and doubtful"; and perhaps a degree of life exists even in the inorganic. Again, many species cannot with certainty be called plants or animals. And as in these lower organisms it is almost impossible at times to assign them to their proper genus and species, so similar are they; so in every order of

[1] *Hist. Animalium*, viii.

life the continuity of gradations and differences is as remarkable as the diversity of functions and forms. But in the midst of this bewildering richness of structures certain things stand out convincingly: that life has grown steadily in complexity and in power;[1] that intelligence has progressed in correlation with complexity of structure and mobility of form;[2] that there has been an increasing specialization of function, and a continuous centralization of physiological control.[3] Slowly life created for itself a nervous system and a brain; and mind moved resolutely on towards the mastery of its environment.

The remarkable fact here is that with all these gradations and similarities leaping to Aristotle's eyes, he does not come to the theory of evolution. He rejects Empedocles' doctrine that all organs and organisms are a survival of the fittest,[4] and Anaxagoras' idea that man became intelligent by using his hands for manipulation rather than for movement; Aristotle thinks, on the contrary, that man so used his

[1] *De Anima*, ii, 2.
[2] *De Partibus Animalium*, i, 7; ii, 10.
[3] *Ibid.*, iv, 5-6.
[4] *De Anima*, ii, 4.

hands because he had become intelligent.[1] Indeed, Aristotle makes as many mistakes as possible for a man who is founding the science of biology. He thinks, for example, that the male element in reproduction merely stimulates and quickens; it does not occur to him (what we now know from experiments in parthenogenesis) that the essential function of the sperm is not so much to fertilize the ovum as to provide the embryo with the heritable qualities of the male parent, and so permit the offspring to be a vigorous variant, a new admixture of two ancestral lines. As human dissection was not practised in his time, he is particularly fertile in physiological errors: he knows nothing of muscles, not even of their existence; he does not distinguish arteries from veins; he thinks the brain is an organ for cooling the blood; he believes, forgivably, that man has more sutures in the skull than woman; he believes, less forgivably, that man has only eight ribs on each side; he believes, incredibly and unforgivably, that woman has fewer teeth than man.[2] Apparently Aristotle's relations with women were of the most amicable kind.

[1] *De Part. An.*, iv. 10.

[2] Gomperz, iv, 57; Zeller, i, 262, note; Lewes, 158, 165, etc.

Yet he makes a greater total advance in biology than any Greek before or after him. He perceives that birds and reptiles are near allied in structure; that the monkey is in form intermediate between quadrupeds and man; and once he boldly declares that man belongs in one group of animals with the viviparous quadrupeds (our "mammals"). [1] He remarks that the soul in infancy is scarcely distinguishable from the soul of animals.[2] He makes the illuminating observation that diet often determines the mode of life; "for of beasts some are gregarious, and others solitary—they live in the way which is best adapted to . . . obtain the food of their choice."[3] He anticipates Von Baer's famous law that characters common to the genus (like eyes and ears) appear in the developing organism before characters peculiar to its species (like the "formula" of the teeth), or to its individual self (like the final color of the eyes);[4] and he reaches out across two thousand years to anticipate Spencer's generalization that individuation varies inversely as

[1] *Hist. An.* i, 6; ii, 3.
[2] *Ibid.*, viii, 1.
[3] *Politics*, i, 8.
[4] *Hist. An.* i, 6; ii, 8.

genesis—that is, that the more highly developed and specialized a species or an individual happens to be, the smaller will be the number of its offspring.[1] He notices and explains reversion to type—the tendency of a prominent variation (like genius) to be diluted in mating and lost in successive generations. He makes many zoological observations which, temporarily rejected by later biologists, have been confirmed by modern research—of fishes that make nests, for example, and a species of shark that boasts of a placenta.

And finally he establishes the science of embryology. "He who sees things grow from their beginning," he writes, "will have the finest view of them." Hippocrates (b. 460 B. C.), greatest of Greek physicians, had given a fine example of the experimental method, by breaking a hen's eggs at various stages of incubation; and had applied the results of these studies in his treatise "On the Origin of the Child." Aristotle followed this lead and performed experiments which enabled him to give a description of the development of the chick which even

[1] *De Generatione Animalium*, ii, 12.

today arouses the admiration of embryologists.[1] He must have performed some novel experiments in genetics, for he disproves the theory that the sex of the child depends on what testis supplies the reproductive fluid, by quoting a case where the right testis of the father had been tied and yet the children had been of different sexes.[2] He raises some very modern problems of heredity. A woman of Elis had married a negro; her children were all whites, but in the next generation negroes reappeared; where, asks Aristotle, was the blackness hidden in the middle generation?[3] There was but a step from such a vital and intelligent query to the epochal experiments of Gregor Mendel (1822-1882). *Prudens quaestio dimidium scientiae*—to know what to ask is already to know half. Surely, despite the errors that mar these biological works, they form the greatest monument ever raised to the science by any one man. When we consider that before Aristotle there had been, so far as we know, no biology beyond scattered observations, we perceive that this

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[1] *De Part. An., iii,* ,4.

[2] Lewes, 112.

[3] Gomperz, iv, 169.

achievement alone might have sufficed for one life-time, and would have given immortality. But Aristotle had only begun.

V. METAPHYSICS AND THE NATURE OF GOD

His metaphysics grew out of his biology. Everything in the world is moved by an inner urge to become something greater than it is. Everything is both the *form* or reality which has grown out of something which was its *matter* or raw material; and it may in its turn be the matter out of which still higher forms will grow. So the man is the form of which the child was the matter; the child is the form and its embryo the matter; the embryo the form, the ovum the matter; and so back till we reach in a vague way the conception of matter without form at all. But such a formless matter would be no-thing, for every thing has a form. Matter, in its widest sense, is the possibility of form; and form is the actuality, the finished reality, of matter. Matter obstructs, form constructs. Form is not merely the shape but the shaping force, an inner necessity and

impulse which moulds mere material to specific figure and purpose; it is the realizati of a potential capacity of matter; it is the su of the powers residing in anything to do, to or to become. Nature is the conquest of mat by form, the constant progression and victo of life.[1]

Everything in the world moves naturally a specific fulfilment. Of the varied cau which determine an event, the final ca which determines the purpose, is the most cisive and important. The mistakes and fu ties of nature are due to the inertia of ma resisting the forming force of purpose—he the abortions and the monsters that mar panorama of life. Development is not haphaz or accidental (else how could we explain almost universal appearance and transmiss of useful organs?); everything is guided i certain direction from within, by its nat

[1]Half of our readers will be pleased, and the half amused, to learn that among Aristotle's favorite amples of matter and form are woman and man; the is the active, formative principle; the female is pa clay, waiting to be formed. Female offspring are result of the failure of form to dominate matter *Gen. An.*, i, 2).

structure and entelechy;[1] the egg of the is internally designed or destined to be- not a duck but a chick; the acorn becomes a willow but an oak. This does not mean Aristotle that there is an external provi- e designing earthly structures and events; er the design is internal, and arises from type and function of the thing. "Divine idence coincides completely for Aristotle the operation of natural causes."[2]

t there is a God, though not perhaps the le and human god conceived by the for- ple anthropomorphism of the adolescent l. Aristotle approaches the problem from old puzzle about motion—how, he asks, motion begin? He will not accept the bility that motion is as beginningless as conceives matter to be: matter may be ial, because it is merely the everlasting ibility of future forms; but when and how that vast process of motion and formation

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telecheia—having (*echo*) its purpose (*telos*) within s); one of those magnificent Aristotelian terms gather up into themselves a whole philosophy. The med reader need not be reminded that the "ortho- " school of evolutionists finds its first formulation ese passages of Aristotle.

thics, i, 10; Zeller, ii, 329.

begin which at last filled the wide universe with an infinity of shapes? Surely motion has a source, says Aristotle; and if we are not to plunge drearily into an infinite regress, putting back our problem step by step, endlessly, we must posit a prime mover unmoved (*primum mobile immotum*), a being incorporeal, indivisible, spaceless, sexless, passionless, changeless, perfect and eternal. God does not create, but he moves, the world; and he moves it not as a mechanical force but as the total motive of all operations in the world; "God moves the world as the beloved object moves the lover."[1] He is the final cause of nature, the drive and purpose of things, the form of the world; the principle of its life, the sum of its vital processes and powers, the inherent goal of its growth, the energizing entelechy of the whole. He is pure energy;[2] the Scholastic *Actus Purus* —activity *per se;* perhaps the mystic "Force" of modern physics and philosophy. He is not so much a person as a magnetic power.[3]

Yet, with his usual inconsistency, Aristotle

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[1] *Metaphysics, ix, 7.*
[2] *Ibid.*, xii, 8.
[3] Grant, 173.

represents God as self-conscious spirit. A rather mysterious spirit; for Aristotle's God never does anything; he has no desires, no will, no purpose; he is activity so pure that he never acts. He is absolutely perfect; therefore he cannot desire anything; therefore he does nothing. His only occupation is to contemplate the essence of things; and since he himself is the essence of all things, the form of all forms, his sole employment is the contemplation of himself.[1] Poor Aristotelian God!—he is a *roi-fainéant*, a do-nothing king; "the king reigns, but he does not rule." No wonder the British like Aristotle; his God is obviously copied from their king.

Or from Aristotle himself. Our philosopher so loved contemplation that he sacrificed to it his conception of divinity. His God is of the quiet Aristotelian type, nothing romantic, withdrawn to his ivory tower from the strife and stain of things; all the world away from the philosopher-kings of Plato, or from the stern flesh-and-blood reality of Yahveh, or the gentle and solicitous fatherhood of the Christian God.

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[1] *Meta.* xii, 8; *Ethics*, x,, 8.

VI. PSYCHOLOGY AND THE NATURE OF ART

Aristotle's psychology is marred with similar obscurity and vacillation. There are many interesting passages: the power of habit is emphasized, and is for the first time called "second nature"; and the laws of association, though not developed, find here a definite formulation. But both the crucial problems of philosophical psychology—the freedom of the will and the immortality of the soul—are left in haze and doubt. Aristotle talks at times like a determinist—"We cannot directly will to be different from what we are"; but he goes on to argue, against determinism, that we can choose what we shall be, by choosing now the environment that shall mould us; so we are free in the sense that we mould our own characters by our choice of friends, books, occupations, and amusements.[1] He does not anticipate the determinist's ready reply that these formative choices are themselves determined by our antecedent character, and this at last by un-

[1] *Ethics*, iii, 7.

chosen heredity and early environment. He presses the point that our persistent use of praise and blame presupposes moral responsibility and free will; it does not occur to him that the determinist might reach from the same premisses a precisely opposite conclusion —that praise and blame are given that they may be part of the factors determining subsequent action.

Aristotle's theory of the soul begins with an interesting definition. The soul is the entire vital principle of any organism, the sum of its powers and processes. In plants the soul is merely a nutritive and reproductive power; in animals it is also a sensitive and locomotor power; in man it is as well the power of reason and thought.[1] The soul, as the sum of the powers of the body, cannot exist without it; the two are as form and wax, separable only in thought, but in reality one organic whole; the soul is not put into the body like the quicksilver inserted by Daedalus into the images of Venus to make "stand-ups" of them. A personal and particular soul can exist only in its own body. Nevertheless the soul is not material,

[1] *De Amina*, ii.

as Democritus would have it; nor does it all die. Part of the rational power of the human soul is passive: it is bound up with memory, and dies with the body that bore the memory; but the "active reason," the pure power of thought, is independent of memory and is untouched with decay. The active reason is the universal as distinguished from the individual element in man; what survives is not the personality, with its transitory affections and desires, but mind in its most abstract and impersonal form.[1] In short, Aristotle destroys the soul in order to give it immortality; the immortal soul is "pure thought," undefiled with reality, just as Aristotle's God is pure activity, undefiled with action. Let him who can, be comforted with this theology. One wonders sometimes whether this metaphysical eating of one's cake and keeping it is not Aristotle's subtle way of saving himself from anti-Macedonian hemlock?

In a safer field of psychology he writes more originally and to the point, and almost creates the study of esthetics, the theory of beauty and art. Artistic creation, says Aristotle, springs

[1] *De Amina,* ii, 4; i, 4; iii, 5.

from the formative impulse and the craving for emotional expression. Essentially the form of art is an imitation of reality; it holds the mirror up to nature.[1] There is in man a pleasure in imitation, apparently missing in lower animals. Yet the aim of art is to represent not the outward appearance of things, but their inward significance; for this, and not the external mannerism and detail, is their reality. There may be more human verity in the sternly classic moderation of the *Œdipus Rex* than in all the realistic tears of the *Trojan Women.*

The noblest art appeals to the intellect as well as to the feelings (as a symphony appeals to us not only by its harmonies and sequences but by its structure and development); and this intellectual pleasure is the highest form of joy to which a man can rise. Hence a work of art should aim at form, and above all at unity, which is the backbone of structure and the focus of form. A drama, e.g., should have unity of action: there should be no confusing sub-plots, nor any digressive episodes.[2] But

[1] *Poetics,* i, 1447.

[2] Aristotle gives only one sentence to unity of time; and does not mention unity of place; so that the "three unities" commonly foisted upon him are later inventions (Norwood, *Greek Tragedy,* p. 42, note).

above all, the function of art is catharsis, purification: emotions accumulated in us under the pressure of social restraints, and liable to sudden issue in unsocial and destructive action, are touched off and sluiced away in the harmless form of theatrical excitement; so tragedy, "through pity and fear, effects the proper purgation of these emotions."[1] Aristotle misses certain features of tragedy (e. g., the conflict of principles and personalities); but in this theory of catharsis he has made a suggestion endlessly fertile in the understanding of the almost mystic power of art. It is an illuminating instance of his ability to enter every field of speculation, and to adorn whatever he touches.

VII. ETHICS AND THE NATURE OF HAPPINESS

And yet, as Aristotle developed, and young men crowded about him to be taught and formed, more and more his mind turned from the details of science to the larger and vaguer problems of conduct and character. It came to

[1] *Poetics*, vi, 1449.

him more clearly that above all questions of the physical world there loomed the question of questions—what is the best life?—what is life's supreme good?—what is virtue?—how shall we find happiness and fulfilment?

He is realistically simple in his ethics. His scientific training keeps him from the preachment of superhuman ideals and empty counsels of perfection. "In Aristotle," says Santayana, "the conception of human nature is perfectly sound; every ideal has a natural basis, and everything natural has an ideal development." Aristotle begins by frankly recognizing that the aim of life is not goodness for its own sake, but happiness. "For we choose happiness for itself, and never with a view to anything further; whereas we choose honor, pleasure, intellect....because we believe that through them we shall be made happy."[1] But he realizes that to call happiness the supreme good is a mere truism; what is wanted is some clearer account of the nature of happiness, and the way to it. He hopes to find this way by asking wherein man differs from other beings; and by presuming that man's happiness will lie in

[1] *Ethics*, i, 7.

the full functioning of this specifically human quality. Now the peculiar excellence of man is his power of thought; it is by this that he surpasses and rules all other forms of life; and as the growth of this faculty has given him his supremacy, so, we may presume, its development will give him fulfilment and happiness.

The chief condition of happiness, then, barring certain physical pre-requisites, is the life of reason—the specific glory and power of man. Virtue, or rather excellence,[1] will depend on clear judgment, self-control, symmetry of desire, artistry of means; it is not the possession of the simple man, nor the gift of innocent intent, but the achievement of experience in the fully developed man. Yet there is a road to it, a guide to excellence, which may save many detours and delays: it is the middle way, the golden mean. The qualities of character can be arranged in triads, in each of which the first

[1]The word *excellence* is probably the fittest translation of the Greek *arete,* usually mistranslated *virtue.* The reader will avoid misunderstanding Plato and Aristotle if, where translators write *virtue,* he will substitute *excellence, ability,* or *capacity.* The Greek *arete* is the Roman *virtus;* both imply a masculine sort of excellence (*Ares,* god of war; *vir,* a male). Classical antiquity conceived virtue in terms of man, just as medieval Christianity conceived it in terms of woman.

and last qualities will be extremes and vices, and the middle quality a virtue or an excellence. So between cowardice and rashness is courage; between stinginess and extravagance is liberality; between sloth and greed is ambition; between humility and pride, is modesty; between secrecy and loquacity, honesty; between moroseness and buffoonery, good humor; between quarrelsomeness and flattery, friendship; between Hamlet's indecisiveness and Quixote's impulsiveness is self-control.[1] "Right," then, in ethics or conduct, is not different from "right" in mathematics or engineering; it means correct, fit, what works best to the best result. The golden mean, however, is not, like the mathematical mean, an exact average of two precisely calculable extremes; it fluctuates with the collateral circumstances of each situation, and discovers itself only to mature and flexible reason. Excellence is an art won by training and habituation: we do not act rightly because we have virtue or excellence, but we rather have these because we have acted rightly; "these virtues are formed in man by his doing the ac-

[1] *Ethics*, i, 7.

tions";[1] we are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, then, is not an act but a habit: "the good of man is a working of the soul in the way of excellence in a complete life:....for as it is not one swallow or one fine day that makes a spring, so it is not one day or a short time that makes a man blessed and happy."[2]

Youth is the age of extremes: "if the young commit a fault it is always on the side of excess and exaggeration." The great difficulty of youth (and of many of youth's elders) is to get out of one extreme without falling into its opposite. For one extreme easily passes into the other, whether through "over-correction" or elsewise: insincerity doth protest too much, and humility hovers on the precipice of conceit.[3] Those who are consciously at one extreme will give the name of virtue not to the mean but to the opposite extreme. Sometimes this is well; for if we are conscious of erring in one extreme "we should aim at the other, and so we may reach the middle position,.....as men

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[1] *Ethics*, ii, 4.
[2] *Ibid*, i, 7.
[3] "The vanity of Antishenes" the Cynic, said Plato, "peeps out through the holes in his cloak."

do in straightening bent timber."[1] But unconscious extremists look upon the golden mean as the greatest vice; they "expel towards each other the man in the middle position; the brave man is called rash by the coward, and cowardly by the rash man, and in other cases accordingly";[2] so in modern politics the "liberal" is called "conservative" and "radical" by the radical and the conservative.

It is obvious that this doctrine of the mean is the formulation of a characteristic attitude which appears in almost every system of Greek philosophy. Plato had had it in mind when he called virtue harmonious action; Socrates when he identified virtue with knowledge. The Seven Wise Men had established the tradition by engraving, on the temple of Apollo at Delphi, the motto *meden agan*,—nothing in excess. Perhaps, as Nietzsche claims,[3] all these were attempts of the Greeks to check their own violence and impulsiveness of character; more truly, they reflected the Greek feeling that passions are not of themselves vices, but the raw

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[1] *Ethics*, ii, 9.
[2] *Ibid.*, ii, 8.
[3] *The Birth of Tragedy.*

material of both vice and virtue, according as they function in excess and disproportion, or in measure and harmony.[1]

But the golden mean, says our matter-of-fact philosopher, is not all of the secret of happiness. We must have, too, a fair degree of worldly goods: poverty makes one stingy and grasping; while possessions give one that freedom from care and greed which is the source of aristocratic ease and charm. The noblest of these external aids to happiness is friendship. Indeed, friendship is more necessary to the happy than to the unhappy; for happiness is multiplied by being shared. It is more important than justice: for "when men are friends, justice is unnecessary; but when men are just, friendship is still a boon." "A friend is one soul in two bodies." Yet friendship implies few friends rather than many; "he who has many friends has no friend"; and "to be

[1]Cf. a sociological formulation of the same idea: "Values are never absolute, but only relative. . . . A certain quality in human nature is deemed to be less abundant than it ought to be; therefore we place a value upon it, and . . . encourage and cultivate it. As a result of this valuation we call it a virtue; but if the same quality should become superabundant we should call it a vice and try to repress it."—Carver, *Essays in Social Justice.*

a friend to many people in the way of perfect friendship is impossible." Fine friendship requires duration rather than fitful intensity; and this implies stability of character; it is to altered character that we must attribute the dissolving kaleidoscope of friendship. And friendship requires equality; for gratitude gives it at best a slippery basis. "Benefactors are commonly held to have more friendship for the objects of their kindness than these for them.

The account of the matter which satisfies most persons is that the one are debtors and the others creditors,...and that the debtors wish their creditors out of the way, while the creditors are anxious that their debtors should be preserved." Aristotle rejects this interpretation; he prefers to believe that the greater tenderness of the benefactor is to be explained on the analogy of the artist's affection for his work, or the mother's for her child. We love that which we have made.[1]

And yet, though external goods and relationships are necessary to happiness, its essence remains within us, in rounded knowledge and

[1] *Ethics*, viii and ix.

clarity of soul. Surely sense pleasure is not the way: that road is a circle; as Socrates phrased the coarser Epicurean idea, we scratch that we may itch, and itch that we may scratch. Nor can a political career be the way; for therein we walk subject to the whims of the people; and nothing is so fickle as the crowd. No, happiness must be a pleasure of the mind; and we may trust it only when it comes from the pursuit or the capture of truth. "The operation of the intellect...aims at no end beyond itself, and finds in itself the pleasure which stimulates it to further operation; and since the attributes of self-sufficiency, unweariedness, and capacity for rest,...plainly belong to this occupation, in it must lie perfect happiness."[1]

Aristotle's ideal man, however, is no mere metaphysician. "He does not expose himself needlessly to danger, since there are few things for which he cares sufficiently; but he is willing, in great crises, to give even his life,—knowing that under certain conditions it is not worth while to live. He is of a disposition to do men service, though he is ashamed to have a service done to him. To confer a kindness is a

[1] *Ethics*, x, 7.

mark of superiority; to receive one is a mark of subordination...He does not take part in public displays...He is open in his dislikes and preferences; he talks and acts frankly, because of his contempt for men and things...He is never fired with admiration, since there is nothing great in his eyes. He cannot live in complaisance with others, except it be a friend; complaisance is the characteristic of a slave.. He never feels malice, and always forgets and passes over injuries...He is not fond of talking...It is no concern of his that he should be praised, or that others should be blamed. He does not speak evil of others, even of his enemies, unless it be to themselves. His carriage is sedate, his voice deep, his speech measured; he is not given to hurry, for he is concerned about only a few things; he is not prone to vehemence, for he thinks nothing very important. A shrill voice and hasty steps come to a man through care...He bears the accidents of life with dignity and grace, making the best of his circumstances, like a skilful general who marshals his limited forces with all the strategy of war...He is his own best friend, and takes delight in privacy whereas the man of no virtue

or ability is his own worst enemy, and is afraid of solitude."[1]

Such is the Superman of Aristotle.

VIII. POLITICS

1. COMMUNISM AND CONSERVATISM.

To so aristocratic an ethic there naturally follows (or was the sequence the other way?) a severely aristocratic political philosophy. It was not to be expected that the tutor of an emperor and the husband of a princess would have any exaggerated attachment to the common people, or even to the mercantile bourgeoisie; our philosophy is where our treasure lies. But further, Aristotle was honestly conservative because of the turmoil and disaster that had come out of Athenian democracy; like a typical scholar he longed for order, security, and peace; this, he felt, was no time for political extravaganzas. Radicalism is a luxury of stability; we may dare to change things only when things lie steady under our hands. And

[1] *Ethics*, iv, 3.

in general, says Aristotle, "the habit of lightly changing the laws is an evil; and when the advantage of change is small, some defects whether in the law or in the ruler had better be met with philosophic toleration. The citizen will gain less by the change than he will lose by acquiring the habit of disobedience."[1] The power of the law to secure observance, and therefore to maintain political stability, rests very largely on custom; and "to pass lightly from old laws to new ones is a certain means of weakening the inmost essence of all law whatever."[2] "Let us not disregard the experience of ages: surely, in the multitude of years, these things, if they were good, would not have remained unknown."[3]

"These things," of course, means chiefly Plato's communistic republic. Aristotle fights the realism of Plato about universals, and the idealism of Plato about government. He finds many dark spots in the picture painted by the Master. He does not relish the barrack-like continuity of contact to which Plato apparently

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[1] *Politics*, ii, 8.
[2] *Ibid*, v. 8.
[3] *Ibid.*, ii, 5.

condemned his guardian philosophers; conservative though he is, Aristotle values individual quality, privacy, and liberty above social efficiency and power. He would not care to call every contemporary brother or sister, nor every elder person father or mother; if all are your brothers, none is; and "how much better it is to be the real cousin of somebody than to be a son after Plato's fashion!"[1] In a state having women and children in common, "love will be watery...Of the two qualities which chiefly inspire regard and affection—that a thing is your own, and that it awakens real love in you —neither can exist in such a state" as Plato's.[2]

Perhaps there was, in the dim past, a communistic society, when the family was the only state, and pasturage or simple tillage the only form of life. But "in a more divided state of society," where the division of labor into unequally important functions elicits and enlarges the natural inequality of men, communism breaks down because it provides no adequate incentive for the exertion of superior abilities. The stimulus of gain is necessary to

[1] *Politics*, ii, 3.
[2] *Ibid.*, ii, 4.

arduous work; and the stimulus of ownership is necessary to proper industry, husbandry and care. When everybody owns everything nobody will take care of anything. "That which is common to the greatest number has the least attention bestowed upon it. Everyone thinks chiefly of his own, hardly ever of the public, interest."[1] And "there is always a difficulty in living together, or having things in common, but especially in having common property. The partnerships of fellow-travellers" (to say nothing of the arduous communism of marriage), "are an example to the point; for they generally fall out by the way, and quarrel about any trifle that turns up."[2]

"Men readily listen" to Utopias, "and are easily induced to believe that in some wonderful manner everybody will become everybody's friend, especially when some one is heard denouncing the evils now existing,...which are said to arise out of the possession of private property. These evils, however, arise from quite another source—the wickedness of human

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[1] *Politics*, ii, 3.
[2] *Ibid.*, ii, 5.

nature."[1] "Political science does not make men, but must take them as they come from nature."[2]

And human nature, the human average, is nearer to the beast than to the god. The great majority of men are natural dunces and sluggards; in any system whatever these men will sink to the bottom; and to help them with state subsidies is "like pouring water into a leaking cask." Such people must be ruled in politics and directed in industry; with their consent if possible, without it if necessary. "From the hour of their birth some are marked out for subjection, and others for command."[3] "For he who can foresee with his mind is by nature intended to be lord and master; and he who can work only with his body is by nature a slave."[4]

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[1] *Politics.* Note that conservatives are pessimists, and radicals are optimists, about human nature, which is probably neither so good nor so bad as they would like to believe, and may be not so much nature as early training and environment.

[2] *Ibid.*, i, 10.

[3] *Ibid.*, i, 5.

[4] *Ibid.*, i, 2. Perhaps *slave* is too harsh a rendering of *doulos;* the word was merely a frank recognition of a brutal fact which in our day is perfumed with talk about the dignity of labor and the brotherhood of man; in nothing do we so far surpass the ancients as in making phrases.

The slave is to the master what the body is to the mind; and as the body should be subject to the mind, so "it is better for all inferiors that they should be under the rule of a master." [1] "The slave is a tool with life in it, the tool is a lifeless slave." And then our hard-hearted philosopher, with a glimmer of possibilities which the Industrial Revolution has opened to our hands, writes for a moment with wistful hope: "If every instrument would accomplish its own work, obeying or anticipating the will of others,...if the shuttle would weave, or the plectrum touch the lyre, without a hand to guide them, then chief workmen would not need assistants, nor masters slaves." [2]

This philosophy typifies the Greek disdain for manual labor. Such work in Athens had not become so complicated as it is today, when the intelligence demanded in many manual trades is at times much greater than that required for the operations of the lower middle class, and even a college professor may look upon an automobile mechanic (in certain exigencies) as a very god; manual work was then merely

[1] *Politics*, i, 5.
[2] *Ibid.*, i, 4.

manual, and Aristotle looked down upon it, from the heights of philosophy, as belonging to men without minds, as only fit for slaves, and fitting men only for slavery. Manual labor, he believes, dulls and deteriorates the mind, and leaves neither time nor energy for political intelligence; it seems to Aristotle a reasonable corollary that only persons of some leisure should have a voice in government.[1] "The best form of state will not admit mechanics to citizenship...At Thebes there was a law that no man could hold office who had not retired from business ten years before."[2] Even merchants and financiers are classed by Aristotle among slaves. "Retail trade is unnatural,... and a mode by which men gain from one another. The most hated sort of such exchange is...usury, which makes a gain out of money itself, and not from its natural use. For money was intended as an instrument of exchange, and as the mother of interest. This usury (*tokòs*), which means the birth of money from money,... is of all modes of gain the most

[1] *Politics,* iii, 3; vii, 8.
[2] *Ibid.,* iii, 5.

unnatural."[1] Money should not breed. Hence "the discussion of the theory of finance is not unworthy of philosophy; but to be engaged in finance, or in money-making, is unworthy of a free man."[2]

2. MARRIAGE AND EDUCATION

Woman is to man as the slave to the master, the manual to the mental worker, the barbarian to the Greek. Woman is an unfinished man, left standing on a lower step in the scale of development.[3] The male is by nature superior, and the female inferior; the one rules and the other is ruled; and this principle extends, of necessity, to all mankind." Woman is weak of will, and therefore incapable of independence of character or position; her best

[1] *Politics,* i, 10. This view influenced the medieval prohibition of interest.

[2] *Ibid.,* i, 11. Aristotle adds that philosophers could succeed in such fields if they cared to descend into them; and he proudly points to Thales, who, foreseeing a good harvest, bought up all the reapers in his city, and then, at harvest time, sold them at his own sweet price; whereupon Aristotle observes that the universal secret of great riches is the creation of a monopoly.

[3] *De Gen. Animalium,* ii, 3; *Hist. Animalium,* viii, 1; *Pol.,* i, 5. Cf. Weininger; and Meredith's "Woman will be the last thing civilized by man" (*Ordeal of Richard Feverel,* p. 1). It appears, however, that man was, (or will be) the last thing civilized by woman; for the great civilizing agencies are the family and a settled economic life; and both of these are the creations of woman.

condition is a quiet home life in which, while ruled by the man in her external relations, she may be in domestic affairs supreme. Women should not be made more like men, as in Plato's republic; rather the dissimilarity should be increased; nothing is so attractive as the different. "The courage of a man and that of a woman are not, as Socrates supposed, the same: the courage of a man is shown in commanding; that of a woman in obeying...As the poet says, 'Silence is a woman's glory.'" [1]

Aristotle seems to suspect that this ideal enslavement of woman is a rare achievement for man, and that as often as not the sceptre is with the tongue rather than with the arm. As if to give the male an indispensable advantage, he advises him to defer marriage till the vicinity of thirty-seven, and then to marry a lass of some twenty years. A girl who is rounding the twenties is usually the equal of a man of thirty, but may perhaps be managed by a seasoned warrior of thirty-seven. What attracts Aristotle to this matrimonial mathematics is the consideration that two such disparate persons will lose their

[1] *Politics*. i, 13.

reproductive power and passions at approximately the same time. "If the man is still able to beget children while the woman is unable to bear them, or *vice versa*, quarrels and differences will arise. . . . Since the time of generation is commonly limited within the age of seventy years in the man, and fifty in the woman, the commencement of their union should conform to these periods. The union of male and female when too young is bad for the creation of children; in all animals the offspring of the young are small and ill-developed, and generally female." Health is more important than love. Further, "it conduces to temperance not too marry too soon; for women who marry early are apt to be wanton; and in men too the bodily frame is stunted if they marry while they are growing."[1] These matters should not be left to youthful caprice, they should be under state supervision and control: the state should determine the minimum and maximum ages of marriages for each sex, the best seasons for conception, and the rate of increase in population. If the natural rate of

[1] *Politics*, vii, 16. It is apparent that Aristotle has in mind only the temperance of women; the moral effect of deferred marriage upon men does not seem to agitate him.

increase is too high, the cruel practice of infanticide may be replaced by abortion; and "let abortion be procured before sense and life have begun."[1] There is an ideal number of population for every state, varying with its position and resources. "A state when composed of too few is not, as a state should be, self-sufficing; while if it has too many . . . . it becomes a nation and not a state, and is almost incapable of constitutional government,"[2] or of ethnic or political unity. Probably anything in excess of a population of 10,000 is undesirable.

Education, too, should be in the hands of the state. "That which most contributes to the permanence of constitutions is the adaptation of education to the form of government. . . The citizen should be moulded to the form of government under which he lives."[3] By state control of schools we might divert men from industry and trade to agriculture; and we might train men, while keeping property private, to open their possessions to discriminately common use. "Among good men, with respect to the use of property, the proverb will hold, that

[1] *Politics.*
[2] *Ibid.*, vii, 4.
[3] *Ibid.*, v. 9; viii, 1..

'friends should have all things in common.'" [1] But above all the growing citizen must be taught obedience to law, else a state is impossible. "It has been well said that 'he who has never learned to obey cannot be a good commander.' . . . The good citizen should be capable of both." And only a state system of schools can achieve social unity amid ethnic heterogeneity; the state is a plurality which must be made into a unity and a community by education.[2] Let youth be taught, too, the great boon it has in the state, the unappreciated security which comes of social organization, the freedom that comes of law. "Man, when perfected, is the best of animals; but when isolated he is the worst of all; for injustice is more dangerous when armed, and man is equipped at birth with the weapon of intelligence, and with qualities of character, which he may use for the vilest ends. Wherefore if he have not virtue he is the most unholy and savage of animals, full of gluttony and lust." And only social control can give him virtue. Through speech man evolved society; through

[1] *Politics*, vi, 4; ii, 5.
[2] *Ibid.*, iii, 4; ii, 5.

society, intelligence; through intelligence, order; and through order, civilization. In such an ordered state the individual has a thousand opportunities and avenues of development open to him which a solitary life would never give. "To live alone," then, "one must be either an animal or a god."[1]

Hence revolution is almost always unwise; it may achieve some good, but at the cost of many evils, the chief of which is the disturbance, and perhaps the dissolution, of that social order and structure on which every political good depends. The direct consequences of revolutionary innovations may be calculable and salutary; but the indirect are generally incalculable, and not seldom disastrous. "They who take only a few points into account find it easy to pronounce judgment;" and a man can make up his mind quickly if he has only a little to make up. "Young men are easily deceived, for they are quick to hope." The suppression of long-established habits brings the overthrow of innovating governments because the old

[1] *Politics*, i, 2. "Or," adds Nietzsche, who takes nearly all of his political philosophy from Aristotle, "one must be both—that is, a philosopher."

habits persist among the people; characters are not as easily changed as laws. If a constitution is to be permanent, all the parts of a society must desire it to be maintained. Therefore a ruler who would avoid revolution should prevent extremes of poverty and wealth,—"a condition which is most often the result of war;" he should (like the English) encourage colonization as an outlet for a dangerously congested population; and he should foster and practice religion. An autocratic ruler particularly "should appear to be earnest in the worship of the gods; for if men think that a ruler is religious and reveres the gods, they are less afraid of suffering injustice at his hands, and are less disposed to conspire against him, since they believe that the gods themselves are fighting on his side."[1]

3. DEMOCRACY AND ARISTOCRACY

With such safeguards in religion, in education, and in the ordering of family life, almost any of the traditional forms of government will serve. All forms have good and bad commingled in them, and are severally adapted to

[1] *Politics*, iv, 5; ii, 9; v, 7; ii, 11.

various conditions. Theoretically, the ideal form of government would be the centralization of all political power in the one best man. Homer is right: "Bad is the lordship of many; let one be your ruler and master." For such a man law would be rather an instrument than a limit: "for men of eminent ability there is no law—they are themselves a law. Anyone would be ridiculous who should attempt to make laws for them; they would probably retort what, in the fable of Antisthenes, the lions said to the hares when, in the council of beasts, the latter began haranguing and claiming equality for all—"Where are your claws?" [1]

But in practice, monarchy is usually the worst form of government, for great strength and great virtue are not near allied. Hence the best practicable polity is aristocracy, the rule of the informed and capable few. Government is too complex a thing to have its issues decided by number, when lesser issues are reserved for knowledge and ability. "As the

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[1] *Politics*, iii, 13. Aristotle probably had Alexander or Philip in mind while writing this passage, just as Nietzsche seems to have been influenced towards similar conclusions by the alluring career of Napoleon.

physician ought to be judged by the physician, so ought men in general to be judged by their peers. . . Now does not this same principle apply to elections? For a right election can only be made by those who have knowledge: a geometrician, e.g., will choose rightly in matters of geometry; or a pilot in matters of navigation. . .[1] So that neither the election of magistrates nor the calling of them to account should be entrusted to the many."

The difficulty with hereditary aristocracy is that it has no permanent economic base; the eternal recurrence of the *nouveaux riches* puts political office sooner or later at the disposal of the highest bidder. "It is surely a bad thing that the greatest offices . . . should be bought. The law which permits this abuse makes wealth of more account than ability, and the whole state becomes avaricious. For whenever the chiefs of the state deem anything honorable, the other citizens are sure to follow their example" (the "prestige imitation" of modern social psychology); "and where ability has not the first place there is no real aristocracy"[2]

[1] *Politics*, iii, 11. Cf. the modern argument for "occupational representation."

[2] *Ibid.*, ii, 11.

Democracy is usually the result of a revolution against plutocracy. "Love of gain in the ruling classes tends constantly to diminish their number" (Marx's "elimination of the middle class"), "and so to strengthen the masses, who in the end set upon their masters and establish democracies." This "rule by the poor" has some advantages. "The people, though individually they may be worse judges than those who have special knowledge, are collectively as good. Moreover, there are some artists whose works are best judged not by themselves alone, but by those who do not possess the art; e.g., the user or master of a house will be a better judge of it than the builder; . . . and the guest will be a better judge of a feast than the cook."[1] And "the many are more incorruptible than the few; they are like the greater quantity of water which is less easily spoiled than a little. The individual is liable to be overcome by anger, or by some other passion, and then his judgment

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[1] *Politics,* iii, 15, 8, 11. In these passages we have a fair outline of a desirable amendment to democracy: administration by experts democratically chosen by occupational ballot, and pursuing ends determined by the whole community.

is necessarily perverted; but it is hardly to be supposed that a great number of persons would all get into a passion and go wrong at the same moment." [1]

Yet democracy is on the whole inferior to aristocracy.[2] For it is based on a false assumption of equality; it "arises out of the notion that those who are equal in one respect (e.g., in respect of the law) are equal in all respects; because men are equally free they claim to be absolutely equal." The upshot is that ability is sacrificed to number, while numbers are manipulated by trickery. Because the people are so easily misled, and so fickle in their views, the ballot should be limited to the intelligent. What we need is a combination of aristocracy and democracy.

Constitutional government offers this happy union. It is not the best conceivable government—that would be an aristocracy of educa-

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[1] *Politics,* iii, 15. Tarde, Le Bon and other social psychologists assert precisely the contrary; and though they exaggerate the vices of the crowd, they might find better support than Aristotle in the behavior of the Athenian Assembly. 430-330 B. C.

[2] *Ibid.,* ii, 9.

tion—but it is the best possible state. "We must ask what is the best constitution for most states, and the best life for most men; neither assuming a standard of excellence which will be above ordinary persons, nor an education exceptionally favored by nature or circumstance, nor yet an ideal state which will be only an aspiration; but having in mind such a life as the majority will be able to share, and a form of government to which states in general can attain." "It is necessary to begin by assuming a principle of general application, namely, that that part of the state which desires the continuance of the government must be stronger than that which does not;"[1] and strength consists neither in number alone, nor in property alone, nor in military or political ability alone, but in a combination of these, so that regard has to be taken of "freedom, wealth, culture and noble birth, as well as of mere numerical superiority." Now where shall we find such an *economic* majority to support our constitutional government? Perhaps best in the middle class: here again we have the golden

[1] *Politics*, iv, 11, 10.

mean, just as constitutional government itself would be a mean between democracy and aristocracy. Our state will be sufficiently democratic if the road to every office is open to all; and sufficiently aristocratic if the offices themselves are closed except to those who have traveled the road and arrived fully prepared. From whatever angle we approach our eternal political problem we monotonously reach the same conclusion: that the community should determine the ends to be pursued, but that only experts should select and apply the means; that choice should be democratically spread, but that office should be rigidly reserved for the equipped and winnowed best.

IX. CRITICISM

What shall we say of this philosophy? Perhaps nothing rapturous. It is difficult to be enthusiastic about Aristotle, because it was difficult for him to be enthusiastic about anything; and *si vis me flere, primum tibi*

flendum.[1] His motto is *nil admirari*—to admire or marvel at nothing; and we hesitate to violate his motto in his case. We miss in him the reforming zeal of Plato, the angry love of humanity which made the great idealist denounce his fellow-men. We miss the daring originality of his teacher, the lofty imagination, the capacity for generous delusion. And yet, after reading Plato, nothing could be so salutary for us as Aristotle's sceptic calm.

Let us summarize our disagreement. We are bothered, at the outset, with his insistence on logic. We want him to describe his ideal, and he describes a perfect syllogism; not content with that he makes his syllogism judge of our ideals. He thinks the syllogism a description of man's way of reasoning, whereas it merely describes man's way of dressing up his reasoning for the persuasion of another mind; he supposes that thought begins with premisses and seeks their conclusions, when actually thought begins with hypothetical conclusions and seeks their justifying premisses,—and seeks them best by the observation of particular events under

[1] "If you wish me to weep you must weep first"—Horace (*Ars Poetica*) to actors and writers.

the controlled and isolated conditions of experiment. Yet how foolish we should be to forget that two thousand years have changed merely the incidentals of Aristotle's logic, that Occam and Bacon and Whewell and Mill and a hundred others have but found spots in his sun, and that Aristotle's creation of this new discipline of thought, and his firm establishment of its essential lines, remain among the lasting achievements of the human mind.

It is again the absence of experiment and fruitful hypothesis that leaves Aristotle's natural science a mass of undigested observations. His specialty is the collection and classification of data; in every field he wields his categories and produces catalogues. But side by side with this bent and talent for observation goes a Platonic addiction to metaphysics; this trips him up in every science, and inveigles him into the wildest presuppositions. Here indeed was the great defect of the Greek mind: it was not disciplined; it lacked limiting and steadying traditions; it moved freely in an uncharted field, and ran too readily to theories and conclusions. So Greek philosophy leaped on to heights yet unreached again, while Greek

science limped behind. Our modern danger is precisely opposite; inductive data fall upon us from all sides like the lava of Vesuvius; we suffocate with uncoördinated facts; our minds are overwhelmed with sciences breeding and multiplying into specialistic chaos for want of synthetic thought and a unifying philosophy. We are all mere fragments of what a man might be.

Aristotle's ethics is a branch of his logic: the ideal life is like a proper syllogism. He gives us a handbook of propriety rather than a stimulus to improvement. An ancient critic spoke of him as "moderate to "excess." An extremist might call the *Ethics* the champion collection of platitudes in all literature; and an Anglophobe would be consoled with the thought that Englishmen in their youth had done advance penance for the imperialistic sins of their adult years, since both at Cambridge and at Oxford they had been compelled to read every word of the Nicomachean Ethics. One longs to mingle fresh green *Leaves of Grass* with these drier-pages, to add Whitman's exhilarating justification of sense joy to Aristotle's exaltation of a purely intellectual happiness. One won-

ders if this Aristotelian ideal of immoderate moderation has had anything to do with the colorless virtue, the starched perfection, the expressionless good form, of the British aristocracy. Matthew Arnold tells us that in his time Oxford tutors looked upon the *Ethics* as infallible. For three hundred years this book and the *Politics* have formed the ruling British mind, perhaps to great and noble achievements, but certainly to a hard and cold efficiency: one wonders what the result would have been if the masters of the greatest of empires had been nurtured, instead, on the holy fervor and the constructive passion of the *Republic*.

After all, Aristotle was not quite Greek; he had been settled and formed before coming to Athens; there was nothing Athenian about him, nothing of the hasty and inspiriting experimentalism which made Athens throb with political *élan* and at last helped to subject her to a unifying despot. He realized too completely the Delphic command to avoid excess: he is so anxious to pare away extremes that at last nothing is left. He is so fearful of disorder that he forgets to be fearful of slavery; he is so timid of uncertain change that he pre-

fers a certain changelessness that near re sembles death. He lacks that Heraclitean sens of flux which justifies the conservative in be lieving that all permanent change is gradua but justifies the radical in believing that n changelessness is permanent. He forgets tha Plato's communism was meant only for th élite, the unselfish and ungreedy few; and h comes deviously to a Platonic result when h says that though property should be private i use should be as far as possible common. H does not see (and perhaps he could not h expected in his early day to see) that pr vate control of the means of production wa stimulating and salutary only when thes means were so simple as to be purchasab by any man; and that their increasing com plexity and cost lead to a dangerous centraliz tion of ownership and power, and to an art ficial and finally disruptive inequality.

But after all, these are quite inessenti criticisms of what remains the most marvelou and influential system of thought ever put t gether by any single mind. It may be doubte if any other thinker has contributed so muc to the enlightenment of the world. Ever

later age has drawn upon Aristotle, and stood upon his shoulders to see the truth. The varied and magnificent culture of Alexandria found its scientific inspiration in him. His *Organon* played a central rôle in shaping the minds of the medieval barbarians into disciplined and consistent thought. The other works, translated by Nestorian Christians into Syriac in the fifth century A. D., and thence into Arabic and Hebrew in the tenth century, and thence into Latin towards 1225, turned scholasticism from its eloquent beginnings in Abélard to encyclopedic completion in Thomas Aquinas (1227-1274). The Crusaders brought back more accurate Greek copies of the philosopher's texts; and the Greek scholars of Constantinople brought further Aristotelian treasures with them when, after 1453, they fled from the besieging Turks. The works of Aristotle came to be for European philosophy what the Bible was for theology—an almost infallible text, with solutions for every problem. In 1215 the Papal legate at Paris forbade teachers to lecture on his works; in 1231 Gregory IX appointed a commission to expurgate him; by 1260 he was *de rigueur* in every Christian school, and

ecclesiastical assemblies penalized deviations from his views. Chaucer describes his student as happy by having

> At his beddes hed
> Twenty bookes clothed in blake or red ,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophie;[1]

and in the first circles of Hell, says Dante,

> "I saw the Master there of those who know.
> Amid the philosophic family,
> By all admired, and by all reverenced;
> There Plato too I saw, and Socrates,
> Who stood beside him closer than the rest.[2]

Such lines give us some inkling of the honor which a thousand years offered to the Stagirite. Not till new instruments, accumulated observations, and patient experiments remade science and gave irresistible weapons to Occam and Ramus, to Roger and Francis Bacon, was the reign of Aristotle ended. No other mind had for so long a time ruled the intellect of mankind.

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[1]Quoted by Benn, i, 276.
[2]*Inferno,* iv, 131f.

X. LATER LIFE AND DEATH

Meanwhile life had become unmanageably complicated for our philosopher. He found himself on the one hand embroiled with Alexander for protesting against the execution of Callisthenes (a nephew of Aristotle), who had refused to worship Alexander as a god; and Alexander had answered the protest by hinting that it was quite within his omnipotence to put even philosophers to death. At the same time Aristotle was busy defending Alexander among the Athenians. He preferred Greek solidarity to city patriotism, and thought culture and science would flourish better when petty sovereignties and disputes were ended; and he saw in Alexander what Goethe was to see in Napoleon—the philosophic unity of a chaotic and intolerably manifold world. The Athenians, hungering for liberty, growled at Aristotle, and became bitter when Alexander had a statue of the philosopher put up in the heart of the hostile city. In this turmoil we get an impression of Aristotle quite contrary to that left upon us by his *Ethics*: here is a man

not cold and inhumanly calm, but a fighter, pursuing his Titanic work in a circle of enemies on every side. The successors of Plato at the Academy, the oratorical school of Isocrates, and the angry crowds that hung on Demosthenes' acid eloquence, intrigued and clamored for his exile or his death.

And then, suddenly (323 B. C.), Alexander died. Athens went wild with patriotic joy; the Macedonian party was overthrown, and Athenian independence was proclaimed. Antipater, successor of Alexander and intimate friend of Aristotle, marched upon the rebellious city. Most of the Macedonian party fled. Eurymedon, a chief priest, brought in an indictment against Aristotle, charging him with having taught that prayer and sacrifice were of no avail. Aristotle saw himself fated to be tried by juries and crowds incomparably more hostile than those that had murdered Socrates. Very wisely, he left the city, saying that he would not give Athens a chance to sin a second time against philosophy. There was no cowardice in this; an accused person at Athens had always the option of preferring exile.[1]

[1]Grote, 20.

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 210
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

The Stoic Philosophy

PROF. GILBERT MURRAY

Crime & Criminals
By Clarence Darrow

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The Stoic Philosophy

Gilbert Murray

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CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS
BY WILLIAM ARCHER

In the far-off, almost fabulous, Golden Age before the War, I once attended a lecture by our speaker of tonight, Professor Gilbert Murray. It was a most entertaining and instructive lecture; but what I chiefly learned on that occasion was a lesson I hope never to forget—as to the duties of a Chairman. Nothing would tempt me to reveal who the Chairman was: I will only say that I don't think he has ever figured, or ever will figure, on this platform. His speech was a conspicuous and masterly example of how not to do it. He began by confessing that he knew nothing of Professor Murray's subject, but went on to explain that he had read it up for the occasion in an Encyclopedia; and thereupon he retailed at great length, and in a most lugubrious fashion, the information he had gleaned from that work of reference. There happened to be two or three anecdotes, manifestly the plums of the subject; and the Chairman must needs put in his thumb

and pull out those plums, and spoil them for the lecturer by serving them up with consummate insipidity. What Professor Murray must have suffered in having his subject thus broken on the wheel, I shudder even now to think. His conduct was certainly a noble example of Stoicism. Had I been in his place, I should infallibly have risen up and slain that Chairman, and claimed from a jury of my countrymen a verdict of "Served him right!"

The lesson of that occasion was burnt into my soul; so Professor Murray need not fear that I am going to pour out to you the stores of my erudition on the subject of the Stoics. No doubt, half an hour with the Encyclopedia Britannica would have supplied me with some capital anecdotes of Zeno, and Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius; but I have sternly averted my face from temptation. The ideal Chairman as I conceive him, ought to emulate as nearly as possible the ideal child, who is "seen but not heard." If I fall away from that ideal, it is only to express my belief that there is no man in England whom Moncure Conway, were he alive, would more warmly welcome to this platform than our speaker of tonight. His presence here is a proof that that large-minded humanism for which Conway stood and strove

is making extraordinary progress even in our apparently slow-moving England. For Professor Murray, as you all know, is not a biologist, not a physicist, not a chemist. He has not pursued any of those studies of cause and effect which were supposed, in the Victorian era, to lead to perilous enlightenment—and did, in fact, lead to enlightenment, whether perilous or not. He is not even a mathematician, hardened in the audacious heresy that two and two make four. No, his life-work has lain among those literae humaniores which have so often been associated, in the past, with violent Toryism in politics and dense obscurantism in thought. He does not come to us from godless London University, nor even from Cambridge with its mildly Whiggish proclivities. He is a son, and a very loyal son, of Oxford; but he has known how to absorb the best of her culture—if I may use a somewhat discredited word—without drinking in either her prejudices or her snobbishness or her cowardices. I suppose we may take Matthew Arnold as a type of Oxford enlightenment in the last generation, and I am far from undervaluing his work or his influence; but imagine Matthew Arnold coming down to address us here to-

night! Or think of Pater! Think of the vague and vaporous aesthetic paganism which was all that Pater could extract from the spiritual sustenance offered him by Oxford! Professor Murray, as we know, occupies one of the greatest positions in English scholarship; but while he is eminently a scholar among scholars, he is preeminently a man among men. His imagination and insight, working upon a solid basis of knowledge, give him an extraordinary power—as no doubt he will show you tonight—of revivifying Greek thought and experience, and making it human and real to us. Ancient Greece is not, to him, a picturesque phenomenon to be contemplated under a glass case, but an absorbing chapter in the story of humanity, full of vital meanings for the present and for the future. What has specially attracted him to Euripides, we may be sure, is, in the last analysis, neither his lyric splendor nor his dramatic subtlety, but his daring rationalism and his passionate resentment of the stupidities and cruelties which are summed up in the phrase "man's inhumanity to man." These cruelties, these stupidities, are always with us, more or less, and are, as we know to our cost, liable to frightful recrudescences. No one is more resolute in combating them than Profes-

sor Murray. He is one of our foremost champions of reason and humanity. I am sure that Moncure Conway would warmly have appreciated the consistency, the sincerity, and the courage of his intellectual attitude, and would especially have welcomed it as a product of modern Oxford.

For Professor Murray does not stand alone. He is one of a group of scholars, his contemporaries and his juniors, who are converting Oxford from a home of lost causes into a Great Headquarters for causes yet to be won. Is it not a most encouraging sign of the times that that admirable series, the Home University Library, should be edited by two New College dons, Professor Murray and Mr. Herbert Fisher, now Vice Chancellor of Sheffield University? What would Moncure Conway have said if any one had predicted that, within seven years of his death, such a book as Professor Bury's "History of Freedom of Thought" would be written by the Regius Professor of History at Cambridge, and published under the editorship of the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford? I think he would have said: "No, no; the world does not move so quickly as that!" But it does move; it has moved; and I am optimist enough to hope that the present out-

burst of colossal unreason, alleged to be under the patronage of God, may in the end promote the cause of reason, or at any rate may not involve any intellectual set-back. With that hope in view, let us not cease to fight the good fight of spiritual illumination.

I now call upon Professor Murray.

THE STOIC PHILOSOPHY.

BY PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY.

I feel a peculiar pleasure in being asked to give this address in commemoration of Moncure D. Conway. I knew Mr. Conway but slightly. But when I was a boy and struggling with religious difficulties his books were among those which brought me both comfort and liberation. And all those who in our generation are stirred either by their doubts or their convictions to a consciousness of duties not yet stamped by the approval of their community, may well recognize him as one of their guiding beacons. His character is written large in the history of his life. Few men of our time have been put so clearly to the test and so unhesitatingly sacrificed their worldly interests to their consciences. This strain of heroic quality, which lay beneath Mr. Conway's unpretentious kindliness and easy humor, makes, I think, the subject of my address this evening not inappropriate to his memory.

I wish in this lecture to give in rough out-

line some account of the greatest system of organized thought which the mind of man had built up for itself in the Graeco-Roman world before the coming of Christianity with its inspired book and its authoritative revelation. Stoicism may be called either a philosophy or a religion. It was a religion in its exalted passion; it was a philosophy inasmuch as it made no pretense to magical powers or supernatural knowledge. I do not suggest that it is a perfect system, with no errors of fact and no inconsistencies of theory. It is certainly not that; and I do not know of any system that is. But I believe that it represents a way of looking at the world and the practical problems of life which possesses still a permanent interest for the human race, and a permanent power of inspiration. I shall approach it, therefore, rather as a psychologist than as a philosopher or historian. I shall not attempt to trace the growth or variation of Stoic doctrine under its various professors, nor yet to scrutinize the logical validity of its arguments. I shall merely try as best I can to make intelligible its great central principles and the almost irresistible appeal which they made to so many of the best minds of antiquity.

From this point of view I will begin by a very rough general suggestion—viz., that the religions known to history fall into two broad classes, religions which are suited for times of good government and the religions which are suited for times of bad government; religions for prosperity or for adversity, religions which accept the world or which defy the world, which place their hopes in the betterment of human life on this earth or which look away from it as from a vale of tears. By "the world" in this connection I mean the ordinary concrete world, the well-known companion of the flesh and the Devil; not the universe. For some of the religions which think most meanly of the world they know have a profound admiration for all, or nearly all, those parts of the universe where they have not been.

Now, to be really successful in the struggle for existence, a religion must suit both sets of circumstances. A religion which fails in adversity, which deserts you just when the world deserts you, would be a very poor affair; on the other hand, it is almost equally fatal for a religion to collapse as soon as it is successful. Stoicism, like Christianity, was prim-

arily a religion for the oppressed, a religion of defense and defiance; but, like Christianity, it had the requisite power of adaptation. Consistently, it opened its wings to embrace the needs both of success and of failure. To illustrate what I mean—contrast for a moment the life of an active, practical, philanthropic, modern Bishop with that of an anchorite like St. Simeon Stylites, living in idleness and filth on the top of a large column; or, again, contrast the Bishop's ideals with those of the author of the Apocalypse, abandoning himself to visions of a gorgeous reversal of the order of this evil world and the bloody revenges of the blessed. All three are devout Christians; but the Bishop is working with the world of men, seeking its welfare and helping its practical needs; the other two are rejecting or cursing it. In somewhat the same way we shall find that our two chief preachers of Stoicism are, the one a lame and penniless slave to whom worldly success is as nothing, the other an Emperor of Rome, keenly interested in good administration.

The founder of the Stoic school, Zeno, came from Cilicia to Athens about the year 320 B. C. His place of birth is, perhaps, sig-

nificant. He was a Semite, and came from the East. The Semite was apt in his religion to be fierier and more uncompromising than the Greek. The time of his coming is certainly significant. It was a time when landmarks had collapsed, and human life was left, as it seemed, without a guide. The average man in Greece of the fifth century B. C. had two main guides and sanctions for his conduct of life: the welfare of his city and the laws and traditions of his ancestors. First the city, and next the traditional religion; and in the fouth century both of these had fallen. Let us see how.

Devotion to the city or community produced a religion of public service. The city represented a high ideal, and it represented supreme power. By 320 B. C. the supreme power had been overthrown. Athens, and all independent Greek cities, had fallen before the overwhelming force of the great military monarchies of Alexander and his generals. The high ideal at the same time was seen to be narrow. The community to which a man should devote himself, if he should devote himself at all, must surely be something larger than one of these walled cities set upon their separate hills.

Thus the city, as a guide of life, had proved wanting. Now when the Jews lost their Holy City they had still, or believed that they had still, a guide left. "Zion is taken from us," says the Book of Esdras; "nothing is left save the Holy One and His Law." But Greece had no such law. The Greek religious tradition had long since been riddled with criticism. It would not bear thinking out, and the Greeks liked to think things out. The traditional religion fell not because the people were degenerate. Quite the contrary; it fell, as it has sometimes fallen elsewhere, because the people were progressive. The people had advanced, and and the traditional religion had not kept pace with them. And we may add another consideration. If the Gods of tradition had proved themselves capable of protecting their worshippers, doubtless their many moral and intellectual deficiencies might have been overlooked. But they had not. They had proved no match for Alexander and the Macedonian phalanx.

Thus the work that lay before the generation of 320 B. C. was twofold. They had to rebuild a new public spirit, devoted not to the city, but to something greater; and they

had to rebuild a religion or philosophy which should be a safe guide in the threatening chaos. We will see how Zeno girded himself to the task.

Two questions lay before him—how to live and what to believe. His real interest was in the first, but it could not be answered without first facing the second. For if we do not in the least know what is true or untrue, real or unreal, we cannot form any reliable rules about conduct or anything else. And, as it happened, the Sceptical school of philosophy, largely helped by Plato, had lately been active in denying the possibility of human knowledge and throwing doubt on the very existence of reality. Their arguments were extraordinarily good, and many of them have not been answered yet; they affect both the credibility of the senses and the supposed laws of reasoning. The Sceptics showed how the senses are notoriously fallible and contradictory, and how the laws of reasoning lead by equally correct processes to opposite conclusions. Many modern philosophers, from Kant to Dr. Schiller and Mr. Bertrand Russell, have followed respectfully in their footsteps. But Zeno had

no patience wtih this sort of thing. He wanted to get to business.

Also he was a born fighter. His dealings with opponents who argued against him always remind me of a story told of the Duke of Wellington when his word was doubted by a subaltern. The Duke, when he was very old and incredibly distinguished, was telling how once, at mess in the Peninsula, his servant had opened a bottle of port, and inside found a rat. "It must have been a very large bottle," remarked the subaltern. The Duke fixed him with his eye. "It was a damned small bottle." "Oh," said the subaltern, abashed; "then no doubt it was a very small rat." "It was a damned large rat," said the Duke. And there the matter has rested ever since.

Zeno began by asserting the existence of the real world. "What do you mean by real?" asked the Sceptic. "I mean solid and material. I mean that this table is solid matter." "And God," said the Sceptic, "and the soul? Are they solid matter?" "Perfectly solid," says Zeno; "more solid, if anything, than the table." "And virtue or justice or the Rule of Three; also solid matter?" "Of course," said Zeno; "quite solid." This is what may be

called "high doctrine," and Zeno's successors eventually explained that their master did not really mean that justice was solid matter, but that it was a sort of "tension," or mutual relation, among material objects. This amendment saves the whole situation. But it is well to remember the uncompromising materialism from which the Stoic system started.

Now we can get a step further. If the world is real, how do we know about it? By the evidence of our senses; for the sense impression (here Stoics and Epicureans both followed the fifth century physicists) is simply the imprint of the real thing upon our mindstuff. As such it must be true. In the few exceptional cases where we say that "our senses deceive us" we speak incorrectly. The sense impression was all right; it is we who have interpreted it wrongly, or received it in some incomplete way. What we need in each case is a "comprehensive sense impression." The meaning of this phrase is not quite clear. I think it means a sense impression which "grasps" its object; but it may be one which "grasps" us, or which we "grasp," so that we cannot doubt it. In any case, when we get the real imprint of the object upon our senses,

then this imprint is of necessity true. When the Sceptics talk about a conjurer making "our senses deceive us," or when they object that a straight stick put half under water looks as if it were bent in the middle, they are talking inexactly. In such cases the impression is perfectly true; it is the interpretation that may go wrong. Similarly, when they argue that reasoning is fallacious because men habitually make mistakes in it, they are confusing the laws of reasoning with the inexact use which people make of them. You might just as well say that twice two is not four, or that 7 x 7 is not 49, because people often make mistakes in doing arithmetic.

Thus we obtain a world which is in the first place real and in the second knowable. Now we can get to work on our real philosophy, our doctrine of ethics and conduct. And we build it upon a very simple principle, laid down first by Zeno's master, Crates, the founder of the Cynic School: the principle that Nothing but Goodness is Good. That seems plain enough, and harmless enough; and so does its corollary: "Nothing but badness is bad." In the case of any concrete object which you call "good," it seems quite clear that it is only good because of some

goodness in it. We, perhaps, should not express the matter in quite this way, but we should scarcely think it worth while to object if Zeno chooses to phrase it so, especially as the statement itself seems little better than a truism.

Now, to an ancient Greek the form of the phrase was quite familiar. He was accustomed to asking, "What is the good?" It was to him the central problem of conduct. It meant: "What is the object of life, or the element in things which makes them worth having?" Thus the principle will mean: "Nothing is worth living for except goodness." The only good for man is to be good. And, as we might expect, when Zeno says "good" he means good in an ultimate Day-of-Judgment sense, and will take no half measures. The principle turns out to be not nearly so harmless as it looked. It begins by making a clean sweep of the ordinary conventions. You remember the eighteenth century lady's epitaph which ends: "Bland, passionate, and deeply religious, she was second cousin to the Earl of Leitrim, and of such are the kingdom of heaven." One doubts whether, when the critical moment came, her relationships would really prove as important as her executors

hoped; and it is the same with all the conventional goods of the world when brought before the bar of Zeno. Rank, riches, social distinction, health, pleasure, barriers of race or nation—what will those things matter before the tribunal of ultimate truth? Not a jot. Nothing but goodness is good. It is what you are that matters—what you yourself are; and all these things are not you. They are external; they depend not on you alone, but on other people. The thing that really matters depends on you, and on none but you. From this there flows a very important and surprising conclusion. You possess already, if you only knew it, all that is worth desiring. The good is yours if you but will it. You need fear nothing. You are safe, inviolable, utterly free. A wicked man or an accident can cause you pain, break your leg, make you ill; but no earthly power can make you good or bad except yourself, and to be good or bad is the only thing that matters.

At this point common sense rebels. The plain man says to Zeno: "This is all very well; but we know as a matter of fact that such things as health, pleasure, long life, fame, etc., are good; we all like them. The

reverse are bad; we hate and avoid them. All sane, healthy people agree in judging so." Zeno's answer is interesting. In the first place, he says: "Yes; that is what most people say. But the judges who give that judgment are bribed. Pleasure, though not really good, has just that particular power of bribing the judges, and making them on each occasion say or believe that she is good. The Assyrian king Sardanapalus thinks it good to stay in his harem, feasting and merry-making, rather than suffer hardship in governing his kingdom. He swears his pleasure is good; but what will any unbribed third person say? Consider the judgments of history. Do you ever find that history praises a man because he was healthy, or long-lived, or because he enjoyed himself a great deal? History never thinks of such things; they are valueless and disappear from the world's memory. The thing that lives is a man's goodness, his great deeds, his virtue, or his heroism."

If the questioner was not quite satisfied, Zeno used another argument. He would bid him answer honestly for himself: "Would you yourself really like to be rich and corrupted? To have abundance of pleasure and

be a worse man?" And, apparently, when Zeno's eyes were upon you, it was difficult to say you would. Some Stoics took a particular instance. When Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the liberators of Athens, slew the tyrant Hipparchus (which is always taken as a praiseworthy act), the tyrant's friends seized a certain young girl, named Leaina, who was the mistress of Aristogeiton, and tortured her to make her divulge the names of the conspirators. And under the torture the girl bit out her tongue and died without speaking a word. Now, in her previous life we may assume that Leaina had had a good deal of gaiety. Which would you sooner have as your own—the early life of Leaina, which was full of pleasures, or the last hours of Leaina, which were full of agony? And with a Stoic's eyes upon them, as before, people found it hard to say the first. They yielded their arms and confessed that goodness, and not any kind of pleasure, is the good.

But now comes an important question, and the answer to it, I will venture to suggest, just redeems Stoicism from the danger of becoming one of those inhuman cast-iron systems by which mankind may be browbeaten, but against which it secretly rebels. What is

Goodness? What is this thing which is the only object worth living for?

Zeno seems to have been a little impatient of the question. We know quite well; everybody knows who is not blinded by passion or desire. Still, the school consented to analyze it. And the profound common sense and reasonableness of average Greek thought expressed the answer in its own characteristic way. Let us see in practice what we mean by "good." Take a good bootmaker, a good father, a good musician, a good horse, a good chisel; you will find that each one of them has some function to perform, some special work to do; and a good one does the work well. Goodness is performing your function well. But when we say "well" we are still using the idea of goodness. What do we mean by doing it "well"? Here the Greek falls back on a scientific conception which had great influence in the fifth century B. C., and somewhat transformed and differently named, has regained it in our own days. We call it "Evolution." The Greeks called it Phusis, a word which we translate by "Nature," but which seems to mean more exactly "growth," or "the process of growth."* It is Phusis which gradually shapes or tries to shape every living

thing into a more perfect form. It shapes the seed, by infinite and exact gradations, into the oak; the blind puppy into the good hunting dog; the savage tribe into the civilized city. If you analyze this process, you find that Phusis is shaping each thing towards the fulfillment of its own function—that is, towards the good. Of course Phusis sometimes fails; some of the blind puppies die; some of the seeds never take root. Again, when the proper development has been reached, it is generally followed by decay; that, too, seems like a failure in the work of Phusis. I will not consider these objections now; they would take us too far afield, and we shall need a word about them later. Let us in the meantime accept this conception of a force very like that which most of us assume when we speak of evolution; especially, perhaps, it is like what Bergson calls La Vie or L'Elan Vital at the back of L'Evolution Creatrice, though to the Greek it seemed still more personal and vivid; a force which is present in all the live world, and is always making things grow towards the fulfillment of their utmost capacity. We seen now what goodness is; it is living or acting according to Phusis, working with Phusis

in her eternal effort towards perfection. You will notice, of course, that the phrase means a good deal more than we usually mean by living "according to nature." It does not mean "living simply," or "living like the natural man." It means living according to the spirit which makes the world grow and progress.

This Phusis becomes in Stoicism the center of much speculation and much effort at imaginative understanding. It is at work everywhere. It is like a soul, or a life-force, running through all matter as the "soul" or life of a man runs through all his limbs. It is the soul of the world. Now, it so happened that in Zeno's time the natural sciences had made a great advance, especially Astronomy, Botany, and Natural History. This fact had made people familiar with the notion of natural law. Law was a principle which ran through all the movements of what they called the Kosmos, or "ordered world." Thus Phusis, the life of the world, is, from another point of view, the Law of Nature; it is the great chain of causation by which all events occur; for the Phusis which shapes things towards their end acts always by the laws of causation.

Phusis is not a sort of arbitrary personal goddess, upsetting the natural order; Phusis is the natural order, and nothing happens without a cause.

A natural law, yet a natural law which is alive, which is itself life. It becomes indistinguishable from a purpose, the purpose of the great world-process. It is like a foreseeing, fore-thinking power—Pronoia; our common word "Province" is the Latin translation of this Pronoia, though of course its meaning has been rubbed down and cheapened in the process of the ages. As a principle of providence or forethought it comes to be regarded as God, the nearest approach to a definite personal God which is admitted by the austere logic of Stoicism. And, since it must be in some sense material, it is made of the finest material there is; it is made of fire—not ordinary fire, but what they called intellectual fire. A fire which is present in a warm, live man, and not in a cold, dead man; a fire which has consciousness and life, and is not subject to decay. This fire, Phusis, God, is in all creation.

We are led to a very definite and complete Pantheism. The Sceptic begins to make his usual objections. "God in worms?" he asks.

"God in fleas and dung beetles?" And, as usual, the objector is made to feel sorry that he spoke. "Why not?" the Stoic answers; "cannot an earthworm serve God? Do you suppose that it is only a general who is a good soldier? Cannot the lowest private or camp attendant fight his best and give his life for his cause? Happy are you if you are serving God, and carrying out the great purpose as truly as such-and-such an earthworm?" That is the conception. All the world is working together. It is all one living whole, with one soul through it. And, as a matter of fact, no single part of it can either rejoice or suffer without all the rest being affected. The man who does not see that the good of every living creature is his good, the hurt of every living creature his hurt, is one who wilfully makes himself a kind of outlaw or exile; he is blind, or a fool. So we are led up to the great doctrine of the later Stoics, the Sympathy of the Whole; a grand conception, the truth of which is illustrated in the ethical world by the feelings of good men, and in the world of natural science. . . . We moderns may be excused for feeling a little surprised . . . by the fact that the stars twinkle. It is because they

are so sorry for us: as well they may be!

Thus Goodness is acting, according to Phusis, in harmony with the will of God. But here comes an obvious objection. If God is all, how can any one do otherwise? God is the omnipresent Law; God is all Nature; no one can help being in harmony with him. The answer is that God is in all except in the doings of bad men. For man is free . . . How do we know that? Why, by a kataleptike phantasia, a comprehensive sense impression which it is impossible to resist. Why it should be so we cannot tell. "God might have preferred chained slaves for his fellow-workers; but, as a matter of fact, he preferred free men." Man's soul, being actually a portion of the divine fire, has the same freedom that God himself has. He can act either with God or against him, though, of course, when he acts against him he will ultimately be overwhelmed. Thus Stoicism grapples with a difficulty which no religion has satisfactorily solved.

You will have observed that by now we have worked out two quite different types of Stoic—one who defies the world and one who works with the world; and, as in Christianity, both types are equally orthodox. We have

first the scorner of all earthly things. Nothing but goodness is good; nothing but badness bad. Pain, pleasure, health, sickness, human friendship and affection, are all indifferent. The truly wise man possesses his soul in peace; he communes with God. He always, with all his force, wills the will of God; thus everything that befalls him is a fulfillment of his own will and good. A type closely akin to the early Christian ascetic or the Indian saint.

And in the second place we have the man who, while accepting the doctrine that only goodness is good, lays stress upon the definition of goodness. It is acting according to Phusis, in the spirit of that purpose or forethought which, though sometimes failing, is working always unrestingly for the good of the world, and which needs its fellow workers. God is helping the whole world; you can only help a limited fraction of the world. But you can try to work in the same spirit. There were certain old Greek myths which told how Heracles and other heroes had passed laborious lives serving and helping humanity, and in the end became gods. The Stoics used such myths as allegories. That was the way to heaven; that was how a man may at the end

of his life become not a dead body, but a star. In the magnificent phrase which Pliny translates from a Greek Stoic, God is that, and nothing but that; man's true God is the helping of man; Deus est mortali invare mortalem.

No wonder such a religion appealed to kings and statesmen and Roman governors. Nearly all the successors of Alexander—we may say all the principal kings in existence in the generations following Zeno—professed themselves Stoics. And the most famous of all Stoics, Marcus Aurelius, found his religion not only in meditation and religious exercises, but in working some sixteen hours a day for the good practical government of the Roman Empire.

Is there any real contradiction or inconsistency between the two types of Stoic virtue? On the surface certainly there seems to be; and the school felt it, and tried in a very interesting way to meet it. The difficulty is this: what is the good of working for the welfare of humanity if such welfare is really worthless? Suppose, by great labor and skill, you succeed in reducing the death rate of a plague-stricken area; suppose you make a starving countryside prosperous; what is the good of it all if health and riches are in themselves worthless,

and not a whit better than disease and poverty?

The answer is clear and uncompromising. A good bootmaker is one who makes good boots; a good shepherd is one who keeps his sheep well; and even though good boots are, in the Day-of-Judgment sense, entirely worthless, and fat sheep no whit better than starved sheep, yet the good bootmaker or good shepherd must do his work well or he will cease to be good. To be good he must perform his function; and in performing that function there are certain things that he must "prefer' to others, even though they are not really "good." He must prefer a healthy sheep or a well-made boot to their opposites. It is thus that Nature, or Phusis, herself works when she shapes the seed into the tree, or the blind puppy into the good hound. The perfection of the tree or hound is in itself indifferent, a thing of no ultimate value. Yet the goodness of Nature lies in working for that perfection.

Life becomes, as the Stoics more than once tell us, like a play which is acted or a game played with counters. Viewed from outside, the counters are valueless; but to those engaged in the game their importance is para-

mount. What really and ultimately matters is that the game shall be played as it should be played. God, the eternal dramatist, has cast you for some part in his drama, and hands you the role. It may turn out that you are cast for a triumphant king; it may be for a slave who dies of torture. What does that matter to the good actor? He can play either part; his only business is to accept the role given him, and to perform it well. Similarly, life is a game of counters. Your business is to play it in the right way. He who set the board may have given you many counters; he may have given you few. He may have arranged that, at a particular point in the game, most of your men shall be swept accidentally off the board. You will lose the game; but why should you mind that? It is your play that matters, not the score that you happen to make. He is not a fool to judge you by your mere success or failure. Success or failure is a thing He can determine without stirring a hand. It hardly interests Him. What interests Him is the one thing which he cannot determine—the action of your free and conscious will.

This view is so sublime and so stirring that

at times it almost deadens one's power of criticism. Let us see how it works in a particular case. Suppose your friend is in sorrow or pain, what are you to do? In the first place, you may sympathize—since sympathy runs all through the universe, and if the stars sympathize surely you yourself may. And of course you must help. That is part of your function. Yet, all the time, while you are helping and sympathizing, are you not bound to remember that your friend's pain or sorrow does not really matter at all? He is quite mistaken in imagining that it does. Similarly, if a village in your district is threatened by a band of robbers, you will rush off with soldiers to save it; you will make every effort, you will give your life if necessary. But suppose, after all, you arrive too late and find the inhabitants with their throats cut and the village in ruins—why should you mind? You know it does not matter a straw whether the villagers' throats are cut or not cut; all that matters is how they behave in the hour of death. Mr. Bevan, whose studies of the Stoics and Sceptics form a rare compound of delicate learning and historical imagination, says that the attitude of the Stoic in a case like this is like that of

a messenger boy sent to deliver a parcel to some one, with instructions to try various addresses in order to find him. The good messenger boy will go duly to all the addresses, but if the addressee is not to be found at any of them, what does that matter to the messenger boy? He has done his duty, and the parcel itself has no interest for him. He may return and say he is sorry that the man cannot be found; but his sorrow is not heartfelt. It is only a polite pretense.

The comparison is a little hard on the Stoics. No doubt they are embarrassed at this point between the claims of high logic and of human feeling. But they meet the embarrassment bravely. "You will suffer in your friend's suffering," says Epictetus. "Of course you will suffer. I do not say that you must not even groan aloud. Yet in the center of your being do not groan!" It is very like the Christian doctrine of resignation. Man cannot but suffer for his fellow man; yet a Christian is told to accept the will of God and believe that ultimately, in some way which he does not see, the Judge of the World has done right.

Finally, what is to be the end after this life of Stoic virtue? Many religions, after

basing their whole theory of conduct on stern duty and self-sacrifice and contempt for pleasure, lapse into confessing the unreality of their professions by promising the faithful as a reward that they shall be uncommonly happy in the next world. It was not that they really disdained pleasure; it was only that they speculated for a higher rate of interest at a later date. Notably, Islam is open to that criticism, and so is a great deal of popular Christianity. Stoicism is not. It maintains its ideal unchanged.

You remember that we touched, in passing, the problem of decay. Nature shapes things towards their perfection, but she also lets them fall away after reaching a certain altitude. She fails constantly, though she reaches higher and higher success. In the end, said the Stoic —and he said it not very confidently, as a suggestion rather than a dogma—in the very end, perfection should be reached, and then there will be no falling back. All the world will have been wrought up to the level of the divine soul. That soul is Fire; and into that Fire we shall all be drawn, our separate existence and the dross of our earthly nature burnt utterly away. Then there will be no more decay or

growth; no pleasure, no disturbance. It may be a moment of agony, but what does agony matter? It will be ecstasy and triumph, the soul reaching its fiery union with God.

The doctrine, fine as it is, seems always to have been regarded as partly fanciful, and not accepted as an integral part of the Stoic creed. Indeed, many Stoics considered that if this Absorption in Fire should occur, it could not be final. For the essence of Goodness is to do something, to labor, to achieve some end; and if Goodness is to exist the world process must begin again. God, so to speak, cannot be good unless he is striving and helping. Phusis must be moving upward, or else it is not Phusis.

Thus Stoicism, whatever its weaknesses, fulfilled the two main demands that man makes upon his religion: it gave him armour when the world was predominantly evil, and it encouraged him forward when the world was predominantly good. It afforded guidance both for the saint and the public servant. And in developing this twofold character I think it was not influenced by mere inconstancy. It was trying to meet the actual truth of the situation. For in most systems it seems to be recognized that in the Good Life there is

both an element of outward striving and an element of inward peace. There are things which we must try to attain, yet it is not really the attainment that matters; it is the seeking. And, consequently, in some sense, the real victory is with him who fought best, not with the man who happened to win. For beyond all the accidents of war, beyond the noise of armies and groans of the dying, there is the presence of some eternal friend. It is our relation to Him that matters.

A Friend behind phenomena, I owe the phrase to Mr. Bevan. It is the assumption which all religions make, and sooner or later all philosophies. The main criticism which I should be inclined to pass on Stoicism would lie here. Starting out with every intention of facing the problem of the world by hard thought and observation, resolutely excluding all appeal to tradition and mere mythology, it ends by making this tremendous assumption, that there is a beneficent purpose in the world and that the force which moves nature is akin to ourselves. If we once grant that postulate, the details of the system fall easily into place. There may be some overstatement about the worthlessness of pleasure and worldly goods; though, after all, if there is a single great

purpose in the universe, and that purpose good, I think we must admit that, in comparison with it, the happiness of any individual at this moment dwindles into utter insignificance. The good, and not any pleasure or happiness, is what matters. If there is no such purpose, well, then the problem must all be stated afresh from the beginning.

A second criticism, which is passed by modern psychologists on the Stoic system, is more searching but not so dangerous. The language of Stoicism, as of all ancient philosophy, was based on a rather crude psychology. It was over-intellectualized. It paid too much attention to the enormously larger part of human conduct which is below the level of consciousness. It saw life too much as a series of separate mental acts, and not sufficiently as a continuous, ever-changing stream. Yet a very little correction of statement is all that it needs. Stoicism does not really make reason into a motive force. It explains that an "impulse," of physical or biological origin rises in the mind prompting to some action, and then Reason gives or withholds its assent. There is nothing seriously wrong here.

Other criticisms, based on the unreality of

the ideal Wise Man, who acts without desire and makes no errors, seem to me of smaller importance. They depend chiefly on certain idioms or habits of language, which, though not really exact, convey a fairly correct meaning to those accustomed to them.

But the assumption of the Eternal Purpose stands in a different category However much refined away, it remains a vast assumption. We may discard what Professor William James used to call "Monarchical Deism" or our own claim to personal immortality. We may base ourselves on Evolution, whether of the Darwinian or the Bergsonian sort. But we do seem to find, not only in all religions, but in practically all philosophies, some belief that man is not quite alone in the universe, but is met in his endeavors towards the good by some external help or sympathy. We find it everywhere in the unsophisticated man. We find it in the unguarded self-revelations of the most severe and conscientious Atheists. Now, the Stoics, like many other schools of thought, drew an argument from this consensus of all mankind. It was not an absolute proof of the existence of the Gods or Providence, but it was a strong indication. The existence of a com-

mon instinctive belief in the mind of man gives at least a presumption that there must be a good cause for that belief.

This is a reasonable position. There must be some such cause. But it does not follow that the only valid cause is the truth of the content of the belief. I cannot help suspecting that this is precisely one of those points on which Stoicism, in company with almost all philosophy up to the present time, has gone astray through not sufficiently realizing its dependence on the human mind as a natural biological product. For it is very important in this matter to realize that the so-called belief is not really an intellectual judgment so much as a craving of the whole nature.

It is only of very late years that psychologists have begun to realize the enormous dominion of those forces in man of which he is normally unconscious. We cannot escape as easily as these brave men dreamed from the grip of the blind powers beneath the threshold. Indeed, as I see philosophy after philosophy falling into this unproven belief in the Friend behind phenomena, as I find that I myself cannot, except for a moment and by an effort, refrain from making the

same assumption, it seems to me that perhaps here too we are under the spell of a very old ineradicable instinct. We are gregarious animals; our ancestors have been such for countless ages. We cannot help looking out on the world as gregarious animals do; we see it in terms of humanity and of fellowship. Students of animals under domestication have shown us how the habits of a gregarious creature, taken away from his kind, are shaped in a thousand details by reference to the lost pack which is no longer there—the pack which a dog tries to smell his way back to all the time he is out walking, the pack he calls to for help when danger threatens. It is a strange and touching thing, this eternal hunger of the gregarious animal for the herd of friends who are not there. And it may be, it may very possibly be, that, in the matter of this Friend behind phenomena, our own yearning and our own almost ineradicable instinctive conviction, since they are certainly not founded on either reason or observation, are in origin the groping of a lonely-souled gregarious animal to find its herd or its herd leader in the great spaces between the stars.

At any rate, it is a belief very difficult to get rid of.

NOTE.—Without attempting a bibliography of Stoicism, I may mention the following books as likely to be useful to a student: (1) Original Stoic Literature. Epictetus, Discourses, etc.; translated by P. E. Matheson, Oxford, 1915. Marcus Aurelius, To Himself; translated by J. Jackson, Oxford, 1906. Stoicorum Veterum Fragmenta, collected by Von Arnim, 1903-1905. (2) Modern Literature. Roman Stoicism (Cambridge, 1911), by E. V. Arnold; a very thorough and useful piece of work. Stoics and Sceptics, by Edwyn Bevan (Oxford, 1913); slighter, but illuminating. The doctrine of the things which are "preferred" though not "good," was, I think, first correctly explained by H. Gomperz, Lebensauffassung der Griechischen Philosophie, 1904. Professor Arnold's book contains a large bibliography.

Crime and Criminals

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

If I looked at jails and crimes and prisoners in the way the ordinary person does, I should not speak on this subject to you. The reason I talk to you on the question of crime, its cause and cure, is because I really do not in the least believe in crime. There is no such thing as a crime as the word is generally understood. I do not believe there is any sort of distinction between the real moral condition of the people in and out of jail. One is just as good as the other. The people here can no more help being here than the people outside can avoid being outside. I do not believe that people are in jail because they deserve to be. They are in jail simply because they cannot avoid it on account of circumstances which are entirely beyond their control and for which they are in no way responsible.

I suppose a great many people on the outside would say I was doing you harm if they should hear what I say to you this afternoon, but you cannot be hurt a great deal anyway, so it will not matter. Good people outside would say that I was really teaching you things that were calculated to injure society, but it's worth while now and then to hear something different from what you ordinarily get from preach-

ers and the like. These will tell you that you should be good and then you will get rich and be happy. Of course we know that people do not get rich by being good, and that is the reason why so many of you people try to get rich some other way, only you do not understand how to do it quite as well as the fellow outside.

There are people who think that everything in this world is an accident. But really there is no such thing as an accident. A great many folks admit that many of the people in jail ought to be there, and many who are outside ought to be in. I think none of them ought to be here. There ought to be no jails, and if it were not for the fact that the people on the outside are so grasping and heartless in their dealings with the people on the inside, there would be no such institutions as jails.

I do not want you to believe that I think all you people here are angels. I do not think that. You are people of all kinds, all of you doing the best you can, and that is evidently not very well—you are people of all kinds and conditions and under all circumstances. In one sense everybody is equally good and equally bad. We all do the best we can under the circumstances. But as to the exact things for which you are sent here, some of you are guilty and did the particular act because you needed the money. Some of you did it because you are in the habit of doing it, and some of

you because you are born to it, and it comes to be as natural as it does, for instance, for me to be good.

Most of you probably have nothing against me, and most of you would treat me the same as any other person would; probably better than some of the people on the outside would treat me, because you think I believe in you and they know I do not believe in them. While you would not have the least thing against me in the world you might pick my pockets. I do not think all of you would, but I think some of you would. You would not have anything against me, but that's your profession, a few of you. Some of the rest of you, if my doors were unlocked, might come in if you saw anything you wanted—not out of any malice to me, but because that is your trade. There is no doubt there are quite a number of people in this jail who would pick my pockets. And still I know this, that when I get outside pretty nearly everybody picks my pocket. There may be some of you who would hold up a man on the street, if you did not happen to have something else to do, and needed the money; but when I want to light my house or my office the gas company holds me up. They charge me one dollar for something that is worth 25 cents, and still all these people are good people; they are pillars of society and support the churches, and they are respectable.

When I ride on the street cars, I am held

up—I pay seven cents for a ride that is worth two and a half cents, simply because a body of men have bribed the city council and the legislature, so that all the rest of us have to pay tribute to them.

If I do not want to fall into the clutches of the gas trust and choose to burn oil instead of gas, then good Mr. Rockefeller holds me up, and he uses a certain portion of his money to build universities and support churches which are engaged in telling us how to be good.

Some of you are here for obtaining property under false pretenses—yet I pick up a great Sunday paper and read the advertisements of a merchant prince—"Shirt waist for 39 cents, marked down from $3."

When I read the advertisements in the paper I see they are all lies. When I want to get out and find a place to stand anywhere on the face of the earth, I find that it has all been taken up long ago before I came here, and before you came here, and somebody says, "Get off, swim into the lake, fly into the air; go anywhere, but get off." That is because these people have the police and they have the jails and the judges and the lawyers and the soldiers and all the rest of them to take care of the earth and drive everybody off that comes in their way.

A great many people will tell you that all this is true, but that it does not excuse you. These facts do not excuse some fellow who

reaches into my pocket and takes out a five-dollar bill; the fact that the gas company bribes the members of the legislature from year to year, and fixes the law, so that all you people are compelled to be "fleeced" whenever you deal with them; the fact that the street car companies and the gas companies have control of the streets and the fact that the landlords own all the earth, they say, has nothing to do with you.

Let us see whether there is any connection between the crimes of the respectable classes and your presence in the jail. Many of you people are in jail because you have really committed burglary. Many of you, because you have stolen something; in the meaning of the law, you have taken some other person's property. Some of you have entered a store and carried off a pair of shoes because you did not have the price. Possibly some of you have committed murder. I cannot tell what all of you did. There are a great many people here who have done some of these things who really do not know themselves why they did them. I think I know why you did them—every one of you; you did these things because you were bound to do them. It looked to you at the time as if you had a chance to do them or not, as you saw fit, but still after all you had no choice. There may be people here who had some money in their pockets and who still went out and got some more money in a way society forbids.

Now you may not yourselves see exactly why it was you did this thing, but if you look at the question deeply enough and carefully enough you would see that there were circumstances that drove you to do exactly the thing which you did. You could not help it any more than we outside can help taking the positions that we take. The reformers who tell you to be good and you will be happy, and the people on the outside who have property to protect—they think that the only way to do it is by building jails and locking you up in cells on week-days and praying for you Sundays.

I think that all of this has nothing whatever to do with right conduct. I think it is very easily seen what has to do with right conduct. Some so-called criminals—and I will use this word because it is handy, it means nothing to me—I speak of the criminals who get caught as distinguished from the criminals who catch them—some of these so-called criminals are in jail for the first offenses, but nine-tenths of you are in jail because you did not have a good lawyer and of course you did not have a good lawyer because you did not have enough money to pay a good lawyer. There is no very great danger of a rich man going to jail.

Some of you may be here for the first time. If we would open the doors and let you out, and leave the laws as they are today, some of

you would be back tomorrow. This is about as good a place as you can get anyway. There are many people here who are so in the habit of coming that they would not know where else to go. There are people who are born with the tendency to break into jail every chance they get, and they cannot avoid it. You cannot figure out your life and see why it was, but still there is a reason for it, and if we were all wise and knew all the facts we could figure it out.

In the first place, there are a good many more people who go to jail in the winter time than in summer. Why is this? Is it because people are more wicked in winter? No, it is because the coal trust begins to get in its grip in the winter. A few gentlemen take possession of the coal, and unless the people will pay $10 or $12 a ton for something that is worth $3, they will have to freeze. Then there is nothing to do but to break into jail, and so there are many more in jail in the winter than in summer. It costs more for gas in the winter because the nights are longer, and people go to jail to save gas bills. The jails are electric lighted. You may not know it, but these economic laws are working all the time, whether we know it or do not know it.

There are more people go to jail in hard times than in good times—few people comparatively go to jail except when they are hard up. They go to jail because they have no

other place to go. They may not know why, but it is true all the same. People are not more wicked in hard times. That is not the reason. The fact is true all over the world that in hard times more people go to jail than in good times, and in winter more people go to jail than in summer. Of course it is pretty hard times for people who go to jail at any time. The people who go to jail are almost always poor people—people who have no other place to live first and last. When times are hard then you find large numbers of people who go to jail who would not otherwise be in jail.

Long ago, Mr. Buckle, who was a great philosopher and historian, collected facts and he showed that the number of people who are arrested increased just as the price of food increased. When they put up the price of gas ten cents a thousand I do not know who will go to jail, but I do know that a certain number of people will go. When the meat combine raises the price of beef I do not know who is going to jail, but I know that a large number of people are bound to go. Whenever the Standard Oil Company raises the price of oil, I know that a certain number of girls who are seamstresses, and who work after night long hours for somebody else, will be compelled to go out on the streets and ply another trade, and I know that Mr. Rockefeller and his associates are responsible and not the poor girls

in the jail.

First and last, people are sent to jail because they are poor. Sometimes, as I say, you may not need money at the particular time, but you wish to have thrifty forehanded habits, and do not always wait until you are in absolute want. Some of you people are perhaps plying the trade, the profession, which is called burglary. No man in his right senses will go into a strange house in the dead of night and prowl around with a dark lantern through unfamiliar rooms and take chances of his life if he has plenty of the good things of the world in his own home. You would not take any such chances as that. If a man had clothes in his clothes-press and beefsteak in his pantry, and money in the bank, he would not navigate around nights in houses where he knows nothing about the premises whatever. It always requires experience and education for this profession, and people who fit themselves for it are no more to blame than I am for being a lawyer. A man would not hold up another man on the street if he had plenty of money in his own pocket. He might do it if he had one dollar or two dollars, but he wouldn't if he had as much money as Mr. Rockefeller has. Mr. Rockefeller has a great deal better hold-up game than that.

The more that is taken from the poor by the rich, who have the chance to take it, the more poor people there are who are compelled to

resort to these means for a livelihood. They may not understand it, they may not think so at once, but after all they are driven into that line of employment.

There is a bill before the legislature of this State to punish kidnapping children, with death. We have wise members of the Legislature. They know the gas trust when they see it and they always see it—they can furnish light enough to be seen, and this Legislature thinks it is going to stop kidnapping children by making a law punishing kidnappers of children with death. I don't believe in kidnapping children, but the Legislature is all wrong. Kidnapping children is not a crime, it is a profession. It has been developed with the times. It has been developed with our modern industrial conditions. There are many ways of making money—many new ways that our ancestors knew nothing about. Our ancestors knew nothing about a billion-dollar trust; and here comes some poor fellow who has no other trade and he discovers the profession of kidnapping children.

This crime is born, not because people are bad; people don't kidnap other people's children because they want the children or because they are devilish, but because they see a chance to get some money out of it. You cannot cure this crime by passing a law punishing by death kidnappers of children. There is one way to cure it. There is one way to

cure all these offenses, and that is to give the people a chance to live. There is no other way, and there never was any other way since the world began, and the world is so blind and stupid that it will not see. If every man and woman and child in the world had a chance to make a decent, fair, honest living, there would be no jails, and no lawyers and no courts. There might be some persons here or there with some peculiar formation of their brain, like Rockefeller, who would do these things simply to be doing them; but they would be very, very few, and those should be sent to a hospital and treated, and not sent to jail; and they would entirely disappear in the second generation, or at least in the third generation.

I am not talking pure theory. I will just give you two or three illustrations.

The English people once punished criminals by sending them away. They would load them on a ship and export them to Australia. England was owned by lords and nobles and rich people. They owned the whole earth over there, and the other people had to stay in the streets. They could not get a decent living. They used to take their criminals and send them to Australia—I mean the class of criminals who got caught. When these criminals got over there, and nobody else had come, they had the whole continent to run over, and so they could raise sheep and furnish their

own meat, which is easier than stealing it; these criminals then became decent, respectable people because they had a chance to live. They did not commit any crimes. They were just like the English people who sent them there, only better. And in the second generation the descendants of those criminals were as good and respectable a class of people as there were on the face of the earth, and then they began building churches and jails themselves.

A portion of this country was settled in the same way, landing prisoners down on the southern coast; but when they got here and had a whole continent to run over and plenty of chances to make a living, they became respectable citizens, making their own living just like any other citizens in the world; but finally these descendants of the English aristocracy, who sent the people over to Australia, found out they were getting rich, and so they went over to get possession of the earth as they always do, and they organized land syndicates and got control of the land and ores, and then they had just as many criminals in Australia as they did in England. It was not because the world had grown bad; it was because the earth had been taken away from the people.

Some of you people have lived in the country. It's prettier than it is here. And if you have ever lived on a farm you understand

that if you put a lot of cattle in a field, when the pasture is short they will jump over the fence; but put them in a good field where there is plenty of pasture, and they will be law-abiding cattle to the end of time. The human animal is just like the rest of the animals, only a little more so. The same thing that governs in the one governs in the other.

Everybody makes his living along the lines of least resistance. A wise man who comes into a country early sees a great undeveloped land. For instance, our rich men twenty-five years ago saw that Chicago was small and knew a lot of people would come here and settle, and they readily saw that if they had all the land around here it would be worth a good deal, so they grabbed the land. You cannot be a landlord because somebody has got it all. You must find some other calling. In England and Ireland and Scotland less than 5 per cent own all the land there is, and the people are bound to stay there on any kind of terms the landlords give. They must live the best they can, so they develop all these various professions—burglary, picking pockets and the like.

Again, people find all sorts of ways of getting rich. These are diseases like everything else. You look at people getting rich, organizing trusts, and making a million dollars, and somebody gets the disease and he starts out. He catches it just as a man catches the mumps

or measles; he is not to blame, it is in the air. You will find men speculating beyond their means, because the mania of money-getting is taking possession of them. It is simply a disease; nothing more, nothing less. You cannot avoid catching it; but the fellows who have control of the earth have the advantage of you. See what the law is; when these men get control of things, they make the laws. They do not make the laws to protect anybody; courts are not instruments of justice; when your case gets into court it will make little difference whether you are guilty or innocent; but it's better if you have a smart lawyer. And you cannot have a smart lawyer unless you have money. First and last it's a question of money. Those men who own the earth make the laws to protect what they have. They fix up a sort of fence or pen around what they have, and they fix the law so the fellow on the outside cannot get in. The laws are really organized for the protection of the men who rule the world. They were never organized or enforced to do justice. We have no system for doing justice, not the slightest in the world.

Let me illustrate: Take the poorest person in this room. If the community had provided a system of doing justice the poorest person in this room would have as good a lawyer as the richest, would he not? When you went into court you would have just as long a trial, and just as fair a trial as the richest person

in Chicago. Your case would not be tried in fifteen or twenty minutes, whereas it would take fifteen days to get through with a rich man's case.

Then if you were rich and were beaten, your case would be taken to the Appellate Court. A poor man cannot take his case to the Appellate Court; he has not the price; and then to the Supreme Court, and if he were beaten there he might perhaps go to the United States Supreme Court. And he might die of old age before he got into jail. If you are poor, it's a quick job. You are almost known to be guilty, else you would not be there. Why should any one be in the criminal court if he were not guilty? He would not be there if he could be anywhere else. The officials have no time to look after all these cases. The people who are on the outside, who are running banks and building churches and making jails, they have no time to examine 600 or 700 prisoners each year to see whether they are guilty or innocent. If the courts were organized to promote justice the people would elect somebody to defend all these criminals, somebody as smart as the prosecutor—and give him as many detectives and as many assistants to help, and pay as much money to defend you as to prosecute you. We have a very able man for State's Attorney, and he has many assistants, detectives and policemen without end, and judges to hear

the cases—everything handy.

Most of all our criminal code consists in offenses against property. People are sent to jail because they have committed a crime against property. It is of very little consequence whether one hundred people more or less go to jail who ought not to go—you must protect property, because in this world property is of more importance than anything else.

How is it done? These people who have property fix it so they can protect what they have. When somebody commits a crime it does not follow that he has done something that is morally wrong. The man on the outside who has committed no crime may have done something. For instance: to take all the coal in the United States and raise the price two dollars or three dollars when there is no need of it, and thus kill thousands of babies and send thousands of people to the poorhouse and tens of thousands to jail, as is done every year in the United States—this is a greater crime than all the people in our jails ever committed, but the law does not punish it. Why? Because the fellows who control the earth make the laws. If you and I had the making of the laws, the first thing we would do would be to punish the fellow who gets control of the earth. Nature put this coal in the ground for me as well as for them and nature made the prairies up here to raise wheat for me as well as for them, and then the great

railroad companies came along and fenced it up.

Most all of the crimes for which we are punished are property crimes. There are a few personal crimes, like murder—but they are very few. The crimes committed are mostly those against property. If this punishment is right the criminals must have a lot of property. How much money is there in this crowd? And yet you are all here for crimes against property. The people up and down the Lake Shore have not committed crime, still they have so much property they don't know what to do with it. It is perfectly plain why these people have not committed crimes against property; they make the laws and therefore do not need to break them. And in order for you to get some property you are obliged to break the rules of the game. I don't know but what some of you may have had a very nice chance to get rich by carrying the hod for one dollar a day, twelve hours. Instead of taking that nice, easy profession, you are a burglar. If you had been given a chance to be a banker you would rather follow that. Some of you may have had a chance to work as a switchman on a railroad where you know, according to statistics, that you cannot live and keep all your limbs more than seven years, and you can get fifty dollars or seventy-five dollars a month for taking your lives in your hands, and instead of taking that lucrative

position you choose to be a sneak thief, or something like that. Some of you made that sort of choice. I don't know which I would take if I was reduced to this choice. I have an easier choice.

I will guarantee to take from this jail, or any jail in the world, five hundred men who have been the worst criminals and law-breakers who ever got into jail, and I will go down to our lowest streets and take five hundred of the most abandoned prostitutes, and go out somewhere where there is plenty of land, and will give them a chance to make a living, and they will be as good people as the average in the community.

There is a remedy for the sort of condition we see here. The world never finds it out, or when it does find it out it does not enforce it. You may pass a law punishing every person with death for burglary, and it will make no difference. Men will commit it just the same. In England there was a time when one hundred different offenses were punishable with death, and it made no difference. The English people strangely found out that so fast as they repealed the severe penalties and so fast as they did away with punishing men by death, crime decreased instead of increased; that the smaller the penalty the fewer the crimes.

Hanging men in our county jails does not prevent murder. It makes murderers.

And this has been the history of the world. It's easy to see how to do away with what we call crime. It is not so easy to do it. I will tell you how to do it. It can be done by giving the people a chance to live—by destroying special privileges. So long as big criminals can get the coal fields, so long as the big criminals have control of the city council and get the public streets for streets cars and gas rights, this is bound to send thousands of poor people to jail. So long as men are allowed to monopolize all the earth, and compel others to live on such terms as these men see fit to make, then you are bound to get into jail.

The only way in the world to abolish crime and criminals is to abolish the big ones and the little ones together. Make fair conditions of life. Give men a chance to live. Abolish the right of private ownership of land, abolish monopoly, make the world partners in production, partners in the good things of life. Nobody would steal if he could get something of his own some easier way. Nobody will commit burglary when he has a house full. No girl will go out on the streets when she has a comfortable place at home. The man who owns a sweatshop or a department store may not be to blame himself for the condition of his girls, but when he pays them five dollars, three dollars, and two dollars a week, I wonder where he thinks they will get the rest of their money to live. The only way to cure

these conditions is by equality. There should be no jails. They do not accomplish what they pretend to accomplish. If you would wipe them out, there would be no more criminals than now. They terrorize nobody. They are a blot upon any civilization, and a jail is an evidence of the lack of charity of the people on the outside who make the jails and fill them with the victims of their greed.

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The Ignorant Philosopher

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THE IGNORANT PHILOSOPHER

I. THE FIRST DOUBT.

Who art thou? From whence dost thou come? What is thy employment? What will become of thee? These are questions that should be put to every being in the universe, but to which no one replies. I ask of plants by what virtue they grow, and how the same earth produces such a diversity of fruits? These insensible and mute beings, though enriched with a divine faculty, leave me to my own ignorance and to vain conjectures.

I interrogate that herd of different animals, all which have the power of motion and communication, who enjoy the same sensations as myself, whose passions are accompanied with an extent of ideas and memory. They are still more ignorant than myself what they are, wherefore they exist, and what they shall become.

I suspect, I have even some reason to believe that the planets, the innumerable suns which replenish space, are peopled with sensible and thinking people; but an eternal barrier separates us, and no inhabitant of the other globes ever communed with us.

The Prior, in Nature Displayed, says to the Knight, that the stars were made for the earth, and the earth as well as animals for man. But as the little globe of earth revolves with the other planets round the sun; as the

regular and proportionate motions of the stars may eternally subsist without men; as there are in our little planet an infinitely greater number of animals than human beings; I imagine that the Prior was actuated by too great a share of self-love, in flattering himself that every thing had been made for him. I find that man in his life-time will be devoured by every kind of animal, if he be defenceless, and that they all devour him after his death. Wherefore I have had some difficulty in conceiving that the Prior and the Knight were the sovereigns of nature. A slave to every thing that surrounds me, instead of being a king; chained to a single point, and environed with immensity; I will begin by searching into myself.

II. OUR WEAKNESS

I am a weak animal; at my birth I have neither strength, knowledge, nor instinct; I cannot even crawl to my mother's breast, like every quadruped; I only acquire a few ideas, as I acquire a little strength, and as my organs begin to unfold themselves. This strength increases in me, till such time as having attained my full growth it daily decreases. This power of conceiving ideas increases in the same manner during its term, and afterwards by degrees insensibly vanishes.

What is that mechanism which momentarily increases the strength of my members, as far as the prescribed boundaries? I am ignorant

of it; and those who have passed their whole lives in the research, know no more than myself.

What is that other power, which conveys images into my brain, and which preserves them in my memory? Those who are paid for knowing have only made fruitless enquiries; we are all in the same state of ignorance, with regard to the first principles of our infant state.

III. HOW AM I TO THINK.

Have the books which have been written for these two thousand years taught me anything? We have sometimes a desire of knowing in what manner we think, though we have seldom any desire of knowing how we digest, how we walk. I have questioned my reason, and asked what it is? This question has always confounded me.

I have endeavored to discover by it, if the same springs that make me digest, which make me walk, are the same whereby I receive ideas. I never could conceive how and wherefore these ideas fled when my body languished with hunger, and how they were renovated after I had eaten.

I discovered such a wide difference between thought and nourishment, without which I should not think, that I believed there was a substance in me that reasoned, and another substance that digested. Nevertheless, by constantly endeavoring to convince myself

that we are two, I materially felt that I was only one; and this contradiction gave me infinite pain.

I have asked some of my own likenesses who cultivate the earth, our common mother, with great industry, if they felt that they were two? if they had discovered by their philosophy, that they possessed within them an immortal substance, and nevertheless formed of nothing, existing without extent, acting upon their nerves, without touching them, sent expressly into them six weeks after their conception? They thought that I was jesting, and pursued the cultivation of their land without making me a reply.

IV. IS IT NECESSARY FOR ME TO KNOW?

Finding then that a prodigious number of men had not even the slightest idea of the difficulties that disturbed me, and had no doubts of what is taught in schools, of being in general, matter and spirit, etc., finding that they often ridiculed my desire of being acquainted with these things; I suspected that it was not in the least necessary that we should know them: I imagined that nature has given to every being a portion that is proper for him; and I thought those things which we could not attain, did not belong to us. But notwithstanding this despair, I cannot divest myself of a desire of being instructed; and my baffled curiosity is ever insatiable.

V. ARISTOTLE, DESCARTES AND GASSENDI.

Aristotle begins by saying, that incredulity is the source of wisdom; Descartes has carried this sentiment still farther, and they have both taught me to believe nothing they say. This Descartes, particularly, after pretending to doubt, speaks in such an affirmative manner of what he does not understand; he is sure of the fact, when he is grossly mistaken in physics; he has built such an imaginary world; his whirlwinds and three elements are so prodigiously ridiculous, that I ought to suspect everything he says upon the soul, after he has imposed upon me with respect to bodies.

He believes, or affects to believe, that we are born with metaphysical ideas. I would as soon aver that Homer was born with the Iliad in his head. It is very true, that Homer, at his birth, had a brain so constructed, that having afterwards acquired poetical ideas, sometimes fine, sometimes incoherent, or sometimes exaggerated, he at length composed the Iliad. We bring into the world at our birth the seed of what afterwards displays itself in us; but we have really no more innate ideas than Raphael and Michael Angelo had at their birth pencils and colors.

Descartes endeavors to unite his scattered chimeras, by supposing men always to think; I would as soon imagine that birds never cease flying, or dogs running, because they are endowed with these abilities.

We need only consult a little of our experience and that of human nature, to be thoroughly convinced of the contrary; there is no man mad enought to firmly believe he has thought all his life, night and day, without interruption, from the time of his being a foetus till his last illness. The only resource of those who have defended such a romance has been to say that we always think, but we do not always perceive that we think. It might be as well asserted, that we drink, eat, and ride on horseback without knowing it. If you don't perceive that you possess any ideas, how can you affirm that you have any? Gassendi ridiculed this extravagant system as it deserved. Do you know what was the consequence? Gassendi and Descartes were pronounced atheists.

VI. BEASTS.

Man being supposed to have continually possessed ideas, perceptions, and conceptions, it naturally follows, that beasts were likewise always in possession of them; for it is incontestable that a hunting dog has the idea of the master he obeys, and of the game that he brings him. It is evident that he has memory, and that he combines some ideas. Thus then if the thought of man be the essence of his soul, that of the dog is the essence of his soul, and if man had always ideas, animals must necessarily have had them also. To remove this difficulty, the manufacturer of

whirlwinds and chamfered matter dared to say, that beasts were pure machines, who sought for food without appetite, who had constantly had the organs of sensation without ever having the least sensation, who cried without pain, who testified joy without pleasure, who possessed a brain incapable of receiving the slightest idea, and who were therefore a perpetual contradiction.

This system was as ridiculous as the other; but instead of exposing extravagance, it was treated as impious. It was pretended that this system was repugnant to the Holy Scriptures, which says in Genesis, "And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it;" which manifestly supposes in beasts a knowledge of, and acquaintance with, good and evil

VII. EXPERIENCE.

Let us never introduce the Holy Scriptures into our philosophical disputes; these are things too heterogeneous, and which have no relation to it. The point here is to examine what we can know by ourselves, and this is reduced to a very narrow compass. We must give up all pretensions to common sense not to agree, that we know nothing in the world but by experience, and by a succession of groping and long reflection, that we obtain some feeble and slight ideas of body, of space, time, infinity, and God himself; it would not be worth while for the author of nature to put

these ideas into the brain of every foetus, in order that only a very small number of men should make use of them

We are all, with respect to the objects of our knowledge, like the ignorant lovers Daphnis and Chloe, whose amours and innocence Longus has depicted. They required much time to learn how to satisfy their desires, they having no experience. The same thing happened to the emperor Leopold, and to a son of Louis XIV.; it was necessary to instruct them. If they had been born with innate ideas, we should believe that nature would not have refused them the knowledge necessary for the preservation of the human species.

VIII. SUBSTANCE.

As we can have no notion, but by experience, it is not impossible that we can ever know what matter is. We touch, we see the properties of this substance; but this very expression "substance which is beneath," sufficiently acquaints us that this thing beneath will ever be unknown to us; whatever we may discover of its appearance, there will always remain this beneath to discover. For the same reason, we can never know by ourselves what is spirit. It is a word which usually signifies breath, and by which we endeavor to express vaguely and grossly that which gives us thoughts. But when, even by a prodigy, which is not to be supposed, we should acquire some slight idea of the substance of this spirit, we

should be no farther advanced; and we could never guess how this substance received sentiments and thoughts. We know very well that we have some small intellectual faculty; but how do we obtain it? This is a secret of nature, which she has not divulged to any mortal.

IX. NARROW LIMITS.

Our intellects are confined as well as the strength of our body. Some men are more robust than others; there are also Hercules' with respect to thought; but, at the bottom, this superiority is a very trivil thing. One shall lift ten times as much matter as myself; another can do in his head and without paper, a division of fifteen figures, whilst I can only divide three or four, with much difficulty; here then is the extent of that vaunted strength; its limits are very confined; and therefore in games of combination, no man after having trained himself with great application and long practice, will, with all his efforts, get beyond that degree of perfection allotted him: this is the goal of his intellect. It is absolutely necessary that it should be so, otherwise we should gradually go on to infinity.

X. IMPOSSIBLE DISCOVERIES.

In this narrow circle by which we are circumscribed, let us see what we are condemned

to be ignorant of, and what we gain a little knowledge of. We have already found, that no first resource, no first principle, can be traced by us.

Why does my arm obey my will? We are so accustomed to this incomprehensible phenomenon, that very few pay attention to it; and when we want to trace the cause of so common an effect, we find that there is infinity between our will and the obedience of our limb; that is to say, there is no proportion between them, no reason, no apparent cause; and we feel that we might think of eternity, without being able to discover the least glimpse of probability.

XI. THE FOUNDATION OF DESPAIR.

Thus stopped at the very first onset, and vainly relying upon ourselves, we are dismayed from seeking after ourselves, as we can never discover ourselves. To ourselves we are inexplicable.

We know pretty nearly, with the assistance of triangles, that the sun and earth are about thirty millions of geometrical miles distant; but what is the sun? and wherefore does it turn upon its axis? and why in one sense more than another? and why do Saturn and we revolve round this planet sooner from west to east than from east to west? This question will not only ever remain unsatisfied, but

we shall never discover the least possibility to devise a physical cause of it. Wherefore? because the first knot of this difficulty is in the principle of things.

It is the same with respect to what acts within us, as to what actuates the immense spaces of nature. There is in the arrangement of the planets, and in the formation of a hand-worm, and of man, a first principle, the avenue to which must necessarily be barred against us. For if we could be acquainted with the cause of our first origin, we should be its masters, we should be gods. Let us illustrate this idea, and see if it be just.

Suppose that we found, in effect, the cause of our sensations, of our thoughts, and our motions, as we have only discovered in the planets the reason of eclipses and of the different phases of the moon and Venus; it is evident we could then foretell our sensations, our thoughts, and our desires resulting from these sensations, as we predict the phases and the eclipses. Being then acquainted with what would happen to-morrow within us. we should clearly see by the play of this machine, whether we should be affected in a fatal or auspicious manner. We have, it is agreed, a will that directs our interior motions in various circumstances. For example, I find myself disposed to wrath, my reflection and will suppress its growing exhibition; I shall see if I know my first principles, all the affections to which I am disposed for tomorrow, all the successive ideas that wait for me; I could have the same

power over this succession of ideas and sentiments, as I sometimes exert over actual sentiments and thoughts, which I divert and repress. I should find myself precisely in the same case with every man who can retard and accelerate, according to his will, the motion of a watch, a ship, or any other well-known machine.

Being master of the ideas that are destined for me tomorrow, I should be also of those for the following day, and even the remainder of my life; I could then be ever powerful over myself. I should be the God of myself. I am very sensible that this state is incompatible with my nature; it is therefore impossible that I can know anything of the first principle which makes me think and act.

XII. DOUBT.

Is that which is impossible for my weak limited nature of so short a duration, equally impossible in other globes, in other species of beings? Are there any superior intelligences, masters of all their ideas, who think and feel all that they choose? I know nothing of the matter; I am only acquainted with my own weakness, I have no idea of the powers of others.

XIII. AM I FREE.

Let us not yet quit the circle of our existence; let us examine ourselves as far as we

are able. I remember one day before I had put all the foregoing questions, a reasoner wanted to make me reason. He asked me if I was free? I replied that I was not in prison, that I had the key of my chamber, that I was perfectly free. That is not what I ask you, he replied, do you believe your will is at liberty of disposing or not disposing you to throw yourself out of the window? Do you think with the scholastic angel that the free agent is an appetitive power, and the free agent is lost by sin? I fixed my eyes upon the querist, in order to read in his, if he was not out of his mind; and I answered, that I did not understand the least of his gibberish.

Nevertheless, this question, upon the freedom of man, greatly interested me; I read scholastics, and, like them, I was in the dark; I read Locke, and I discovered some rays of light; I read Collin's treatise, which appeared to me an improvement upon Locke; and I have never read anything since that has given me additional instruction. This is what my weak reason hath conceived, with the assistance of these two great men, the only two, who have, in my opinion, understood themselves in writing upon this subject, and the only two who have made themselves understood to others.

There is nothing without a cause. An effect without a cause, are words without meaning. Every time that I have a will, this can only be in consequence of my judgment, good or bad; this judgment is necessary, consequently, so is my will. In effect, it would be very

singular that all nature, all the planets, should obey eternal laws, and that there should be a little animal five feet high, who, in contempt of these laws, could act as he pleased, solely according to his caprice. He would act by chance; and we know that chance is nothing. We have invented this word to express the known effect of all unknown causes.

My ideas necessarily enter into my brain. how then can my will, which depends upon them, be free? I feel upon various occasions, that this will is not free; thus when I am overwhelmed with illness, when I am transported with passion, when my judgment cannot comprehend objects that present themselves to me, etc. I should think, therefore, that the laws of nature being always the same, my will is not more free in things that appear to me the most indifferent, than in those in which I find myself compelled by an invincible force.

To be really free is to have power. My liberty consists in doing what I choose: but I must necessarily choose what I will; otherwise it would be without reason, without cause, which is impossible. My liberty consists in walking when I have a mind to walk, and I have not the gout.

My liberty consists in not doing a bad action when my mind necessarily represents it as a bad action; to subdue a passion, when my mind points out to me the danger of it, and the horror of the act powerfully combats my desire. We may suppress our passions

(as I have already said, No. IV.) but then we are not freer in suppressing our desires, than by letting ourselves be carried away by our inclination; for in both cases, we irresistibly pursue our last idea; and this last is necessary: wherefore I necessarily perform what this dictates to me. It is strange that men should not be content with this measure of liberty, that is to say, the power which they have received from nature of doing what they choose; the planets have it not; we possess it, and our pride makes us sometimes believe that we possess still more. We figure to ourselves that we have the incomprehensible and absurd gift of election, without reason, without any other motive than that of free-will. See No. XXIX.

No, I cannot forgive Dr. Clarke for having sophistically opposed these truths, the force of which he felt, but which did not well agree with his systems. No, it is not allowed to such a philosopher as him to attack Collins as a sophist, by changing the state of the question, and reproaching Collins with calling man "a necessary agent." Agent or patient, what doth it signify? An agent when he voluntarily moves, a patient when he receives ideas. What doth the name to the thing? Man is in everything a dependent being, as nature is throughout dependent, and he cannot be excepted from other beings.

The preacher in Samuel Clarke stifles the philosopher; he distinguishes the physical from the moral necessity. And what is a

moral necessity? It appears probable to you that a queen of England, whose coronation ceremony is performed in a church, will not cast off her regal robes to throw herself quite naked upon the altar, though a similar adventure is related of a queen of Congo. You call this a moral necessity in a queen of our climate; but it is at the bottom, a physical and eternal necessity, blended with the constitution of things. It is as certain this queen will not be guilty of such a folly, as that she will one day die. Moral necessity is but a phase: all that is done is absolutely necessary. There is no medium between necessity and chance; and you know there is no chance: wherefore all that happens is necessary?

To embarrass the thing still more, it has been devised to distinguish again between necessity and constraint; but constraint, in fact, is nothing but necessity that is perceived, and necessity is a constraint, that is unperceived. Archimedes is equally necessitated to remain in his chamber when shut in, as when he is deeply engaged with a problem, and the idea of going out does not occur to him.

Ducunt volentem fata, nolentum trahunt.

The ignoramus who thinks in this manner, did not always think the same; but he is at length compelled to yield.

XVI. IS EVERY THING ETERNAL?

Subject to eternal laws like every sphere that replenishes space, as the elements, animals,

and plants, I view with astonishment every thing that surrounds me; I search for my author, and the author of that immense machine, of which I am scarce a perceptible wheel.

I am not derived from nothing; for the substance of my father and mother, who bore me nine months in her womb, is something. It is evident to me that the sperm which produced me, could not be produced from nothing; for how can nothing produce existence? I find myself subdued by this maxim of all antiquity, "nothing arises from naught, nothing can return to naught."

This axiom carries with it such dreadful power, that it bears down all my understanding, without my being able to contend with it. No philosopher has ever lost sight of it. No legislator whatsoever has contested it. The Cahut of the Phoenicians, the Chaos of the Greeks, the Tohu-bohu of the Chaldeans and the Hebrews, all evince that the eternity of matter has ever been believed. My reason, perhaps, deceived by so ancient and general an idea, tells me—matter must necessarily be eternal, because it exists: if it was in being yesterday, it was before.

I cannot perceive any probability of its having begun to be, any cause why it had not been, any cause wherefore it received existence at one time more than at another. I therefore yield to this conviction, whether well or ill founded, and I list myself under the banner of the whole world, till such time as

having some progress in my researches, I discover a luminary superior to the judgment of all mankind, which compels me to retract against my will.

But if, according to the opinion of so many philosophers of antiquity, the eternal being has always acted, what becomes of the Cahut and Erebus of the Phoenicians, the Tohu-bohu of the Chaldeans, the Chaos of Hesiod? they will remain fables. Chaos is an impossibility in the eyes of reason; for it is impossible that intelligence being eternal, there should ever have been anything contrary to the laws of that intelligence: now the Chaos is precisely contrary to all the laws of nature. Enter into the most horrid caverns of the Alps, under those ruins of rocks, ice, sand, waters, unfashioned crystals, and minerals, they all submit to gravitation. Chaos never existed anywhere but in our heads, and has only served to assist Hesiod and Ovid in the composing of some elegant verses.

If our Holy Scripture says Chaos did exist, if it had adopted the Tohu-bohu, we doubtless believe it, and with the most ready faith. We are, in this place, speaking only of the deceitful lights of our reason. We have confined ourselves, as we have said, to what we may suspect by ourselves. We are children, who endeavor to go a few steps without leading-strings.

XV. INTELLIGENCE

But in perceiving the order, prodigious skill, mechanical and geometrical laws, that reign in the universe, their cause, the innumerable ends of all things, I am seized with admiration and respect. I immediately judge, that if the works of man, even my own, compel me to acknowledge an intelligence within us, I should acknowledge one far more superior, actuating the multitude of so many works. I admit of this supreme intelligence, without fearing that I shall be obliged to change my opinion. Nothing staggers me with respect to this axiom, every work demonstrates a workman.

XVI. ETERNITY

Is this intelligence eternal? Doubtless, for whether I admit or reject the eternity of matter, I cannot reject the eternal existence of its supreme artizan; and it is evident that if it exists at present, it ever has existed.

XVII. INCOMPREHENSIBILITY

I have as yet advanced only two or three steps in this vast career; I want to know if this divine intelligence is something absolutely distinct from the universe, nearly as the sculptor is distinguished from the statue; or whether this soul of the world is united to the world, and still penetrates it nearly in the same manner, as what I call my soul is

united to me, and according to that of antiquity so well expressed in Virgil and Lucan:

Mens agitat molem and magno se corpore miscet,
Jupiter est quodcumque vides quocomque moveris.

I find myself suddenly interrupted in the prospect of my vain curiosity. Miserable mortal, if I cannot fathom my own intelligence if I cannot know by what I am animated, how can I have any acquaintance with the ineffable intelligence which visibly presides over matter entirely? There is one, as everything demonstrates, but where is the compass that will direct me towards its secret and eternal abode?

XVIII. INFINITY.

Is this intelligence infinite in power and immensity, as it is incontestably infinite in duration? I can know nothing of this by myself. It doth exist wherefore it hath ever existed, that is clear. But what idea can I have of an infinite power? How can I conceive an infinity actually existing? How can I suppose that the supreme intelligence is in the vacuum? An infinity of extent is not the same as an infinity of duration. An infinity of duration is elapsed, the instant that I am speaking of it; it is certain, that I can add nothing to past duration, but I can always add to that space which

I conceive, in the same manner that I can add to the numbers that I conceive. Infinity in numbers and extent is beyond the sphere of my understanding. All that can be said can give me no insight into this abyss. I happily feel that my difficulties and my ignorance can be no way pernicious to morality; we may very well be incapable of perceiving neither immensity of space replenished, nor infinite power which has created every thing, and which may nevertheless be still able to perform; this will only serve to prove still more the weakness of our understanding; and this weakness will render us only more submissive to the eternal Being, whose work we are.

XIX. MY DEPENDENCE.

We are his work. This is an important truth for us to know; for to know philosophically at what time he made man, what he did before, if he exists materially, or in vacuum, if he is at one point. if he constantly acts or not, if he acts everywhere, if he acts without or within himself; these are researches which strengthen the conviction of my profound ignorance.

I even see that there has been scarce a dozen men in Europe who have written upon these abstracted things with any kind of method; and if I could suppose that they had spoken in an intelligible manner, what would be the consequence? We have already found (No. IV.) that things which so few persons

can flatter themselves with understanding, are useless to the rest of mankind. We certainly are the work of God, this is useful for me to know; and the proof is also clear. All things in my body are causes and effects; that is, spring, pulley, moving power, hydraulic machine, equilibrium of fluids, and chemical laboratory. It is therefore arranged by an intelligence, (No. XV.) I am not indebted for this arrangement to the intelligence of my parents, for they certainly did not know what they did when they produced me: they were only the blind instruments of this eternal manufacturer, who animates the worm of the earth, and makes the sun turn upon its own axis.

XX. ETERNITY AGAIN.

Born from seed, produced by other seed, has there been a continual succession, an unfolding without end of these seeds, and has all nature ever existed by a necessary succession from that Supreme Being, who existed of himself? If I were to believe only my feeble understanding, I should say, it seems to me, that nature has always been animated. I cannot conceive that the cause which continually and visibly actuates her, being at all times able to act, has not always acted. An eternity of idleness in the active and necessary being, appears to me incompatible. I am inclined to believe, that the world has ever issued from that primitive and necessary cause, as

light emanates from the sun. By what a concatenation of ideas do I find myself led to believe the works of the eternal being eternal? My conception pusillanimous as it is, has strength enough to rise to a being necessarily existing by himself; but has not the strength to conceive nought. The existence of a single atom proves to me the eternity of existence, but nothing proves to me a mere void. What? is that space filled that was once a vacuum? This appears absurd and contradictory. I cannot allow of this nothing, this void, unless revelation assists me in fixing my ideas, which carry me beyond time .

I am sensible that an infinite succession of beings without origin, is equally absurd: this is the opinion of Samuel Clarke: but he does not undertake to affirm that God has not held this chain from all eternity; he dare not say that it was impossible for a Being eternally active, so long to display his works. It is evident that he could, and if he could, who will be bold enough to tell me that he did not? I say, once more, that nothing but revelation can teach me the contrary. But we have not yet attained that revelation which destroys all philosophy, that light before which all other lights are eclipsed.

XXI. MY DEPENDENCE AGAIN.

This eternal being, this universal cause, gives me my ideas; for I don't receive them from objects. Unshaped matter cannot com-

municate any thoughts to me; my thoughts do not come from myself, for they occur against my will, and frequently escape the same. We know very well there is no resemblance, no connection between objects, our ideas, and sensations. There was certainly something sublime in that Mallebranche, who dared to imagine that we see everything in God himself. But was there not something sublime in the Stoics, who thought that God acted within us, and that we possess a ray of his substance? Where shall we find truth between the dreams of Mallebranche and the Stoics? I sink again (No. II.) into ignorance, which is the appendage of our nature, and I adore that God by whom I think, without knowing how I think.

XXII. A FRESH DOUBT.

Convinced by my small share of reason, that there is a necessary eternal Being, from whom I receive my ideas, without being able to divine how or wherefore, I ask what is this being? If it hath the form of those intelligent and active species superior to ours in other globes? I have already said I knew nothing of the matter (No. I.) Nevertheless, I cannot affirm it to be impossible; for I perceive planets very superior to ours in extent, surrounded with more satellites than the earth. It is not improbable that they may be peopled with intelligences far superior to me, with bodies more robust, more active and more durable.

But their existence having no connection with mine, I shall leave it to the poets of antiquity, to make Venus descend from her imaginary third heaven, and Mars from the fifth. My enquiries should be confined to the action of the Being necessarily presiding over myself.

XXIII. A SOLE SUPREME ARTIST.

A geat part of mankind observing the physical and moral evil diffused through this globe, imagined there were two powerful beings, one of which produced all the good, and the other all the evil. If they existed they were necessary; they therefore necessarily existed in the same place; there is no reason that what exists by its own nature should be excluded any place; they therefore penetrated each other—this is absurd. The idea of these two powerful enemies can derive its origin only from examples that strike us upon earth; we there observe gentle and ferocious men, useful and obnoxious animals, good masters and tyrants. There were two opposite powers devised, who presided over nature; this is only an Asiatic romance. There is throughout nature a manifest unity of design; the laws of motion and gravity are invariable; it is impossible that two supreme artists, in opposition to each other, could have followed the same laws. This alone has, in my opinion, overturned the Manichean system, and voluminous writings are superfluous to explode it.

There is then a sole eternal Power, to whom

everything is united, on whom all depends; but whose nature is to me incomprehensible. St. Thomas tells us, "That God is a pure act, a form that has neither gender nor predicament, that he is nature and the agent, that he exists essentially, participatively, and noncupatively." When the Dominicans were masters of the inquisition, they would have burnt a man who would have denied these fine things—I should not have denied them, but I should not have understood them.

I am told that God is simple; I acknowledge that I do not understand any more the value of this word. It is true, that I should not attribute to him gross parts that I could separate; but I cannot conceive that the principal and master of all that is in the extent, should not be in the extent. Simplicity, strictly speaking, appears to me to resemble too much a nonentity. The extreme weakness of my understanding has no instrument nice enough to lay hold of this simplicity. Shall I be told that the mathematical point is simple; but the mathematical point does not really exist.

It is again said that an idea is simple, but I do not understand this a whit better. I perceive a horse, I have the idea of it, but I see in him only an assemblage of things. I see a color, I have the idea of color; but this color is extent. I pronounce the abstracted names of color in general; of vice, virtue, truth, in general; but the reason is, that I have had a knowledge of things colored, of things that have appeared to me virtuous or vicious, true

or false. I express all this by a word; but I have no clear knowledge of simplicity. I know no more of it than I do of an infinity in numbers actually existing.

I am already convinced that not knowing what I am, I cannot know what is my author. I am every instant overwhelmed with my ignorance, and I console myself by incessantly reflecting that it is of no consequence to me to know, whether my master is or not in the extent, provided I do nothing against that conscience he has given me. Of all the systems which men have invented upon the Divinity, which, then, shall I embrace? Not one, without it be that of adorning him.

XXIV. SPINOZA.

After being immersed with Thales in the water, of which his first principle consisted; after glowing before Empedocles's fire; after running in a straight line in the vacuum, with Epicurus's atoms; after having calculated numbers with Pythagoras, and heard his music; after having paid my respect to the Androgines of Plato, and having passed through all the regions of metaphysics and madness; I was at length desirous of being acquainted with the system of Spinoza.

He is not new; he has imitated some ancient Greek philosophers, and even some Jews; but Spinoza has done what no Greek philosopher, and much less a Jew, ever did. He has used an imposing geometrical method to calculate

the net produce of his ideas. Let us see if he has not methodically wandered with the thread that conducts him.

He at first establishes a clear and incontestable fact. There is something, consequently there has eternally existed a necessary Being. This principle is so true, that the profound Samuel Clarke has availed himself of it, to prove the existence of God.

This Being must be found in all places where there is existence; for who can limit it?

This necessary being is then everything that exists: wherfore there is only one substance in the universe.

This substance cannot create another; for as it fills everything, where can a new substance be placed, and how can something be created from nothing? How can extent be created without placing it in extent itself, which necessarily exists?

There are in the world thought and matter; that necessary substance which we call God is therefore thought and matter. All thought and all matter are then comprehended in the immensity of God; there can be nothing out of him; they can only act within him; he comprehends everything, he is everything.

Wherefore everything we call different substances is, in fact, nothing but the universality of the different attributes of the Supreme Being, who thinks in the brain of man, enlightens in the light, moves upon the winds, darts in the lightning, revolves in the planets,

and exists in all nature.

He is not like a vile king of the earth confined to his place, separated from his subjects; he is intimately united with them; they are essential parts of himself; if he were distinguished from them he would be no longer universal, he would not fill all space, he would be a side being like another.

Though all the variable modifications in the universe are the effect of his attributes, nevertheless, according to Spinoza, he hath no parts; for, says he, Infinity has none, properly speaking. In fine, Spinoza pronounces that we must love this necessary, infinite, eternal God. These are his words (p. 45, Edit. of 1731.)

"With regard to the love of God, this idea is so far from weakening it, that I think no other is so fit to increase it, since it teaches me that God is intimate with my being, that he gives me existence and all my properties, —that he gives them to me liberally, without reproach, without interest, without subjecting me to anything but my own nature. It banishes fear, uneasiness, difference, and all the defects of a mean and sordid love. It teaches me that it is a good I cannot lose, and which I the more advantageously possess, as I know and love it."

These ideas seduced many readers; there were even some, who having at first written against him, afterwards embraced his opinion.

The learned Bayle is upbraided with having severely attacked Spinoza, without under-

standing him. Severely, I agree to; but I do not think unjustly. He easily discovered the weak side of this enchanted castle: he saw that Spinoza, in fact, composed his God of parts, though he found himself compelled to retract, terrified at his own system. Bayle saw his frenzy in making God a star and a pumpkin, thought and smoke, beating and beaten. He saw that this fable is much beneath that of Proteus. Perhaps Bayle should have confined himself to the word modalities, and not parts, as Spinoza always makes use of the word modalities. But if I am not mistaken, it is equally impertinent, whether the excrement of an animal is a modality or a part of the Supreme Being.

He did not indeed attack the reason by which Spinoza maintains the impossibility of the creation; but the reason is, that the creation, properly speaking, is an object of faith, and not of philosophy: because this opinion is no way peculiar to Spinoza, and all antiquity have thought like him. He attacks only the absurd idea of a simple God, composed of parts, of a God that eats and digests himself, who loves and hates the same thing at the same time, etc. Spinoza constantly makes use of the word God, and Bayle takes him according to his own expressions.

But at the bottom, Spinoza does not acknowledge any God; he has probably made use of this expression, he has said that we should serve and love God, only that he might not startle mankind. He appears to be an atheist,

according to the full extent of the epithet; he is not such an atheist as Epicurus, who acknowledged useless and lazy gods; he is not like the greater part of the Greeks and Romans, who ridiculed the gods of the vulgar; he is such, because he acknowledges no providence whatever, because he admits only of eternity, immensity, and the necessity of things; like Stratonius, like Diagoras; he does not doubt like Pyrrha, he affirms, and what does he affirm? That there is only a single substance, that there cannot be two, that this substance is extended and pendant, and this is what none of the Greek or Asiatic philosopheres ever said, as they admitted of a universal soul.

He nowhere mentions in his book specified designs, which are manifested in all beings. He does not examine whether eyes were made to see with, ears to hear, feet to walk, or wings to fly; he neither considers the laws of motion in animals and plants, nor their structure adapted to those laws, any more than the depth of mathematics, which governs the course of the stars: he is afraid to perceive that everything which exists attests a divine providence; he does not rise from effects to their cause, but immediately placing himself at the head of the origin of things, he builds his romance in the same manner as Descartes constructed his, upon a supposition. He supposes, with Descartes, a plenum, though it has been strictly demonstrated that all motion is impossible in a plenum. This was his princi-

pal reason for looking upon the universe as one single substance. He was the dupe to his geometrical genius. How came it that Spinoza, who could not doubt that spirit and matter existed, did not at least examine whether providence had not arranged everything? How came it that he did not give a single glance towards those springs, those means, each of which hath its design, and enquired whether they evinced a supreme artist? He must either have been a very ignorant physician, or a sophist swelled up with a very stupid kind of pride, not to acknowledge a providence every time he breathed and felt his heart beat; for this respiration and this motion of the heart are the effects of a machine so industriously complicated and arranged with such powerful art, depending upon so many springs, all concurring to the same end, that is impossible to be imitated, and impossible for a man of good sense not to admire it.

The modern Spinozists reply, Do not terrify yourselves at these consequences, which you impute to us; we find, as you do, a succession of admirable effects in the organized bodies, and in all nature. The eternal cause is in the eternal intelligence, which we admit, and which, with matter, constitutes the universality of things, which is God. There is but one single substance, which acts by the same modality of its thought upon the modality of matter, and which thus constitutes the universe, which forms but one whole inseparable thing.

To this reply we answer: How can you prove to us, that the thought which gives motion to the stars, which animates man, which doth everything, can be a modality, and that the excrements of a toad and a worm should be a modality of the same sovereign Being? Will you dare to say that so strange a principle is demonstrated to you? Do you not cloak your ignorance beneath words that you do not understand? Bayle has thoroughly unfolded the sophisms of your master in all the windings and all the obscurities of the style of a pretended and really much confused geometrician, which is that of his master. I refer you to him; philosophers should not exclaim against Bayle.

Be this as it may, I shall observe of Spinoza, that he very honestly deceived himself. It seems to me, he did not suppress in his system those ideas which might be troublesome to him, only because he was too full of his own; he went on in his own road, without observing anything that might interrupt him, and this is what very often happens to us. Moreover, he inverted all the principles of morality, though he was himself a rigid moralist; so particularly sober, that he scarce drank a pint of wine a month; so disinterested as to transfer to the heirs of the unfortunate John de Wit a pension of two hundred florins, which this great man had granted him: so generous as to give away his fortune; ever patient in his illness and in his property, ever consistent in his conduct.

Bayle, who has so ill treated him, had nearly the same character. Each of them sought after truth all their lives by different roads. Spinoza frames a specious system in some respects, and very erroneous in the foundation. Bayle has combated all systems: what became of their writings? They have prevented the idleness of some readers, and this is the full scope of all writing; and from Thales, down to the professors of our universities, and the most chimerical reasoners, as well as their plagiarists, no one philosopher has influenced the manner of the very street he lived in. What is the reason? Because men are led by custom, not by metaphysics.

XXV. ABSURDITIES.

There are many voyages made in unknown countries productive of no advantage. I am in the situation of a man, who having wandered upon the ocean, and perceiving the Maldivian Islands with which the sea of India is interpersed, is desirous of visiting them all. My long voyage has been of no avail to me; let me see if I can reap any benefit by my observations upon these little islands, which seem only to interrupt the passage.

In a hundred courses of philosophy, such things are explained to me, of which nobody can frame the least idea. By this I am taught to comprehend the Trinity physically; it says that it resembles three dimensions of matter. Go on, and so will I. That pretends to com-

municate to me transubstantiation by the touch, by showing me according to the laws of motion, how an accident may exist without a subject, and how one single body may be in two places at the same time. I shut my ears, and retire with still greater precipitation.

Pascal, Blaise Pascal himself, the author of the Provincial Letters, utters these words: "Do you believe that it is impossible that God may be infinite and without parts? I will then show you a thing indivisible and infinite; this is a point moving everywhere with infinite swiftness, for it is in every place, and everywhere, quite entire."

A mathematical point that moves of itself! just heaven! a point that exists nowhere but in the head of a geometrician, which is everywhere at the same time, of infinite swiftness, as if actual infinite swiftness could exist! Every word is frenzy and he was a great man that uttered these frenzies!

Your soul, says another, is simple, incorporeal, intangible; and, as no body can touch, I shall prove, according to the physics of Albert the Great, that it will be physically burnt, if you are not of my opinion: this is the way I prove it to you a priori, in strengthening Albert with the syllogisms of Abeli.

I reply to him, I do not understand his priori; that I think his compliment is very harsh; that revelation, which we have nothing to do with, can alone teach me a thing so incomprehensible; that I allow him to differ

from me in opinion, without threatening him: and I get a good distance from him for fear of an accident, for he seems to be a dangerous man.

A multitude of sophists of all countries overwhelm me with unintelligible arguments upon the nature of things; upon my own, upon my past, present and future state. If one talks to them of eating and clothing, lodging, the necessaries of life, money by which they are procured, they are perfectly conversant in these things; are there a few pistoles to be got, each of them is eager to obtain them, and they do not make a mistake of a farthing; but when the question is concerning our being, they have not one clear idea about it. Common sense deserts them. From hence I return to my first conclusion (No. IV.) that what cannot be of universal use, what is not within the reach of common men, what is not understood by those who have most exercised their faculty of thinking, is not necessary to mankind.

XXVI. OF THE BEST OF WORLDS.

In my various peregrinations in search of instruction, I met with some disciples of Plato. Come along with me, said one of them, you are in the best of worlds; we have far surpassed our master. There were in his time only five possible worlds, because there are but five regular bodies; but now there are an infinity of possible universes; God has chosen the best;

come and you will be satisfied with it.

I humbly replied, The worlds which God might create, were either better, perfectly equal, or inferior. He could not choose the worst. Those which were equal, supposing such to be, could have no preference; they were ever completely the same; there could have been no choice amongst them; to fix upon one or the other was just the same. It was therefore impossible that he could avoid choosing the best. But how could the others be possible, when it is impossible they can exist?

He made some very curious distinctions, incessantly assuring me, without knowing what he said, that this world is the best of all really possible worlds. But being just then tortured with the stone, which gave me an almost insupportable pain, the citizens of the best of worlds conducted me to the neighboring hospital. In the way two of these perfectly happy inhabitants were carried off by two creatures of their own likeness. They were loaded with irons, the one for debt, the other upon mere suspicion.

I know not whether I was conducted into one of the best possible hospitals; but I was crowded amongst two or three thousand wretches like myself. Here were many defenders of their country, who informed me, that they had been trepanned and dissected alive; that they had had arms and legs cut off; and that many thousand of their generous fellow-countrymen had been massacred in one

of the thirty battles fought in the last war, which is about the hundredth million war since we have been acquainted with wars.

One might also meet in this house about a thousand persons of both sexes, who resembled hideous spectres, and who were rubbed with a certain metal, because they had followed the law of nature, and nature had, I know not how, taken the precaution of poisoning in them the source of life. I thanked my two conductors.

After a very sharp iron had been thrust into my bladder, and some stones were extracted from this quarry,—when I was cured, and I had no further complaints than a few disagreeable pains for the rest of my days, I made my representations to my guides.

I took the liberty of telling them there was some good in this world, as the surgeons had extracted four flints from my torn entrails; but that I would much rather that bladders had been lanterns than quarries. I spoke to them of the innumerable calamities and crimes that were dispersed over this excellent world.

The boldest of the two, who was a German and my countryman, told me that all this was a mere trifle.

Heaven was peculiarly propitious to man when Tarquin violated Lucretia and she stabbed herself, because the tyrants were thereupon driven out, and rapes, suicides and war laid the foundation of a republic which conferred happiness upon those they vanquished.

I had some difficulty in agreeing to this hap-

piness. I did not immediately conceive the felicity of the Gauls and Spaniards, of whom it is said Caesar put three millions to the sword.

Devastation and rapine appeared to me things somewhat disagreeable, but the defender of optimism did not quit his hold; he persevered in telling me, like Don Carlos's jailer, "Peace, peace, it is for your good."

Having, however, at length run him pretty hard, he said, that "we should not consider this mere globule, where every thing is jarring; but that in the star Sirius, in Orion, the Ox's-Eye and elsewhere, everything is perfect."

"Let us, then, go thither," said I.

A little theologist then took me by the arm. He told me, in confidence, that "those folks were very dreamers; that it was not in the least necessary that there should be any evil upon earth; that it was expressly formed that there never should be any thing but good; and in order to prove this, you must know that things formerly went on in this manner in Eden for ten or twelve days."

"Alas!" I replied to him, "it is a great pity, reverend father, that things did not continue so."

XXVI. OF MONADS.

The same German then laid hold of me again. He tutored me, and clearly taught me the nature of my soul.

"Every thing in nature," said he, "consists

of monads. Your soul is a monad, and as it is united with all the others, it necessarily has ideas of all that passes in them. These ideas are confused, which is very necessary; and your monad, as well as mine, is a concentrical mirror of the universe.

"But believe not that you act in consequence of your thoughts. There is a pre-established harmony between the monad of your soul and the monads of your body, so that when your soul hath an idea, you body has a motion, without the one being the result of the other. They are two pendulums that go together; or, if you will, the one resembles a man who preaches, whilst another makes gesticulations. You easily conceive that this must necessarily be so in the best of worlds; for—

XXVIII. OF PLASTIC FORMS

As I have no comprehension of these admirable ideas, an Englishman, named Cudworth, discovered my ignorance and my embarrassment by my fixed eyes and downcast look.

"These ideas," he said, "appear deep to you, because they are well sifted. I will give you a concise notion of the manner in which nature acts. First, there is nature in general, then, there are plastic natures, which form all animals and all plants.—You understand me?"

"Not a word, Sir."

"Let us go on then."—

"A plastic nature is not a corporeal faculty;

it is an immaterial substance, which acts without knowing what it does, being entirely blind and insensible to reason and to vegetation. But the tulip has its plastic form, which makes it vegetate; the dog has also its plastic form, which makes it pursue the chase, and man has his, which makes him reason. These forms are immediate agents of the divinity. There are no ministers in the world more faithful; for they yield everything, and keep nothing for themselves.

"You see very well that these are the true principles of things, and that plastic natures are at least equal to pre-established harmony and monads, which are the concentrical mirror of the universe." I acknowledged to him that the one was as good as the other.

XXIX. OF LOCKE.

After so many unfortunate excursions, fatigued, harrassed, ashamed of having sought after so many truths, and found so many chimeras, I returned to Locke, like the prodigal son who returned to his father. I threw myself into the arms of a modest man, who never pretends to know what he is really ignorant of; who, in fact, is not possessed of immense riches, but whose security is always good, and who enjoys the most permanent wealth without ostentation.

He confirms me in the opinion I always entertained, that nothing obtains a place in our understanding but through our senses:

That there are no innate ideas:

That we can neither have the ideas of infinite space nor infinite number:

That I do not always think, and consequently that thought is not the essence, but the action of my understanding.

That I am free when I can do what I please:

That this liberty does not consist in my will, since when I remain voluntarily in my chamber, the door of which is locked, without my having the key, I am not at liberty to go out; as I suffer when I am not willing to suffer; as I frequently cannot recall my ideas when I am disposed to recall them.

It is, therefore, in fact, absurd to say that the will is free, as it is absurd to say, I will such a thing; for this is precisely as if one were to say, I desire to desire it, I fear to fear it. In a word, the will is no more free than it is blue or square. (See Article XIII.)

That I can only form a will in consequence of ideas received in my brain; that I am necessitated to determine in consequence of those ideas, as I should otherwise determine without reason, which would be an effect without a cause:

That I cannot have a positive idea of infinity, as I am absolutely finite.

That I cannot know any substance, as I can have no ideas but of their qualities, and that a thousand qualities of a thing cannot communicate the intimate nature of this thing, which may possess a hundred thousand other qualities that I am unacquainted with:

That I am no longer the same person after I have lost my memory; for not having the smallest part of my body which belonged to me in my infancy, and not having the least remembrance of the ideas that affected me at that age, it is clear that I am no longer that same child any more than I am Confucius or Zoroaster.

I am reputed the same person by those who have observed me grow, and who have always resided with me; but I have in no respect the same existence; I am no longer my former self; I am a new identity; and what singular consequences must hence arise!

That, in fine, agreeable to my profound ignorance, of which I am convinced, according to the principles of things, it is impossible that I can know what are the substances to which God designs to grant the gifts of feeling and thinking. In fact, are there any substances the essence of which is to think, that always think, and which think by themselves? In this case these substances, whatever they be, are gods; for they have no occasion for the eternal Being and Creator, as they possess their essences without him—as they think without him.

Secondly.—If the eternal Being has communicated the gifts of feeling and thinking to these beings, he has given them what did not essentially belong to them; he could therefore have given this faculty to all beings whatever.

Thirdly.—We are unacquainted with the inward recesses of any being; wherefore it is

impossible for us to know whether a being is susceptible or insusceptible of sensation and thought.

The words matter and spirit are mere words. We have no complete idea of these two things. Wherefore, in fact, it would be as bold to say that a body organized by God himself cannot receive thought from God himself, as it would be ridiculous to urge that spirit could not think.

Fourthly.—I imagine there are substances purely spiritual, which never had any idea of matter and motion; would it be thought proper for them to deny that matter and motion may exist?

I suppose that the learned congregation who condemned Galileo for impiety and absurdity —for having demonstrated the motion of the earth round the sun, had obtained some knowledge of the ideas of chancellor Bacon, who proposed to examine whether attraction be given to matter. I suppose that he who made the report of this great tribunal remonstrated to these great personages, that there were people mad enough to suspect that God could communicate to all matter from Saturn down to our little lump of earth, a tendency towards a center,—attraction, gravitation,—which would be absolutely independent of all impulse; as impulse acts upon surfaces, and this gravitation actuates solids.

Do you not find these judges of human reason, and of God himself, immediately dictate their sentences, anathematize this gravitation,

(which Newton has since demonstrated,) pronounce it impossible for God to perform, and that gravitation towards a center is blasphemy?

I am, methinks, guilty of the same temerity, when I dare aver that God cannot make any organized being whatever feel and think.

Fifthly.—I cannot doubt that God has granted sensations of the memory, and consequently ideas, to the organized matter in animals. Wherefore, then, should I deny that he may make the same present to other animals? It has already been observed, that the difficulty consists less in knowing whether organized matter can think, than in knowing how any being whatever can think.

Thought is something divine; yes, doubtless, and therefore I never shall know what a thinking being is. The principal motion is divine; I shall never know the cause of this motion, the laws whereof all my members execute.

Aristotle's child being at nurse, attracted into his mouth the nipple which he sucked, forming with his tongue, which he drew in, a pneumatic machine, pumping the air, and causing a vacuum: whilst his father, quite ignorant of this, said at random, that "nature abhors a vacuum."

The child of Hippocrates, at four years of age, proved the circulation of the blood by passing his finger over his hand; and Hippocrates did not know that the blood circulated.

We are all, great as we may be, like those children; we perform admirable things, and

there is not a single philosopher who knows how they are done.

Sixthly.—These are the reasons, or rather the doubts, produced by my intellectual faculty upon Locke's modest assertion. Once more, I do not say that it is matter which thinks within us. I say with Locke, that it does not belong to us to assert that it should be impossible for God to make matter think; that it is absurd to declare it; and that it is not for worms of the earth to limit the power of the Supreme Being.

Seventhly.—I add that this question is absolutely foreign to morality: because whether matter can, or cannot think, whoever thinks must be just; because the atom to which God shall have given thought may be worthy or unworthy, be punished or recompensed, and exist eternally, as well as the unknown being formerly called **breath** and at present **spirit**, of which we have a less idea than even an atom.

I know very well that those who thought the being called breath could alone be susceptible of feeling and thinking, have persecuted those who have followed the sagacious Locke, and who have not dared to limit the power of God to animating only this breath. But when the whole universe believed that the soul was a light body, a breath, a substance of fire, would it have been just to persecute those who came to teach us that the soul is immaterial?

All the fathers of the church who thought the soul an extended body, would they have

done right to persecute the other fathers who communicated to man the idea of perfect immateriality?

No, doubtless; because a persecutor is an abominable character. Wherefore those who allow of perfect immateriality, without comprehending it, should have tolerated those who rejected it, because they did not comprehend it.

Those who have refused God the power of animating the unknown being called matter, should also have tolerated those who have not dared to divest God of his power; for it is very scandalous to hate one another for syllogisms.

XXX. WHAT HAVE I THUS FAR LEARNED.

I have then reckoned with Locke and with myself, and I find myself possessed of four or five truths, abstracted from a hundred errors, and loaded with an immense quantity of doubts. I said to myself afterwards,—These few truths which I have acquired by my reason, will be but barren land in my hands, if I can find no principle of morality in them. It is very fit for such an insignificant animal as man to raise himself up to the knowledge of the master of nature. But this will be of no more service to me than the science of algebra, if I do not derive from it some rule for the conduct of my life.

XXXI. IS THERE ANY MORALITY.

The more I have observed men differ by climate, manners, languages, laws, doctrine, and the measure of their understanding, the more I have observed they have the same fund of morality. They have all a barbarous notion of justice and injustice, without knowing a word of theology. They have all acquired this notion at an age when reason begins to unfold itself: as they have naturally acquired the art of raising burdens with poles, and passing a rivulet upon a piece of wood, without having learned the mathematics.

It therefore appeared to me that this idea of justice and injustice was necessary for them, because they all agreed in this point, as soon as they could act and reason.

The supreme intelligence which formed us has then been pleased that there should be justice upon earth, that we might live there for a certain time.

It appears to me, that having neither instinct to nourish ourselves like animals, nor natural arms like them, and vegetating for several years in the imbecility of infancy, exposed to every danger, the few men that would have escaped from the jaws of ferocious animals, from famine and misery, would have been employed in wrangling for a little nourishment and a few skins of animals; and they would have been destroyed like the children of the dragon of Cadmus, as soon as they would

have been able to have used any arms.

At least, there would have been no society, if men had not conceived the idea of some justice, which is the tie of all society.

How would the Egyptians, who raised pyramids and obelisks, and the wandering Scythians, who were even unacquainted with a cabin, have had the same fundamental notions of justice and injustice, if God had not given to each of them, from the beginning of time, that reason which, in unfolding itself, made them perceive the same necessary principles, in the same manner as he gave them affections and passions, which having attained the degree of their development, necessarily perpetuate in the same manner the race of the Scythian and the Egyptian?

I perceive a barbarous, ignorant, superstitious herd, a bloody and a furious people, who had not even a term in their jargon to signify geometry and astronomy. This people hath nevertheless, the same fundamental laws as the wise Chaldean, who was acquainted with the course of the stars, and the Phenician, still more learned, who availed himself of the knowledge of the stars to go and lay the foundation of colonies at the extremity of the hemisphere, where the ocean mingles with the Mediterranean. All these people aver that they should respect their father and mother; that perjury, calumny, and homicide are abominable crimes: they therefore derive the same consequences from the same principles of their unfolded reason.

XXXII. REAL UTILITY. THE NOTION OF JUSTICE.

The notion of something just, appears to me so natural, so universally received by all men, that it is independent of all law, of all compact, of all religion.

Let me ask a Turk, a Guebrian or a Malabarian, for the money I lent him, to enable him to eat and clothe himself, and he will never think of replying: "Wait till I learn if Mahomet, Zoroaster, or Brama commands me to restore your money."

He will acknowledge that it is just that he should pay me, and if he doth not perform it, either his poverty, or his avarice, predominates over the justice which he acknowledges.

I assert it as a fact, that there are no people who maintain, that it is either just, right, proper, or honest, to refuse nourishment to one's father or mother, when it is practicable to bestow it.

That no community has ever considered calumny as a good action, not even a sect of bigoted fanatics.

The idea of justice appears to me so much a truth of the first order, to which the whole universe has given its assent, that the greatest crimes which afflict society are all committed under the false pretence of justice. The greatest of all crimes, at least that which is the most destructive, and consequently the most opposite to the design of nature, is war;

but there never was an aggressor who did not gloss over his guilt with the pretext of justice.

The Roman depredators had all their invasions declared just, by priests named Fecials.

Every free-booter, who finds himself at the head of an army, begins his foray bv a manifesto, and implores the God of armies.

Petty thieves themselves, when united in a society, take care not to say, "let us go and rob, let us go and despoil the widow and the orphan of their scanty pittance," but they say, "let us be just, let us recover our fortune from the hands of the rich, who have deprived us of it."

They have even a dictionary among them, which has been printed since the sixteenth century, and in this vocabulary, which they call Argot, the words theft, robbery, rapine, are not to be met with. They make use of terms which correspond with gaining, reimbursing, etc.

The word injustice is never uttered in a council of state, where the most unjust murder is proposed. Even the most bloody conspirators have never said, "let us commit a crime." They have ever said, "Avenge our country for the crimes of a tyrant; let us punish what appears to us unjust."

In a word, servile flatterers, barbarous ministers, odious conspirators, the most infamous robbers, all pay homage against their will, to that virtue they trample upon.

I have been greatly astonished that amongst the French, who are enlightened and polished, maxims have been repeated upon the stage which are equally as shocking as false.

La justice et le droit font des vaines idees,
Le droit des rois consiste a rien epargner.

"Justice and right are vain ideas, the right of kings consists in sparing nothing."

And this abominable speech is put in the mouth of Phocian, minister to young Ptolemy. But it is precisely because he is a minister that he should say the contrary; he should represent the death of Pompey as a necessary and just misfortune.

I believe, then, that the ideas just and unjust, are as clear and universal as the ideas of health and sickness, truth and falsehood, convenience and inconvenience.

The limits of justice and injustice are very difficult to fix; as the middle state between health and disease, between the convenience and the inconvenience of things, between falsehood and truth, is difficult to specify. They are shades that are interwoven; but glaring colors strike every eye.

For example, all men agree that we should restore what we have borrowed; but if I know that the person to whom I am indebted two millions will make use of it to enslave my country, should I put such fatal arms into his hands? Here are sentiments that are divided; but in general I should observe my oath when no evil results from it. This is what no one ever doubted.

XXXIII. IS UNIVERSAL CONSENT A PROOF OF TRUTH.

It may be objected that the consent of men at all times, and in all countries, is not a proof of truth. All people believed in the Magi, in sorcery, demons, apparitions, planetary influence, and a hundred other such like follies. Might it not be the same with respect to justice and injustice?

It appears to me not. First, it is false that all men believed these chimeras. They were, in fact, aliment to the weakness of the vulgar; but a great number of sages constantly ridiculed them. These numerous wise men, on the contrary, always admitted of justice and injustice, as much and even more than the people.

The belief in sorcerers, demons, etc., is far from being necessary to mankind; the belief in justice is absolutely necessary, because it is an unfolding of that reason given by God; and the idea of sorcerers, people possessed, etc., is on the contrary, a perversion of this same reason.

XXXIV. AGAINST LOCKE.

Locke, who instructs and teaches me to mistrust myself, does he not sometimes impose upon himself like many others? He wants to prove the falsity of innate ideas; but does he not add a very bad reason to several good

ones? He acknowledges it is not just to boil one's neighbor in a cauldron and eat him. He nevertheless says there have been nations of Anthropophagi; and that these thinking beings would not have eaten men, if they had possessed the ideas of justice and injustice, which I suppose is necessary for the preservation of the human species. (See No. XXXVI.)

Without entering into a disquisition, whether there were in fact any nations of Anthropophagi,—without examining the relations of the traveler Dampier, who traversed all America, and who never saw any, but who, on the contrary, was received amongst all the savages with the greatest humanity: I reply as follows:

Conquerors have eaten their slaves taken in war. They imagine they did a very just action. They imagined they had a right over their life and death; and, as they had but few good meats for their table, they thought they were allowed to feed upon the fruit of their victory.

They were in this more just than the Romans, who, without reaping any advantages, strangled the captive princes that were chained to their triumphal cars.

The Romans and the savages had a very false idea of justice, I allow; but they, however, both thought they acted justly. And this is so true, that the same savages, when they had admitted these captives into their society, looked upon them as their children; and the same ancient Romans have given a thousand examples of admirable justice.

XXXV. AGAINST LOCKE.

I agree with the sagacious Locke, that there is no innate idea—no innate principle of practice. This is such an incontrovertible truth, that it is evident that all children would have a clear notion of God if they were born with this idea, and all men would then agree with this same notion—an agreement that has never been known.

It is also evident that we are not born with innate principles of morality, as we do not see how a whole nation could reject a principle of morality which had been engraven on the heart of every individual of that nation.

I suppose that we are all born with the moral principle well understood, that no person should be persecuted for his manner of thinking. How could whole communities become persecutors? I suppose that every man carries within himself that evident law whereby he is commanded to be faithful to his oath. How could all men, united in a body, have enacted that no faith should be kept with heretics?

I repeat again, that instead of these chimerical innate ideas, God has given us reason, which is strengthened with age, and which teaches us all, when we are attentive without prejudice, that there is a God, and that we should be just. But I cannot grant Locke the consequences he draws from thence. He seems to approach too near Hobbes' system,

though, in fact, he is very distant from it.

These are his words in the first book of his **Essay upon the Human Understanding.**

"View but an army at the sacking of a town, and see what sense of moral principles, or what touch of conscience they exhibit for all the outrages they do."

No, they have no remorse, and why? Because they believe they act justly.

Not one amongst them imagines the cause of the Prince for whom they are fighting to be unjust. They risk their life for their cause —they fulfill the bargain they have made. They might have been killed in the assault, they therefore think they have a right to kill; they might have been plundered, they therefore think they may plunder.

Add to this, that they are intoxicated with fury, which does not reason. And to convince you that they have not divested themselves of the idea of justice and honesty, propose to these same soldiers much more money than the plunder of the city, handsomer women than those they have violated, upon condition only that instead of murdering in their rage three or four thousand enemies, who still make resistance, and who may kill them, they go and cut the throats of their king, his chancellor, his secretaries of state, and his high almoner, you will not find a single soldier who does not reject your proposal with horror: and yet you propose but six murders, instead of four thousand, and you present them with a very valuable recompense.

Why do they refuse you? Because they think it is just to kill four thousand enemies; but the murder of their sovereign, to whom they are bound by a solemn oath, appears to them abominable.

Locke continues his argument, and to prove the better that no rule of conduct is innate, he speaks of the Mengrelians, who out of sport, he says, bury their children alive; and of the Caribbees, who fatten them, in order to eat them.

It has already been observed that this great man was too credulous in relating these fables. Lambert, who alone imputes to the Mengrelians the interment of their children alive, through wantonness, is not an author of sufficient credit to be quoted.

Chardin, who passes for a traveler of veracity, and who was ransomed in Mengrelia, would have spoken of this horrible custom if it had existed; and his affirming it would not have been sufficient to give it credit. Twenty travelers of different nations and religions should agree to confirm such a strange custom, in order to obtain an historical certainty of it.

It is the same with the women of the Antilles Islands, who raised their children to eat them. This is not the nature of a mother. The human heart is not thus framed.

Amongst the wealthy and the great, who were perverted by the excesses of luxury and jealousy, the refinement was practiced of having eunuchs to wait upon and guard their

wives and concubines. Eunuchs were also in demand in Italy, and were employed at the Pope's Chapel, in order to have voices finer than those of women.

Locke's assertions regarding the saints of the Mahometan religion and their useful quadrupeds, should be placed with prince Maurice's story of the parrot, who kept up such a fine conversation in the Brazilian language, which Locke is simple enough to relate, without considering that the prince's interpreter may have related a joke to him.

In this manner the author of the Spirit of Laws amuses himself in quoting the imaginary laws of Tonquin, Bantam, Borneo, and Formosa, upon the report of some travelers, or romancers, or persons misinformed.

Locke and Montesquieu are two great men, in whom such simplicity appears to me inexcusable.

XXXVI. NATURE EVERYWHERE THE SAME.

In giving up Locke at this point, I say with the great Newton, **Natura est semper sibi consona**, Nature everywhere resembles herself. The law of gravitation, which acts upon a star, acts upon all stars, upon all matter. Thus the fundamental law of morality equally acts upon all civilized nations. There are a thousand differences in the interpretation of this law in a thousand circumstances; but the basis ever remains the same, and this basis is the

idea of justice and injustice. Innumerable acts of injustice are committed in the fury of passion, as reason is lost in drunkenness; but when the intoxication is over, reason returns; and this, in my opinion, is the only cause of human society subsisting,—a cause subordinate to the wants of each other's assistance.

How then have we acquired the idea of justice? As we acquired that of prudence, of truth, of conveniences, by sentiment and reason. It is impossible for us to avoid thinking it a very imprudent action for a man to throw himself into the fire, in order to be admired, and who should hope afterwards to escape injury. It is impossible for us to avoid thinking a man very unjust for killing another in his passion. Society is founded entirely upon these notions, which can never be torn from the heart, and it is for this reason that all society subsists, whatever extravagant and horrible superstition it may be subject to.

At what age are we acquainted with what is just and unjust? At the age when we know that two and two make four.

XXXVII. OF HOBBES.

Thou profound and extravagant philosopher, thou good citizen, thou enemy of Descartes, who deceivedst thyself like him, thou whose physical errors are great but pardonable, because thou camest before Newton, thou who hadst told truths that do not obliterate thy mistakes, thou who didst first display the chim-

eras of innate ideas, thou who wert the forerunner of Locke in many things, as well as of Spinoza, in vain dost thou astonish thy readers by almost succeeding to prove to them that there are no laws in the world but the laws of conventions; that there is no justice or injustice but what has been agreed upon as such in a country.

If thou hadst been alone with Cromwell in a desert island, and Cromwell would have killed thee for having been a partisan of thy king in the island of England, would not such an attempt appear to thee as unjust in thy new island as in thine own country?

Thou sayest in thy Law of Nature, "That every one having a right to all things, each has a right over the life of his own likenesses."

Dost thou not confound power with right?

Dost thou think that, in fact, power conveys right? and that a robust son has nothing to reproach himself with for having assassinated his old and decrepid father?

Whoever studies morality should begin by refuting thy book in his heart; but thine own heart refuted it still more; for thou wert virtuous as well as Spinoza,—and thou wert only wanting, like him, in teaching the principles of virtue, which thou didst practice and recommend to others.

XXXVIII. UNIVERSAL MORALITY.

Morality appears to me so universal, so calculated by the universal Being that formed

us, so destined to serve as a counterpoise to our fatal passions, and to solace the inevitable troubles of this short life, that from Zoroaster down to Lord Shaftsbury, I find all philosophers teaching the same morality, though they have all different ideas upon the principles of things.

We find that Hobbes, Spinoza, and Bayle himself, who either denied the first principles, o. at least doubted of them, have, nevertheless, strongly recommended justice, and all the virtues.

Every nation had peculiar religious rights, and very often absurd and revolting opinions in metaphysics and theology. But the point in question is to know whether we should be just. In this the whole universe agrees, as we said in No. XXXVI., and this statement cannot be too often repeated.

XXXIX. ZOROASTER.

I shall not examine at what time Zoroaster lived, whom the Persians allowed to have existed nine thousand years before them, as well as Plato and the ancient Athenians.

I find that his moral precepts, which were translated from the ancient language of the Magi into the vulgar language of the Guebrians, have been preserved till the present time; and it evidently appears, from the puerile allegories, the ridiculous observations, the fantastic ideas with which this collection is

filled, that the religion of Zoroaster is of the highest antiquity.

The word Garden is there used to express the recompence of the just; we there meet with the evil principle under the word Satan, which the Jews also adopted. We there find the world formed in six times or seasons. It is there commanded to recite an abunavar and an ashim vuhu, for those who sneeze.

But, in fine, in this collection of a hundred subjects or precepts taken from the book of Zènd, and which the very words of the ancient Zoroaster are repeated, what moral duties are prescribed?

That of loving and succoring one's father and mother, that of giving alms to the poor, that of never breaking one's word, that of abstaining when doubtful whether the action to be performed is just or not. (Subject XXX)

I shall confine myself to this precept, because no legislator could ever go beyond it; and I am confirmed in the opinion that though Zoroaster established ridiculous superstitions in matters of doctrine, the purity of his morals proves that he was not corrupt, and that the more he gave way to errors in his dogmas, the more impossible was it for him to err in teaching virtue.

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Sanskrit Proverbs

COMPILED BY CHAMPAK C. SHAH

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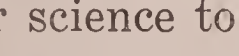
SANSKRIT PROVERBS.

The blackness cannot be removed from charcoal by a hundred washings.

The stone is worn away at last.

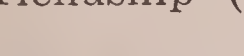
Is a lamp pleasing to the blind, a song to the deaf, or science to the fool?



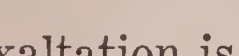
With fire, fire is kindled.

Excess is to be avoided in all things. Excessive friendship (causes) doubt of sin.

Too great exaltation is the cause of a downfall.



In the country where no tree is seen, even the castor oil plant is called a tree.



Servitude is the lowest occupation.

More is the fruit of much.

By performing the obsequies of an unclaimed corpse, the reward of ten million sacrifices will be obtained.

The destitute has God for his protector.

Of all the senses, sight is the chief.

Whether he have talent or be without it, a companion is an additional strength; if deprived of husk the rice will not sprout.

After happiness, sorrow; after sorrow, happiness; happiness and sorrow revolve like a disc.

In a strong position, even a coward is a lion.

Where there is friendship, the friend is never far off.

Hard working men in their own business, but rogues in their master's business.

A wise man gains his object; in failure is foolishness.

A fool is honored in his own house; a proprietor is honored in his own village; a king is honored in his own country; a learned man is honored everywhere.

Having crossed yourself, get others across.

What is an excessive burden for the powerful? What is distant for the enterprising? What is foreign to the educated? Who is a stranger to those who speak kindly?

Dismay, the obstacle to all enterprises, is by all means to be eschewed; therefore, having discarded dismay, success in what is to be accomplished is attained.

An unguarded object remains safe, if protected by destiny; stricken by destiny it perishes though well guarded. One lives, though abandoned in a wood without a protector; one lives not in a house, though precaution be taken.

As much as independence extends so far is birth profitable; if those who are in subjection to others live, who are dead?

He stoops for the sake of rising; for the sake of living he resigns his breath; he becomes miserable for the sake of pleasure. Who is a greater fool than a servant?

A man by his own acts goes down and down, or moves upwards, as the digger of a well, or the builder of a wall.

Is there anything naturally beautiful or not beautiful? Whatever is pleasing to anyone, that is beautiful for him.

Inactivity, from fear of committing a fault, is the mark of a coward. O brother, by whom is food renounced for fear of indigestion?

A thing, though made for one purpose, may also serve for another.

Gourds sink in water, but stones float!

A wet garment collects the dust brought to it from every side by the wind.

The thing wished for is of more importance than the wish.

On seeing one thing we are reminded of others connected with it.

Action may vary, but substance cannot.

It is not likely that a man who could flee on his feet would crawl on his knees.

Not even a hundred injunctions could move a man to action as readily as the desire for gain.

It is not the fault of the post that a blind man cannot see it.

A fool's refuge is a fool.

One lump of clay (is moulded) into vessels of many forms, one lump of gold (is made) into ornaments of many shapes; (all) cow-milk is one though yielded by many cows; so the one Supreme soul resides in many bodies.

Silence is half consent.

Through silence there is no quarrel, through vigilance there is no fear.

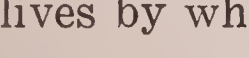
Where smoke, there fire.

As the seed, so the sprout.

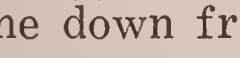
If a man's heart be impure, all things will appear hostile to him.

What will the *Shastra* do for him who has no sense of his own? What will a mirror do for him who has lost his eyes?

He (truly) lives by whom many live.



In every country, that custom prevails which has come down from generation to generation.



As is the perception, so is the fulfilment.

He who flees from an ill-governed town will live.

Even the favor of a man of ill-regulated mind is to be dreaded.

A discontented Brahman is lost (to the world) like a contented king.

If bad men become charitable, it will be a cause of grief to the good.

An evil word from a cousin is insufferable.

Non-injury is the highest religion.

The form is small, the qualities are great.

The observance of ordinances is the first duty.

When the goddess of wealth came, it was like the water in a coconut; when she departed it was like the wood-apple eaten by an elephant.

They know not their own defects who search for the defects of others.

He who looks upon all living beings as upon himself, sees.

The heart of the wise is soft as a lotus flower in prosperity, but in adversity it is as firm as a mountain rock.

Trees loaded with fruit are bent down; the clouds when charged with fresh rain hang down near the earth: even so good men are not uplifted through prosperity. Such is the natural character of the liberal.

A ball, though it fall to the ground, flies up again by the strokes of the hand. Even so the misfortunes of good men are not often lasting.

The tree that is cut down grows again; the moon that wanes after a time waxes again. Thus do wise men reflect and, though distressed, are not overwhelmed.

It is not the fault of the spring that the leafless tree does not produce leaves; it is not the fault of the sun that the owl cannot see by day; it is not the fault of the raincloud that the drops do not fall into the cuckoo's mouth. Who shall reverse that which fate has written on the forehead of each?

The constant man loses not his virtue in misfortune. A torch may point towards the ground, but its flame will still point upwards.

The wise must be respected, even when the advice they give us is not suitable.

Want of practice (makes) science poison, indigestion (makes) food poison.

Those without a leader perish; those with a youthful leader perish; those with a female leader perish; those with many leaders perish.

When the mind is grieved and unconsoled, all is disgust.

Bodies are transitory, riches are not lasting; death is always at hand; (therefore) virtue should be practiced.

The strength of men is rooted in food.

The body, form and sense depend upon the food.

A plan considered (by man) in one way is considered by God in another.

Although unasked, you should speak auspiciously.

Learning depends on practice, intellect on former deeds; wealth follows exertion, and success, good fortune.

This pomp is for the protection of the clout.

A stick has ten uses.

Where frogs are the croakers, there silence is becoming.

Liberality, sweetness of speech, courage, judgment, these four natural qualities are not attained by practice.

The defect of poverty is the destroyer of a host of virtues.

Complaisance empties the purse.

Though he be adorned with learning, a bad man is to be shunned; is a snake adorned with a gem not to be feared? (A jewel is said to be found in the head of a snake.)

The king is the strength of the weak, crying is the strength of children.

A wicked wife, a false friend, a servant with pride and living in a house with a snake are (causes of) death, without doubt.

Mountains are beautiful at a distance, rugged when near.

A foul-mouthed man, a man without employment, a low fellow, a revengeful man—these four are base from their evil deeds; the base-born are better.

The foot should be placed (on a spot) seen to be clean, water should be drunk after having been strained through a cloth; a word should be spoken with truth, (a business) should be done with consideration.

The way of justice is mysterious.

Courage is in all things a means (of success).

It is not a house they call the house, but the housewife.

No relative is equal to learning; no enemy is equal to disease; no affection is equal to that for a child; there is no power greater than that of Fate.

Better is the edge of a sword, or to live under a tree—better is it to beg, to starve, or even to fall into the dreadful hell, than to depend on a purse-proud relation.

Even if the sun should rise in the west, even if the lotus should bloom on the peaks of the mountains, even if Meru should shake, even if fire should feel cold—the words of the good will surely never fail.

The ocean is the course of rivers.

A greater gift than that of food, has not been and will not be; by food this whole world, animate and inanimate, is sustained.

To quarrel with a man of good speech is better than to converse with a man of rude address.

Man is the slave of money.

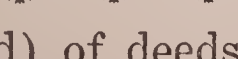
Wealth stops at the house, friends and relatives at the grave; good deeds and evil deeds follow the dying man.

Those eager to amass wealth regard neither priests nor relations; those eager to indulge lust feel neither fear nor shame; those eager in the pursuit of knowledge care not for comfort or sleep; those eager to satisfy hunger regard neither the flavor nor the cookery.

There is pain in acquiring wealth, pain in preserving what has been acquired, pain in its loss, and pain in expenditure—why have such a receptacle of sorrow?

Little learning, much pride.

A small beginning is good.



(The reward) of deeds done, be they good or evil, will assuredly be received.

There is no doing of a thing done; there is no death for a dead man; there is no (advantage in) grief for that which is passed—this is the opinion of the learned in Vedas.

The voice is the beauty of cuckoos; chastity is the beauty of women; learning is the beauty of the deformed; patience is the beauty of ascetics.

Anger is a cause of sin.

Success in an undertaking rests in the strength of the great man, not in the means.

The serpent is cruel; a wicked man is cruel; a wicked man is more cruel:—a serpent yields to spells and medicines, but by what can a wicked man be checked?

For the wicked and the evil, the remedy is of two kinds:—either to disgrace them by strategy, or to leave them at a distance.

Repairing the tank-bung after the water has escaped!

An appreciator of good qualities is pleased with a good man, but no pleasure (is experienced) by the bad man; the bee goes from the forest to the lotus, but not so the frog, though he lives with it.

Loss of intelligence is not to be apprehended in one of resolute habits, although ill-treated. A flame of fire though reversed never goes downward.

If a jewel worth placing in a golden ornament is set in lead, it neither tinkles nor shines.

By wise people an appropriate observation is accepted even from a child. On the invisibility of the sun, is not the light of a lamp availed of?

The tempest does not uproot tender grasses, which bend quite low. It throws down, indeed, lofty trees. The great expend valor only on the great.

A king should not tolerate even his children breaking his commands; else what difference is there between a king and the picture of a king.

From thieves, from officials, from enemies, from the king's favorite, and from his own avarice, a king should protect his subjects, like a father.

The dexterous make even untruths appear truths; as people skilled in painting can make hollows and eminences on a level surface.

In case of misfortune, in going on a wrong course, and on the opportunities for efficacious action passing away; a friendly man, even unasked, should utter useful advice.

A man should not enter into alliance with his enemy, even with the tightest bonds of union. Water made ever so hot, will still quench fire.

Birds and beasts unite from motives of convenience; fools from fear and stupidity; and just men at sight.

Although friendship between good men be interrupted, still their principles remain unaltered. The stalk of the lotus may be broken, and the fibres remain connected.

A man should abandon that country, wherein there is neither respect, nor employment, nor connections, nor the advancement of science.

Whether a child, or an old man, or a youth, come to thy house, he is to be treated with respect; for of all men, thy guest is the superior.

A pleasant countenance, and a mien without pride; great attention to what is said, and sweetness of speech; a great degree of kindness, and the appearance of awe; are always tokens of a man's attachment.

A man of nice feelings willingly encountereth death, rather than submit to poverty. A fire meeteth extinction, before it will yield to be cold.

Thou seest the fire burning on the mountain, but not that which is under thy very feet!

Poisoned wounds will not heal without the use of the lancet.

Not even by the most thorough examination, could one distinguish between black and white, in intense darkness.

He who performs an action will himself reap the fruit thereof.

When brothers divide wealth they themselves become divided.

The meaning of an ambiguous expression is to be determined from the context.

If a man with eyes is led by somebody else, it is clear that he does not see with his eyes!

Here is another boil on the top of a previous one!

On one side a tiger, on the other a precipice!

Like salt on a wound.

The very same face which looks large in a large mirror, appears small in the pupil of the eye.

The virtuous man appreciates virtue, the bad man appreciates it not; the strong man, and not the feeble, understands strength; the cuckoo, and not the crow, feels the influence of the spring; the elephant, and not the mouse, justly values the strength of the lion.

You should practice virtue as if death had seized you by the hair.

Sorrow is the fever of men.

By slitting the ears and cutting the tail, a dog is but a dog—not a horse, not an ass.

One should act according to the people's voice.

To him who is born, death is certain.

A son-in-law is the tenth planet. (A troublesome fellow.)

You may kill him who wishes to kill you.

You may kill a man on the field of battle who attempts to kill you though he be learned in the Vedanta; you will not by that become a Brahman-slayer.

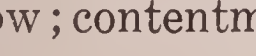
The commentary requires a commentary.

He is wise whose wrath is limited by his power.

Life goes day by day.

By delay (in using it) nectar becomes poison.

Desire upon desire (causes) the greatest sorrow; contentment, the greatest happiness.



In eating and in business he who discards modesty will be best off.

Food is provided with the birth of men.

The Lord's creation is His mere will.

In a good man, wrath (lasts) for a moment; in a middling man, for two hours; in a base man, for a day and night; in a great sinner, until death.

After the stream has been crossed what is the use of the boat on the other side?

The forsaking of one who has gone out of the right way is enjoined.

The desires of the poor spring up and perish.

Perseverance, daring, courage, wisdom, strength and valor—where these six are, there is God.

Superiority is not in seniority; superiority is attributed to virtue.

After a fever, a purge.

Wives can be procured in all countries, and relatives as well, but I see not a country where there is a brother born of the same womb.

Death is the punishment of a robber; the punishment of a harlot is shaving the head; the punishment of a friend is not speaking to him.

A fool looks well at a distance with his flowing garments; a fool shines so long as he says nothing.

Cotton is lighter than grass and a beggar is lighter (more insignificant) than cotton—why is he not carried away by the wind? "Lest he should beg of me" (fears the wind).

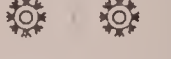
Who has reached the limit of desire.

You should forsake a man for the sake of your family; you should forsake your family for the sake of your village; you should forsake your village for the sake of your country; you should forsake the earth for the sake of yourself.

It is better to wander in a mountain-pass with the wild beasts than to live in the palace of the gods with a fool.

Perceiving the transitory world to be like a mirage, one should associate with the good for the sake of virtue, and for the sake of happiness.

The man who is entirely ignorant is easily guided: the wise man is still more easily led: but even the Supreme Being himself cannot influence the smatterer.



There are two uses both for a garland of flowers and also for a wise man—they may be exalted on the head or wither in the forest.

The lion, though young, attacks the elephant infuriated with passion. The energy of the noble-minded man proceeds from his natural disposition, not from his youth.

Giving, consuming, and loss, are the three ways by which wealth is diminished. The man who neither gives nor spends has yet the third way open to him.

A king full of wrath hath no friend. The sacred fire burns even the priest who offers the sacrifice if he touches it.

Deer, fish and virtuous men, who only require grass, water and peace in the world, and wantonly pursued by huntsmen, fishermen and envious people.

The king who makes prosperity dependent on a minister, on the happening of calamity sinks, like the blind without guides.

Although committing faults, he who is beloved is indeed beloved; to whom is the body not dear, although defiled by endless imperfections?

A bad person reverts to his natural character even while being assiduously well treated: as a dog's tail, with all expedients of warming and anointing, remains bent.

How can the promotion and honour of the vile conduce to conciliation? Poison-trees, though watered with nectar, do not bear wholesome fruits.

Any bad person acquires lustre from the beauty of his patron; like smutty collyrium applied to the eye of a lovely woman.

In sandal trees there are serpents. In the waters with lotuses there are also alligators. There are no unobstructed pleasures.

When in peace he should perceive nothing beneficial to himself; then the wise man dies combating with the enemy.

Knowledge is the most precious treasure of all things, because it can never be given away, nor stolen, nor consumed.

A good man may fall, but he falls as a ball; an ignoble man falls like a lump of clay.

Learning to the inexperienced is a poison; eating upon a full stomach is a poison; the society of the vulgar is a poison.

A fool too may shine in the assembly, dressed in fine garments; he shineth no longer, however, than he holdeth his tongue.

If, by the decree of fate, the world were ever to become deprived of lotuses, would the swan scratch at the dust-heap like the cock?

A thing done at a wrong time would be regarded as not done.

The tip of a finger cannot be touched by itself.

From seeing smoke rising from one house we do not infer that there is a fire in another house.

Fruitful trees bend down, men of wisdom stoop;—a dry stick and a fool can be broken but not bent.

No pleasure is obtained without pain.

There is no greater sin than a lie.

A husband is the ornament of women.

There is no village—how can there be a boundary?

There is no learning—how can there be fame?

There is no wisdom—how can there be salvation?

There is no faith—how can there be understanding?

What is the use of oil to an extinguished lamp? What is the use of care after the thief has gone?

A mean fellow promises and does not; a good man promises not, but does.

Wood is beautified by chiseling; copper is polished by tamarind; the road is cleansed by the wind.

The rivers themselves drink not (their) water, nor do the trees eat (their own) sweet fruit; the clouds eat not the crops—the riches of the good are (employed) for the benefit of others.

Proficiency in advising others is easy to all men; few are the great men who themselves practice virtue.

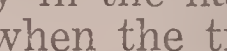
One interested in our welfare is a relative, though a stranger; one injurious is a stranger, though a relative; disease is hurtful, though born in our body; medicine is beneficial though produced in a forest.

Sorrow for (the loss of) a father (lasts) six months; sorrow for a mother, a year; sorrow for a wife until a second wife (comes); sorrow for a son, for ever.

A man of evil repute is, though living, as one dead.

In the absence of men, all women are chaste.

Learning, in the book, is not learning, and money in the hand of another is not money when the time (of need) arises.



Knowledge of the possibility of the act is an inseparable motive to perseverance.

Keeping away from the mire is better than washing it off.

Even at the cost of his life, one should preserve his honor; life is transient, honor is as lasting as the moon and stars.

Union, indeed, proves the possibility of separation; just as birth does the approach of inevitable death.

As one piece of wood and another piece of wood may meet together in the ocean; and, having met, may part again, —such-like is the meeting of human beings.

As the streams of rivers flow on, and return not; so also day and night forever proceed, taking with them the life of mortals.

The soul is a river, whose holy confluence is self-restraint, whose water is truth, whose bank is morality, whose waves are compassion. Here perform ablutions, O son of Pandu! The inward soul is not purified by water.

A king should not make war upon many opponents at once. Even a fierce serpent is infallibly destroyed by swarming insects.

A wicked person is like an earthen pot, easy to break and hard to join together again; but a good person, like a vessel of gold, is hard to sever, but quickly to be united.

For a mind spoiled by the wicked there is no confidence even in the good. Does not a child scalded by porridge eat even curds after they have been blown upon.

The covetous should be won over with money; the haughty, by joining the hands; a fool, by humoring his inclination; a wise man, with truth.

A crane's meditation! (Cranes appear to be meditating when they are ready to pounce on the fish.)

A drop is as the ocean (to the good) · the ocean is as a single drop (to th base).

O friend! the serpent only knows the serpent's feet.

The cuckoo feels no pride in the possession of a delicious mango; a frog is set a croaking by a gulp of muddy water.

A king perceives by his ears, the learned by their intellect; a beast perceives by scent, and fools by the past.

Even a single lion tears to pieces a herd of mad elephants.

The mind of men is the cause of bondage and release.

Enmities end with death.

Flesh is increased by flesh.

It is possible to stop fire with water, rain and heat with an umbrella, an elephant with a sharp hook, a bull or ass with a stick, a disease with medicines, and venom by the use of various spells; for everything there is a remedy provided in the *Shatres*—but there is no cure for the headstrong.

A reasonable word should be received even from a child or a parrot.

The peacock is in the mountain and the clouds in the sky; at the distance of a hundred thousand *vojanas* is the sun, and the lotus is in the water; two hundred thousand yojanas away is the moon from its friend, the lily—what is dear to one's heart is not far off.

A son should be treated as a prince for five years, as a servant for ten years and, from his sixteenth year on, as a friend.

The king must answer for his country's sin; the priest for the king's sin; the husband for the wife's sin, and the *Guru* for the disciple's sin.

Fasting is the best medicine.

Modesty is the ornament of women.

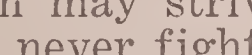
The spring is the youth of trees, wealth is the youth of men, beauty is the youth of women, intelligence is the youth of the young.

Better that a man's learning should die with him than that it should be thrown away on the foolish.

The gem of learning is great wealth, it cannot be shared by cousins, nor lost by robbery, nor exhausted by liberality.

A sick man is the best subject for a physician, and an active emissary for the officers of government; fools are the support of the learned, and a man of secrecy suits a king.

A wise man may strive to conquer, but he should never fight; because victory, it is observed, cannot be constant to both the combatants.



One who is master of ever so little art may be able, on a great occasion, to root up trees with as much ease as the current of a river the reeds and grass.

A store of grain, O king! is the best of stores. A gem cast into the mouth will not support life.

A patient will never recover his health merely from the description of a medicine.

An enemy's army which has been harassed for a long time, may be easily defeated.

The alligator, matchless as he is, when he quitteth the water is without power. Were even the lion to forsake the forests, he would doubtless be upon a level with the jackal.

An alliance may be formed with an assisting enemy, but not with an injuring friend. Helping and injuring is alone worthy to be regarded as the distinguishing characteristics of these two.

How can there be the displacing of one who is already invested with authority? Favor conferred on the low, O king! is like an impression on the sands

Forbearance towards both an enemy and a friend is, of a truth, the ornament of ascetics; but towards offending beings it is, verily, for kings, a defect.

As long as a danger is not arrived, so long there should be apprehension about it; perceiving the danger arrived, one should attack it fearlessly.

One not in his own place is destroyed by even an insignificant enemy; an alligator, though very small in water, drags in even an elephant.

Neither gift of land, nor gift of gold, nor gift of cattle, nor gift of food, is as the gift of security from danger.

Day by day Death approaches nearer the vicinity of a living creature; just as slaughter to a victim being led along step by step.

What benefit is there in a son who is neither learned nor virtuous? Of what use is a sightless eye?

One child of genius is a blessing; not so even a hundred fools. A single moon dispelleth darkness better than a host of stars.

Fortune attendeth that lion amongst men who exerteth himself. They are weak men who declare fate the sole cause.

As the chariot will not move upon a single wheel, even so fate succeedeth not without human exertion.

As the potter formeth the lump of clay into whatever shape he liketh, even so may a man regulate his own actions.

As a piece of glass, from the vicinity of gold, acquireth the color of a topaz; so a fool may derive some consequence from the presence of a wise man.

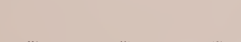
In a noble race, levity without virtue is seldom found. In a mine of rubies, when shall we find pieces of glass?

No man beholdeth prosperity who doth not encounter danger; but having encountered danger, if he surviveth, he beholdeth it.

Learning is honored by kings, not wealth; one void of learning is a beast.

The learned only know the labor of the learned, the barren woman knows not the great pains of childbirth.

In the time of calamity, the sense is perverted.



Fortitude in misfortune, forbearance in prosperity, eloquence in the assembly, valor in battle, eagerness in (seeking) fame, attention in the *Vedas*—these are natural to a great man.

Silence is the ornament of the ignorant.

It is not right for one to cut down even a poisonous tree which he himself has reared.

Poison is the remedy for poison.

Nectar should be taken out of poison; a well-spoken word should be received even from a youth; rectitude should be acknowledged even in an enemy; and gold should be taken even out of filth.

Proclaiming the name of a son before he is born. (Counting your chickens before they are hatched.)

Better a doubtful condition of things than a crushing defeat.

One who leans on a blind man will fall with him at every step.

Crying in wilderness. (Wasted effort.)

Failing to obtain a lovely woman, affection is shown towards animals.

He who has the want, the power and the wit, has the right

That which at the beginning and at the end has no (real) existence has none either during the intervening period.

It is unwise to quarrel with that on which one's livelihood depends.

Bare assertion is no proof of the matter asserted.

Whilst avoiding one kind of fallacy, another kind appears.

Behold the difference between the one who eateth flesh, and he to whom it belonged! The first hath a momentary enjoyment, whilst the latter is deprived of existence!

There is no one the friend of another; there is no one the enemy of another: friends, as well as enemies, are created through our transactions.

A friend may be known in adversity, a hero in battle, an honest man in a loan, a wife when riches are spent, and a relation in trouble.

A man should forsake such a friend as speaketh kindly to his face, and behind his back defeateth his designs. He is like a pot of poison with a surface of milk.

A man should not form any acquaintance, nor enter into any amusements, with one of an evil character. A piece of charcoal, if it be hot, burneth; and if cold, it blackeneth the hand.

Even amongst brutes, confidence is perceived in those in whose every action there is innocence. The innate disposition of the good doth not vary from the principles of integrity.

The mind of a good man doth not alter, even when he is in distress.

The poison of a scorpion is in his tail; the poison of a fly is in his head; the poison of a serpent is in his fang; the poison of a bad man is in his whole body.

Useless is rain to the sea, and useless is food to one satisfied; useless is a gift to a rich man, useless is youth to a poor man.

In a fight between bulls, the calf's leg is broken.

Leave off a hundred (works) and eat.

In a hundred, one hero is found; in a thousand, one *Pandit.*

The body is the abode of diseases.

Moral rectitude is everywhere an ornament.

Do today what must be done tomorrow.

Of the six flavors, salt is the chief.

Good men are energetic in seeking the good of others.

Food should be eaten with affection.

Vice and virtue spring from association.

In the world's ocean is grief.

The good are always ready to be the upholders of the good in their misfortunes. Elephants even are wont to bear the burthens of elephants who have sunk in the mire.

As often as thou shalt be deprived of the society of the good, so often shalt thou fall into the company of knaves.

A friend, who is so by nature, is the gift of Providence. Such unfeigned friendship is not extinguished, even in misfortunes.

A man who, having well compared his own strength or weakness with that of others and after all doth not know the difference, is easily overcome by his enemies.

Friends, tainted with the lust of gain, are everywhere to be found in times of prosperity; and adversity is their touchstone.

He who forsakes a certainty, and depends on an uncertainty loses both the certainty and the uncertainty together.

Those who are aware of it can interpret the mind from the changes of the eyes and other members; and even by the report of shape and complexion.

The moon is the light of the night, the sun is the light of the day; virtue is the light of the three worlds; a good son is the light of the family.

Say, what does not good association do for men? It removes the dullness of their intellects; it sprinkles truth in their speech; it gains the highest honors for them; expels sin from them; it purifies their mind, and spreads their fame towards all quarters.

Speak the truth, and speak to please; speak not the truth, to displease; speak not untruth, to please; this is eternal virtue.

A friend can be gained by transparency (of conduct); an enemy, by prudence and power; a miser, by money; a master, by service; a Brahman, by kindness; a young wife, by tenderness; relatives, by patience; a passionate man, by praise; a priest, by reverence; a fool, by stories; a wise man, by learning; a man with a taste, by humoring him; and all, by good conduct.

The effect of music is but immediate.

If there be great learning, what of money? If there be an ill name, what of death?

A thief's offer of his limbs for examination when the gold has been found under his armpit!

A hyena does not find a suitable opponent in a young fawn.

Who befriends, he is a relation; who supports, he is a father; he is a friend, in whom there is confidence; she is a wife, in whom there is pleasure.

A lamp will not throw light on an object before it is (lighted and) brought in.

Anything that has been made is not eternal.

He who causes a thing to be done is the real doer of it.

Running away through fear of a scorpion, he falls into the jaws of a poisonous snake! (From the frying pan into the fire.)

The snake stupified by its own poison bites its own body.

When the loss of all is impending, a wise man will give up half.

All hath been read, all hath been heard, and all hath been followed by him, who having put his hope behind him, dependeth not upon expectation.

Giving with kind words, knowledge without pride, heroism accompanied by clemency, and wealth with liberality, are four excellences hard to be found.

Men of philosophic minds do not long for what is not attainable, and are not willing to lament what is lost; neither are they wont to be embarrassed in times of calamity.

As frogs to the pool, as birds to a lake full of water; so doth every species of wealth necessarily flow to the hands of him who exerteth himself.

For the belly's sake many disguises are assumed.

Men who are acquainted with their own nature pass their days, until the period of death, in gladness.

Man should not be over anxious for a subsistence, for it is provided by the Creator. The infant no sooner droppeth from the womb, than the breasts of the mother begin to stream.

He, by whom the geese were formed white, parrots were stained green, and peacocks painted of various hues—even He will provide for their support.

Endeavor makes the man.

Fortune favors the persevering and stout-hearted.

By doing good to base men, evil results; the drinking of milk is to snakes only an increasing of poison.

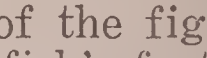
That which is possible by stratagem is not possible by valor.

In hot weather, (people say) "Let there be cold"; in cold weather, "Let there be great heat."

Debt, a sore and a stain will be effaced in time.

One commits sin, many persons suffer the consequences.

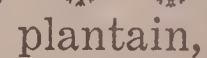
A chariot will not go on one wheel.



The flowers of the fig tree, a white colored crow, a fish's foot in the water, one may see—but not what is in a woman's mind.

Whom on earth will a handsome woman not subdue?

Concealment itself reveals the wishes.



Barren as a plantain, barren as a crow.

The crow is black, the cuckoo is black; there is no difference between the cuckoo and the crow: but as spring nights appear, the crow is a crow, the cuckoo a cuckoo.

Day and night, evening and morning, winter and spring, come again and again; time sports, life goes, but nevertheless the chain of desire loosens not.

The ways of time are capricious.

He (truly) lives, who has acquired fame.

As a family (is ruined) by a bad son.

The production of a flower in a flower, has never been heard of, nor seen.

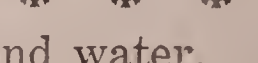
A miser's wealth goes by fire, robbers, and kings.

To those who are fallen into misfortunes, what was a blessing becometh an evil: to a child in confinement, its mother's knee is a binding post.

Fortitude in adversity, and moderation in prosperity; eloquence in the senate, and courage in the field; great glory in renown, and labor in study; are the natural perfections of great minds.

A combination even of small things serveth an occasion. A mad elephant may be bound with a few straws, when formed into a rope.

Men are the same as other animals, in eating, sleeping, fearing and propagation. Reason, alone, is man's superior distinction. Deprived of reason, he is upon an equality with the brutes.



Like milk and water. (Close friendship.)

Hospitality is commanded to be exercised, even towards an enemy, when he cometh to thine house. The tree does not withdraw its shade, even from the wood-cutter.

Fire burns forests and wind is a friend (assists); but that very wind proves destructive to the lamp. Who is honored when reduced (in circumstances).

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INTRODUCTION

Henry Edward Manning (1808-1892) was born in Hertfordshire (England) on July 15, 1808. His father was a merchant, banker, and member of Parliament. He was educated at Harrow (1822-1827); and at Balliol College, Oxford, from which he graduated with honors in 1830. Two years as a clerk in a colonial office found him looking to a religious career, so he returned to Oxford, was elected a fellow of Merton College, was ordained. In 1833 he received a rectory, and on November 7, 1833, he married Caroline Sargent. His young wife was consumptive, and died childless on July 24, 1837.

Saddened by his bereavement, Manning turned seriously to the teachings of the Oxford Tracts (the so-called "Oxford movement," attempting to prove the Catholicity of the Church of England; resulting in the restoration of ceremonial observances and intensifying the symbolism of ritual; strengthened the claim of the Anglican Church to be considered a branch of the Church Catholic). In 1838, Manning first went to Rome, where, in company with W. E. Gladstone (1809-1898; four times Prime Minister of England), he visited Dr. Wiseman (1802-1865; English cardinal). In 1841, Manning was appointed archdeacon. In 1842 he publish a treatise entitled *The Unity of the Church*, which confirmed his reputation as an eloquent and sincere preacher, and led to his being called upon occasionally to fill

the pulpit that John Henry Newman (1801-1890; cardinal and author, leader of the Tractarian movement; became a Catholic in 1845) was beginning to give up. Between 1842 and 1850 four volumes of Manning's sermons were published, which ran into several editions. Manning was still loyal to Protestantism, and Newman's desertion in 1845 left Manning in a responsible position among the High Church leaders.

Due to an illness in 1847, Manning went abroad, and was again in Rome. He had private audiences with the pope in 1848, and was already beginning to find attraction in Roman Catholicism. A crisis came in the affairs of the Church of England, due to the appointment to a benefice of a man who disbelieved a standard doctrine, and in 1850 came the popular agitation against "Papal aggression." Manning could not sympathize with this movement, and resigned his benefice and archdeaconry. On April 6, 1851, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church; on the following Sunday he was confirmed and received to communion; and within ten weeks Cardinal Wiseman ordained him priest.

Manning's religious devotion increased, and his growing influence and rise in power were rapid. In 1854 the pope conferred on him the degree of D. D. The pope appointed him provost of Westminster in 1857. Manning became the staunch supporter and assistant of Wiseman. Manning's increasing fervor in promoting in England all that was Roman and papal was very offensive to Catholics of the "old

school," who leaned more toward Gallicanism (independence of the Church from Rome). After delivering lectures in 1860 on the pope's temporal power (shortly to be terminated by the occupation of Rome and the pope's "imprisonment" in the Vatican), Manning was appointed papal domestic prelate ("Right Reverend"). This placed him definitely at the head of Ultramontanism (the movement desiring to see all the power of the Church concentrated in Rome; its principles were made tenets of Roman Catholicism by the Vatican Council of 1869-1870).

Cardinal Wiseman died on February 15, 1865, and Manning's succession to his archbishopric became probable. Considerable effort was made to prevent his appointment, but Pius IX ignored this opposition and Manning was appointed. He was consecrated on June 8, 1865, and was enthroned on November 6th. He became very active in religious education, and sought, in vain, to establish a Catholic university.

At the Vatican Council of 1869-1870, Manning was instrumental in furthering the promulgation of the doctrine of papal infallibility (asserting that the pope, when speaking *ex cathedra*—"from the chair," or throne—on matters of faith or morals, is divinely inspired and is divinely prevented from error). And, on March 15, 1875, Manning was made Cardinal. Present at the death of Pius IX (February 7, 1878), Manning had a fair chance of succeeding him as pope; but he himself supported the nomination of Cardinal Pecci, who became Leo

XIII. Manning now turned his attention to social questions, and, because of his activity along these lines, he has been accused of Socialistic sympathies. Although he did endorse some of the dogmas of Socialism, he was not in any sense a Socialist. His continued efforts on behalf of labor and laborers earned for him a wide popularity; his death, on January 14, 1892, was popularly mourned. The Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster is a joint memorial to him and to his predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman.

Critics are agreed that Manning's high devotion and exemplary zeal did much to increase the influence of and respect for Roman Catholicism. His sermons, however, appeal more to the heart than to the mind; he combined the qualities of orator, statesman, diplomat, and even of the business man; but "he was neither a philosopher nor a literary genius."

Robert Green Ingersoll (1833-1899) was born in Dresden, New York, on August 11, 1833. His father was a Congregational minister, transferring to Wisconsin, and from there to Illinois. Ingersoll became a lawyer, was admitted to the bar in 1854, and practiced successfully in Illinois. During the Civil War he led a cavalry regiment, with the rank of colonel; was captured in Tennessee on December 18, 1862. From 1867 to 1869 he was attorney-general of Illinois. His reputation as an orator was established when, at the Republican National Convention of 1876, he spoke for the nomination of James G. Blaine for the presidency.

Ingersoll's fame rests on his numerous lec-

tures (his complete works in twelve volumes were published in 1901), violently attacking established religion and the Bible. His iconoclastic activities destroyed his political chances. He died at Dobbs Ferry, New York, on July 21, 1899.

Ingersoll is represented, in addition to the present volume, in the following Little Blue Books: *Wisdom of Ingersoll* (No. 56); *Vindication of Thomas Paine* (No. 88); *Controversy on Christianity* (with W. E. Gladstone, No. 130); *Lecture on Shakespeare* (No. 160); *Lecture on Lincoln* (No. 213).

The present discussion between Ingersoll and Manning was one conducted by the *North American Review* in 1887 and 1888. In editing the texts of each man I have made every endeavor to be impartial; the fact that Ingersoll is given nearly twice the space that is allotted to Manning is in keeping with the original texts, whose lengths were in about this same proportion.

LLOYD E. SMITH.

ROME OR REASON

THE CHURCH ITS OWN WITNESS

Cardinal Manning

The Vatican Council,[1] in its Decree on Faith, has these words: "The Church itself, by its marvelous propagation, its eminent sanctity, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things, its catholic unity and invincible stability, is a vast and perpetual motive of credibility, and an irrefragable witness of its own Divine legation." Its Divine Founder said: "I am the light of the world"; and, to His Apostles, He said also, "Ye are the light of the world," and of His Church He added, "A city seated on a hill cannot be hid." The Vatican Council says, "The Church is its own witness." My purpose is to draw out this assertion more fully.

These words affirm that the Church is self-evident, as light is to the eye, and through sense, to the intellect. Next to the sun at noonday, there is nothing in the world more manifest than the one visible Universal Church. Both the faith and the infidelity of the world bear witness to it. It is loved and hated, trusted and feared, served and assaulted, honored and blasphemed: it is Christ or Antichrist,

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[1]Convened in 1869 by Pius IX; the first since the Council of Trent, three hundred years earlier; made famous by its ratification of "papal infallibility."

the Kingdom of God or the imposture of Satan. It pervades the civilized world. No man and no nation can ignore it, none can be indifferent to it. Why is all this? How is its existence to be accounted for?

Let me suppose that I am an unbeliever in Christianity, and that some *friend* should make me promise to examine the evidence to show that Christianity is a Divine revelation; I should then sift and test the evidence as strictly as if it were in a court of law, and in a cause of life and death; my will would be in suspense; it would in no way control the process of my intellect. If it had any inclination from the equilibrium, it would be toward mercy and hope; but this would not add a feather's weight to the evidence, nor sway the intellect a hair's breadth.

After the examination has been completed, and my intellect convinced, the evidence being sufficient to prove that Christianity is a divine revelation, nevertheless, I am not yet a Christian. All this sifting brings me to the conclusion of a chain of reasoning; but I am not yet a believer. The last act of reason has brought me to the brink of the first act of faith. They are generically distinct and separable. The acts of reason are intellectual, and jealous of the interference of the will. The act of faith is an imperative act of the will, founded on and justified by the process and conviction of the intellect. Hitherto I have been a critic: henceforward, if I will, I become a disciple.

It may here be objected that no man can so far suspend the inclination of the will when

the question is, has God indeed spoken to man or no? is the revealed law of purity, generosity, perfection, divine, or only the poetry of imagination? Can a man be indifferent between two such sides of the problem? Will he not desire the higher and better side to be true? and if he desire, will he not incline to the side that he desires to find true? Can a moral being be absolutely indifferent between two such issues? and can two such issues be equally attractive to a moral agent? Can it be indifferent and all the same to us whether God has made Himself and His will known to us or not? Is there no attraction in light, no repulsion in darkness? Does not the intrinsic and eternal distinction of good and evil make itself felt in spite of the will? Are we not responsible to "receive the truth in the love of it?" Nevertheless, evidence has its own limits and quantities, and cannot be made more or less by any act of the will. And yet, what is good or bad, high or mean, lovely or hateful, ennobling or degrading, must attract or repel men as they are better or worse in their moral sense; for an equilibrium between good and evil, to God or to man, is impossible.

The last act of my reason, then, is distinct from my first act of faith precisely in this: so long as I was uncertain I suspended the inclination of my will, as an act of fidelity to conscience and of loyalty to truth; but the process once complete, and the conviction once attained, my will imperatively constrains me to believe, and I become a disciple of a Divine revelation.

My friend next tells me that there are Christian Scriptures, and I go through precisely the same process of critical examination and final conviction, the last act of reasoning preceding, as before, the first act of faith.

He then tells me that there is a Church claiming to be divinely founded, divinely guarded, and divinely guided in its custody of Christianity and of the Christian Scriptures.

Once more I have the same twofold process of reasoning and of believing to go through.

There is, however, this difference in the subject-matter: Christianity is an order of super-natural truth appealing intellectually to my reason; the Christian Scriptures are voiceless, and need a witness. They cannot prove their own mission, much less their own authenticity or inspiration. But the Church is visible to the eye, audible to the ear, self-manifesting and self-asserting: I cannot escape from it. If I go to the east, it is there; if I go to the west, it is there also. If I stay at home, it is before me, seated on the hill; if I turn away from it, I am surrounded by its light. It pursues me and calls to me. I cannot deny its existence; I cannot be indifferent to it; I must either listen to it or wilfully stop my ears; I must heed it or defy it, love it or hate it. But my first attitude toward it is to try it with forensic strictness, neither pronouncing it to be Christ nor Antichrist till I have tested its origin, claim, and character. Let us take down the case in shorthand.

1. It says that it interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world. In some it holds

the whole nation in its unity, in others it holds fewer; but in all it is present, visible, audible, naturalized, and known as the one Catholic Church, a name that none can appropriate. Though often claimed and controversially assumed, none can retain it; it falls off. The world knows only one Catholic Church, and always restores the name to the right owner.

2. It is not only a national body, but extra-national, accused of its foreign relations and foreign dependence. It is international, and independent in a supernational unity.

3. In faith, divine worship, sacred ceremonial, discipline, government, from the highest to the lowest, it is the same in every place.

4. It speaks all languages in the civilized world.

5. It is obedient to one Head, outside of all nations, except one only; and in that nation, his headship is not national but world-wide.

6. The world-wide sympathy of the Church in all lands with its Head has been manifested in our days, and before our eyes, by a series of public assemblages in Rome,[2] of which nothing like or second to it can be found. . . . To this, again, must be added the world-wide outcry and protest of all the Catholic unity against

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[2]The Cardinal's figures, summarized, are: 1854, 350 bishops in Rome, definition of Immaculate Conception; 1862, 400 bishops, canonization of Japanese martyrs; 1867, 500 bishops, 18th centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom; 1870, 700 bishops, Vatican Council—during which, on the Feast of the Epiphany, bishops of 30 nations knelt for two hours before the pope.

the seizure and sacrilege of September, 1870, when Rome was taken by the Italian Revolution.[3]

7. All this came to pass not only by reason of the great love of the Catholic world for Pius IX, but because they revered him as the successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. For that undying reason the same events have been reproduced in the time of Leo XIII. In the early months of this year[4] Rome was once more filled with pilgrims of all nations, coming in thousands as representatives of millions in all nations, to celebrate the sacerdotal jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff. The courts of the Vatican could not find room for the multitude of gifts and offerings of every kind which were sent from all quarters of the world.

8. These things are here said, not because of any other importance, but because they set forth in the most visible and self-evident way the living unity and the luminous universality of the One Catholic and Roman Church.

9. What has thus far been said is before our eyes at this hour. It is no appeal to history, but to a visible and palpable fact. Men may explain it as they will; deny it, they cannot. They see the Head of the Church year by year speaking to the nations of the world; treating with Empires, Republics and Governments. There is no other man on earth that

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[3]Marking the end of the temporal power of the pope; ever since, the pope has considered himself a prisoner in the Vatican.

[4]1887.

can so bear himself. Neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople can such a voice go forth to which rulers and people listen.

This is the century of revolutions.[5] Rome has in our time been besieged three times; three Popes have been driven out of it, two have been shut up in the Vatican.[6] The city is now full of the Revolution. The whole Church has been tormented by Falk laws,[7] Mancini laws,[8] and Crispi laws.[9] An unbeliever in Germany said some years ago, "The net is now drawn so tight about the Church, that if it escapes this time I will believe in it." Whether he believes, or is even alive now to believe, I cannot say.

Nothing thus far has been said as proof. The visible, palpable facts, which are at this moment before the eyes of all men, speak for themselves. There is one, and only one, world-wide unity of which these things can be said.

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[5]As witness: Mexico, 1821, independence from Spain; 1821-29, Greek War for Independence; 1822, in Portugal; 1830, in France; 1848, throughout Europe; 1857, mutiny in India; 1861-65, American Civil War.

[6]Pius IX and Leo XIII, "prisoners" by their own choice, under their oath never to submit to the Italian Government's domination of Rome.

[7]Paul Ludwig Falk (1827-1900), German statesman, caused enactment of "Falk laws" for repression of Roman Catholic clergy.

[8]Pasquale Stanislao Mancini (1817-1888), Italian jurist and statesman, active against religious interests.

[9]Francesco Crispi (1819-1901), Italian military dictator.

It is a fact and a phenomenon for which an intelligible account must be rendered. If it be only a human system built up by the intellect, will and energy of men, let the adversaries prove it. The burden is upon them; and they will have more to do as we go on.

Thus far we have rested upon the evidence of sense and fact. We must now go on to history and reason.

Every religion and every religious body known to history has varied from itself and broken up. Brahminism has given birth to Buddhism[10]; Mahometanism[11] is parted into the Arabian and European Khalifates; the Greek schism into the Russian, Constantinopolitan, and Bulgarian antocephalous fragment; Protestantism into its multitudinous diversities. All have departed from their original type, and all are continually developing new and irreconcilable, intellectual and ritualistic, diversities and repulsions. How is it that, with all diversities of languages, civilization, race, interest, and conditions, social and political, including persecution and warfare, the Catholic nations are at this day, even when in warfare, in unchanged unity of faith, communion, worship and spiritual sympathy with each other and with their Head? This needs a rational explanation.

It may be said in answer, endless divisions

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[10]Essence of Buddhism, Little Blue Book No. 325.
[11]Essence of the Koran, Little Blue Book No. 428.

have come out of the Church, from Arius[12] to Photius,[13] and from Photius to Luther.[14]

Yes, but they all came out. There is the difference. They did not remain in the Church, corrupting the faith. They came out, and ceased to belong to the Catholic unity, as a branch broken from a tree ceases to belong to the tree. But the identity of the tree remains the same. A branch is not a tree, nor a tree a branch. A tree may lose its branches, but it rests upon its root, and renews its loss. Not so the religions, so to call them, that have broken away from unity. Not one has retained its members or its doctrines. Once separated from the sustaining unity of the Church, all separations lose their spiritual cohesion, and then their intellectual identity. *Ramus proecisus arescit.*[15]

For the present it is enough to say that no human legislation, authority or constraint can ever create internal unity of intellect and will; and that the diversities and contradictions generated by all human systems prove the absence of Divine authority. Variations or contradictions are proof of the absence of a Divine mission to mankind. All natural causes run to disintegration. Therefore, they can

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[12]An Alexandrian presbyter of the 4th century, denied the Trinity.

[13]A patriarch of Constantinople, 9th century, denied papal jurisdiction; origin of Greek schism. (withers)."

[14]Martin Luther, German reformer, 16th century: justification by faith, supremacy of Bible, and right of private judgment.

[15]"The fallen (or broken-off) branch becomes dry

render no account of the world-wide unity of the One Universal Church.

Such, then, are the facts before our eyes at this day. We will seek out the origin of the body or system called the Catholic Church, and pass at once to its outset eighteen hundred years ago.

I affirm, then, three things: (1) First, that no adequate account can be given of this undeniable fact from natural causes; (2) that the history of the Catholic Church demands causes above nature; and (3) that it has always claimed for itself a Divine origin and Divine authority.

I. And, first, before we examine what it was and what it has done, we will recall to mind what was the world in the midst of which it arose.

The most comprehensive and complete description of the old world, before Christianity came in upon it, is given in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Mankind had once the knowledge of God: that knowledge was obscured by the passions of sense; in the darkness of the human intellect, with the light of nature still before them, the nations worshipped the creature—that is, by pantheism, polytheism, idolatry; and, having lost the knowledge of God and of His perfections, they lost the knowledge of their own nature and of its laws, even of the natural and rational laws, which thenceforward ceased to guide, restrain, or govern them. They became perverted and inverted with every possible abuse, defeating the end and destroying the powers

of creation. The lights of nature were put out, and the world rushed headlong into confusions, of which the beasts that perish were innocent. This is analytically the history of all nations but one. A line of light still shone from Adam to Enoch, from Enoch to Abraham, to whom the command was given, "Walk before Me and be perfect." And it ran on from Abraham to Caiaphas, who crucified the founder of Christianity. Through all anthropomorphisms of thought and language this line of light still passed inviolate and inviolable. But in the world, on either side of that radiant stream, the whole earth was dark. The intellectual and moral state of the Greek world may be measured in its highest excellence in Athens; and of the Roman world in Rome. The state of Athens—its private, domestic, and public morality—may be seen in Aristophanes.[16]

Christianity came in "the fullness of time." What that fullness may mean, is one of the mysteries of times and seasons which it is not for us to know. But one motive for the long delay of four thousand years is not far to seek. It gave time, full and ample, for the utmost development and consolidation of all the falsehood and evil of which the intellect and will of man are capable. The four great empires were each of them the concentration of a supreme effort of human power. The sec-

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[16]A Greek dramatist of the 4th and 5th centuries before Christ: The Clouds (Little Blue Book No. 647); The Frogs (No. 758); The Birds (No. 759); Acharnians (No. 817).

ond inherited from the first, the third from both, the fourth from all three. It was, as it was foretold or described, as a beast, "exceeding terrible; his teeth and claws were of iron; he devoured and broke in pieces; and the rest he stamped upon with his feet." The empire of man over man was never so widespread, so absolute, so hardened into one organized mass, as in Imperial Rome. The world had never seen a military power so disciplined, irresistible, invincible; a legislation so just, so equitable, so strong in its execution; a government so universal, so local, so minute. It seemed to be imperishable. Rome was called the eternal. The religions of all nations were enshrined in Dea Roma; adopted, practiced openly, and taught. They were all *religiones licitae*, known to the law; not tolerated only, but recognized. The theologies of Egypt, Greece, and of the Latin world, met in an empyreum, consecrated and guarded by the Imperial law, and administered by the Pontifex Maximus.[17] No fanaticism ever surpassed the religious cruelties of Rome. Add to all this the colluvies of false philosophies of every land, and of every date. They both blinded and hardened the intellect of public opinion and of private men against the invasion of anything except contempt, and hatred of both the philosophy of sophists and of the religion of the people. Add to all this the sensuality of the most refined and of the

[17]The official title of the pope, as head of the priestly college of Rome; earlier, Roman head of religious worship.

a moral confusion and corruption which violated every law of nature.

The god of this world had built his city. From foundation to parapet, everything that the skill and power of man could do had been done without stint of means or limit of will. The Divine hand was stayed, or rather, as St. Augustine[18] says, an unsurpassed natural greatness was the reward of certain natural virtues, degraded as they were in unnatural abominations. Rome was the climax of the power of man without God, the apotheosis of the human will, the direct and supreme antagonist of God in His own world. In this the fullness of time was come. Man built all this for himself. Certainly, man could not also build the City of God. They are not the work of one and the same architect, who capriciously chose to build first the city of confusion, suspending for a time his skill and power to build some day the City of God. Such a hypothesis is folly. Of two things, one. Disputers must choose one or the other. Both cannot be asserted, and the assertion needs no answer—it refutes itself. So much for the first point.

II. In the reign of Augustus, and in a remote and powerless Oriental race, a Child was born in a stable of a poor Mother. For thirty years He lived a hidden life; for three years He preached the Kingdom of God, and gave laws hitherto unknown to men. He died in

[18]One of the Latin Church fathers, 4th century: Confessions of St. Augustine (Little Blue Book No. 735).

grossest luxury the world has ever seen, and ignominy upon the Cross; on the third day He rose again; and after forty days He was seen no more. This unknown Man created the world-wide unity of intellect and will which is visible to the eye, and audible, in all languages, to the ear. It is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations, in all ages, to this day. What proportion is there between the cause and the effect? What power was there in this isolated Man? What unseen virtues went out of Him to change the world? For change the world He did; and that not in the line or on the level of nature as men had corrupted it, but in direct contradiction to all that was then supreme in the world. He taught the dependence of the intellect against its self-trust, the submission of the will against its license, the subjugation of the passions by temperate control or by absolute subjection against their wilfull indulgence. This was to reverse what men believed to be the laws of nature: to make water climb upward and fire to point downward. He taught mortification of the lusts of the flesh, contempt of the lusts of the eyes, and hatred of the pride of life. What hope was there that such a teacher should convert imperial Rome? that such a doctrine should exorcise the fullness of human pride and lust? Yet so it has come to pass; and how? Twelve men more obscure than Himself, absolutely without authority or influence of this world, preached throughout the empire and beyond it. They asserted two facts: the one, that God had been

made man; the other, that He died and rose again. What could be more incredible? To the Jews the unity and spirituality of God were axioms of reason and faith; to the Gentiles, however cultured, the resurrection of the flesh was impossible. The Divine Person who had died and risen could not be called in evidence as the chief witness. He could not be produced in court. Could anything be more suspicious if credible, or less credible even if He were there to say so? All that they could do was to say, "We knew Him for three years, both before His death and after He rose from the dead. If you will believe us, you will believe what we say. If you will not believe us, we can say no more. He is not here, but in heaven. We cannot call him down." It is true, as we read, that Peter cured a lame man at the gate of the Temple. The Pharisees could not deny it, but they would not believe what Peter said; they only told him to hold his tongue. And yet thousands in one day in Jerusalem believed in the Incarnation and the Resurrection; and when the Apostles were scattered by persecution, wherever they went men believed their word. The most intense persecution was from the Jews, the people of faith and of Divine traditions. In the name of God and of religion they stoned Stephen, and sent Saul to persecute at Damascus. More than this, they stirred up the Romans in every place. As they had forced Pilate to crucify Jesus of Nazareth, so they swore to slay Paul. And yet, in spite of all, the faith spread.

It is true, indeed, that the Empire of Alex-

ander, the spread of the Hellenistic Greek, the prevalence of Greek in Rome itself, the Roman roads which made the Empire traversible, the Roman peace which sheltered the preachers of the faith in the outset of their work, gave them facilities to travel and to be understood. But these were only external facilities, which in no way rendered more credible or more acceptable the voice of penance and mortification, or the mysteries of the faith, which was immutably "to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness." It was in changeless opposition to nature as man had marred it; but it was in absolute harmony with nature as God had made it to His own likeness. Its power was its persuasiveness; and its persuasiveness was in its conformity to the highest and noblest aspirations and aims of the soul of man. The master-key so long lost was found at last; and its conformity to the wards of the lock was its irrefragable witness to its own mission and message.

But if it is beyond belief that Christianity in its outset made good its foothold by merely human causes and powers, how much more does this become incredible in every age as we come down from the first century to the nineteenth, and from the Apostolic mission to the world-wide Church, Catholic and Roman, at this day.

Not only did the world in the fullness of its power give to the Christian faith no help to root or to spread itself, but it wreaked all the fullness of its power upon it to uproot and to destroy it. Of the first thirty Pontiffs in

Rome, twenty-nine were martyred. Ten successive persecutions, or rather one universal and continuous persecution of two hundred years, with ten more bitter excesses of enmity in every province of the Empire, did all that man can do to extinguish the Christian name. The Christian name may be blotted out here and there in blood, but the Christian faith can nowhere be slain. It is inscrutable, and beyond the reach of man. In nothing is the blood of martyrs more surely the seed of faith. Every martyrdom was a witness to the faith, and ten persecutions were the sealing of the work of the twelve Apostles. The destroyer defeated himself. Christ crucified was visibly set forth before all the nations, the world was a Calvary, and the blood of the martyrs preached in every tongue the Passion of Jesus Christ. The world did its worst, and ceased only for weariness and conscious defeat.

Then came the peace, and with peace the peril of the Church. The world outside had failed; the world inside began to work. It no longer destroyed life; it perverted the intellect, and, through intellectual perversion, assailed the faith at its center. . . . Throughout the centuries every article has been in succession perverted by heresy and defined by the Church. If the human intellect could fasten its perversions on the Christian faith, it would have done so long ago; and if the Christian faith had been guarded by no more than human intellect, it would long ago have been disintegrated, as we see in every religion outside the unity of the one Catholic Church.

There is no example in which fragmentary Christianities have not departed from their original type. No human system is immutable; no thing human is changeless. The human intellect, therefore, can give no sufficient account of the identity of the Catholic faith in all places and in all ages by any of its own natural processes or powers. The force of this argument is immensely increased when we trace the traditions of the faith through the nineteen Ecumenical Councils which, with one continuous intelligence, have guarded and unfolded the deposit of faith, defining every truth as it has been successively assailed, in absolute harmony and unity of progression. . . .

(Cardinal Manning now traces these traditions, pointing out that these Councils are the Senate and Parliament of the Church—but Senates and Parliaments, due to the changeableness of purely human things, meet year by year, and these Councils, proving the unchangeableness of the Divine Church, meet scarcely once a century. Church law even corrected and elevated Imperial law; for a record of which, Manning recommends the *Gesta Christi* of Charles Loring Brace. Summarizing, Manning says: "Starting from St. Peter to Leo XIII, there have been some 258 Pontiffs claiming to be, and recognized by the whole Catholic unity as, successors of St. Peter and Vicars of Jesus Christ. To them has been rendered in every age, not only the external obedience of outward submission, but the internal obedience of faith." "Every art of destruction had been tried: martyrdom, heresy, secularity,

schism; at last, two, and three, and four claimants, or, as the world says, rival Popes, were set up, that men might believe that St. Peter had no longer a successor, and our Lord no Vicar, upon earth; for, though all might be illegitimate, only one could be the lawful and true Head of the Church. Was it only by the human power of man that the unity, external and internal, which for fourteen hundred years had been supreme, was once more restored in the Council of Constance,[19] never to be broken again?")

But the inadequacy of human causes to account for the universality, unity, and immutability of the Catholic Church, will stand out more visibly if we look at the intellectual and moral revolution which Christianity has wrought in the world and upon mankind. . . .

(Christianity superseded "all theogonies and theologies of the first 4000 years.." "The monotheism of the world comes down from a primeval and Divine source. Polytheism is the corruption of men and of nations. Yet in the multiplicity of all polytheisms, one supreme Deity was always recognized. The Divine unity was imperishable." Christianity improved domestic life, instituting a strict observance of marriage. "Christianity republished the primitive law by which marriage unites only one man and one woman indissolubly in a perpetual contract." "The passions and practices of 4000 years were against the change; yet it was accomplished, and it reigns inviolate to this day, though the relaxations of schism in the East

[19]Held 1414-1418.

and the laxities of the West have revived the abuse of divorces, and have partially abolished the wise and salutary prohibitions which guard the homes of the faithful. These relaxations prove that all natural forces have been, and are, hostile to the indissoluble law of Christian marriage. Certainly, then, it was not by natural forces that the Sacrament of Matrimony and the legislation springing from it were enacted." "It was this that redeemed woman from the traditional degradation in which the world had held her." "The marriage state in the Christian world, though holy and good, is not the highest state. The state of virginity unto death is the highest condition of man and woman. But this is above the law of nature. It belongs to a higher order. And this life of virginity, in repression of natural passion and lawful instinct, is both above and against the tendencies of human nature. It begins in a mortification, and ends in a mastery over the movements and ordinary laws of human nature. Who will ascribe this to natural causes? and, if so, why did it not appear in the first 4000 years? And when has it ever appeared except in a handful of vestal virgins,[20] or in Oriental recluses, with what reality history shows? An exception proves a rule." Further, "the authority of parents, the obedience of children, the love of brotherhood, are the three active powers which have raised the society of man above the level of the old world," and Christianity is responsible for these. "The Christian law has

[20]Priestesses of Vesta (goddess of the hearth), under vows of chastity.

taught that man can lawfully sell his labor, but that he cannot lawfully be sold, or sell himself." Manning recommends that Dr. Döllinger's *Gentile and Jew* be added to Brace's *Gesta Christi*, for confirmation of his statements. "The highest excellence of men and of nations is the civilization of Christianity. The human race has ascended into what we call Christendom, that is, into the new creation of charity and justice among men. Christendom was created by the world-wide Church as we see it before our eyes at this day. Philosophers and statesmen believe it to be the work of their own hands: they did not make it; but they have for 300 years been unmaking it by reformations and revolutions. These are destructive forces. They build up nothing." Manning cites the testimony of an English professor, who, from independent examination, decided that Christ's achievement was "like no other achievement which history records.")

III. We come now to our third point, that Christianity has always claimed a Divine origin and a Divine presence as the source of its authority and powers.

To prove this by texts from the New Testament would be to transcribe the volume; and if the evidence of the whole New Testament were put in, not only might some men deny its weight as evidence, but we should place our whole argument upon a false foundation. Christianity was anterior to the New Testament and is independent of it. The Christian Scriptures presuppose both the faith and the Church as already existing, known, and be-

lieved. (Manning gives facts to prove this last statement.) We must, therefore, seek to know what was and is Christianity before and outside of the written books; and we have the same evidence for the oral tradition of the faith as we have for the New Testament itself. Both alike were in the custody of the Church; both are delivered to us by the same witness and on the same evidence. To reject either, is logically to reject both. Happily men are not saved by logic, but by faith. The millions of men in all ages have believed by inheritance of truth divinely guarded and delivered to them. They have no need of logical analysis. They have believed from their childhood. It is the penance of the doubter and the unbeliever to regain by toil his lost inheritance. . . .

(Manning cites St. Irenæus, who was the disciple of St. Polycarp, who was the disciple of St. John:)

I have quoted these passages at length, not so much as proofs of the Catholic Faith as to show the identity of the Church at its outset with the Church before our eyes at this hour, proving that the acorn has grown up into its oak, or, if you will, the identity of the Church at this hour with the Church of the Apostolic mission. These passages show the Episcopate, its central principality, its succession, its custody of the faith, its subsequent reception and guardianship of the Scriptures, its Divine tradition and the *charisma* or Divine assistance by which its perpetuity is secured in the succession of the Apostles. This is almost verbally, after 1800 years, the decree of the Vatican Coun-

cil: *Veritatis et fidei nunquam deficientis charisma.*[21]

(He quotes further from St. Irenæus, showing the nature of the Church in his day, and proving it to be no different from what it is today. He asserts the possibility of proving this identity all the way down the line, by quoting various authors and writers of each century.)

The world-wide testimony of the Catholic Church is a sufficient witness to prove the coming of the Incarnate Son to redeem mankind, and to return to His Father; it is also sufficient to prove the advent of the Holy Ghost to abide with us forever. The work of the Son in this world was accomplished by the Divine acts and facts of His three-and-thirty years of life, death, Resurrection, and Ascension. The office of the Holy Ghost is perpetual, not only as the Illuminator and Sanctifier of all who believe, but also as the Life and Guide of the Church. . . .

(Manning again states that the Church claims Divine guidance, that it has kept this guidance to the present hour. To refute those who point to intervals of worldliness and corruption in the Church, he asserts that this is its human element, and the human element is always corruptible. But, however corrupt this human element may become, it can never influence or change the Divine element. "The fall of Lucifer left no stain behind him." "The Church is not on probation. It is the instru-

[21]Freely: "Divine guidance is never lacking in truth and faith."

ment of probation to the world. As the light of the world, it is changeless as the firmament." "Who can be a disciple of Jesus Christ who does not believe the words, 'On this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it'?")

It is more than time that I should make an end; and to do so it will be well to sum up the heads of our argument. The Vatican Council declares that the world-wide Church is the irrefragable witness of its own legation or mission to mankind.

In proof of this I have affirmed:

1. That the imperishable existence of Christianity, and the vast and undeniable revolution that it has wrought in men and in nations, in the moral elevation of manhood and of womanhood, and in the domestic, social and political life of the Christian world, cannot be accounted for by any natural causes, or by any forces that are, as philosophers say, *intra possibilitatem naturae*, within the limits of what is possible to man.

2. That this world-wide and permanent elevation of the Christian world, in comparison with both the old world and the modern world outside of Christianity, demands a cause higher than the possibility of nature.

3. That the Church has always claimed a Divine origin, and a Divine office and authority in virtue of a perpetual Divine assistance. To this even the Christian world, in all its fragments external to the Catholic unity, bears witness. It is turned to our reproach. They rebuke us for holding the teaching of the Church

to be infallible. We take the rebuke as a testimony of our changeless faith. It is not enough for men to say that they refuse to believe this account of the visible and palpable fact of the imperishable Christianity of the Catholic and Roman Church. They must find a more reasonable, credible, and adequate account for it. This no man has yet done. The denials are many and the solutions are many; but they do not agree together. Their multiplicity is proof of their human origin. The claim of the Catholic Church to a Divine authority and to a Divine assistance is one and the same in every age, and is identical in every place. Error is not the principle of unity, nor truth of variations.

The Church has guarded the doctrine of the Apostles, by Divine assistance, with unerring fidelity. The articles of faith are today the same in number as in the beginning. The explicit definition of their implicit meaning has expanded from age to age, as the everchanging denials and perversions of the world have demanded new definitions of the ancient truth. The world is against all dogma, because it is impatient of definiteness and certainty in faith. It loves open questions and the liberty of error. Every truth defined adds to its treasure. It narrows the field of error and enlarges the inheritance of truth. The world and the Church are ever moving in opposite directions. As the world becomes more vague and uncertain, the Church becomes more definite. It moves against wind and tide, against the stress and storm of the world. There was never a more luminous evi-

dence of this supernatural fact than in the Vatican Council. For eight months all that the world could say and do, like the four months of heaven, was directed upon it. Governments, statesmen, diplomatists, philosophers, intriguers, mockers, and traitors did their utmost and their worst against it. They were in dread lest the Church should declare that by Divine assistance its Head in faith and morals cannot err;[22] for if this be true, man did not found it, man cannot reform it, man cannot teach it to interpret its history or its acts. It knows its own history, and is the supreme witness of its own legation.

I am well aware that I have been writing truisms, and repeating trite and trivial arguments. They are trite because the feet of the faithful for nearly 1900 years have worn them in their daily life; they are trivial because they point to the one path in which the wayfarer, though a fool, shall not err.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL MANNING,
(Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.)

[22] "Papal infallibility"—see Introduction.

A REPLY TO CARDINAL MANNING

Superstition "has ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision."

PART I

Cardinal Manning has stated the claims of the Roman Catholic Church with great clearness, and apparently without reserve. The age, position and learning of this man give a certain weight to his words, apart from their worth. He represents the oldest of the Christian churches. The questions involved are among the most important that can engage the human mind. No one having the slightest regard for that superb thing known as intellectual honesty, will avoid the issues tendered, or seek in any way to gain a victory over truth.

Without candor, discussion, in the highest sense, is impossible. All have the same interest, whether they know it or not, in the establishment of facts. All have the same to gain, the same to lose. He loads the dice against himself who scores a point against the right.

Absolute honesty is to the intellectual perception what light is to the eyes. Prejudice and passion cloud the mind. In each disputant should be blended the advocate and judge.

In this spirit, having in view only the ascertainment of the truth, let us examine the arguments, or rather the statements and conclusions, of Cardinal Manning.

The proposition is that "The Church itself, by its marvelous propagation, its eminent sanctity, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things, its catholic unity and invincible stability, is a vast and perpetual motive of credibility, and an irrefragable witness of its own divine legation." . . .

No one will dispute that the Catholic Church is the best witness of its own existence. The same is true of everything that exists—of every church, great and small, of every man, and of every insect.

But it is contended that the marvelous growth of propagation of the church is evidence of its divine origin. Can it be said that success is supernatural? All success in this world is relative. Majorities are not necessarily right. If anything is known—if anything can be known—we are sure that very large bodies of men have frequently been wrong. We believe in what is called the progress of mankind. Progress, for the most part, consists in finding new truths and getting rid of old errors—that is to say, getting nearer and nearer in harmony with the facts of nature, seeing with greater clearness the conditions of well-being.

There is no nation in which a majority leads the way. In the progress of mankind, the few have been the nearest right. There have been centuries in which the light seemed to emanate only from a handful of men while the rest of the world was enveloped in darkness. Some great man leads the way—he becomes the morning star, the prophet of a coming day. Afterwards, many millions accept his views. But

there are still heights above and beyond; there are other pioneers, and the old day, in comparison with the new, becomes a night. So we cannot say that success demonstrates either divine origin or supernatural aid.

We know, if we know anything, that wisdom has often been trampled beneath the feet of the multitude. We know that the torch of science has been blown out by the breath of the hydra-headed. We know that the whole intellectual heaven has been darkened again and again. The truth or falsity of a proposition cannot be determined by ascertaining the number of those who assert, or of those who deny.

If the marvelous propagation of the Catholic Church proves its divine origin, what shall we say of the marvelous propagation of Mohammedanism?

Nothing can be clearer than that Christianity arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire —that is to say, the ruins of Paganism. And it is equally clear that Mohammedanism arose out of the wreck and ruin of Catholicism.

After Mohammed came upon the stage, "Christianity was forever expelled from its most glorious seats—from Palestine, the scene of its most sacred recollections; from Asia Minor, that of its first churches; from Egypt, whence issued the great doctrine of Trinitarian Orthodoxy, and from Carthage, who imposed her belief on Europe." Before that time "the ecclesiastical chiefs of Rome, Constantinople, and of Alexandria were engaged in a desperate struggle for supremacy, carrying out their purposes

by weapons and in ways revolting to the conscience of man. Bishops were concerned in assassinations, poisonings, adulteries, blindings, riots, treasons, civil war. Patriarchs and primates were excommunicating and anathematizing one another in their rivalries for earthly power—bribing eunuchs with gold and courtesans and royal females with concessions of episcopal love. Among legions of monks who carried terror into the imperial armies and riot into the great cities arose hideous clamors for theological dogmas, but never a voice for intellectual liberty or the outraged rights of man.

"Under these circumstances, amid these atrocities and crimes, Mohammed arose, and raised his own nation from Fetichism, the adoration of the meteoric stone, and from the basest idol worship, and irrevocably wrenched from Christianity more than half—and that by far the best half—of her possessions, since it included the Holy Land, the Birthplace of the Christian faith, and Africa, which had imparted to it its Latin form; and now, after a lapse of more than a thousand years, that continent, and a very large part of Asia, remain permanently attached to the Arabian doctrine."

It may be interesting in this connection to say that the Mohammedan now proves the divine mission of his apostle by appealing to the marvelous propagation of the faith. If the argument is good in the mouth of a Catholic, is it not good in the mouth of a Moslem? Let us see if it is not better.

According to Cardinal Manning, the Cath-

olic Church triumphed only over the institutions of men—triumphed only over religions that had been established by men—by wicked and ignorant men. But Mohammed triumphed not only over the religions of men, but over the religion of God. This ignorant driver of camels, this poor, unknown, unlettered boy, unassisted by God, unenlightened by supernatural means, drove the armies of the true cross before him as the winter's storm drives withered leaves. At his name, priests, bishops, and cardinals fled with white faces—popes trembled, and the armies of God, fighting for the true faith, were conquered on a thousand fields.

If the success of a church proves its divinity, and after that another church arises and defeats the first, what does that prove?

Let us put this question in a milder form: Suppose the second church lives and flourishes in spite of the first, what does that prove?

As a matter of fact, however, no church rises with everything against it. Something is favorable to it, or it could not exist. If it succeeds and grows, it is absolutely certain that the conditions are favorable. If it spreads rapidly, it simply shows that the conditions are exceedingly favorable, and that the forces in opposition are weak and easily overcome . . .

(Ingersoll cites the example of the Mormon Church and its growth in America, of Joseph Smith and his golden plates translated "by the use of miraculous mirrors," of its miracles, and wonders, and absurd dogmas. "If there should be Mormon bishops in all the countries of the world, 1800 years from now, do you think a cardinal of that faith could prove the truth of

the golden plates simply by the fact that the faith had spread and that 700 bishops had knelt before the head of that church?")

It seems to me that a "supernatural" religion —that is to say, a religion that is claimed to have been divinely founded and to be authenticated by miracles, is much easier to establish among an ignorant people than any other—and the more ignorant the people, the easier such a religion could be established. The reason for this is plain. All ignorant tribes, all savage men, believe in the miraculous, in the supernatural. The conception of uniformity, of what may be called the eternal consistency of nature, is an idea far above their comprehension. They are forced to think in accordance with their minds, and as a consequence they account for all phenomena by the acts of superior beings—that is say, by the supernatural. In other words, that religion having most in common with the savage, having most that was satisfactory to his mind, or to his lack of mind, would stand the best chance of success.

It is probably safe to say that at one time, or during one phase of the development of man, everything was miraculous. After a time, the mind slowly developing, certain phenomena, always happening under like conditions, were called "natural," and none suspected any special interference. The domain of the miraculous grew less and less—the domain of the natural larger; that is to say, the common became the natural, but the uncommon was still regarded as the miraculous. The rising and setting of the sun ceased to excite the wonder of mankind—there was no miracle about that; but an eclipse of the sun was miraculous. Men did not then know that eclipses are periodical, that they happen with the same certainty that the sun rises. It took many observations through many generations to arrive at this con-

clusion. Ordinary rains became "natural," floods remained "miraculous."

But it can all be summed up in this: The average man regards the common as natural, the uncommon as supernatural. The educated man—and by that I mean the developed man—is satisfied that all phenomena are natural, and that the supernatural does not and cannot exist.

As a rule, an individual is egotistic in the proportion that he lacks intelligence. The same is true of nations and races. The barbarian is egotistic enough to suppose that an Infinite Being is constantly doing something, or failing to do something, on his account. But as man rises in the scale of civilization, as he becomes really great, he comes to the conclusion that nothing in Nature happens on his account—that he is hardly great enough to disturb motions of the planets.

(Applying all this, Ingersoll asserts that either Mormonism or Catholicism could have spread only among people who were naturally credulous—"by men incapable of reasoning upon such questions. It did not, it has not, it cannot triumph over the intellectual world." And counting its millions of followers proves nothing. "There was a time when the rotation of the earth was not believed by the majority.")

Let us press this idea further. There was a time when Christianity was not in the majority, anywhere. Let us suppose that the first Christian missionary had met a prelate of the Pagan faith, and suppose this prelate had used against the Christian missionary the Cardinal's argument—how could the missionary have answered if the Cardinal's argument is good?

But, after all, is the success of the Catholic Church a marvel? If this church is of divine origin, if it has been under the especial care, protection and guidance of an Infinite Being, is not its failure far more wonderful than its

success? For eighteen centuries it has persecuted and preached, and the salvation of the world is still remote. This is the result, and it may be asked whether it is worthwhile to try to convert the world to Catholicism.

Are Catholics better than Protestants? Are they nearer honest, nearer just, more charitable? Are Catholic nations better than Protestant? Do Catholic nations move in the van of progress? Within their jurisdiction are life, liberty and property safer than anywhere else? Is Spain the first nation of the world?

Let me ask another question. Are Catholics or Protestants better than Freethinkers? Has the Catholic Church produced a greater man than Humboldt? Has the Protestant produced a greater than Darwin? Was not Emerson, so far as purity of life is concerned, the equal of any true believer? Was Pius IX, or any other vicar of Christ, superior to Abraham Lincoln?

(Replying to the repeated argument that the Catholic Church is universal, and that its universality proves its divinity, Ingersoll calls attention to the fact that at the end of the 15th century the Western Hemisphere was still in darkness. "Certainly the Catholic Church was not then universal." And today there are untold millions of China, Japan, India, Africa. "Can it truthfully be said that the Catholic Church is now universal?")

The Cardinal next tries to prove that the Catholic Church is divine, "by its eminent sanctity and its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things."

And here let me admit that there are many millions of good Catholics—that is, of good men and women who are Catholics. It is unnecessary to charge universal dishonesty or hypocrisy, for the reason that this would be only a kind of personality. Many thousands of heroes have died in defense of the faith, and millions

of Catholics have killed and been killed for the sake of their religion.

And here it may be well enough to say that martyrdom does not even tend to prove the truth of a religion. The man who dies in flames, standing by what he believes to be true, establishes, not the truth of what he believes, but his sincerity.

Without calling in question the intentions of the Catholic Church, we can ascertain whether it has been "inexhaustibly fruitful in all good things," and whether it has been "eminent for its sanctity."

In the first place, nothing can be better than goodness. Nothing is more sacred, or can be more sacred, than the well-being of man. All things that tend to increase or preserve the happiness of the human race are good—that is to say, they are sacred. All things that tend to the destruction of man's well-being, that tend to his unhappiness, are bad, no matter by whom they are taught or done.

It is perfectly certain that the Catholic Church has taught and still teaches that intellectual liberty is dangerous—that it should not be allowed. It was driven to take this position because it had taken another. It taught, and still teaches, that a certain belief is necessary to salvation. It has always known that investigation and inquiry led, or might lead, to doubt; that doubt leads, or may lead, to heresy, and that heresy leads to hell. In other words, the Catholic Church has something more important than this world, more important than the well-being of man here. It regards this life as an opportunity for joining that church, for accepting that creed, and for the saving of your soul.

If the Catholic Church is right in its premises, it is right in its conclusion. If it is necessary to believe the Catholic creed in order to

obtain eternal joy, then, of course, nothing else in this world is, comparatively speaking, of the slightest importance. Consequently, the Catholic Church has been, and still is, the enemy of intellectual freedom, of investigation, of inquiry—in other words, the enemy of progress in secular things.

The result of this was an effort to compel all men to accept the belief necessary to salvation. This effort naturally divided itself into persuasion and persecution.

It will be admitted that the good man is kind, merciful, charitable, forgiving and just. A church must be judged by the same standard . . . If the church imprisons a man for the expression of an honest opinion, is it not certain, either that the doctrine of the church is wrong, or that the church is bad? Both cannot be good. "Sanctity" without goodness is impossible. Thousands of "saints" have been the most malicious of the human race. If the history of the world proves anything, it proves that the Catholic Church was for many centuries the most merciless institution that ever existed among men. I cannot believe that the instruments of persecution were made and used by the eminently good; neither can I believe that honest people were imprisoned, tortured, and burned at the stake by a church that was "inexhaustibly fruitful in all good things."

And let me say here that I have no Protestant prejudices against Catholicism, and have no Catholic prejudices against Protestantism. I regard all religions either without prejudice or with the same prejudice. They were all, according to my belief, devised by men, and all have for a foundation ignorance of this world and fear of the next. . . . I believe myself to be in a frame of mind to justly and fairly consider the claims of different religions, be-

lieving as I do that all are wrong, and admitting as I do that there is some good in all.

(Ingersoll cites an inventory of horror, selected from the Inquisition, against the Cardinal's characterization of "fruitful in all good things." He calls to witness "millions in the darkness of dungeons—millions who perished by the sword—vast multitudes destroyed in flames—those who were flayed alive—those who were blinded—those whose tongues were cut out—those into whose ears were poured molten lead—those whose eyes were deprived of their lids—those who were tortured and tormented in every way by which pain could be inflicted and human nature overcome." Indeed, not satisfied with this, he asserts that the church "threatened punishment here, imprisonment here, burnings here, and, in the name of their God, eternal imprisonment and eternal burnings hereafter." "We know, too, that the Catholic Church was, during all the years of its power, the enemy of every science." It "opposed every discovery calculated to improve the condition of mankind." "Think of a woman—the mother of a family—taken from her children and burned, on account of her view as to the three natures of Jesus Christ." "Think of this church, 'fruitful in all good things,' launching its course at an honest man—not only cursing him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet with a fiendish particularity, but having at the same time the impudence to call on God, and the Holy Ghost, and Jesus Christ, and the Virgin Mary, to join in the curse; and to curse him not only here, but forever hereafter—calling upon all the saints and upon all the redeemed to join in a hallelujah of curses, so that earth and heaven would reverberate with countless curses launched at a human being solely for having

expressed an honest thought." This church allowed men to "rot in dungeons, because they were guilty of the crime of having been suspected" of heresy.)

(It is too late, Ingersoll says, to speak of the "invincible stability" of the Catholic Church. It was not invincible in the 7th, 8th, or 9th centuries; it is not invincible today in Scotland, England, Paris, or Berlin, or in "any intellectual center of the world." Against the goodness of the argument that the church "interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world" and "in some holds the whole nation in its unity," he cites the example of Spain, one of the most Catholic of countries. Spain "imprisoned the honest, burned the noble, and succeeded after many years of devotion to the true faith, in destroying the industry, the intelligence, the usefulness, the genius, the nobility and the wealth of a nation. It became a wreck, a jest of the conquered, and excited the pity of its former victims. In this period of degradation, the Catholic Church held 'the whole nation in its unity'." But Spain changed, and made alliances with infidel powers—Turkey, Tripoli, Algiers, the Barbary States. "Spain has progressed in the arts and sciences, in all that tends to enrich and ennoble a nation, in the precise proportion that she has lost faith in the Catholic Church. . . . Spain is not yet clothed in her right mind. A few years ago the cholera visited Madrid and other cities. Physicians were mobbed. Processions of saints carried the host through the streets for the purpose of staying the plague. The streets were not cleaned; the sewers were filled. Filth and faith, old partners, reigned supreme. The church, 'eminent for its sanctity,' stood in the light and cast its shadow on the ignorant and the prostrate." Ingersoll does not disparage the heroism of some of these religious men in

visiting the sick. But their religion caused what it could not prevent. "Goodness is not enough—intelligence is necessary.")

It is admitted that the Catholic Church exists in many nations; that it is dominated, at least in a great degree, by the Bishop of Rome—that it is international in that sense, and that in that sense it has what may be called a "supernational unity." The same, however, is true of the Masonic fraternity. It exists in many nations, but it is not a national body. It is in the same sense extranational, in the same sense international, and has in the same sense a supernational unity. So the same may be said of other societies. This, however, does not tend to prove that anything supernational is supernatural.

It is also admitted that in faith, worship, ceremonial, discipline, and government, the Catholic Church is substantially the same wherever it exists. This establishes the unity, but not the divinity, of the institution.

The church that does not allow investigation, that teaches that all doubts are wicked, attains unity through tyranny, that is, monotony by repression. Wherever man has had something like freedom, differences have appeared, heresies have taken root, and the divisions have become permanent—new sects have been born and the Catholic Church has been weakened. The boast of unity is the confession of tyranny

(Ingersoll analyzes the Cardinal's statement, or rather his rhetorical question: "Was it only by the human power of man that the unity, external and internal, which for 1,400 years had been supreme, was once more restored in the Council of Constance, never to be broken again?" This is an admission that the unity of the Catholic Church had been broken, with a boast that it will never be broken again—

but this unity has been used as an argument for the divinity of the church. Once, then, this argument failed, for the unity was broken for years.)

Let us state the case in another way. Let us suppose that a man has a sword which he claims was made by God, stating that the reason he knows that God made the sword is that it never had been and never could be broken. Now, if it was afterwards ascertained that it had been broken, and the owner admitted that it had been, what would be thought of him if he then took the ground that it had been welded, and that the welding was the evidence that it was of divine origin?

A prophecy is then indulged in, to the effect that the internal and external unity of the church can never be broken again. It is admitted that it was broken—it is asserted that it was divinely restored—and then it is declared that it is never to be broken again. No reason is given for this prophecy; it must be born of the facts already stated. Put in a form to be easily understood, it is this:

We know that the unity of the church can never be broken, because the church is of divine origin.

We know that it was broken; but this does not weaken the argument, because it was restored by God, and it has not been broken since.

Therefore, it can never be broken again.

It is stated that the Catholic Church is immutable, and that its immutability establishes its claim to divine origin. Was it immutable when its unity, internal and external, was broken? Was it precisely the same after its unity was broken that it was before? Was it precisely the same after its unity was divinely restored that it was while broken? Was it

universal while it was without unity? Which of the fragments was universal—which was immutable? . . .

The fact that Catholics are to a great extent obedient to the pope establishes nothing except the thoroughness of the organization. . . . How was the Roman empire formed? . . . How is it that the few enslave the many? . . . The answer is in one word, Organization. The organized few triumph over the unorganized many.

We must remember that when Christianity was established the world was ignorant, credulous and cruel. The gospel with its idea of forgiveness—with its heaven and hell—was suited to the barbarians among whom it was preached. Let it be understood, once for all, that Christ had but little to do with Christianity. The people became convinced — being ignorant, stupid and credulous—that the church held the keys of heaven and hell. The foundation for the most terrible mental tyranny that has existed among men was in this way laid. . . . The Catholic Church resorted to every possible form of fraud; . . . tortured the accused to make them confess; it tortured witnesses to compel the commissions of perjury; it tortured children to make them convict their parents. . . . It was the enemy of intelligence, the assassin of liberty, and the destroyer of progress. It loaded the noble with chains and the infamous with honors. In one hand it carried the alms dish, in the other a dagger. It argued with the sword, persuaded with poison, and convinced with the fagot.

It is impossible to see how the divine origin of a church can be established by showing that hundreds of bishops have visited the pope. (This is the old argument of majority-proof. By it, a million pilgrims visiting Mecca should prove the truth of the Koran. "As a rule,

arrogance and humility go together. He who in power compels his fellow-man to kneel, will himself kneel when weak. . . . Great men stand face to face. They meet on equal terms. . . . The man of free and noble spirit will not kneel. Courage has no knees. Fear kneels, or falls upon its ashen face.")

The Cardinal insists that the pope is the vicar of Christ, and that all popes have been. What is a vicar of Christ? He is a substitute in office. He stands in the place, or occupies the position in relation to the church, in relation to the world, that Jesus Christ would occupy were he the pope at Rome. In other words, he takes Christ's place: so that, according to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, Jesus Christ himself is present in the person of the pope.

We all know that a good man may employ a bad agent. A good king might leave his realm and put in his place a tyrant and a wretch. . . . But if the king appointed a bad vicar, knowing him to be bad, knowing that he would imprison and burn the noble and generous, what excuse can be imagined for such a king?

Now, if the church is of divine origin, and if each pope is the vicar of Jesus Christ, he must have been chosen by Jesus Christ; and when he was chosen, Christ must have known exactly what his vicar would do. Can we believe that an infinitely wise and good Being would choose immoral, dishonest, ignorant, malicious, heartless, fiendish, and inhuman vicars?

The Cardinal admits that "this history of Christianity is the history of the church, and that the history of the church is the history of the Pontiffs," and he then declares that "the greatest statesmen and rulers that the world has ever seen are the Popes of Rome."

(In refutation, Ingersoll quotes from Draper's *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*. One passage will give the key to all.)

"From 896 to 900 five popes were consecrated. Leo V, in less than two months after he became pope, was cast into prison by Christopher, one of his chaplains. This Christopher usurped his place, and in a little while was expelled from Rome by Sergius III, who became pope in 905. This pope lived in criminal intercourse with the celebrated Theodora, who with her daughters, Marozia and Theodora, both prostitutes, exercised an extraordinary control over him. The love of Theodora was also shared by John X. She gave him the Archbishopric of Ravenna, and made him pope in 915. The daughter of Theodora overthrew this pope. She surprised him in the Lateran Palace. His brother, Peter, was killed; the pope was thrown into prison, where he was afterward murdered. Afterward, this Marozia, daughter of Theodora, made her own son pope, John XI. Many affirmed that Pope Sergius was his father, but his mother inclined to attribute him to her husband, Alberic, whose brother Guido she afterward married. Another of her sons, Alberic, jealous of his brother John, the pope, cast him and their mother into prison. Alberic's son was then elected pope as John XII.

"John was nineteen years old when he became the vicar of Christ. His reign was characterized by the most shocking immoralities, so that the Emperor Otho I was compelled by the German clergy to interfere. He was tried. It appeared that John had received bribes for the consecration of bishops; that he had ordained one who was only ten years old; that he was charged with incest, and with so many adulteries that the Lateran Palace had become

a brothel. He put out the eyes of one ecclesiastic; he maimed another—both dying in consequence of their injuries. He was given to drunkenness and to gambling. He was deposed at last, and Leo VII elected in his stead. Subsequently he got the upper hand. He seized his antagonists; he cut off the hand of one, the nose, the finger, and the tongue of others. His life was eventually brought to an end by the vengeance of a man whose wife he had seduced."

And yet, I admit that the most infamous popes, the most heartless and fiendish bishops, friars, and priests were models of mercy, charity and justice when compared with the orthodox God—with the God they worshiped. These popes, these bishops, these priests could persecute only for a few years—they could burn only for a few moments—but their God threatened to imprison and burn forever; and their God is as much worse than they were, as hell is worse than the Inquisition. . . .

It must be remembered that the popes were assassinated by Catholics—murdered by the faithful—that one vicar of Christ strangled another vicar of Christ, and that these men were "the greatest rulers and statesmen of the earth." . . .

It may be sufficient to say here that there is no crime that man can commit that has not been committed by the vicars of Christ. They have inflicted every possible torture, violated every natural right. Greater monsters the human race has not produced.

Among the "some 258" vicars of Christ there were probably some good men. This would have happened even if the intention had been to get all bad men, for the reason that man reaches perfection neither in good nor in evil; but if they were selected by Christ himself, if

they were selected by a church with a divine origin and under divine guidance, then there is no way to account for the selection of a bad one. If one hypocrite was duly elected pope—one murderer, one strangler, one starver—this demonstrates that all the popes were selected by men, and by men only, and that the claim of divine guidance is born of zeal and uttered without knowledge.

But who were the vicars of Christ? How many have there been? Cardinal Manning himself does not know. He is not sure. He says: "Starting from St. Peter to Leo XIII, there have been *some* 258 Pontiffs claiming to be recognized by the whole Catholic unity as successors of St. Peter and Vicars of Jesus Christ." Why did he use the word "some"? Why "claiming"? Does he not positively know? Is it possible that the present Vicar of Christ is not certain as to the number of his predecessors? Is he infallible in faith and fallible in fact?

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

PART II

If we live thus tamely,—
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,—
Farewell nobility.

No one will deny that "the pope speaks to many people in many nations; that he treats with empires and governments," and that "neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople such a voice goes forth."

How does the pope speak? What does he say?

He speaks against the liberty of man—against the progress of the human race. He speaks to calumniate the thinkers, and to warn the faithful against the discoveries of science. He speaks for the destruction of civilization.

Who listens? Do astronomers, geologists, and scientists put the hand to the ear fearing that an accent may be lost? Does France listen? Does Italy hear? Is not the church weakest at its center? Does Great Britain care for this voice—this moan, this groan—of the Middle Ages? Do the words of Leo XIII impress the intelligence of the Great Republic? Can anything be more absurd than for the vicar of Christ to attack a demonstration of science with a passage of Scripture, or a quotation from one of the "Fathers"?

(Ingersoll urges comparison between the popes and "human" monarchs—kings, queens, presidents. "If Adams had murdered Washington, and Jefferson had imprisoned Adams, and if Madison had cut off Jefferson's tongue . . . the verdict of the world would be that the people are not capable of selecting their presidents." But the pope grows weaker, being tormented, as Manning admits, "by Falk laws, by Mancini laws, and by Crispi laws." "Is it possible that this patriotic trinity is more powerful than the other?" Ingersoll scoffs at the notion that the Catholic religion is divine, and all other religions are the work of man. All are the work of men. Every dogma, creed, and nation has a predecessor in some faith before Catholicism.)

The founders of many religions have insisted that it was the duty of man to renounce the pleasures of sense, and millions before our era took the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, and most cheerfully lived upon the labor of others.

The sacraments of baptism and confirmation are far older than the Church of Rome. The Eucharist is pagan. Long before popes began to murder each other, pagans ate cakes

—the flesh of Ceres, and drank wine—the blood of Bacchus. Holy water flowed in the Ganges and Nile, priests interceded for the people, and anointed the dying.

(Other religions have had as many good points as Catholicism, if also as many bad. If perpetuation without change is urged as proof of divinity, what of Buddhism? "Is intellectual stagnation a demonstration of divine origin?" "Differentiation is the law of growth, of progress. Every church must gain or lose; it cannot remain the same; it must decay or grow.")

It is not true that "All natural causes run to disintegration." Natural causes run to integration as well as to disintegration. All growth is integration, and all growth is natural. All decay is disintegration, and all decay is natural. Nature builds and nature destroys. . . . But if the Cardinal is right, then every success must have been of divine origin, and nothing is natural but destruction. . . . According to this doctrine, if anything lives and grows, it does so in spite of nature. Growth, then, is not in accordance with, but in opposition to nature. Every plant is supernatural —it defeats the disintegrating influences of rain and light. The generalization of the Cardinal is half the truth. It would be equally true to say: All natural causes run to integration. But the whole truth is that growth and decay are equal.

(Ingersoll takes the Cardinal's words: "Christendom was created by the world-wide church as we see it before our eyes at this day. Philosophers and statesmen believe it to be the work of their own hands; they did not make it, but they have for 300 years been unmaking it by reformations and revolutions," and, saying that this proves Christendom has

been a failure, gradually weakening, for 300 years, he undertakes to show what it was just 300 years ago, at the height of its power. He cites Philip II of Spain—"he with the cramped head and the monstrous jaw"; the Duke of Alva's reign of terror in Holland; the Armada on the sea to flail the heretics of England; Charles IX of France, "after nearly sixteen centuries of Catholic Christianity," order the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew,[23] "the result of a conspiracy between the Vicar of Christ, Philip II, Charles IX, and his fiendish mother" (Catherine de Medici). At that time, too, Clement VIII, Vicar of Christ, persecuted Giordano Bruno.[24])

There are two things that cannot exist in the same universe—an infinite God and a martyr.

Does the Cardinal regret that kings and emperors are not now engaged in the extermination of Protestants? Does he regret that dungeons of the Inquisition are no longer crowded with the best and bravest?

In coming to a conclusion as to the origin of the Catholic Church—in determining the truth of the claim of infallibility—we are not restricted to the physical achievements of its propagation, or to the rapidity of its growth.

This church has a creed; and if this church is of divine origin—if its head is the vicar of Christ, and, as such, infallible in matters of faith and morals, this creed must be true. Let us start with the supposition that God exists, and that he is infinitely wise, powerful and good—and this is only a supposition.

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[23]Aug. 24, 1572—Protestants and Huguenots massacred by Catholics.

[24]Bruno: His life and Martyrdom (Little Blue Book No. 51).

Now, if the creed is foolish, absurd and cruel, it cannot be of divine origin. We find in this creed the following:

"Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith."

It is not necessary, before all things, that he be good, honest, merciful, charitable and just. Creed is more important than conduct The most important of all things is that he hold the Catholic faith. There were thousands of years during which it was not necessary to hold that faith, because that faith did not exist; and yet during that time the virtues were just as important as now, just as important as they ever can be. Millions of the noblest of the human race never heard of this creed. Millions of the bravest and best have heard of it, examined, and rejected it. Millions of the most infamous have believed it, and because of their belief, or notwithstanding their belief, have murdered millions of their fellows. We know that men can be, have been, and are just as wicked with it as without it. We know that it is not necessary to believe it to be good, loving, tender, noble and self-denying. We admit that millions who have believed it have also been self-denying and heroic, and that millions, by such belief, were not prevented from torturing and destroying the helpless.

Now, if all who believed it were good, and all who rejected it were bad, then there might be some propriety in saying that "whoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith." But as the experience of mankind is otherwise, the declaration becomes absurd, ignorant and cruel.

There is still another clause:

"Which faith, except everyone do keep entire

and inviolate, without doubt, he shall everlastingly perish."

We now have both sides of this wonderful truth: The believer will be saved, the unbeliever will be lost. We know that faith is not the child or servant of the will. We know that belief is a conclusion based upon what the mind supposes to be true. We know that it is not an act of the will. Nothing can be more absurd than to save a man because he is not intelligent enough to accept the truth, and nothing can be more infamous than to damn a man because he is intelligent enough to reject the false. It resolved itself into a question of intelligence. If the creed is true, then a man rejects it because he lacks intelligence. Is this a crime for which a man should everlastingly perish? If the creed is false, then a man accepts it because he lacks intelligence. In both cases the crime is exactly the same. If a man is to be damned for rejecting the truth, certainly he should not be saved for accepting the false. This one clause demonstrates that a being of infinite wisdom and goodness did not write it. It also demonstrates that it was the work of men who had neither wisdom nor a sense of justice.

What is this Catholic faith that must be held? It is this:

"That we worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance."

(Ingersoll demands: "Why should we pray to one God and think of three, or pray to three Gods and think of one?" "When you think of three as one, what do you do with the other two?" He goes on to the claim that the Catholic Church has preached the one true

God and has destroyed idols "by light instead of fire.")

The Catholic Church described the true God as a being who would inflict eternal pain on his weak and erring children; described him as a fickle, quick-tempered, unreasonable deity, whom honesty enraged, and whom flattery governed; one who loved to see fear upon its knees, ignorance with closed eyes and open mouth; one who delighted in useless self-denial, who loved to hear the sighs and sobs of suffering nuns, as they lay prostrate on dungeon floors; one who was delighted when the husband deserted his family and lived alone in some cave in the far wilderness, tormented by dreams and driven to insanity by prayer and penance, by fasting and faith.

According to the Catholic Church, the true God enjoyed the agonies of heretics. He loved the smell of their burning flesh; he applauded with wide palms when philosophers were flayed alive, and to him the *auto da fé*[25] was a divine comedy. The shrieks of wives, the cries of babes when fathers were being burned, gave contrast, heightened the effect and filled his cup with joy. . . .

It may also be said that the Catholic Church filled the world with the true knowledge of the one true Devil. . . . And yet, we are compelled to say, that the one true Devil described by the Catholic Church was not as malevolent as the one true God.

Is it true that the Catholic Church overthrew idolatry? What is idolatry? What shall we say of the worship of popes—of the doctrine of

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[25]"Act of faith"—applied to the ceremonial accompanying the execution of a punishment of the notorious Inquisition. Burnings of heretics were thus "autos da fé."

the Real Presence, of divine honors paid to saints, of sacred vestments, of holy water, of consecrated cups and plates, of images and relics, of amulets and charms? . . . Has the Cardinal forgotten the Council of Nice, held in the year of grace 787, that declared the worship of images to be lawful? Did that infallible Council, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, destroy idolatry?

The Cardinal takes the ground that marriage is a sacrament, and therefore indissoluble, and he also insists that celibacy is far better than marriage,—holier than a sacrament,—that marriage is not the highest state, but that "the state of virginity unto death is the highest condition of man and woman."

The highest ideal of a family is where all are equal—where love has superseded authority—where each seeks the good of all, and where none obey—where no religion can sunder hearts, and with which no church can interfere.

The real marriage is based on mutual affection—the ceremony is but the outward evidence of the inward flame. To this contract there are but two parties. The church is an impudent intruder. Marriage is made public to the end that the real contract may be known, so that the world can see that the parties have been actuated by the highest and holiest motives that find expression in the acts of human beings. . . . The indissolubility of marriage is a dogma that has filled the lives of millions with agony and tears. It has given a perpetual excuse for vice and immorality Fear has borne children begotten by brutality. Countless women have endured the insults, indignities and cruelties of fiendish husbands because they thought that it was the will of

God. The contract of marriage is the most important that human beings can make; but no contract can be so important as to release one of the parties from the obligation of performance; and no contract, whether made between man and woman, or between them and God, after a failure of consideration caused by the wilful act of the man or woman, can hold and bind the innocent and honest.

Do the believers in indissoluble marriage treat their wives better than others? . . . Thousands of husbands, who insist that marriage is indissoluble, are the beaters of wives.

The law of the church has created neither the purity nor the peace of domestic life. Back of all churches is human affection. Back of all theologies is the love of the human heart. Back of all your priests and creeds is the adoration of the one woman by the one man, and of the one man by the one woman. Back of your faith is the fireside; back of your folly is the family; and back of all your holy mistakes and your sacred absurdities is the love of husband and wife, of parent and child.

It is not true that neither the Greek nor the Roman world had any true conception of a home. The splendid story of Ulysses and Penelope, the parting of Hector and Andromache, demonstrates that a true conception of a home existed among the Greeks. . . . This church taught the uncleanness of marriage, and insisted that all children were conceived in sin. . . . Did this tend to the elevation of woman? Is it true that a monk is purer than a good and noble father?—that a nun is holier than a loving mother? . . .

The good man is useful, the best man is the most useful. Those who fill the nights with barren prayers and holy hunger torture them-

selves for their own good and not for the benefit of others. . . . Celibacy is the essence of vulgarity. It tries to put a stain upon motherhood, upon marriage, upon love—that is to say, upon all that is holiest in the human heart. Take love from the world and there is nothing left worth living for. The church has treated this great, this sublime, this unspeakably holy passion, as though it polluted the heart. They have placed the love of God above the love of woman, above the love of man. Human love is generous and noble. The love of God is selfish, because man does not love God for God's sake, but for his own. . . . The Cardinal ought to take the ground that to talk well is good, but that to be dumb is the highest condition; that hearing is a pleasure, but that deafness is ecstasy; and that to think, to reason, is very well, but that to be a Catholic is far better.

Why should we desire the destruction of human passions? Take passions from human beings and what is left? The great object should be not to destroy passions, but to make them obedient to the intellect. To indulge passion to the utmost is one form of intemperance —to destroy passion is another. The reasonable gratification of passion, under the domination of the intellect is true wisdom and perfect virtue. . . .

(Because celibacy is against nature, Manning asserted that its practice proved divine guidance. Ingersoll demands to know whether a mother throwing her babe into the Ganges to please a supposed God is not also against nature, and is not also proof of divinity? "Yet a religion that insisted on that sacrifice succeeded, and has, today, more believers than the Catholic Church can boast.")

It is illogical to take the ground that the

world was cruel and ignorant and idolatrous when the Catholic Church was established, and that because the world is better now than then, the church is of divine origin.

What was the world when science came? . . . Would it not be much easier to prove that science is of divine origin?

Science does not persecute. It does not shed blood—it fills the world with light. It cares nothing for heresy; it develops the mind, and enables man to answer his own prayers.

(Proceeding to the Cardinal's assertion that God waited until the world of man reached its highest culmination of evil before offering his Gospel to redeem it, Ingersoll asks: "Why should an infinitely wise God desire this development and consolidation? What would be thought of a father who should refuse to teach his son and deliberately allow him to go into every possible excess, to the end that he might 'develop all the falsehood and evil of which his intellect and will were capable'?" "It is declared that the history of Rome shows what man can do without God, and I assert that the history of the Inquisition shows what man can do when assisted by a church of divine origin, presided over by the infallible vicars of God." Ingersoll points out that the Cardinal says his religion is in harmony with nature, and yet insists that it is supernatural In reply to the argument that since the Pagans failed to destroy the church by persecution, it must be of divine origin, he summarizes a logical sequence.)

Paganism failed to destroy Catholicism by persecution; therefore, Catholicism is of divine origin.

Catholicism failed to destroy Protestantism

by persecution; therefore, Protestantism is of divine origin.

Catholicism and Protestantism combined failed to destroy Infidelity; therefore, Infidelity is of divine origin.

Let us make another application:

Paganism did not succeed in destroying Catholicism; therefore, Paganism was a false religion.

Catholicism did not succeed in destroying Protestantism; therefore, Catholicism is a false religion.

Catholicism and Protestantism combined failed to destroy Infidelity; therefore, both Catholicism and Protestantism are false religions.

(Ingersoll now gives a long array of facts and rebuttals to disprove the theory that the Canon Law is inspired. Since a heretic, under this law, could not be a witness against a Catholic, "A Catholic could enter the house of an unbeliever, and before the eyes of the husband and father murder his wife and children, and the father could not pronounce in the hearing of a judge the name of the murderer." "The world is wiser now, and the Canon Law, given to us by infinite wisdom, has been repealed by the common sense of man." Under this old law, giving aid to the heretic or to the excommunicated was a crime. "Is it possible that a being of infinite wisdom made hospitality a crime?" He assumes the importance of sheep knowing their shepherd, yet he gives facts to show that the Catholics did not always know their pope—in the case of rival popes, they could not tell the genuine from the counterfeit. Ingersoll discounts the Cardinal's quotations from St. Iranæus, asserting: "The Cardinal's case depends upon the intelligence and

veracity of his witnesses. The Fathers of the church were utterly incapable of examining a question of fact. They were all believers in the miraculous. The same is true of the apostles.")

What is the testimony of St. John worth in the light of the following? "Cerinthus, the heretic, was in a bathhouse. St. John and another Christian were about to enter. St. John cried out: 'Let us run away, lest the house fall upon us while the enemy of truth is in it.'" Is it possible that St. John thought that God would kill two eminent Christians for the purpose of getting even with one heretic? . . .

It is very hard, indeed, to prove what the apostles said, or what the Fathers of the church wrote. There were many centuries filled with forgeries—many generations in which the cunning hands of ecclesiastics erased, obliterated, or interpolated the records of the past—during which they invented books, invented authors, and quoted from works that never existed.

The testimony of the "Fathers" is without the slightest value. They believed everything—they examined nothing. They received as a waste-basket receives. Whoever accepts their testimony will exclaim with the Cardinal: "Happily, men are not saved by logic."

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

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"A Guide to Plato," etc.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER

I. COMTE AND DARWIN

The Kantian philosophy, which announced itself as "prolegomena to all future metaphysics," was, by malicious intent, a murderous thrust at traditional modes of speculation; and, contrary to intent, a damaging blow to all metaphysics whatsoever. For metaphysics had meant, throughout the history of thought, an attempt to discover the ultimate nature of reality; now men learned, on the most respectable authority, that reality could never be experienced; that it was a "noumenon," conceivable but not knowable; and that even the subtlest human intelligence could never pass beyond phenomena, could never pierce the veil of Maya. The metaphysical extravagances of Fichte, Hegel and Schelling, with their various readings of the ancient riddle, their Ego and Idea and Will, had canceled one another into zero; and by the eighteen-thirties the universe was generally conceded to have guarded its secret well. After a generation of Absolute intoxication, the mind of Europe reacted by taking a pledge against metaphysics of any kind.

Since the French had made a specialty of scepticism, it was natural that they should produce the founder (if there are such persons in philosophy, where every idea is hallowed with years) of the "positivist" movement. Auguste Comte—or, as his parents called him, Isidore Auguste Marie François Xavier Comte—was born at Montpellier in 1798. The idol of his youth was Benjamin Franklin, whom he called the modern Socrates. "You know that at five-and-twenty he formed the design of becoming perfectly wise. and that he fulfilled his

design. I have dared to undertake the same thing, though I am not yet twenty." He made a fair start by becoming secretary to the great Utopian, Saint-Simon, who passed on to him the reforming enthusiasm of Turgot and Condorcet, and the idea that the social, like physical phenomena, might be reduced to laws and science, and that all philosophy should be focused upon the moral and political improvement of mankind. But, like most of us who set out to reform the world, Comte found it difficult enough to manage his own home; in 1827, after two years of marital infelicity, he suffered a mental break-down, and attempted suicide in the Seine. To his rescuer, therefore, we owe something of the five volumes of *Positive Philosophy* which appeared between 1830 and 1842, and the four volumes of *Positive Polity* which appeared between 1851 and 1854.

This was an undertaking which, in scope and patience, was second in modern times only to Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy." Here the sciences were classified according to the decreasing simplicity and generality of their subject-matter: mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and sociology; each rested on the results of all the sciences before it; therefore sociology was the apex of the sciences, and the others had their reason for existence only in so far as they could provide illumination for the science of society. Science, in the sense of exact knowledge, had spread from one subject-matter to another in the order given; and it was natural that the complex phenomena of social life should be the last to yield to scientific method. In each field of thought the historian of ideas could observe a Law of Three Stages: at first the subject was conceived in the *theological* fashion, and all problems were explained by the will of some deity—

as when the stars were gods, or the chariots of gods; later, the same subject reached the *metaphysical* stage, and was explained by metaphysical abstractions—as when the stars moved in circles because circles were the most perfect figure; finally the subject was reduced to *positive* science by precise observation, hypothesis, and experiment, and its phenomena were explained through the regularities of natural cause and effect. The "Will of God" yields to such airy entities as Plato's "Ideas" or Hegel's "Absolute Idea," and these in turn yield to the laws of science. Metaphysics is a stage of arrested development: the time had come, said Comte, to abandon these puerilities. Philosophy was not something different from science; it was the co-ordination of all the sciences with a view to the improvement of human life.

There was a certain dogmatic intellectualism about this positivism which perhaps reflected the disillusioned and isolated philosopher. When, in 1845, Mme. Clotilde de Vaux (whose husband was spending his life in jail) took charge of Comte's heart, his affection for her warmed and colored his thought, and led to a reaction in which he placed feeling above intelligence as a reforming force, and concluded that the world could be redeemed only by a new religion, whose function it should be to nourish and strengthen the feeble altruism of human nature by exalting Humanity as the object of a ceremonial worship. Comte spent his old age devising for this Religion of Humanity an intricate system of priesthood, sacraments, prayers, and discipline; and proposed a new calendar in which the names of pagan deities and medieval saints should be replaced by the heroes of human progress. As a wit put it, Comte offered the world all of Catholicism except Christianity.

The positivist movement fell in with the flow of English thought, which took its spirit from a life of industry and trade, and looked up to matters of fact with a certain reverence. The Baconian tradition had turned thought in the direction of things, mind in the direction of matter; the materialism of Hobbes, the sensationalism of Locke, the scepticism of Hume, the utilitarianism of Bentham, were so many variations on the theme of a practical and busy life. Berkeley was an Irish discord in this domestic symphony. Hegel laughed at the English habit of honoring physical and chemical equipment with the name of "philosophical instruments"; but such a term came naturally to men who agreed with Comte and Spencer in defining philosophy as a generalization of the results of all the sciences. So it was that the positivist movement found more adherents in England than in the land of its birth; adherents perhaps not so fervent as the generous Littré, but endowed with that English tenacity which kept John Stuart Mill (1806-73) and Frederick Harrison (1831-1923) faithful all their lives to Comte's philosophy. while their English caution kept them aloof from his ceremonious religion.

Meanwhile the Industrial Revolution, born of a little science, was stimulating science in return. Newton and Herschel had brought the stars to England, Boyle and Davy had opened the treasures of chemistry, Faraday was making the discoveries that would electrify the world, Rumford and Joule were demonstrating the transformability and equivalence of force and the conservation of energy. The sciences were reaching a stage of complexity which would make a bewildered world welcome a synthesis. But above all these intellectual influences that stirred England in the youth of

Herbert Spencer was the growth of biology, and the doctrine of evolution. Science had been exemplarily international in the development of this doctrine: Kant had spoken of the possibility of apes becoming men; Goethe had written of the metamorphosis of plants; Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck had propounded the theory that species had evolved from simpler forms by the inheritance of the effects of use and disuse; and in 1830 St. Hilaire shocked Europe, and gladdened old Goethe, by almost triumphing against Cuvier in that famous debate on evolution which seemed like another *Ernani*, another revolt against classic ideas of changeless rules and orders in a changeless world.

In the eighteen-fifties evolution was in the air. Spencer expressed the idea, long before Darwin, in an essay on "The Development Hypothesis" (1852), and in his *Principles of Psychology* (1855). In 1858 Darwin and Wallace read their famous paper before the Linnaean Society; and in 1859 the old world, as the good bishops thought, crashed to pieces with the publication of the *Origin of Species*. Here was no mere vague notion of evolution, of higher species evolving somehow from lower ones; but a detailed and richly documented theory of the actual mode and process of evolution "by means of natural selection, or the preservation of favored races in the struggle for life." In one decade all the world was talking about evolution. What lifted Spencer to the crest of this wave of thought was the clarity of mind which suggested the application of the evolution idea to every field of study, and the range of mind which brought almost all knowledge to pay tribute to his theory. As mathematics had dominated philosophy in the seventeenth century, giving to the

world Descartes, Hobbes, Spinoza, Leibniz and Pascal; and as psychology had written philosophy in Berkeley and Hume and Condillac and Kant; so in the nineteenth century, in Schelling and Schopenhauer, in Spencer and Nietzsche and Bergson, biology was the background of philosophic thought. In each case the epochal ideas were the piece-meal production of separate men, more or less obscure; but the ideas are attached to the men who coordinated and clarified them, as the New World took the name of Amerigo Vespucci because he drew a map. Herbert Spencer was the Vespucci of the age of Darwin, and something of its Columbus too.

II. THE DEVELOPMENT OF SPENCER

He was born at Derby in 1820. In both lines his ancestors were Non-conformists or Dissenters. His father's mother had been a devoted follower of John Wesley; his father's brother, Thomas, though an Anglican clergyman, led a Wesleyan movement within the Church, never attended a concert or a play, and took an active part in movements for political reform. This drive to heresy became stronger in the father, and culminated in the almost obstinate individualism of Herbert Spencer himself. The father never used the supernatural to explain anything; he was described by one acquaintance (though Herbert considered this an exaggeration) as "without faith or religion whatever, so far as one could see."[1] He was inclined to science, and wrote an *Inventional Geometry*. In politics he was an individualist like his son and "would never take off his hat to anyone, no matter of what

[1]Spencer, *Autobiography*, New York, 1904; vol. i. p. 51.

rank."[2] "If he did not understand some question my mother put, he would remain silent; not asking what the question was, and letting it go unanswered. He continued this course all through his life, notwithstanding its futility; there resulted no improvement."[3] One is reminded (except for the silence) of Herbert Spencer's resistance, in his later years, to the extension of State functions.

The father, as well as an uncle and the paternal grandfather, were teachers of private schools; and yet the son, who was to be the most famous English philosopher of his century, remained till forty an uneducated man. Herbert was lazy, and the father was indulgent. At last, when he was thirteen, Herbert was sent to Hinton to study under his uncle, who had a reputation for severity. But Herbert promptly ran away from the uncle, and trudged all the way back to the paternal home at Derby—48 miles the first day, 47 the next, and 20 the third, all on a little bread and beer. Nevertheless he returned to Hinton after a few weeks, and stayed for three years. It was the only systematic schooling that he ever received. He could not say, later, just what it was he learned there; no history, no natural science, no general literature. He says, with characteristic pride: "That neither in boyhood nor youth did I receive a single lesson in English, and that I have remained entirely without formal knowledge of syntax down to the present hour, are facts which should be known; since their implications are at variance with assumptions universally accepted."[4] At the age of forty he tried to read the *Iliad*, but "after reading some six books I felt what a task it would be to go on—felt that I would

[2]P. 53. [3]P. 61. [4]P. vii.

rather give a large sum than read to the end."[5] Collier, one of his secretaries, tells us that Spencer never finished any book of science.[6] Even in his favorite fields he received no systematic instruction. He burnt his fingers and achieved a few explosions in chemistry; he browsed entomologically among the bugs about school and home; and he learned something about strata and fossils in his later work as a civil engineer; for the rest he picked his science casually as he went along. Until he was thirty he had no thought at all of philosophy.[7] Then he read Lewes, and tried to pass on to Kant; but finding, at the outset, that Kant considered space and time to be forms of sense-perception rather than objective things, he decided that Kant was a dunce, and threw the book away.[8] His secretary tells us that Spencer composed his first book, *Social Statics*, "having read no other ethical treatise than an old and now forgotten book by Jonathan Dymond." He wrote his *Psychology* after reading only Hume, Mansel and Reid; his *Biology* after reading only Carpenter's *Comparative Physiology* (and not the *Origin of Species*); his *Sociology* without reading Comte or Tylor; his *Ethics* without reading Kant or Mill or any other moralist than Sedgwick.[9] What a contrast to the intensive and relentless education of John Stuart Mill!

Where, then, did he find those myriad facts with which he propped up his thousand arguments? He "picked them up," for the most part, by direct observation rather than by reading. "His curiosity was ever awake, and he

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[5]P. 300.
[6]Appendix to Royce's *Herbert Spencer*.
[7]*Autob.*, i, 438.
[8]Pp. 289, 291.
[9]Collier, in Royce, 210f.

was continually directing the attention of his companion to some notable phenomenon . . . until then seen by his eyes alone." At the Athenaeum Club he pumped Huxley and his other friends almost dry of their expert knowledge; and he ran through the periodicals at the Club as he had run through those that passed through his father's hands for the Philosophical Society at Derby, "lynx-eyed for every fact that was grist to his mill."[10] Having determined what he wanted to do, and having found the central idea, evolution, about which all his work would turn, his brain became a magnet for relevant material, and the unprecedented orderliness of his thought classified the material almost automatically as it came. No wonder the proletaire and the business man heard him gladly; here was just such a mind as their own—a stranger to book-learning, innocent of "culture," and yet endowed with the natural, matter-of-fact knowledge of the man who learns as he works and lives.

For he was working for his living; and his profession intensified the practical tendency of his thought. He was surveyor, supervisor and designer of railway lines and bridges, and in general an engineer. He dripped inventions at every turn; they all failed, but he looked back upon them, in his *Autobiography*, with the fondness of a father for a wayward son; he sprinkled his reminiscent pages with patent salt-cellars, jugs, candle-extinguishers, invalid-chairs, and the like. As most of us do in youth, he invented new diets too; for a time he was vegetarian; but he abandoned it when he saw a fellow-vegetarian develop anemia, and himself losing strength; "I found that I had to rewrite what I had written dur-

[10] *Ibid.*

ing the time I was a vegetarian, because it was so wanting in vigor."[11] He was ready in those days to give everything a trial; he even thought of migrating to New Zealand, forgetting that a young country has no use for philosophers. It was characteristic of him that he made parallel lists of reasons for and against the move, giving each reason a numerical value. The sums being 110 points for remaining in England and 301 for going, he remained.

His character had the defects of its virtues. He paid for his resolute realism and practical sense by missing the spirit and zest of poetry and art. The only poetical touch in his twenty volumes was due to a printer who made Spencer speak of "the daily versification of scientific predictions." He had a fine persistence whose other side was an opinionated obstinacy; he could sweep the entire universe for proofs of his hypotheses, but he could not see with any insight another's point of view; he had the egotism that bears up the nonconformer, and he could not carry his greatness without some conceit. He had the limitations of the Pioneers: a dogmatic narrowness accompanying a courageous candor and an intense originality; sternly resisting all flattery, rejecting proffered governmental honors, and pursuing his painful work for forty years in chronic ill-health and modest seclusion; and yet marked, by some phrenologist who gained access to him—"Self-esteem very large."[12] The son and grandson of teachers, he wielded the ferule in his books, and struck a high didactic tone. "I am never puzzled," he tells us.[13] His solitary bachelor life left him lacking in the warmly human qualities, though he

[11] *Autob.*, i, 401. *"Post hoc propter hoc"?*
[12] P. 228. [13] P. 464.

could be indignantly humane. He had an affair with that great Englishman, George Eliot, but she had too much intellect to please him.[14] He lacked humor, and had no subtlety or nuances in his style. When he lost at his favorite game of billiards, he denounced his opponent for devoting so much time to such a game as to have become an expert in it. In his *Autobiography* he writes reviews of his own early books, to show how it should have been done.[15]

Apparently the magnitude of his task compelled him to look upon life with more seriousness than it deserves. "I was at the *Fête* of St. Cloud on Sunday," he writes from Paris; "and was much amused by the juvenility of the adults. The French never entirely cease to be boys; I saw grey-haired people riding on whirligigs such as we have at our own fairs."[16] He was so busy analyzing and describing life that he had no time to live it. After seeing Niagara Falls he jotted down in his diary: "Much what I had expected."[17] He describes the most ordinary incidents with the most magnificent pedantry—as when he tells us of the only time he ever swore.[18] He suffered no crises, felt no romance (if his memoirs record him well); he had some intimacies but he writes of them almost mathematically, plotting the curves of his tepid friendships without any uplifting touch of passion. A friend said of himself that he could not write well when dictating to a young woman stenographer; Spencer said that it did not bother him at all. His secretary says, "The passionless thin lips

[14] I, 457-62; II, 44. [15] I, 415, 540.
[16] I, 533. [17] II, 465.
[18] "Tyndall once said of him what a much better fellow he would be if he had a good swear now and again."—Elliott, *Herbert Spencer*, p. 61.

told of a total lack of sensuality, and the light eyes betrayed a lack of emotional depth."[19] Hence the monotonous levelness of his style: he never soars, and needs no exclamation-points; in a romantic century he stands like a sculptured lesson in dignity and reserve.

He had an exceptionally logical mind; he marshalled his *a prioris* and his *a posterioris* with the precision of a chess player. He is the clearest expositor of complex subjects that modern history can show; he wrote of difficult problems in terms so lucid that for a generation all the world was interested in philosophy. "It has been remarked," he says, "that I have an unusual faculty of exposition—set forth my data and reasonings and conclusions with a clearness and coherence not common."[20] He loved spacious generalizations, and made his works interesting rather with his hypotheses than with his proofs. Huxley said that Spencer's idea of a tragedy was a theory killed by a fact;[21] and there were so many theories in Spencer's mind that he was bound to have a tragedy every day or two. Huxley, struck by the feeble and undecided gait of Buckle, said of him to Spencer: "Ah, I see the kind of man: he is top-heavy." "Buckle," Spencer adds, "had taken in a much larger quantity of matter than he could organize."[22] With Spencer it was the other way: he organized much more than he had taken in. He was all for co-ordination and synthesis; he depreciated Carlyle for lacking a similar turn. The fondness for order became in him an enslaving passion; a brilliant generalization overmastered him. But the world was calling for a mind like his; one who could transform the wilderness of facts with sunlit clarity into

[19] Royce, 188. [20] *Autob.*, ii, 511.
[21] I, 467. [22] II, 4.

civilized meaning; and the service which Spencer performed for his generation entitled him to the failings that made him human. If he has been pictured here rather frankly, it is because we love a great man better when we know his faults, and suspiciously dislike him when he shines in unmitigated perfection.

"Up to this date," wrote Spencer at forty, "my life might fitly have been characterized as miscellaneous."[23] Seldom has a philosopher's career shown such desultory vacillation. "About this time" (age twenty-three) "my attention turned to the construction of matches."[24] But gradually he found his field, and tilled it with honest husbandry. As early as 1842 he wrote, for the *Non-conformist* (note the medium he chose), some letters on "The Proper Sphere of Government," which contained his later *laissez-faire* philosophy *in ovo*. Six years later he dropped engineering to edit *The Economist*. At the age of thirty, when he spoke disparagingly of Jonathan Dymond's *Essays on the Principles of Morality*, and his father challenged him to do as well with such a subject, he took the dare, and wrote his *Social Statics*. It had only a small sale, but it won him access to the magazines. In 1852 his essay on "The Theory of Population" (one of the many instances of Malthus' influence on the thought of the nineteenth century) suggested that the struggle for existence leads to a survival of the fittest, and coined those historic phrases. In the same year his essay on "The Development Hypothesis" met the trite objection—that the origin of new species by progressive modification of older ones had never been seen—by pointing out that the same argument told much more strongly

[23] II, 67. [24] I, 279.

against the theory of the "special creation" of new species by God; and it went on to show that the development of new species was no more marvelous or incredible than the development of a man from ovum and sperm, or of a plant from a seed. In 1855 his second book, *The Principles of Psychology*, undertook to trace the evolution of mind. Then, in 1857, came an essay on "Progress, Its Law and Cause," which took up Von Baer's idea of the growth of all living forms from homogeneous beginnings to heterogeneous developments, and lifted it into a general principle of history and progress. In short Spencer had grown with the spirit of his age, and was ready now to become the philosopher of universal evolution.

When, in 1858, he was revising his essays for collective publication, he was struck by the unity and sequence of the ideas he had expressed; and the notion came to him, like a burst of sunlight through opened doors, that the theory of evolution might be applied in every science as well as in biology; that it could explain not only species and genera but planets and strata, social and political history, moral and esthetic conceptions. He was fired with the thought of a series of works in which he would show the evolution of matter and mind from nebula to man, and from savage to Shakespeare. But he almost despaired when he thought of his nearly forty years. How could one man, so old, and an invalid, traverse all the sphere of human knowledge before his death? Only three years back he had had a complete break-down; for eighteen months he had been incapacitated, broken in mind and courage, wandering aimlessly and hopelessly from place to place. The consciousness of his latent powers made his weakness a bitter thing to him. He knew that he would never be quite

healthy again, and that he could not bear mental work for more than an hour at a time. Never was a man so handicapped for the work he chose, and never did a man choose, so late in life, so great a work.

He was poor. He had never given much thought to getting a living. "I don't mean to get on," he said; "I don't think getting on is worth the bother."[25] He had resigned the editorship of *The Economist* on receiving $2,500 as bequest from an uncle; but his idleness had consumed this gift. It occurred to him now that he might seek advance subscriptions for his intended volumes, and so live from hand to mouth, and pay his way as he went. He prepared an outline, and submitted it to Huxley, Lewes, and other friends; they secured him an imposing list of initial subscribers whose names might adorn his prospectus: Kingsley, Lyell, Hooker, Tyndall, Buckle, Froude, Bain, Herschel, and others. Published in 1860, this prospectus brought 440 subscriptions from Europe, and 200 from America; the total promising a modest $1,500 a year. Spencer was satisfied, and set to work with a will.

But after the publication of *First Principles*, in 1862, many subscribers withdrew their names because of the famous first part, which, attempting to reconcile science and religion, offended bishops and pundits alike. The way of the peacemaker is hard. *First Principles* and *The Origin of Species* became the center of a great Battle of the Books, in which Huxley served as generalissimo for the forces of Darwinism and agnosticism. For a time the evolutionists were severely ostracised by respectable people; they were denounced as immoral monsters, and it was thought good form to insult

[25] J. A. Thomson, *Herbert Spencer*, p. 71.

them publicly. Spencer's subscribers fell away with every instalment, and many defaulted on payments due for instalments received. Spencer went on as long as he could, paying out of his pocket the deficit which every issue involved. At last his funds and his courage were exhausted, and he issued to the remaining subscribers an announcement that he could no longer continue his work.

Then came one of the encouraging incidents of history. Spencer's greatest rival, who had held the field of English philosophy before the publication of *First Principles*, and now saw himself superseded by the philosopher of evolution, wrote to Spencer as follows, on February 4, 1866:

> "Dear Sir:
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> On arriving here last week, I found the December livraison of your *Biology*, and I need hardly say how much I regretted the announcement in the paper annexed to it. . . . I propose that you should write the next of your treatises, and that I should guarantee the publisher against loss. . . . I beg that you will not consider this proposal in the light of a personal favor, though even if it were I should still hope to be permitted to offer it. But it is nothing of the kind—it is a simple proposal of cooperation for an important public purpose, for which you give your labor and have given your health. I am, Dear Sir,
>
> Very truly yours,
>
> J. S. Mill."[26]

Spencer courteously refused; but Mill went out among his friends and persuaded several of them to subscribe for 250 copies each. Spencer again objected, and could not be moved. Then

[26] *Autob.*, ii, 156.

suddenly came a letter from Prof. Youmans, saying that Spencer's American admirers had bought, in his name, $7,000 of public securities, of which the interest or dividends were to go to him. This time he yielded. The spirit of the gift renewed his inspiration; he resumed his task, and for forty years he kept his shoulder to the wheel, until all the Synthetic Philosophy had arrived safely into print. This triumph of mind and will over illness and a thousand obstacles is one of the sunny spots in the book of man.

III. FIRST PRINCIPLES

1. The Unknowable

"We too often forget," says Spencer, at the outset, "that not only is there 'a soul of goodness in things evil,' but generally also a soul of truth in things erroneous." He proposes, therefore, to examine religious ideas, with a view to finding that core of truth which under the changing form of many faiths, has given to religion its persistent power over the human soul.

What he finds at once is that every theory of the origin of the universe drives us into inconceivabilities. The atheist tries to think of a self-existent world, uncaused and without beginning; but we cannot conceive of anything beginningless or uncaused. The theist merely puts back the difficulty by a step; and to the theologian who says, "God made the world," the child's unanswerable query comes, "Who made God?" All ultimate religious ideas are logically inconceivable.

All ultimate scientific ideas are equally beyond rational conception. What is matter? We reduce it to atoms, and then find ourselves forced to divide the atom as we had divided

the molecule; we are driven into the dilemma that matter is infinitely divisible,—which is inconceivable; or that there is a limit to its divisibility,—which also is inconceivable. So with the divisibility of space and time; both of these are ultimately irrational ideas. Motion is wrapped in a triple obscurity, since it involves matter changing, in time, its position in space. When we analyze matter resolutely we find nothing at last but force—a force impressed upon our organs of sense, or a force resisting our organs of action; and who shall tell us what force is? Turn from physics to psychology, and we come upon mind and consciousness: and here are greater puzzles than before. "Ultimate scientific ideas," then, "are all representations of realities that cannot be comprehended. . . . In all directions the scientist's investigations bring him face to face with an insoluble enigma; and he ever more clearly perceives it to be an insoluble enigma. He learns at once the greatness and the littleness of the human intellect—its power in dealing with all that comes within the range of experience, its impotence in dealing with all that transcends experience. He, more than any other, truly *knows* that in its ultimate nature nothing can be known."[27] The only honest philosophy, to use Huxley's word, is agnosticism.

The common cause of these obscurities is the relativity of all knowledge. "Thinking being relating, no thought can express more than relations. . . . Intellect being framed simply by and for converse with phenomena, involves us in nonsense when we try to use it for anything beyond phenomena."[28] And yet the rela-

[27] *First Principles*, New York, 1910; p. 56.

[28] Pp. 107-108. This unconsciously follows Kant and succinctly anticipates Bergson.

tive and phenomenal imply, by their names and natures, something beyond them, something ultimate and absolute. "On watching our thoughts we see how impossible it is to get rid of the consciousness of an Actuality lying behind Appearances, and how from this impossibility results our indestructible belief in that Actuality."[29] But what that Actuality is we cannot know.

From this point of view the reconciliation of science and religion is no longer very difficult. "Truth generally lies in the co-ordination of antagonistic opinions."[30] Let science admit that its "laws" apply only to phenomena and the relative; let religion admit that its theology is a rationalizing myth for a belief that defines conception. Let religion cease to picture the Absolute as a magnified man; much worse, as a cruel and blood-thirsty and treacherous monster, afflicted with "a love of adulation such as would be despised in a human being."[31] Let science cease to deny deity, or to take materialism for granted. Mind and matter are, equally, relative phenomena, the double effect of an ultimate cause whose nature must remain unknown. The recognition of this Inscrutable Power is the core of truth in every religion, and the beginning of all philosophy.

2. Evolution

Having indicated the unknowable, philosophy surrenders it, and turns its face to what can be known. Metaphysics is a mirage; as Michelet put it, it is "the art of befuddling one's self methodically." The proper field and function of philosophy lies in the summation and unification of the results of science. "Knowledge of the lowest kind is un-unified

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[29] P. 83. [30] *Autob.*, ii, 16. [31] *F.P.*, 103.

knowledge; science is partially-unified knowledge; philosophy is completely-unified knowledge."[32] Such complete unification requires a broad and universal principle that will include all experience, and will describe the essential features of all knowledge. Is there a principle of this kind?

We may perhaps approach such a principle by trying to unify the highest generalizations of physics. These are the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of energy, the continuity of motion, the persistence of relations among forces (i. e., the inviolability of natural law), the transformability and equivalence of forces (even of mental and physical forces), and the rhythm of motion. This last generalization, not usually recognized, needs only to be pointed out. All nature is rhythmical, from the pulsations of heat to the vibrations of violin strings; from the undulations of light, heat and sound to the tides of the sea; from the periodicities of sex to the periodicities of planets and comets and stars; from the alternation of night and day to the succession of the seasons, and perhaps to the rhythms of climatic change; from the oscillations of molecules to the rise and fall of nations and the birth and death of stars.

All these "laws of the knowable" are reducible (by an analysis which must not here be followed in detail) to the final law of the persistence of force. But there is something static and inert about this principle; it does not so much as hint at the secret of life. What is the dynamic principle of reality? What is the formula of the growth and decay of all things? It must be a formula of evolution and dissolution, for "an entire history of anything must include its appearance out of the

[32] P. 119.

imperceptible and its disappearance into the imperceptible."[33]

So Spencer offers us his famous formula of evolution, which made the intellect of Europe gasp for breath, and required ten volumes and forty years for its explanation. "Evolution is an integration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."[34] What does this mean?

The growth of planets out of nebulae; the formation of oceans and mountains on the earth; the metabolism of elements by plants, and of animal tissues by men; the development of the heart in the embryo, and the fusion of bones after birth; the unification of sensations and memories into knowledge and thought, and of knowledge into science and philosophy; the development of families into clans and gentes and cities and states and alliances and the "federation of the world": here is the integration of matter,—the aggregation of separate items into masses and groups and wholes. Such integration of course involves a lessening of motion in the parts, as the growing power of the state lessens the freedom of the individual; but at the same time it gives to the parts an interdependence, a protective tissue of relationships, which constitutes "coherence" and promotes corporate survival. The process brings, too, a greater definiteness of forms and functions: the nebula is shapeless, nebulous; and yet out of it come the elliptical regularity of the planets, the sharp lines of mountain-chains, the specific form and char-

[33]P. 253. [34]P. 367.

acter of organisms and organs, the division of labor and specialization of function in physiological and political structures, etc. And the parts of this integrating whole become not merely definite but diverse, heterogeneous in nature and operation. The primeval nebula is homogeneous—i. e., it consists of parts that are alike; but soon it is differentiated into gases and liquids and solids; the earth becomes here green with grass, there white with mountain-tops, or blue with the multitudinous sea; evolving life begets, out of a relatively homogeneous protoplasm, the varied organs of nutrition, reproduction, locomotion, and perception; a simple language fills whole continents with its multiplying dialects; a single science breeds a hundred, and the folk-lore of a nation flowers into a thousand forms of literary art; individuality grows, character stands out uniquely, and every race and people develops its peculiar genius. Integration and heterogeneity, aggregation of parts into ever larger wholes and differentiation of parts into ever more varied forms: these are the foci of the orbit of evolution. Whatever passes from diffusion to integration and unity, and from a homogeneous simplicity to a differentiated complexity (cf. America, 1600-1900), is in the flow of evolution; whatever is returning from integration to diffusion, and from complexity to simplicity (cf. Europe 200-600 A. D.), is caught in the ebb of dissolution.

Not content with this synthetic formula, Spencer endeavors to show how it follows by inevitable necessity from the natural operation of mechanical forces. There is, first, a certain "Instability of the Homogeneous": i. e., similar parts cannot long remain similar because they are unevenly subject to external forces, outer parts, e. g., are sooner attacked, like coast-line

towns in war; and the variety of occupations moulds similar men into the varied embodiments of a hundred varied professions and trades. There is, again, a "Multiplication of Effects": one cause may produce a vast variety of results, and help to differentiate the world; a word amiss, like Marie Antoinette's, or an altered telegram at Ems, or a wind at Salamis, may play an endless role in history. And there is the law of "Segregation": the parts of a relatively homogeneous whole, being driven separate into different areas, are moulded by diverse environments into dissimilar products,—as the English become Americans, or Canadians, or Australians, according to the genius of the place. In these many ways the forces of nature build the variety of this evolving world.

But finally, and inescapably, comes "Equilibration." Every motion, being motion under resistance, must sooner or later come to an end; every rhythmic oscillation (unless externally reinforced) suffers some loss of rate and amplitude. The planets ride through a lesser orbit, or will ride, than once they rode: the sun will shine less warmly and brightly as the centuries pass away; the friction of the tides will retard the rotation of the earth. This globe, that throbs and murmurs with a million motions, and luxuriates into a million forms of riotously breeding life, will some day move more leisurely in its orbit and its parts; the blood will run cooler and more slowly in our dessicated veins; we shall not hurry any more; like dying races, we shall think of heaven in terms of rest and not of life; we shall dream of Nirvana. Gradually, and then rapidly, equilibration will become dissolution, the unhappy epilogue of evolution. Societies will disintegrate, masses will migrate, cities will fade into the dark hinterland of peasant life; no

government will be strong enough to hold the loosened parts together; social order will cease to be even remembered. And in the individual too, integration will give way to disruption; and that co-ordination which is life will pass into that diffuse disorder which is death. The earth will be a chactic theatre of decay, a gloomy drama of energy in irreversible degradation. The earth itself will be resolved into the dust and nebula from which it came. The cycle of evolution and dissolution will be complete. The cycle will begin again, and endless times again; but always this will be the dénouement. *Memento mori* is written upon the face of life; and every birth is a prelude to decay and death.

IV. BIOLOGY: THE EVOLUTION OF LIFE

The second and third volumes of the Synthetic Philosophy appeared in 1872 under the title of *Principles of Biology*. They revealed the natural limitations of a philosopher invading a specialist's field; but they atoned for errors of detail by illuminating generalizations that gave a new unity and intelligibility to vast areas of biological fact.

Spencer begins with a famous definition: "Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations."[35] The completeness of life depends on the completeness of this correspondence; and life is perfect when the correspondence is perfect. The correspondence is not a merely passive adaptation; what distinguishes life is the adjustment of internal relations in anticipation of a change in external relations, as when an animal crouches to avoid a blow, or a man makes a fire to warm his food. The defect of the definition lies not mere-

[35] *Principles of Biology;* New York, 1910; i, 99.

ly in its tendency to neglect the remoulding activity of the organism upon the environment, but in its failure to explain what is that subtle power whereby an organism is enabled to make these prophetic adjustments that characterize vitality. In a chapter added to later editions, Spencer was forced to discuss "The Dynamic Element in Life," and to admit that his definition had not really revealed the nature of life. "We are obliged to confess that Life in its essence cannot be conceived in physico-chemical terms."[36] He did not realize how damaging such an admission was to the unity and completeness of his system.

As Spencer sees in the life of the individual an adjustment of internal to external relations, so he sees in the life of the species a remarkable adjustment of reproductive fertility to the conditions of its habitat. Reproduction arises originally as a readaptation of the nutritive surface to the nourished mass; the growth of an amoeba, for example, involves an increase of mass much more rapid than the increase in the surface through which the mass must get its nourishment. Division, budding, spore-formation, and sexual reproduction have this in common, that the ratio of mass to surface is reduced, and the nutritive balance is restored. Hence the growth of the individual organism beyond a certain point is dangerous; and normally growth gives way, after a time, to reproduction. On the average, growth varies inversely with the rate of energy-expenditure; and the rate of reproduction varies inversely with the degree of growth. "It is well known to breeders that if a filly is allowed to bear a foal, she is thereby prevented from reaching her proper size. . . . As a converse fact, cas-

[36] I, 120.

trated animals, as capons and notably cats, often become larger than their unmutilated associates."[37] The rate of reproduction tends to fall as the development and capability of the individual progress. "When, from lowness of organization, the ability to contend with external dangers is small, there must be great fertility to compensate for the consequent mortality; otherwise the race must die out. When, on the contrary, high endowments give much capacity for self-preservation, a correspondingly low degree of fertility is requisite," lest the rate of multiplication should outrun the supply of food.[38] In general, then, there is an opposition of individuation and genesis, of individual development and fertility. The rule holds for groups and species more regularly than for individuals: the more highly developed the species or the group, the lower will its birth-rate be. But it holds for individuals too, on the average. For example, intellectual development seems hostile to fertility. "Where exceptional fertility exists, there is sluggishness of mind, and where there has been, during education, excessive expenditure in mental action, there frequently follows a complete or partial infertility. Hence the particular kind of further evolution which Man is hereafter to undergo, is one which, more than any other, may be expected to cause a decline in his power of reproduction."[39] Philosophers are notorious for shirking parentage. In woman, on the other hand, the arrival of motherhood normally brings a diminution of intellectual activity;[40] and perhaps her shorter adolescence is due to her earlier sacrifice to reproduction.

Despite this approximate adaptation of birth-

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[37] II, 459. [38] II, 421. [39] II, 530. [40] *Autob.*, i, 62.

rate to the needs of group survival, the adaptation is never complete, and Malthus was right in his general principle that population tends to outrun the means of subsistence. "From the beginning this pressure of population has been the proximate cause of progress. It produced the original diffusion of the race. It compelled men to abandon predatory habits and take to agriculture. It led to the clearing of the earth's surface. It forced men into the social state, . . . and developed the social sentiments. It has stimulated to progressive improvements in production, and to increased skill and intelligence."[41] It is the chief cause of that struggle for existence through which the fittest are enabled to survive, and through which the level of the race is raised.

Whether the arrival of the fittest is due chiefly to spontaneous favorable variations, or to the partial inheritance of characters or capacities repeatedly acquired by successive generations, is a question on which Spencer took no dogmatic stand; he accepted Darwin's theory gladly, but felt that there were facts which it could not explain, and which compelled a modified acceptance of Lamarckian views. He defended Lamarck with fine vigor in his controversy with Weismann, and pointed out certain defects in the Darwinian theory. In those days Spencer stood almost alone on the side of Lamarck; it is of some interest to note that today the neo-Lamarckians include descendants of Darwin, while the greatest contemporary English biologist gives it as the view of present-day students of genetics that Darwin's *particular* theory (not, of course the general theory) of evolu-

[41] *Biology*, ii, 536.

tion must be abandoned.[42] But let us not rush in where experts fear to tread.

V. PSYCHOLOGY: THE EVOLUTION OF MIND

The two volumes on *The Principles of Psychology* (1873) are the weakest links in Spencer's chain. There had been an earlier volume on the subject (1855), a youthfully vigorous defense of materialism and determinism; but age and thought revised this into a milder form, and padded it out with hundreds of pages of painstaking but unilluminating analysis. Here, even more than elsewhere, Spencer is rich in theories and poor in proofs. He has a theory of the origin of nerves out of intercellular connective tissue; and a theory of the genesis of instinct by the compounding of reflexes and the transmission of acquired characters; and a theory of the origin of mental categories out of the experience of the race; and a theory of "transfigured realism";[43] and a hundred other theories that have all the obfuscating power of metaphysics rather than the clarifying virtue of a matter-of-fact psychology. In these volumes we leave realistic England and go "back to Kant."

What strikes us at once is that for the first time in the history of psychology, we get here a resolutely evolutionist point of view, an attempt at genetic explanations, an effort to trace the bewildering complexities of thought down

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[42] Cf., address of Sir Wm. Bateson before the American Association for the Advancement of Science (Toronto, Dec. 28, 1921), in *Science*, Jan. 20, 1922.

[43] Spencer means by this that although the objects of experience may very well be transfigured by perception, and be quite other than they seem, they have an existence which does not all depend upon perceiving them.—II, 494.

to the simplest of nervous operations, and finally to the motions of matter. It is true that this effort fails; but who has ever succeeded in such an attempt? Spencer sets out with a magnificent program for the unveiling of the processes whereby consciousness has been evolved; in the end he is compelled to posit consciousness everywhere,[44] in order to evolve it. He insists that there has been one continuous evolution from nebula to mind, and at last confesses that matter is known only through mind. Perhaps the most significant paragraphs in these volumes are those in which the materialist philosophy is abandoned:

> "Can the oscillation of a molecule be represented in consciousness side by side with a nervous shock, and the two be recognized as one? No effort enables us to assimilate them. That a unit of feeling has nothing in common with a unit of motion, becomes more than ever manifest when we bring the two into jutaxposition. And the immediate verdict of consciousness thus given, might be analytically justified; . . . for it might be shown that the conception of an oscillating molecule is built out of many units of feeling" (i. e., our knowledge of matter is built up out of units of mind—sensations and memories and ideas). ". . . Were we compelled to choose between the alternatives of translating mental phenomena into physical phenomena, or of translating physical phenomena into mental phenomena, the latter alternative would seem the more acceptable of the two."[45]

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[44] *Autob.*, ii, 549.

[45] *Principles of Psychology,* New York, 1910; i, 158-9.

Nevertheless there is of course an evolution of mind; a development of modes of response from simple to compound to complex, from reflex to tropism to instinct, through memory and imagination to intellect and reason. To the reader who can pass alive through these 1400 pages of physiological and psychological analysis there will come an overwhelming sense of the continuity of life and the continuity of mind; he will see, as on a retarded cinematograph, the formation of nerves, the development of adaptive reflexes and instincts, and the production of consciousness and thought through the clash of conflicting impulses. "Intelligence has neither distinct grades nor is it constituted by faculties that are truly independent, but its highest manifestations are the effects of a complication that has arisen by insensible steps out of the simplest elements."[46] There is no hiatus between instinct and reason; each is an adjustment of inner relations to outer relations, and the only difference is one of degree, in so far as the relations responded to by instinct are comparatively stereotyped and simple, while those met by reason are comparatively novel and complex. A rational action is simply an instinctive response which has survived in a struggle with other instinctive responses aroused by a situation; "deliberation" is merely the internecine strife of rival impulses.[47] At bottom, reason and instinct, mind and life, are one.

Will is an abstract term which we give to the sum of our active impulses, and a volition is the natural flow of an unimpeded idea into action.[48] An idea is the first stage of an action, an action is the last stage of an idea.

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[46]I, 388. [47]I, 453-5. [48]I, 496-7.

Similarly, an emotion is the first stage of an instinctive action, and the expression of the emotion is a useful prelude to the completed response; the baring of the teeth in anger gives a substantial hint of that tearing of the enemy to pieces which used to be the natural termination of such a beginning.[49] "Forms of thought" like the perception of space and time, or the notions of quantity and cause, which Kant supposed innate, are merely instinctive ways of thinking; and as instincts are habits acquired by the race but native to the individual, so these categories are mental habits slowly acquired in the course of evolution, and now part of our intellectual heritage.[50] All these age-long puzzles of psychology can be explained by "the inheritance of continually-accumulating modifications."[51] It is of course just this all-pervading assumption that makes so much of these laborious volumes questionable, and perhaps vain.

VI. SOCIOLOGY: THE EVOLUTION OF SOCIETY

With sociology the verdict is quite different. These volumes, whose publication ranged over twenty years, are Spencer's masterpiece; they cover his favorite field, and show him at his best in suggestive generalization and political philosophy. From his first book, *Social Statics*, to the last fascicle of *The Principles of Sociology*, over a stretch of almost half a century, his interest was predominantly in the problems of economics and government; he begins and ends, like Plato, with discourses on moral and political justice. No man, not even Comte, founder of the science and maker of the word, has done so much for sociology.

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[49] I, 482f; ii, 540f. [50] I, 466. [51] I, 491.

In a popular introductory volume, *The Study of Sociology* (1873), Spencer argued eloquently for the recognition and development of the new science. If determinism is correct in psychology, there must be regularities of cause and effect in social phenomena; and a thorough student of man and society will not be content with a merely chronological history, like Livy's, nor with a biological history like Carlyle's; he will look, in human history, for those general lines of development, those causal sequences, those illuminating correlations, which transform the wilderness of facts into the chart of science. What biography is to anthropology, history is to sociology.[52] Of course there are a thousand obstacles that the study of society must yet overcome before it can deserve the name of science.[53] The young study is harassed by a multitude of prejudices—personal, educational, theological, economic, political, national, religious; and by the hasty omniscience of the uninformed. "There is a story of a Frenchman who, having been three weeks here, proposed to write a book on England; who, after three months, found that he was not quite ready; and who, after three years, concluded that he knew nothing about it."[54] Such a man was ripe to *begin* the study of sociology. Men prepare themselves with life-long study before becoming authorities in physics or chemistry or biology; but in the field of social and political affairs every grocer's boy is an expert, knows the solution, and demands to be heard.

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[52] *The Study of Sociology*, New York, 1910; p. 52.

[53] *The Principles of Ethics*, New York, 1910; i, 464. If Spencer's critics had read this passage they would not have accused him of over-rating sociology.

[54] *Study*, 91.

Spencer's own preparation, in this case, was a model of intellectual conscience. He employed three secretaries to gather data for him, and to classify the data in parallel columns giving the domestic, ecclesiastical, professional, political, and industrial institutions of every significant people. At his own expense he published these collections in eight large volumes, so that other students might verify or modify his conclusions; and the publication being unfinished at his death, he left part of his little savings to complete the undertaking. After seven years of such preparation, the first volume of the *Sociology* appeared in 1876; not until 1896 was the last one ready. When everything else of Spencer's has become a task for the antiquarian, these three volumes will still be rich in reward for every student of society.

Nevertheless, the initial conception of the work is typical of Spencer's habit of rushing into generalizations. Society, he believes, is an organism, having organs of nutrition, circulation, co-ordination and reproduction,[55] very much as in the case of individuals. It is true that in the individual, consciousness is localized, while in society each of the parts retains its own consciousness and its own will; but the centralization of government and authority tend to reduce the scope of this distinction. "A social organism is like an individual organism in these essential traits: that it grows; that while growing it becomes more complex; that while becoming more complex, its parts acquire increasing mutual dependence; and that its life is immense in length compared with the lives of its component units; . . .

[55]Cf. budding with colonization, and sexual reproduction with the intermarriage of races.

that in both cases there is increasing integration accompanied by increasing heterogeneity."[56] Thus the development of society liberally carries out the formula of evolution: the growing size of the political unit, from family to state and league, the growing size of the economic unit, from petty domestic industry to monopolies and cartels, the growing size of the population unit, from villages to towns and cities—surely these show a process of integration; while the division of labor, the multiplication of professions and trades, and the growing economic interdependence of city with country, and of nation with nation, amply illustrate the development of coherence and differentiation.

The same principle of the integration of the heterogeneous applies to every field of social phenomena, from religion and government to science and art. Religion is at first the worship of a multitude of gods and spirits, more or less alike in every nation; and the development of religion comes through the notion of a central and omnipotent deity subordinating the others, and co-ordinating them into their hierarchy of special roles. The first gods were probably suggested by dreams and ghosts.[57] The word *spirit* was, and is, applied equally to ghosts and gods. The primitive mind believed that in death, or sleep, or trance, the ghost or spirit left the body; even in a sneeze the forces of expiration might expel the spirit, so that a protective "God bless you!"—or its equivalent—became attached to this dangerous adventure. Echoes and reflections were sounds and sights of one's ghost or double; the Basuto refuses to walk by a stream, lest a croco-

[56] *Autob.*, ii, 56.
[57] *Principles of Sociology*, New York, 1910; i, 286.

dile should seize his shadow and consume it. God was, at first, only "a permanently existing ghost."[58] Persons who had been powerful during their earthly lives were believed to keep their power in their ghostly appearance. Among the Tannese the word for god means, literally, a dead man.[59] "Jehovah" meant "the strong one," "the warrior"; he had been a local potentate, perhaps, who was worshipped after his death as the "god of hosts." Such dangerous ghosts had to be propitated: funeral rites grew into worship, and all the modes of currying favor with the earthly chief were applied to the ceremonial of prayer and the appeasement of the gods. Ecclesiastical revenues originated in gifts to the gods, just as state revenues began as presents to the chief. Obeisances to kings became prostration and prayer at the altar of the god. The derivation of the god from the dead king shows clearly in the case of the Romans, who deified rulers before their death. In such ancestor-worship all religion seems to have its origin. The power of this custom may be illustrated by the story of the chief who refused baptism because he was not satisfied with the answer to his query as to whether he would meet his (unbaptized) ancestors in heaven.[60] (Something of this belief entered into the bravery of the Japanese in the war of 1905; death was made easier for them by the thought that their ancestors were looking down upon them from the skies.)

Religion is probably the central feature in the life of primitive men; existence is so pre-

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[58] I, 296. [59] I, 303.

[60] I, 284, 422; *Encycl. Britt.*, art. "Ancestor-worship."

carious and humble among them that the soul lives rather in the hope of things to come than in the reality of things seen. In some measure, supernatural religion is a concomitant of militarist societies; as war gives way to industry, thought turns from death to life, and life runs out of the grooves of reverent authority into the open road of initiative and freedom. Indeed, the most far-reaching change that has taken place in all the history of western society is the gradual replacement of a military by an industrial regime. Students of the state habitually classify societies according as their governments are monarchial, aristocratic, or democratic; but these are superficial distinctions; the great dividing line is that which separates militant from industrial societies, nations that live by war from those that live by work.

The military state is always centralized in government, and almost always monarchical; the co-operation it inculcates is regimental and compulsory; it encourages authoritarian religion, worshiping a warrior god; it develops rigid class distinctions and class codes; it props up the natural domestic absolutism of the male. Because the death rate in warlike societies is high, they tend to polygamy and a low status of women. Most states have been militant because war strengthens the central power and makes for the subordination of all interests to those of the state. Hence "history is little more than the Newgate calendar of nations," a record of robbery, treachery, murder and national suicide. Cannibalism is the shame of primitive societies; but some modern societies are sociophagous, and enslave and consume whole peoples. Until war is outlawed and overcome, civilization is a precarious interlude between catastrophies; "the possibility

of a high social . . . state fundamentally depends on the cessation of war."[61]

The hope of such a consummation lies not so much in the spiritual conversion of the hearts of men (for men are what the environment makes them), as in the development of industrial societies. Industry makes for democracy and peace: as life ceases to be dominated by war, a thousand centers of economic development arise, and power is beneficently spread over a large portion of the members of the group. Since production can prosper only where initiative is free, an industrial society breaks down those traditions of authority, hierarchy, and caste, which flourish in military states, and under which military states flourish. The occupation of the soldier ceases to be held in high repute; and patriotism becomes a love of one's country rather than a hatred of every other.[62] Peace at home becomes the first need of prosperity, and as capital becomes international, and a thousand investments cross every frontier, international peace becomes a necessity as well. As foreign war diminishes, domestic brutality decreases; monogamy replaces polygamy because the life-tenure of men becomes almost equal to that of women; the status of women rises, and the "emancipation of women" becomes a matter of course.[63] Superstitious religions give way to liberal creeds whose focus of effort is the amelioration and ennoblement of human life and character on this earth. The mechanisms of industry teach men the mechanisms of the universe, and the notion of invariable sequences in cause and effect; exact investigation of natural causes replaces the easy resort

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[61]II, 663. [62]II, 624-5. [63]I, 681.

to supernatural explanation.[64] History begins to study the people at work rather than the kings at war; it ceases to be a record of personalities and becomes the history of great inventions and new ideas. The power of government is lessened, and the power of productive groups within the state increases; there is a passage "from status to contract," from equality in subordination to freedom in initiative, from compulsory co-operation to co-operation in liberty. The contrast between the militant and the industrial types of society is indicated by "inversion of the belief that individuals exist for the benefit of the State into the belief that the State exists for the benefit of the individuals."[65]

While protesting vigorously against the growth of an imperialistic militarism in England, Spencer chose his country as a type of approach to the industrial society, and pointed to France and Germany as instances of the militant state.

> "From time to time newspapers remind us of the competition between Germany and France in their military developments. The body politic, in either case, expends most of its energies in growths of teeth and claws—every increase on the one side prompting an increase on the other. . . . Recently the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, referring to Tunis, Tongking, the Congo, and Madagascar, enlarged on the need there had been for competing in political burglaries with other nations; and held that, by taking forcible possession of territories owned by inferior peoples, 'France has regained a certain portion of

[64]II, 599. [65]I, 575.

> the glory which so many noble enterprises during previous centuries had insured her.' . . . Hence we see why, in France, as in Germany, a scheme of social re-organization under which each citizen, while maintained by the community, is to labor for the community, has obtained so wide an adhesion as to create a formidable political body—why among the French, St. Simon, Fourier, Proudhon, Cabet, Louis Blanc, Pierre Leroux, now by word and now by deed, have sought to bring about some form of communistic working and living. . . . Verification by contrast meets us on observing that in England, where the extent of ownership by others has been less than in France and Germany, alike under its military form and under its civil form, there has been less progress in sentiment and idea towards that form of ownership by others which socialism implies."[66]

As this passage indicates, Spencer believes that socialism is a derivative of the militant and feudal type of state, and has no natural affiliation with industry. Like militarism, socialism involves the development of centralization, the extension of governmental power, the decay of initiative, and the subordination of the individual. "Well may Prince Bismarck display leanings towards State Socialism."[67] "It is the law of all organization that as it becomes complete it becomes rigid."[68] Socialism would be in industry what a rigid instinctive equipment is in animals; it would produce a community of human ants and bees, and would

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[66]III, 596-9. [67]*Social Statics*, p. 329.
[68]*Sociology*, i, 571.

issue in a slavery far more monotonous and hopeless than the present condition of affairs.

> "Under the compulsory arbitration which socialism would necessitate, . . . the regulators, pursuing their personal interests, . . . would not be met by the combined resistance of all workers; and their power, unchecked as now by refusals to work save on prescribed terms, would grow and ramify and consolidate until it became irresistible. . . . When from regulation of the workers by the bureaucracy we turn to the bureaucracy itself, and ask how it is to be regulated, there is no satisfactory answer. . . . Under such conditions there must arise a new aristocracy, for the support of which the masses would toil; and which, being consolidated, would wield a power far beyond that of any past aristocracy."[69]

Economic relationships are so different from political relationships, and so much more complex, that no government could regulate them all without such an enslaving bureaucracy. State interference always neglects some factor of the intricate industrial situation, and has failed whenever tried; note the wage-fixing laws of medieval England, and the price-fixing laws of Revolutionary France. Economic relations must be left to the automatic self-adjustment (imperfect though it may be) of supply and demand. What society most wants it will pay for most heavily; and if certain men, or certain functions, receive great rewards it is because they have taken, or have involved, exceptional risks or pains. Men as now constituted will not tolerate a compulsory equality.

[69] III, 588.

Until an automatically-changed environment automatically changes human character, legislation enacting artificial changes will be as futile as astrology.[70]

Spencer was almost made sick by the thought of a world ruled by the wage-earning class. He was not enamored of trade-union leaders so far as he could know them through the refractory medium of the London *Times*.[71] He pointed out that strikes are useless unless most strikes fail; for if all workers should, at various times, strike and win, prices would presumably rise in accord with the raised wages, and the situation would be as before.[72] "We shall presently see the injustices once inflicted by the employing classes paralleled by the injustices inflicted by the employed classes."[73]

Nevertheless his conclusions were not blindly conservative. He realized the chaos and brutality of the social system that surrounded him, and he looked about with evident eagerness to find a substitute. In the end he gave his sympathies to the co-operative movement; he saw in this the culmination of the passage from status to contract in which Sir Henry Maine had found the essence of economic history. "The regulation of labor becomes less coercive as society assumes a higher type. Here we reach a form in which the coerciveness has diminished to the smallest degree consistent with combined action. Each member is his own master in respect of the work he does; and is subject only to such rules, established by majority of the members, as are needful for maintaining order. The transition from the compulsory co-operation of militancy to the voluntary co-operation of industrialism is com-

[70]Cf. *The Man vs. the State.*
[71]III, 589. [72]III, 545. [73]*Autob.*, ii, 433.

pleted."[74] He doubts if human beings are yet honest and competent enough to make so democratic a system of industry efficient; but he is all for trying. He foresees a time when industry will no longer be directed by absolute masters, and men will no longer sacrifice their lives in the production of rubbish. "As the contrast between the militant and the industrial types is indicated by inversion of the belief that individuals exist for the benefit of the state into the belief that the state exists for the benefit of individuals; so the contrast between the industrial type and the type likely to be evolved from it is indicated by inversion of the belief that life is for work into the belief that work is for life."[75]

VII. ETHICS: THE EVOLUTION OF MORALS

So important does this problem of industrial reconstruction seem to Spencer that he devotes to it again the largest section of *The Principles of Ethics* (1893)—"this last part of my task . . . to which I regard all the preceding parts as subsidiary."[76] As a man with all the moral severity of the mid-Victorian, Spencer was especially sensitive to the problem of finding a new and natural ethic to replace the moral code which had been associated with the traditional faith. "The supposed supernatural sanctions of right conduct do not, if rejected, leave a blank. There exist natural sanctions no less pre-emptory, and covering a much wider field."[77]

The new morality must be built upon biology. "Acceptance of the doctrine of organic evolution determines certain ethical conceptions."[78] Huxley, in his Romanes lecture at Oxford in

[74]III, 572. [75]I, 575.
[76]*Ethics*, vol. i, p. xiii. [77]I, 7. [78]I, 25.

1893, argued that biology could not be taken as an ethical guide; that "nature red in tooth and claw" (as Tennyson was phrasing it) exalted brutality and cunning rather than justice and love; but Spencer felt that a moral code which could not meet the tests of natural selection and the struggle for existence, was from the beginning doomed to lip-service and futility. Conduct, like anything else, should be called good or bad as it is well adapted, or maladapted, to the ends of life; "the highest conduct is that which conduces to the greatest length, breadth, and completeness of life."[79] Or, in terms of the evolution formula, conduct is moral according as it makes the individual or the group more integrated and coherent in the midst of a heterogeneity of ends. Morality, like art, is the achievement of unity in diversity; the highest type of man is he who effectively unites in himself the widest variety, complexity, and completeness of life.

This is a rather vague definition, as it must be; for nothing varies so much, from place to place and from time to time, as the specific necessities of adaptation, and therefore the specific content of the idea of good. It is true that certain forms of behavior have been stamped as good—as adapted, in the large, to the fullest life—by the sense of pleasure which natural selection has attached to these preservative and expansive actions. The complexity of modern life has multiplied exceptions, but normally, pleasure indicates biologically useful, and pain indicates biologically dangerous, activities.[80] Nevertheless, within the broad bounds of this principle, we find the most diverse, and apparently the most hostile, conceptions of the

[79] I, 22, 26; ii, 3.
[80] I, 98.

good. There is hardly any item of our Western moral code which is not somewhere held to be immoral; not only polygamy, but suicide, murder of one's own countrymen, even of one's parents, finds in one people or another a lofty moral approbation.

> "The wives of the Fijian chiefs consider it a sacred duty to suffer strangulation on the deaths of their husbands. A woman who had been rescued by Williams 'escaped during the night, and, swimming across the river, and presenting herself to her own people, insisted on the completion of the sacrifice which she had in a moment of weakness reluctantly consented to forego'; and Wilkes tells of another who loaded her rescuer 'with abuse.' and ever afterwards manifested the most deadly hatred towards him."[81] "Livingstone says of the Makololo women, on the shores of the Zambesi, that they were quite shocked to hear that in England a man had only one wife: to have only one was not 'respectable.' So, too, in Equatorial Africa, according to Reade, 'If a man marries, and his wife thinks that he can afford another spouse, she pesters him to marry again; and calls him a 'stingy fellow' if he declines to do so."[82]

Such facts, of course, conflict with the belief that there is an inborn moral sense which tells each man what is right and what is wrong. But the association of pleasure and pain, on the average, with good or evil conduct, indicates a measure of truth in the idea; and it may very well be that certain moral conceptions, acquired by the race, become hereditary with the individual.[83] Here Spencer uses his

[81] I, 469. [82] I, 327. [83] I, 471.

favorite formula to reconcile the intuitionist and the utilitarian, and falls back once more upon the inheritance of acquired characters.

Surely, however, the innate moral sense, if it exists, is in difficulties today; for never were ethical notions more confused. It is notorious that the principles which we apply in our actual living are largely opposite to those which we preach in our churches and our books. The professed ethic of Europe and America is a pacifistic Christianity; the actual ethic is the militaristic code of the marauding Teutons from whom the ruling strata, almost everywhere in Europe, are derived. The practice of duelling, in Catholic France and Protestant Germany, is a tenacious relic of the original Teutonic code.[84] Our moralists are kept busy apologizing for these contradictions, just as the moralists of a later monogamic Greece and India were hard put to it to explain the conduct of gods who had been fashioned in a semi-promiscuous age.[85]

Whether a nation develops its citizens on the lines of Christian morality or the Teutonic code depends on whether industry or war is its dominant concern. A militant society exalts certain virtues and condones what other peoples might call crimes; aggression and robbery and treachery are not so unequivocally denounced among peoples accustomed to them by war, as among peoples who have learned the value of honesty and non-aggression through industry and peace. Generosity and humanity flourish better where war is infrequent and long periods of productive tranquillity inculcate the advantages of mutual aid.[86] The patriotic member of a militant society will look upon bravery and strength as the highest virtues of a man; upon

[84] I, 323. [85] I, 458. [86] I, 391f.

obedience as the highest virtu
and upon silent submission t of the citizen;
hood as the highest virtue multiple mother-
Kaiser thought of God of a woman.[87] The
German army, and fol as the leader of the
tion of duelling by a owed up his approba-
The North American tending divine service.[88]
of the bow and ar Indians "regarded the use
as the noblest e ow, the war-club and spear,
looked upon a nployments of man. . . . They
as degrading ricultural and mechanical labor
only now . . . . Only during recent times
more and that national welfare is becoming
of prod more dependent on superior powers
facult uction," and these "on the higher mental
ener es, are other occupations than militant
rising into respectability."[89]

Now war is merely wholesale cannibalism; and there is no reason why it should not be classed with cannibalism and unequivocally denounced. "The sentiment and the idea of justice can grow only as fast as the external antagonisms of societies decrease, and the internal harmonious co-operations of their members increase."[90] How can this harmony be promoted? As we have seen, it comes more readily through freedom than through regulation. The formula of justice should be: "Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man."[91] This is a formula hostile to war, which exalts authority, regimentation and obedience; it is a formula favorable to peaceful industry, for it provides a maximum of stimulus with an absolute equality of opportunity; it is conformable to Christian morals, for it holds every person sacred, and frees him from aggression;[92] and it has the sanction of that ultimate judge

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[87]Cf. the philosophy of Nietzsche.
[88]I. 318. [89]I. 423-4. [90]I, 377. [91]II, 46. [92]I, 257.

—natural selection—because it opens up the resources of the earth on equal terms to all, and permits each organism and individual to prosper according to its ability and its work.

Liberty contends with Evolution for priority in Spencer's affections;[94] and Liberty wins. He thinks that as war decreases, the control of the individual by the state loses most of its excuse;[95] and in a condition of permanent peace the state would be reduced within Jeffersonian bounds, acting only to prevent breaches of equal freedom. Such justice should be administered without cost, so that wrong-doers might know that the poverty of their victims would not shield them from punishment; and all the expenses of the state should be met by direct taxation, lest the invisibility of taxation should divert public attention from governmental extravagance.[96] But "beyond maintaining justice, the state cannot do anything else without transgressing justice";[97] for it would then be protecting inferior individuals from that natural apportionment of reward and capacity, penalty and incapacity, on which the survival and improvement of the group depend.

The principle of justice would require common ownership of land, if we could separate the land from its improvements.[98] In his first book, Spencer had advocated nationalization of the soil, to equalize economic opportunity; but he withdrew his contention later (much to the disgust of Henry George, who called him "the perplexed philosopher"), on the ground that land is carefully husbanded only by the family that owns it, and that can rely on transmitting to its own descendants the effects of the labor put into it. As for private property, it derives

[94]Elliott, *Herbert Spencer*, p. 81.
[95]I, 148, 420. [96]II, 200. [97]II, 222. [98]II, 81.

immediately from the law of justice, for each man should be equally free to retain the products of his thrift. The justice of bequests is not so obvious; but the "right to bequeathe is included in the right of ownership, since otherwise the ownership is not complete."[99] Trade should be as free among nations as among individuals; the law of justice should be no merely tribal code, but an inviolable maxim of international relations.

These are, in outline, the real "rights of man" —the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness on equal terms with all. Beside these economic rights, political rights are unimportant unrealities.[100] Since only economic rights avail, women are misled when they spend so much time seeking the franchise. Spencer fears that the maternal instinct for helping the helpless may lead women to favor a paternalistic state.[101] There is some confusion in his mind on this point; he argues that political rights are of no importance, and then that it is very important that women should not have them; he denounces war, and then contends that women should not vote because they do not risk their lives in battle[102]—a shameful argument for any man to use who has been born of woman. He is afraid of women because they may be too altruistic; and yet the culminating conception of his book is that industry and peace will develop altruism to the point where it will balance egoism and so evolve the spontaneous order of a philosophic anarchism.

The conflict of egoism and altruism (this word, and something of this line of thought, Spencer takes, more or less unconsciously, from

[99]II, 120. [100]II, 192-3. [101]II, 196-7.
[102]II, 166.

Comte) results from the conflict of the individual with his family, his group, and his race. Presumably egoism will remain dominant; but perhaps that is desirable. If everybody thought more of the interests of others than of his own we should have a chaos of curtsies and retreats; and probably "the pursuit of individual happiness within the limits prescribed by social conditions is the first requisite to the attainment of the greatest general happiness."[103] What we may expect, however, is a great enlargement of the sphere of sympathy, a great development of the impulses to altruism Even now the sacrifices entailed by parentage are gladly made; "the wish for children among the childless, and the occasional adoption of children, show how needful for the attainment of certain egoistic satisfactions are these altruistic activities."[104] The intensity of patriotism is another instance of the passionate preference of larger interests to one's immediate concerns. Every generation of social living deepens the impulses to mutual aid.[105] "Unceasing social discipline will so mould human nature that eventually, sympathetic pleasures will be spontaneously pursued to the fullest extent advantageous to all."[106] The sense of duty, which is the echo of generations of compulsion to social behavior, will then disappear; altruistic actions, having become instinctive through their natural selection for social utility, will, like every instinctive operation, be performed without compulsion, and with joy. The natural evolution of human society brings us ever nearer to the perfect state.

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[103] I, 196, 190.
[104] I, 242-3.
[105] I, 466
[106] I, 250.

VIII. CRITICISM

The intelligent reader, in the course of this brief analysis,[107] will have perceived certain difficulties in the argument, and will need no more than some scattered reminders as to where the imperfections lie. Negative criticism is always unpleasant, and most so in the face of a great achievement; but it is part of our task to see what time has done to Spencer's synthesis.

1. First Principles

The first obstacle, of course, is the Unknowable. We may cordially recognize the probable limitations of human knowledge; we cannot quite fathom that great sea of existence of which we are merely a transient wave. But we must not dogmatize on the subject, since in strict logic the assertion that anything is unknowable already implies some knowledge of the thing. Indeed, as Spencer proceeds through his ten volumes, he shows "a prodigious knowledge of the unknowable."[108] As Hegel put it: to limit reason by reasoning is like trying to swim without entering the water. And all this logic-chopping about "inconceivability"—how far away that seems to us now, how like those sophomoric days when to be alive was to de-

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[107]The analysis, of course, is incomplete. "Space forbids" (the author has often smiled at this cloak for laziness, but must offer it here) a discussion of the *Education*, the *Essays*, and large sections of the *Sociology*. The lesson of the *Education* has been too well learned; and we require today some corrective of Spencer's victorious assertion of the claims of science as against letters and the arts. Of the essays, the best are those on style, laughter, and music. Hugh Elliott's *Herbert Spencer* is an admirable exposition.

[108]Browne: *Kant and Spencer*, p. 253.

bate! And for that matter, an unguided machine is not much more conceivable than a First Cause, particularly if, by this latter phrase, we mean the sum total of all causes and forces in the world Spencer, living in a world of machines, took mechanism for granted; just as Darwin, living in an age of ruthless individual competition, saw only the struggle for existence.

What shall we say of that tremendous definition of evolution? Does it explain anything? "To say, 'first there was the simple and then the complex was evolved out of it,' and so on, is not to explain nature."[109] Spencer, says Bergson, repieces, he does not explain;[110] he misses, as he at last perceives, the vital element in the world. The critics, evidently, have been irritated by the definition; its Latinized English is especially arresting in a man who denounced the study of Latin, and defined a good style as that which requires the least effort of understanding. Something must be conceded to Spencer, however; no doubt he chose to sacrifice immediate clarity to the need of concentrating in a brief statement the flow of all existence. But in truth he is a little too fond of his definition; he rolls it over his tongue like a choice morsel, and takes it apart and puts it together again interminably. The weak point of the definition lies in the supposed "instability of the homogeneous." Is a whole composed of like parts more unstable, more subject to change, than a whole composed of unlike parts? The heterogeneous, as more complex, would presumably be more unstable than the homogeneously simple. In ethnology and politics it is taken for granted that hetero-

[109] Ritchie: *Darwin and Hegel*, p. 60.
[110] *Creative Evolution*, p. 64.

geneity makes for instability, and that the fusion of immigrant stocks into one national type would strengthen a society. Tarde thinks that civilization results from an increase of similarity among the members of a group through generations of mutual imitation; here the movement of evolution is conceived as a progress towards homogeneity. Gothic architecture is surely more complex than that of the Greeks; but not necessarily a higher stage of artistic evolution. Spencer was too quick to assume that what was earlier in time was simpler in structure; he underrated the complexity of protoplasm, and the intelligence of primitive man[111]. Finally, the definition fails to mention the very item which in most minds today is inalienably associated with the idea of evolution —namely, natural selection. Perhaps (imperfect though this too would be) a description of history as a struggle for existence and a survival of the fittest—of the fittest organisms, the fittest societies, the fittest moralities, the fittest languages, ideas, philosophies—would be more illuminating than the formula of incoherence and coherence, of homo- and heterogeneity, of dissipation and integration?

"I am a bad observer of humanity in the concrete," says Spencer, "being too much given to wandering into the abstract."[112] This is dangerous honesty. Spencer's method, of course, was too deductive and *a priori*, very different from Bacon's ideal or the actual procedure of scientific thought. He had, says his secretary, "an inexhaustible faculty of developing *a priori* and *a posteriori*, inductive and deductive, arguments in support of any imaginable proposition;[113] and the *a priori* arguments were prob-

[111]Cf. Franz Boas: *The Mind of Primitive Man.*
[112]*Autob.*, II, 461. [113]Royce, 194.

ably prior to the others. Spencer began, like a scientist, with observation; he proceeded, like a scientist, to make hypotheses; but then, unlike a scientist, he resorted not to experiment, nor to impartial observation, but to the selective accumulation of favorable data. He had no nose at all for "negative instances." Contrast the procedure of Darwin, who, when he came upon data unfavorable to his theory, hastily made note of them, knowing that they had a way of slipping out of the memory a little more readily than the welcome facts!

2. Biology and Psychology

In a foot-note to his essay on "Progress," Spencer candidly confesses that his ideas of evolution were based on Lamarck's theory of the transmissibility of acquired characters, and were not really an anticipation of Darwin, whose essential idea was the theory of natural selection. He is rather the philosopher of Lamarckianism, then, than the philosopher of Darwinism. He was almost forty when the *Origin of Species* appeared; and at forty one's categories are hardened into immutability.

Aside from lesser difficulties, like the failure to reconcile his illuminating principle—that reproduction decreases as development advances—with such facts as the higher rate of reproduction in civilized Europe as compared with savage peoples, the major defects of his biological theory are his reliance on Lamarck and his failure to find a dynamic conception of life. When he confesses that life "cannot be conceived in physico-chemical terms,"[114] the "admission is fatal to his formula of evolution, to his definition of life, and to the coherence of the Synthetic Philosophy."[115] The secret of life

[114] *Biology*, i, 120.
[115] J. A. Thomson, *Herbert Spencer*, p. 109.

might better have been sought in the power of mind to adjust external to internal relations than in the almost passive adjustment of the organism to the environment. On Spencer's premises, complete adaptation would be death.

The volumes on psychology formulate rather than inform. What we knew is reshaped into an almost barbarously complex terminology, which obscures where it should clarify. The reader is so fatigued with formulas and definitions and questionable reductions of psychological facts to neural structures that he may fail to observe that the origin of mind and consciousness is left quite unexplained. It is true that Spencer tries to cover up this gaping chasm in his system of thought by arguing that mind is the subjective accompaniment of nerve processes evolved mechanically, somehow, out of the primeval nebula; but why there should be this subjective accompaniment in addition to the neural mechanism, he does not say. And that, of course, is just the point of all psychology.

3. Sociology and Ethics

Magnificent as the Sociology is, its 2,000 pages give many an opening for attack. Running through it is Spencer's usual assumption that evolution and progress are synonymous, whereas it may well be that evolution will give to insects and bacteria the final victory in their relentless war with man. It is not quite evident that the industrial state is either more pacific or more moral than the "militant" feudalism that preceded it. Athens' most destructive wars came long after her feudal lords had yielded power to a commercial bourgeoisie; and the countries of modern Europe seem to make war with blithe indifference as to whether they are industrial or not; industrial imperialism may be as militaristic as

land-hungry dynasties. The most militaristic of modern states was one of the two leading industrial nations of the world. Further, the rapid industrial development of Germany seems to have been aided, rather than impeded, by state control of certain phases of transport and trade. Socialism is obviously a development not of militarism but of industrialism. Spencer wrote at a time when the comparative isolation of England made her pacifist (in Europe), and when her supremacy in commerce and industry made her a firm believer in free trade; he would have been shocked had he lived to see how readily the free trade theory would disappear along with commercial and industrial supremacy, and how the pacifism would disappear as soon as Germany's assault on Belgium threatened English isolation. And of course Spencer exaggerated the virtues of the industrial regime; he was almost blind to the brutal exploitation that flourished in England before the state interfered to mitigate it; all that he could see "in the middle of our century, especially in England," was "a degree of individual freedom greater than ever before existed."[116] No wonder that Nietzsche reacted in disgust from industrialism, and exaggerated, in his turn, the virtues of the military life.[117]

The analogy of the social organism would have driven Spencer into state socialism had his logic been more powerful than his feelings; for state socialism represents, in a far higher degree than a *laissez-faire* society, the integration of the heterogeneous. By the yard-stick of his own formula Spencer would have been

[116] *Sociology*, iii, 607. Cf. *The Study of Sociology*, p. 335: "The testimony is that higher wages commonly result only in more extravagant living or in drinking to greater excess."

[117] Cf. *The Joyful Wisdom*, sect. 40.

compelled to acclaim Germany as the most highly evolved of modern states. He tried to meet this point by arguing that heterogeneity involves the freedom of the parts, and that such freedom implies a minimum of government; but this is quite a different note than that which we heard in "*coherent* heterogeneity." In the human body integration and evolution leave rather little freedom to the parts. Spencer replies that in a society consciousness exists only in the parts, while in the body consciousness exists only in the whole. But social consciousness—consciousness of the interests and processes of the group—is as centralized in society as personal consciousness is in the individual. Spencer helped to save us from a regimental state socialism, but only by the sacrifice of his consistency and his logic.

And only by individualistic exaggerations. We must remember that Spencer was caught between two eras; that his political thinking had been formed in the days of *laissez-faire*, and under the influence of Adam Smith; while his later years were lived in a period when England was struggling to correct, by social control, the abuses of her industrial regime. He never tired of reiterating his arguments against state-interference; he objected to state-financed education, or to governmental protection of citizens against fraudulent finance;[118] at one time he argued that even the management of war should be a private, and not a state, concern;[119] he wished, as Wells put it, "to raise public shiftlessness to the dignity of a national policy." He carried his MSS. to the printer himself, having too little confidence in a government institution to entrust them to the Post

[118] *Autob.*, ii, 5.
[119] I. 239.

Office.[120] He was a man of intense individuality, irritably insistent on being let alone; and every new act of legislation seemed to him an invasion of his personal liberty. He could not understand Benjamin Kidd's argument, that since natural selection operates more and more upon groups, in class and international competition, and less and less upon individuals, a widening application of the family-principle (whereby the weak are aided by the strong) is indispensable for the maintenance of group unity and power. Why a state should protect its citizens from unsocial physical strength and refuse protection against unsocial economic strength is a point which Spencer ignores. He scorned as childish the analogy of government and citizen with parent and child; but the real analogy is with brother and brother. His politics were more Darwinian than his biology.

But enough of these criticisms. Let us turn back to the man again, and see in fairer perspective the greatness of his work.

IX. CONCLUSION

First Principles made Spencer almost at once the most famous philosopher of his time. It was soon translated into most of the languages of Europe; even in Russia, where it had to face and defeat a government prosecution. He was accepted as the philosophic exponent of the spirit of the age; and not only did his influence pass everywhere into the thought of Europe, but it strongly affected the realistic movement in literature and art. In 1869 he was astounded to find that *First Principles* had been adopted as a text-book at Oxford.[121] More marvelous still, his books began, after 1870, to

[120] Collier, in Royce, 221. [121] *Autob.*, ii, 242.

bring him returns that made him financially secure. In some cases admirers sent him substantial gifts, which he always returned. When Czar Alexander II visited London, and expressed to Lord Derby a desire to meet the distinguished savants of England, Derby invited Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, etc. The others attended, but Spencer declined. He associated with only a few intimates. "No man is equal to his book," he wrote. "All the best products of his mental activity go into his book, where they come separated from the mass of inferior products with which they are mingled in his daily talk."[122] When people insisted on coming to see him he inserted stopping into his ears, and listened placidly to their inaudible conversation.

Strange to say, his fame vanished almost as suddenly as it had come. He outlived the height of his own repute, and was saddened, in his last years, by seeing what little power his tirades had to stop the tide of "paternalistic" legislation. He had become unpopular with almost every class. Scientific specialists whose privileged fields he had invaded damned him with faint praise, ignoring his contributions and emphasizing his errors; and bishops of all creeds united in consigning him to an eternity of punishment. Laborites who liked his denunciations of war turned from him in anger when he spoke his mind on socialism and on trade-union politics; while conservatives who liked his views on socialism shunned him because of his agnosticism. "I am more Tory than any Tory and more radical than any Radical," he said. wistfully.[123] He was incorrigibly sincere, and offended every group by speaking candidly on every subject: after sympathizing

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[122] *Autob.*, i, 423. [123] II, 431.

with the workers as victims of their employers, he added that the workers would be as domineering if positions were reversed; and after sympathizing with women as victims of men, he did not fail to add that men were the victims of women so far as the women could manage it. He grew old alone.

As he aged he became more gentle in opposition, and more moderate in opinion. He had always laughed at England's ornamental king, but now he expressed the view that it was no more right to deprive the people of their king than it was to deprive a child of its doll.[124] So in religion he felt it absurd and unkind to disturb the traditional faith where it seemed a beneficent and cheering influence.[125] He began to realize that religious beliefs and political movements are built upon needs and impulses beyond the reach of intellectual attack; and he reconciled himself to seeing the world roll on without much heeding the heavy books he hurled in its direction. Looking back over his arduous career, he thought himself foolish for having sought literary fame instead of the simpler pleasures of life.[126] When he died, in 1903, he had come to think that his work had been done in vain.[127]

We know now, of course, that it was not so. The decay of his repute was part of the English Hegelian reaction against positivism; the revival of liberalism will raise him again to his place as the greatest English philosopher of his century. He gave to philosophy a new contact with things, and brought to it a realism which made German philosophy seem, beside it,

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[124]Elliott, p. 66.
[125]*Autob.*, ii, 547.
[126]II, 534.
[127]Thomson, p. 51.

weakly pale and timidly abstract. He summed up his age as no man had ever summed up any age since Dante; and he achieved so masterly a co-ordination of so vast an area of knowledge that criticism is almost shamed into silence by his achievement. We are standing now on heights which his struggles and his labors won for us; we seem to be above him because he has raised us on his shoulders. Some day, when the sting of his opposition is forgotten, we shall do him better justice.

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 92
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Hypnotism Made Plain

Maynard Shipley

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HYPNOTISM MADE PLAIN

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INTRODUCTION

To many persons mention of the word "hypnotism" at once brings to mind a "Professor" in full-dress suit on a vaudeville stage putting "subjects" through laugh-provoking antics. Or the image of Svengali rises before the mind's eyes, with long, lank fingers making mystic "passes" before the now helpless—not to say enslaved -- victim, fascinated by the large, black, "sorcerer" eyes of the great master.

To such persons the "hypnotist" is rather closely identified with the "charlatan." Happily, this conception of hypnotists and hypnotism is fading out in the strong, clear light of modern science.

Hypnotism and Suggestion (two phases of the same phenomenon) have now taken their legitimate places in psychology and medicine as subjects intimately related to our everyday life, in health and in disease. Whether we know it or not, Suggestion is at work all around and within us, day and night, from earliest childhood to the very close of our lives.

Hypnotism and suggestion have — against strong opposition—won an important place in the history of medicine. It has been amply demonstrated that certain maladies which have stubbornly resisted the regular medical treatment often yield to psycho-therapeutic methods (mind treatment). The time has long since passed when medical science scoffed at the

idea of alleviating or entirely removing pain and certain pathological conditions by suggestion in mild cases and hypnotism in more stubborn, deep-seated afflictions.

What is the "Applied Psychology" about which we hear so much nowadays, but the application of the established principles of suggestion to the problems of social life and the affairs of prosaic business? Applied psychology —for a course of ten lessons for which enterprising "leaders of thought" are charging $100 —is nothing more or less than hypnotism and suggestion "made plain." Investigation will readily show that the principles of suggestion are applicable to the affairs of business and social life. But hypnosis and suggestion may also play a sinister part in intellectual, social and political life, and need to be understood as a matter of self-protection.

From what has been said—and I shall adduce abundant proofs in succeeding pages in support of the statements made above—it may be seen that to give a little time and study to the elementary principles of hypnotism and suggestion is not merely a form of diversion, but a measure of self-defense as well as a means of self-improvement, resulting often in improved health, a happier frame of mind, and even worldly success.

HYPNOTISM MADE PLAIN

CHAPTER 1.

A RETROSPECT

The story of the origin and development of hypnotism — or mesmerism, as it was once called — is not only interesting in itself, as history, but also helpful to a clear understanding of its modern phases and applications.

What we now call suggestion and hypnotism, and recognize as purely psychological phenomena, were originally believed to be manifestations of a peculiar, universally disseminated fluid, analogous to the ether of the physicists, which could be absorbed by various substances and discharged therefrom.

As early as 1530, the celebrated Swiss physician Paracelsus (1493-1541)—founder of medical chemistry—advanced the theory of "personal magnetism," or magnetic influences, derived from the universal cosmic magnetic "fluid" or force which, he declared, bound the stars together, and permeated all living things. Each man carries within his own body, he said, a twofold magnetism, one healthful, the other morbid. The magnetism of a healthy person attracts the morbid magnetism of a sick person, thus relieving the latter of his malady. Absorbed by the healthy person, the morbid magnetic force is transformed at once into wholesome magnetism.

Dr. Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus von Hohemeim — Paracelsus' real name —may or may not have fully believed in his

theory of transferable magnetism. He was—for his time—a great physician, and as such a very practical man—a forerunner of the modern pragmatists. If belief in his doctrine on the part of his patient would act as a curative agency, Paracelsus would undoubtedly utilize this doctrine, just as he did astrology—belief in which was universal in his day and age. He appears to have been fully aware of the value of faith if not of suggestion in the cure of disease. "It is all one," he remarks, "whether you believe in something real or something false, it will have the same effect upon you. . . . It is always the faith that works the miracle, and whether the faith is aroused by something real or something false its miraculous power is the same."

A few years later, Jean Baptist van Helmont, "father of chemistry" (1577-1644), stimulated by diligent perusal of the works of Paracelsus, adopted and expounded the doctrine that man possessed a magnetic force capable of healing the sick.[1]

The Paracelsean doctrine of a healing magnetic force was introduced into England by Robert Fludd (1574-1637), the physician and theosophist (a partisan of the Rosicrucians).

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[1]Van Helmont was first to prove the indestructibility of matter in chemical changes by utilizing the balance in analysis, invented the word "gas", and first used the melting-point of ice and the boiling-point of water as limits of a thermometric scale. He opposed the view of Descartes that the pineal gland is the seat of the soul, his physiological investigations leading him to the conviction that the temple of that entity is the stomach!

We hear little or nothing of this doctrine in French works until the year 1766, when appeared the dissertation, "*De planetarum influxu*" ("On the Influence of the Planets"), of the Viennese physician, Friedrich Anton Mesmer (1734-1815) — born near Constance, and later resident in Paris.

Mesmer, like Paracelsus, believed that a magnetic element or fluid pervaded the universe and pervaded all bodies. Following Descartes, he denied that there could be a vacuum anywhere within the cosmos, since the mutual influence between the stars and planets "is transmitted by a fluid universally disseminated, and everywhere continuous, so that no vacuum can exist." This universal fluid—analogous to the hypothetic ether of space of modern physicists—"is, by its very nature, enabled to receive and retain all impressions of movement, to propagate them and transmit them." In the human body this medium expresses itself in conditions related to magnetism, and the forces exhibited are of the nature of *Animal Magnetism*. This force, says Mesmer, may be transferred from the human body to both inanimate and animate bodies, certain substances being more susceptible to this influence than others. "The magnet, too, artificial, as well as natural, is susceptible to animal magnetism, without any impairment of its influence upon iron or the magnetic needle. From this we see that the artificial magnet possesses qualities which are efficacious in sickness, and that if we obtain successful results from its application, these are due merely to animal magnetism."

Mesmer laid down rules of procedure in accordance with which "this principle is able to cure maladies of the nervous system directly, and other maladies indirectly."

This method of healing was put into practice in Vienna about 1763, with the co-operation of Dr. Maximillian Hell, Professor of Astronomy, and it is recorded that a number of cures were effected.

Having been bred for the church, it was not difficult for Dr. Mesmer to pass from a belief in cures by "sacred relics" to the treatment of diseases by application of magnetized plates, rings, collars, amulets, etc. As in the case of many "faith" healers of our own day, Mesmer's fame soon became widespread, reports of his marvelous cures even reaching the court of Louis XVI.

Under the patronage of Marie Antoinette, Mesmer held seances to which people of all classes flocked for treatment, including many men distinguished in the arts and sciences. Unfortunately, Mesmer elected to invest himself and his procedure with an atmosphere of mysticism, arraying himself in yellow robes, bearing a wand in his hand, suggestive of the staff of the ancient followers of Aesculapius.

In the light of our present-day knowledge regarding the power of suggestion as a curative agent, we are not surprised to learn that Dr. Mesmer was able to effect many remarkable cures by convincing his patients of the therapeutic virtues of his magnetized paraphernalia.

Believing as he undoubtedly did that he possessed an "animal magnetism" which could be

transferred to inanimate substances, including water, glass, iron, etc., Mesmer constructed his curious "baquet." This weird apparatus consisted of a wooden tub with an iron rod placed vertically in the center, around which were arranged layers of corked bottles filled with magnetized water—"magnetized" by his own hands, just as he believed he could pass his own "magnetic fluid" directly into the body of a patient. Each bottle was supplied with a conductor, i. e., an iron wire running through the cork and in contact with the central rod. The tub was filled with water, iron filings, pounded glass and sand, previously magnetized by passes of Mesmer's hands, or by his merely breathing upon them. That the magnetic effluvia might not escape and be dissipated in space, a closely-fitting cover was placed on the tub. "Conductors" passed from the source of the emanations, or fluid, to the patient—woolen or cotton cords, which the patients twined around their bodies. Soft iron rods projected from the baquet, which were placed in contact with any desired part of the patient's body.

Seated around the baquet, lulled by soft music issuing from the adjoining room, the patients gazed at the dim light, in a more or less hypnotic condition, while the "animal magnetism" supplied by the baquet did its curative work. Mesmer and his assistants passed from one patient to another, making mystic passes over them — directing the fluid — or touching them with the rods. Patients of hysterical temperament sometimes fell into convulsions, which were interpreted by Mesmer as a

favorable sign. He even went so far as to assert that there could be no permanent cures without these so-called "crises." It was not long before Mesmer was publicly denounced as a charlatan and disappeared from the public eye.

Mesmer's sensational success doubtless aroused the jealousy of the "regular" medical profession. It is known that his claims were very superficially investigated by a committee of scientists. He was duly branded as a quack, and retired into comparative obscurity, "to walk silent on the shore of the Bodensee, meditating on much." A monument marks his grave in the churchyard of the Meersburg, placed there by admiring German physicians.

Mesmer honestly regarded himself as a martyr, the victim of envious competitors. And we need not doubt that many victims of disease were aided or actually cured by his methods, though no magnetic fluid issued from his rings and amulets to be guided by his mystic wand; just as in our days sufferers are helped—through auto-suggestion—by the "anti-rheumatic ring," "electric" belts and pads void of electricity, or pink pills containing no curative drugs. All of these devices are but modern recrudescences of the very ancient practice of suggestion and hypnosis, "laying on of hands," touching the king's gold ring, or the ancient custom of healing by the art of making passes.

In the temples of Isis, of Osiris and of Serapis, hypnotism and suggestion were common practices. Indeed, some form of psycho-therapeutics, by means of touch or passes, was practiced amongst all the nations of antiquity

whose records have come down to us even in fragmentary form. We are assured by Plutarch that Pyrrhus, the famous king of Epirus, was able to relieve colic and affections of the spleen by laying the patients on their backs and passing his great toe over them. Cures by the laying on of hands were effected also by pagan Roman emperors and Christian saints, as well as by the priests of ancient Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Chaldea, Persia, China and India—accompanied by mystic "passes."

Why not, then, cures by the baquet of Mesmer, or the "Oscilloclast" of Dr. Albert Abrams, as well as the healing at Lourdes, St. Anne de Beaupré and other shrines? A magnetic element pervades the universe and penetrates all bodies, said Mesmer, capable of receiving and communicating all kinds of motions and impressions. All bodies are radio-active, said Abrams, and emit electronic vibrations (?) capable of reinforcing and finally breaking down the electronic waves characteristic of each disease. Relics of the saints have the power of healing the sick, says the Roman Catholic Church. And in each case the cures are assuredly made—by suggestion and auto-suggestion.

When an Australian aborigine believes (imagines) that an enemy has struck him at a distance, to all intents and purposes he is so struck. Promptly he lies down and becomes actually ill—through the power of auto-suggestion—frequently followed by gradual loss of vitality ending before long in death (Klaatsch). But this power of the imagination (auto-suggestion) to work harm—as well as

good—is not confined to savages. Baudouin tells of a case, noted by Coué, of a nun who was confined to her bed by illness during the winter. She soon recovered, becoming well and strong again. On April 1st her appetite disappeared, in a few days she was again confined to her bed, and she died before the end of the month. She thought she had heard her physician say, during her winter illness, "She won't outlive April." The suggestion that she was to die before the close of April became fixed in her mind, so, feeling sure that she would die in April, in April she died. Many similar cases are on record.

With the exception of the private—and gratuitous—work carried on by the Marquis de Puységur, who substituted a gentle sleep for convulsions, and by the Abbé Faria, who was the first to state the doctrine of suggestion, we hear very little about mesmerism in France for some years following the retirement of its founder.

In England a number of physicians became interested. Among the pioneers should be mentioned John Elliotson (1837), whose attention was directed to the subject by a French nobleman, to whose house leading members of the medical profession had been invited to witness a demonstration. Dr. Elliotson was profoundly impressed by the experiments there witnessed, and used his position on the staff of University College Hospital to employ mesmerism in treating patients. He was particularly successful in cases of nervous diseases. As President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Societies, his opinion would, in any other instance, have

carried great weight. Owing to the characteristic conservatism not only of the medical profession, but of scientists in general, his use of mesmerism in the hospital, though remarkably successful, was met by the violent opposition that pertains to most radical departures from the practices sanctioned by "authority." Refusing to bow to the mandate of unreasoned conservatism, Dr. Elliotson was obliged to resign. Retiring to private practice, he continued the use of mesmerism with increasingly satisfactory results, though unaware of the fact that no "animal magnetism"—or vital fluid—was involved in the process. This discovery was due to James Braid, a noted surgeon of Manchester.

Having witnessed a public exhibition of so-called mesmerism, Braid became convinced (1841) that there was therapeutic value in the method. He determined to explore the subject thoroughly, concerning himself not only with the practical application of hypnotism, but also with an attempt to explain the fundamental nature of the phenomena witnessed. Accepting, tentatively, the theories advanced by Mesmer, he soon arrived at the conclusion that there was no "vital force" or "animal magnetism" involved; hence there could be no question of magnets, metals, and crystals transmitting such a curative fluid. Braid found, by experiment, that he could produce all the phenomena attributed to the action of Mesmer's "vital fluid" by merely inducing the patient to fix his gaze upon any bright object, held at a short distance in front of and slightly higher than the level of the patient's eyes, ac-

companied by concentration of the mind on the object. The desired state of drowsiness or even complete unconsciousness was shown to be evokable without resort to magnets or passes, the phenomenon being entirely subjective, and quite independent of "animal magnetism." He attributed hypnosis to a tiring of the sensory organs.

Braid noted that the depths of the sleep induced varied in different persons from slight drowsiness to a state of complete unconsciousness. The latter condition he defined as "neurohypnotism, or nervous sleep, a peculiar condition of the nervous system produced by artificial contrivance." He later proposed that this condition be termed Hypnosis, and the process involved Hypnotism, or Neurohypnology, limiting the term "hypnotic sleep" to those cases where on awakening entire forgetfulness of all that had occurred during sleep was acknowledged by the patient. Braid was first to demonstrate that there is a close relationship between hypnosis and natural sleep.

As might be expected by a student of the history of science, Braid's very important work failed to elicit the support and encouragement of the British medical fraternity, who should have been most profoundly interested in his results. In Germany and Switzerland, however, his name was held in honor, a number of investigators on the Continent having become deeply interested in the practical application of hypnotism to medical practice. Among these may be mentioned Krafft-Ebing, Preyer, Oskar Vogt, Euelenburg, Heidenhain, Wetterstrand, Forel and Albert Moll. It has

well been said that Braid laid the foundation of the theories elaborated later (1891-4) by F. W. H. Myers, of Cambridge, and Carpenter, basing the phenomena of hypnotism on the existence and activity of a subliminal consciousness.

In 1860, the year of Braid's death, his discovery of the subjective nature of so-called mesmerism was published by the Paris Academy of Science.

The researches of Braid attracted the attention of Dr. Liébault, of Nancy, who, in 1864, opened up a dispensary in that town for the gratuitous treatment of the poor by hypnotism. Braid was first to assert that suggestion was the only external factor involved in producing the phenomena of hypnosis, but the credit for demonstrating this fact beyond a doubt is usually given to Liébault, who disavowed Braid's "tired senses" theory, pronouncing hypnotism to be wholly the result of suggestion (in an essay in 1866). This pioneer did not, however, explain the condition of mind necessary for the production of the phenomena of hypnotism. The elucidation of this problem was the work of F. W. H. Myers.

Myers assumed that man is endowed with both a supraliminal consciousness and a subliminal or subconscious intelligence — taking ordinary consciousness as a hypothetical level or limen (threshold). This theory does not predicate the existence of two minds, however, or two separate intelligences. Myers wished merely to point out that the stream of consciousness in which we habitually live is not our only one, and forms, in fact, only a small

part of our total personality, most of which lies below the threshold of our ordinary waking consciousness. But the subliminal part of personality is by no means "merely an unconscious complex of organic processes, but an intelligent vital control."

Modern psycho-therapeutics (mind-treatment of disease, through suggestion), as also psychoanalysis, takes for granted the dual functioning of mind, one part conscious, the other part subconscious. Hypnotism and suggestion become understandable on the hypothesis put forth by Myers, and on no other theory can we account for the phenomena involved. "By means of hypnotism the attention of the conscious mind may be distracted, and this leaves the operator free to communicate with the subconscious."

This in brief is the history of the progress from "animal magnetism" to hypnotism through purely psychical (mental) methods. It but remains to add a few words relative to the new views introduced by Emile Coué, colleague (1885-86) of Liébault, founder of the first school of Nancy, as Coué may justly be called founder of the "New Nancy School."

The originality of Coué's work consists in the fact that by his method cures are effected without resort to hypnosis or even to the suggestion of a second person. He relies entirely upon auto-suggestion, which he regards as the effective force in hypnotic suggestion. Furthermore, it is conceded by several eminent authorities that Coué has fully established the *law of reversed effort*, which is said to be operative in all cases of suggestion. Effective

auto-suggestion depends upon the elimination —or at least the partial elimination—of the conscious will. Will-power must give way to the curative—not to say creative—power of the *imagination*. "In a conflict between will and imagination," says Coué, "the power of imagination is in direct proportion to the square of the will-power."[2]

[2]This new theory of suggestion has recently been ably expounded by Prof. Charles Baudouin, of Geneva, in his "Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion", translated from the French by Eden and Cedar Paul.

ories or lovely scenes, followed by an effort to make the mind as near a blank as possible. Gazing steadfastly at the upraised finger of the operator is conducive to this condition. The fixed gaze serves only as a preliminary to complete auto-suggestion, without which a deeper condition of hypnosis cannot be produced. The operator in the last analysis merely aids the subject in hypnotizing himself, the hypnosis being merely a means to an end, which is the reception of suggestions by the subconscious mind, suitable to the disease, or bad habit, for which treatment is sought.

As said previously, it is now well established that the mind is dual in character, one part being conscious and the other subconscious. Under hypnosis the conscious mind is for the time being distracted, or in a state of abeyance. In this condition the subconscious mind is open to suggestions from the operator. The suggestions being intended for the welfare of the subject, they are passively received, retained, and automatically acted upon by the individual, unconsciously.

In cases where the patient is the victim of a bad habit, the operator merely needs to suggest to the subconscious mind that the habit is extremely detrimental to the health or worldly success of the patient, and must be got rid of. The suggestions act directly upon the subconscious mind, and when later the patient is tempted to continue the objectionable habit, there comes into play a restraining impulse—an inhibition from the subconscious part of the mind. In some cases repulsion takes the place of the former desire.

Mental suggestion is successfully employed not only in the eradication of bad habits, but also in the treatment of many diseases, among which may be mentioned certain forms of insomnia, constipation, obsessions, early melancholia, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance. It is also effective in such cases as stammering, writer's cramp, stage-fright, and as a substitute for gas in dentistry, or for chloroform, etc, in some other instances where an anaesthetic would ordinarily be employed.

Professor Wetterstrand is speaking from long experience when he declares that "the palliative effect of suggestion as a soporific and anodyne remedy in serious and incurable diseases, such as tuberculosis, cancer, etc., is far too little appreciated." The great value of suggestion in every day medical practice as "an aperient, an appetizer, a soporific, and a means of regulating the digestion, the secretions and the menstrual discharge" was pointed out by Professor Forel, and, as he remarked, "is far too little realized." The method has proved of great value in the treatment of alcoholism, addiction to morphia, neuralgia and hysteria.

Some persons are not hypnotizable. Just what the percentage is who are obdurate to hypnosis is not definitely known. Much depends on the skill and personality of the operator. Experienced psycho-therapists have stated that only about one person in every ten reaches the state of deep sleep. On the other hand, Dr. Liébault, who hypnotized a great number of persons of all ages and occupations, and of both sexes, found that of 1,000 persons

subjected by him to hypnotic experiments, 460 fell into a deep trance, 223 into a very deep trance, 129 into a deep hypnosis, 30 into a light hypnosis, 100 into a light trance, and 26 remained refractory. As a rule only a certain degree of drowsiness is required for successful medical treatment.

Generally speaking, no one can be hypnotized against his will. And it should be noted particularly here that no one can ever be made to do anything under hypnosis that would be against his nature or his moral convictions when he was awake. A teetotaller cannot be made to drink alcoholic liquor, or even water that he is told is wine or whiskey; an honest man cannot be made to steal; a peaceful man to fight. A strong emotion—a deep-seated love or hatred—has more power over the subconscious mind than has any hypnotic suggestion. So considered, "Trilby," for example, is based on a pure absurdity—no influence of Svengali's could ever have made Trilby give up her love for little Billee.

Hutchison finds that "the best subject for hypnosis is the person who has the intelligence to understand what is asked of him and the ability to concentrate his mind upon it." Intelligent co-operation is a desideratum. It is all but impossible, in most cases, to hypnotize an insane person or an imbecile.

Professor Wetterstrand, a famous psychiatrist and hypnotist of Stockholm, utilizes a method of hypnosis which, it is claimed, is effective in about 97 per cent of the cases that come before him—numbering at the time 3,148 persons. He employs what may, perhaps,

justly be called *mass hypnosis*. Instead of the usual procedure of handling one patient at a time, he "hypnotizes his patients wholesale." He uses two large rooms, heavily carpeted and curtained, to prevent noise and resonance. Both rooms are furnished with sofas, reclining chairs, and also with easy chairs for patients who do not wish to recline.

Beginning his work with patients who have been hypnotized on previous occasions, he goes from one patient to another, merely whispering suggestions into each patient's ear, quite inaudible to the other patients. Those thus hypnotized at the beginning he soon awakes. By thus showing that he has full control of the situation, a feeling of confidence is produced in the waiting newcomers, who have never before been under this treatment. The very sight of so many hypnotized persons exercises an hypnotic influence on all present—a form of mass suggestion. It is then an easy matter to induce the hypnotic sleep even in those who have come for their first treatment.

In his recent work, "Suggestion and Auto-suggestion," Prof. Charles Baudouin has elucidated the new theory of suggestion offered by Emile Coué, referred to previously.

Coué, as I have already said, seems to have established the fact that we have considerable power over ourselves through *imagination*, curative results being obtained without the aid of a second person to make suggestions. In a sense, the cures are effected by hypnotism, but the hypnotism is self-hypnotism, auto-suggestion. He holds that hypnotic suggestion, and the ordinary waking suggestion made by a sec-

ond person, are merely different methods of applying auto-suggestion. The cures are effected by "creative imagination." The will in these matters is negative, and must be as far as possible eliminated. It is obstructive, not creative. If the will and the imagination are in conflict, the powers of imagination are virtually nullified. "In a conflict between will and imagination, the power of imagination is in direct proportion to the square of the will-power," declares Coué.

It is very desirable that the patient should have faith in his physician—faith in the efficacy of his treatment. But, as remarked by that experienced psycho-therapist, Dr. Albert E. Davis, the patient must take his share in combating the disease, and then he will understand that his cure had come through no other source than his own mind.

To one who has given the matter little or no study, Coué's famous formula, "Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better," or "My pain is passing away," frequently repeated aloud, may appear to be a fruitless, not to say foolish, procedure. But there are thousands of persons who know by experience that the method is in many cases highly efficient; not only helpful but actually curative. As Dr. Davis well points out, the message which is uttered is being conveyed to a part of the mind—the subconscious—"which is incapable of controversial argument, and constant repetition will have its effect. That mind, prior to this, has implicitly believed its possessor every time he said 'I am very ill.' Why should it not be convinced, even more by suggestions

which are in conformity with the natural desire to be strong and healthy?"[3]

Another very interesting development of "creative imagination" is pointed out in "Sex Antagonism," by Heape. It is generally believed among scientists that stories of pre-natal "markings" are mere superstition, and undoubtedly most of them are fancied resemblances without connection with any previous experience on the part of the mother. Nevertheless the instances given by Mr. Heape must be considered unless they can be disproved. For example, a lizard dropped from the ceiling upon the naked breast of a pregnant woman. She declared (*imagined*) that her child would be born with a mark of a lizard on its breast. It was. Again, a woman's husband returned from the war with his face slashed in the form of a cross. The woman imagined that her expected child would be born with such a disfiguring slash. The child was born with the marking on its face.

According to this school of thought, it was not *fear* that the markings would appear on the child (as is claimed by most persons who believe in pre-natal markings) that produced the resulting disfigurement; it was the result of *creative imagination*. For the woman, the marking, in imagination, had already been made. Had she taken an opposite attitude, and visualized the face and body of the infant as perfectly normal, it is most likely that no

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[3]Albert E. Davis is Honorary Physician to the Liverpool Psycho-Therapeutic Clinic, and the author of "Hypnotism and Treatment by Suggestion", Fourth Edition, New York, 1923.

"birth-mark" would have been created,—created, as a matter of fact, by the mother herself.

Wetterstrand, Forel, Krafft-Ebing and others have shown that in certain individuals redness and swelling of the skin, and even blistering or ulceration, may be induced by hypnotism. I have myself witnessed the appearance of a white cross on a woman's forearm by auto-suggestion. There can be no doubt that the genuine cases of "stigmatization"—supposed by the faithful to be the result of a divine miracle rewarding holiness—are the effect of auto-suggestion—*imagination*. In all, some 150 cases of stigmatization have been recorded, the three I am about to mention having all occurred within the last hundred years. No scientist today regards the wounds—replicas of the injuries stated to have been caused by the nails in Jesus' hands and feet—which appeared in the hands and feet of Maria von Mörll, for example, as "faked." The same may be said of the stigmata of Katharine Emmerich and Louise Lateau. The verdict of science is that these women were hysterical invalids, not pious impostors. These wounds are, declared Professor Delboeuf, a psychologist of Liège, "auto-suggestive phenomena resulting from the intensive concentration of the attention upon the wounds of Christ." An equal concentration of the mind on the part of an expectant mother might well produce, by suggestion, any form of birth-mark on the body of an unborn infant. At least, there is no positive evidence to the contrary; although, as remarked above, most of such cases report-

ed are the result of mere superstitious credulity.

Good health, normality, if *imagined* to exist, may, within certain limits (or under certain conditions) be *created*. This at least is the doctrine of the New Nancy School. That Coué has to his credit many cures effected by his new methods of auto-suggestion is conceded by most, if not all, practising psycho-therapists who have investigated the subject.

Auto-suggestion is founded on "the great law that the subconscious part of mind governs the physical body, and in its turn is controlled by reasoned suggestions from the conscious mind. It is not even necessary that the suggestions made in the first instance should be true: they may be quite contrary to fact and apparently opposed to all reason. By reiteration the desired effect is produced, and they become true. When a person in pain persists in saying "I have no pain," or an inveterate smoker in saying "I have no desire to smoke," the one is opposed to sensation and the other to fact. The effect, however, is soon apparent; the pain lessens, and the desire to smoke is diminished."[4]

It should not be forgotten, in giving oneself auto-suggestive treatment, that pain is a *signal*. To remove pain without finding out what has caused it may be a very dangerous procedure. But as a temporary measure, or as a means of alleviation of the pain arising from an affliction already diagnosed and under treatment, it may be of great value.

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[4]Davis, *Op. cit.*, Pages 50-51.

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[4]Davis, *Op. cit.*, Pages 50-51.

Most persons today are not averse to speaking casually of the power of mind over matter, but when it comes to a practical application of the principle they are inclined to "side-step." Yet it is self-evident that many persons increase their discomforts and ills by brooding over them. It is equally self-evident that pain and even illness can in many cases be allayed or eliminated by an opposite course—an affirmation of well-being, of health and joy.

The basis of "Christian Science" and other mind-healing cults is faith, and faith cures are not all legendary. None of them is "miraculous." Auto-suggestion, *imagination*, working on the subconscious mind, can accomplish wonders. The task of the scientist is to find out what are the *limitations* of these psychotherapeutic methods of treatment. The Christian Scientist believes that there are no inherent limitations—and dies.

CHAPTER 3.

PHENOMENA OF HYPNOTISM

Let anyone who is skeptical concerning the power of mind over matter consider even a few of the many amazing phenomena of hypnotism. Public exhibitions of hypnotic experiments were, not long ago, frequently given in this country and in Europe. The Danish hypnotist, Hansen, rolled up a considerable fortune in this way. In most of the German states, and in Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, such performances are prohibited. They should be made illegal in the United States; for, in the hands of "Professors" ignorant of either psychology or medicine, much harm can be done by such exhibitions, both to the public at large and to the participants. The showmen-hypnotists have in mind only the entertainment of audiences and are little concerned about any bodily or mental injury that may be done the volunteer subjects.

While the really important work in hypnotism and auto-suggestion is being pursued by psychiatrists (alienists) and physicians in laboratories and clinics, demonstrating "the influence of mind over matter," their results are not so obvious, so easily understood, as the spectacular performances of the showmen-hypnotists.

As a rule there is no necessity for these showmen to place "tools" in the auditorium to volunteer when requests are made for subjects

for demonstration. Among the many real volunteers who are curious to see if they can be hypnotized, it is not a difficult matter for the experienced showman to select some well suited to his purpose, though he succeeds better with some of these than with others. The unsuitable persons having been rejected, it is not long before the expert has a band of hypnotized subjects doing the goose-step behind him, utterly devoid of any impulse of their own, ready on command to perform whatever ridiculous — and therefore laughter-provoking — "stunt" he may suggest.

Limbs are stiffened and retained in any posture selected by the hypnotist, and without fatigue to the subject. Laid horizontally, the whole body may be made rigid, so that if the head be placed on one chair and the heels on another, the body forming a bridge between the two, heavy loads quite beyond the person's normal powers are readily borne by him. Certain movements of the arms or legs once begun, the subject cannot of his own will inhibit them. A needle run through a fold of the skin will cause no pain. Told that he is an orchestral conductor, the volunteer will soberly conduct an imaginary orchestra, waving the baton to and fro. Ordered to give three cheers for "the king of Iceland" three minutes after awakening, the subject will, promptly at the time suggested, suddenly break forth with the cheers for the imaginary king, though unable to account for his by now embarrassing foolishness. The same result will occur if the order is given for 243 or 2043 minutes after awakening

—the subconscious mind will keep accurate count.

These phenomena are genuine in character, and are all capable of a psychological explanation. In the cataleptic or deeper stages of hypnotism, the subject loses all consciousness of the external world, still, however, hearing and obeying the voice of the operator. On awakening he has either partially or wholly forgotten all that has occurred during his somnambulistic sleep or trance.

Psychotherapists usually designate as somnambulism the (third) phase of hypnotism wherein all that has happened during the trance is completely forgotten. The term is objectionable, however, since it is commonly applied to sleep-walking (*in somno ambulare*—to walk in sleep). For this reason Louis Satow suggests that the term *somnambulance* be applied to sleep-walking, and *somnambulism* to the deepest phase of hypnotic sleep.[5]

Hutchison regards sleep-walking as a counterpart of hypnotic sleep. As is well known, not a few persons during natural sleep leave their beds and wander about the house, or even go out into the street or climb on the roof, performing dangerous feats in a state of entire unconsciousness. Entering a room where other persons are sitting, they will answer any questions put to them, or carry on a conversation. Some undertake complicated transactions, usually those which are "most frequently in-

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[5]In his excellent book, "Hypnotism and Suggestion" (translated by Bernard Miall), Page 76, New York, 1923.

cluded in the circle of their work and thought, and which concern them also in their waking moments" (Satow). Upon awakening the sleep-walker has no recollection of his actions during sleep.

Coué would explain that the somnambulist performs what are often perilous feats, usually with perfect security, because of his absence of fear; that is, he does not *imagine* himself falling from the height scaled, or the narrow board or path traversed in his wanderings. Satow says that sleep-walkers are "unaware of a large number of sensory impressions, and for this reason do not recognize danger." However, as he further observes, somnambulists have occasionally "come to grief during their perilous wanderings," as shown by authentic results. Usually, the business in hand having been accomplished, the sleep-walker finds his way back to bed, spontaneous waking during the performance being of rare occurrence.

Dr. Baerwald, of the Humboldt Academy in Berlin, tells of a sleep-walker who, without being hypnotized, was able to recite the words of a book which another person was reading (the letters being one two hundred and fiftieth of an inch high) although the latter sat facing the somnambulist, with the back of the book turned to him. The reader will doubtless jump to the plausible conclusion that this was a case of telepathy—mind-reading. Not so. Induced to close his eyes, the sleep-walker could no longer "recite the words of the book." The somnambulist had actually been reading the book from the reflected image of the type in

the pupils of the reader's eyes! Doubtless such acuteness of vision does not occur in the waking state.

In both hypnotic somnambulism (deep sleep) and sleep-walking, the essential characteristic is lack of remembrance of the events which have occurred. But in the case of the sleep-walker even the prick of a needle would cause him to awake; whereas in the deepest phase of hypnotic sleep marked anaesthesia occurs. In pre-chloroform days, Esdaile and others were enabled to carry out large numbers of major and minor surgical operations without pain to the patient. Even in recent times, painless tooth-extraction and painless childbirth have occurred with the aid of hypnotic sleep.

In the first phase of hypnosis, only sleepiness is induced. The influenced person, in this stage, can resist suggestion and open his eyes (Forel). With this degree of hypnosis alone, many cases of cure have been effected.

Dr. Hutchison states that adequate anaesthesia can also be induced by suggestion in the state of light sleep (second phase), when the patient is fully conscious, allowing painless tooth-extraction: "only the sight of the extracted tooth has carried conviction to the patient."

Cases of profound anaesthesia without loss of consciousness have been frequently noted on the battle-field, where soldiers have been severely wounded, even including severance of important parts of the body, without pain, and even without knowing for a time that the injury had been inflicted. It is probable that the sudden shock in such cases paralyzes the

nerves, hence there can be no sensation of pain registered in the cerebrum. On the other hand, it is quite possible that on the field of battle the condition is purely psychological, the victim being in a sort of trance, as a result of excitement.

Certain of the martyrs appear to have been in such a state at the time of their burning at the stake or similar torturing deaths—"a result of the state of intense exaltation into which they fell in anticipation of martyrdom," rendering them to a great extent oblivious to injuries which would otherwise result in unspeakable agony It is said that Archimedes, the greatest mathematicion of antiquity, was so deeply engrossed in some geometrical problem that he was unaware of the fact that Syracuse had been taken by the Romans, and that he had received a mortal wound, even though his life-blood was flowing away.

Concentration of thought is one aspect of hypnosis, rendering one unconscious of the external world and its doings. Thus, again, Archimedes having discovered how to determine the specific weight of bodies while he was taking a bath, the well-known story goes that he became so excited over the solution that he rushed to the street stark naked, shouting as he ran, "Eureka! Eureka!" (I have found it! I have found it!) Had his thigh been pierced by an arrow as he ran, it is doubtful if he would, for the moment have felt any pain from the wound inflicted.

Everyone is familiar with the undisputed fact that the medicine-man (shaman) of certain

savage tribes is capable of producing—by auto-suggestion—anaesthesia which enables him to dance barefoot in the midst of a fire, or over red-hot boulders. Many savages, by means of rhythmical, long-protracted dances, produce a form of auto-hypnosis which enables them to inflict severe wounds in their flesh which do not bleed and quickly heal.

Hypnotists find it quite possible to render a person incapable (during the hypnotic state) of exercising his faculties of tasting, smelling, seeing or hearing, "except in so far as the operator allows him to do so." Told that a glass of water is bubbling champagne, the subject (unless deeply opposed on principle: see previously) smacks his lips with intense satisfaction; or he chews chalk for candy with equal gusto. He will, at the command of the operator, smell asafetida as a delicious violet odor, or pronounce strong ammonia an odorless liquid, inhaling it without discomfort. The subconscious mind is not endowed with an olfactory lobe or gustatory organs. Capacity for pain is an exclusive property of the conscious mind. Hence the anaesthesia of hypnotism.

An incident narrated by Dr. Wingfield shows at once the source of "automatic writing" and the power of subconscious mind to remember what the conscious mind knows nothing about.

Having hypnotized his patient, during somnambulism he made him imagine that he was (1) riding with the hounds, (2) rowing a race in his college boat, and (3) that next morning he would put a boot on one foot and a shoe on

the other. "On waking he knew none of these things. I then made him put his hand on a planchette, and asked 'What did he do first?' After a few meaningless scratches it wrote 'hunting.' 'When then?' I asked. 'Rowed in the races,' was the answer. 'Did I tell him to do anything?' 'Boot one, shoe one,' said the planchette."

Dr. Wingfield calls attention to the fact that the knowledge possessed by the planchette was exactly commensurate with that possessed by the subject during somnambulism. "It will thus be seen that any loss of memory after hypnosis is only apparent and not real."

This power of the subconscious to remember facts, names, the measurement of time, and even languages, wholly unknown to the conscious mind, has frequently aroused astonishment in the learned and superstitious awe in the uninstructed. The Countess deLaval, for example, talked the Breton language in her sleep, but could not understand a word of Breton when awake. (She had heard it spoken in early childhood.) An illiterate servant, in a state of trance, spoke Hebrew fluently, but knew nothing whatever of the language when awake. It was learned that she had years before been in service with a clergyman who had a habit of memorizing Hebrew aloud.

The ouija-board or planchette aids the subconscious in bringing to consciousness forgotten memories. But the subconscious mind is highly imaginative, and often a great liar—as the ouija-board attests!

In some cases, suggestions made to a person

under hypnotic treatment retain their hold on the subject after he has been wakened, and it then becomes necessary to re-hypnotize the subject, suggesting contrary ideas. A hypnotized person may be led to believe that a dear friend has done him a great injustice, or stolen his purse, or that he has seen Smith or Jones commit a grave crime. In such cases of *post-hypnotic hallucinations*—as they are called—the subject, after waking, if questioned will describe in full detail the circumstances of the injury done him, and would be fully capable of giving evidence to support his hallucination in a court of law. Some persons even develop similar hallucinations by auto-suggestion.

"It is familiar to us all," says Dr. Hutchison, "how readily some people can . . . fabricate the details of a scandal, can, so to speak, create for themselves the hallucination of a scandal, every incident of which they believe themselves to have seen. For this it suffices simply that some one person should rest under slight suspicion, that a slight rumor should be set afloat, and ere long idle onlookers create the details which are wanting, and which they implictly believe they have founded on fact. Nowhere are more striking instances of this seen than in law courts, when an attempt is made to sift evidence. It is a well-known fact that a clever counsel may lead a witness into accepting and confirming most contradictory statements, by merely suggesting with an air of conviction that certain events had or had not been witnessed by him."

Very interesting is the phenomenon of post-

hypnotic suggestion. The suggestion is made during the hypnotic sleep that the subject perform certain acts after the lapse of a certain time, in the waking state. A young woman was told by Dr. Milne Bramwell to address a letter to him 12,500 minutes from the time at which she came out of the hypnotic sleep. Although she remembered nothing of the request on waking, at the exact second of expiration of the 12,500 minutes she wrote the letter, believing that the act was entirely voluntary. In this case, the woman was quite incapable of calculating the time consciously. In other cases Dr. Bramwell suggested to the hypnotized subjects that certain messages should be delivered at a fixed date, at a certain hour. Notwithstanding the fact that obstacles were purposely put in their path, the subjects faithfully carried out the commands at the appointed hour.

For the sake of the experiment, hypnotized subjects have been commanded to do rather absurd things at a specified time. Having carried out the suggestion, and asked why the act was performed, the subject will frequently attempt to give a good reason why he had done so and so, believing fully that he had done it of his own accord. "Even when delusions of the senses occur in the waking state," says Satow, "without hypnosis, we must assume that the persons affected are not, for the time being, for some reason or other, in a position to correct the creations of their imaginative faculties by reference to realities, and therefore regard them as real. So Luther, who was still deep in the superstitions of his day, regarded the devil

who appeared to him on the Wartburg as being so real that he hurled his inkstand after him."

Post-hypnotic results are often utilized to very good advantage by the psycho-therapist, since all psycho-physical processes can be influenced. For example, a person suffering from sleeplessness may be given very definite directions as to the hour at which he will become drowsy and the number of hours he will sleep. Such suggestions, however, may not always be responded to literally, but in some cases only a gradual improvement in sleeping occurs. Dr. Hutchison finds that "definite suggestions may be given in a case of obstinate constipation to act later in the form of a post-hypnotic suggestion, and so lead after a few treatments to the complete cure of the constipation. The various secretions may be influenced on the same lines, and so appetite and the ability to digest any food can be successfully suggested in a person suffering from loss of appetite and who may have refrained from solid foods for weeks or months."

According to Satow, all remedial hypnosis depends upon post-hypnotic effects. "The cure of all sorts of complaints—stammering, agoraphobia, insomnia, incontinence of urine, etc.—is complete only if it holds good *after* hypnosis. All post-hypnotic suggestions are much more easily realized if ordered to be carried out at a given time....To explain the effect of post-hypnotic suggestions it must be assumed that after hypnosis a condition of greater vigilance and increased nervous activity continues in the subconsciousness."

It has been observed that in arithmetical experiments many persons when hypnotized are able to add up 20% more figures than in the waking state. But no hypnotist can enable a subject to work out mathematical problems with which the subject is wholly unfamiliar in the waking state, since "no idea can ever be invoked which has not already consciously or unconsciously found its way into the mind" (Satow). In the same way, no hypnotist can enable anyone to play the piano who has not been accustomed to play it.

It is quite true, however, that mathematicians have solved problems during sleep which baffled them when awake. And the story of how the great Paganini awoke one morning to find his famous "*Sonate du Diable*" written in score by his bedside has often been told. Knowing nothing of the marvelous workings of the subconscious mind, Paganini ascribed the composition to the devil. A friend of my own frequently sells stories and poems which are the products of dreams. Robert Louis Stevenson always declared that "the Brownies" gave him his stories in his sleep.

CHAPTER 4.

HYPNOTISM AND PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

While Dr. Albert E. Davis utilizes psycho-analysis as an adjunct to hypnosis and suggestion, most psycho-analysts are opposed to the employment of suggestive therapeutics in any case whatever. The late André Tridon, in particular, in his well-known treatise, "Psycho-Analysis and Behavior" (1920), points out that hypnotism and psycho-analysis "have nothing in common but are in fact the exact opposite of each other: hypnotism introduces something into the subject's mind, psycho-analysis takes something out of it."

The "something" that hypnotism introduces into the subject's mind is the suggestion that the cells and organs of the body perform their functions in a normal manner, thus eliminating diseased conditions, leading to restoration of the patient's health, and without the necessity for drugs. In many cases the same results can be achieved by psycho-analysis, by digging out the original causes and removing the complexes or obsessions. But this is not equivalent to saying that hypnotic suggestion is not in many cases a valuable therapeutic remedy. Since the ordinary custom, in the case of illness in a family, is to call in a physician, the question is whether suggestion can do the work usually thought to be produced only by the taking of medicine.

As a matter of fact, "suggestion can steady a palpitating heart equally as well as belladonna, or take the place of digitalis in heart disease by diminishing the number of beats and resting the heart muscles" (Davis). When a patient has a cold he is ordinarily put to bed and given drugs to induce perspiration. But he can also be put to bed and perspiration can be induced by hypnotic suggestion. By hypnotic suggestion, according to reputable psycho-therapists, constipation can be cured naturally, without recourse to drugs, by re-establishing healthy functional activity in the glands secreting the intestinal juices. By hypnosis a natural sleep can be made to supersede insomnia, followed by cheerfulness and capacity for hard work the morning following.

"The real value of hypnotism," says Dr. Davis, "lies in the fact that it provides us with an additional weapon, which is enormously important, in the fight against disease. Through it the subject is better able to control his organism in his own interest. He cannot realize too plainly that the force which is exerted comes not from the hypnotist, but from himself. It is from the inner self the change arises; the hypnotist simply awakens dormant protective instincts. The best results are achieved when the patient understands this, for he will employ in his waking moments the same agency as that resorted to by the operator under hypnosis."

What the hypnotist does is to stimulate the subconscious activities of body and mind. Very

interesting and instructive in this connection is the following statement by Dr. Davis: "The sense of smell is greatly developed. I have had several subjects who, under hypnotism, could identify by sense of smell alone the owners of purses, keys and other articles of personal use. In hearing, it is well known that the subject can distinguish the faintest whisper of the operator inaudible to bystanders. Other powers are equally strengthened . . . All of these instances enable one to realize the power of hypnotism to restore the proper working of bodily functions."

Granted that psycho-analysis will also cure these same ailments which are reached by hypnotism or suggestion—may cure some of them better; but must one spend weeks or months exploring the history of the subconscious life in order to relieve a toothache or an attack of constipation?

Tridon seemed to think he was making out a strong case against suggestive therapeutics by pointing our similarities between neurotic and hypnotic states. "Every neurose," he declared, "is a form of auto-suggestion." Well, what of it? The business of the hypnotist is to help the patient to help himself in throwing off the neurose. And in many cases he does. In some cases he may fail. But as much can be said also of the psycho-analyst.

"The neurotic who consults a hypnotist is, after all, seeking a quick escape from reality, from effort, from responsibilities," says Tridon (*Op. cit.*, Page 275). If the "reality" happens

to be neuralgia, or writer's cramp, or a desire for alcohol in excess, why not seek to "escape" from it as soon as possible, with or without "responsibilities"? Why not seek "the line of least effort"?

The hypnotist reaches the subconscious mind by *suggestion*, and through the *imagination*—not the will—stimulates its health-restoring activities.

Tridon triumphantly declares that many experimenters "have come to the conclusion that we cannot suggest anything to a subject unless he unconsciously craves to do that very thing. Suggestions of unpleasant actions are either rejected or very ephemeral. Suggesting murder or suicide proves effective mainly in the movies. Lombroso saw his subjects wake up every time he ordered them to perform humiliating tasks or to assume degrading rôles" (Page 277).

Very good. No psycho-therapist would complain of the foregoing impeachment. The subject, whether he knows it or not, "unconsciously craves" to get well, to become strong, to throw off any neurosis which happens to afflict or disable him. The hypnotist suggests to the subconscious mind that what the subject unconsciously craves can be obtained, that it *is being obtained*, through the creative power of imagination, of auto-suggestion, supplemented and strengthened, if need be, by the direct suggestions or "commands" of the hypnotist.

No doubt there are cases, especially of deep-

seated hysteria and neurosis, where analysis would be a more satisfactory method of treatment than hypnosis or suggestive therapeutics. Dr. Davis has tried both, and still employs either method, according to the diagnosis. Mr. Tridon was experienced only as an analyst. But he points out that Freud, who studied hypnotism under Charcot of Salpétrière and Bernheim and Liébault of Nancy, finally discarded the hypnotic method entirely. "It was while studying a patient in hypnotic 'trance' that Freud suspected the possibility of a study of the unconscious in the waking state," says Tridon. I need merely remark in passing that the methods (and principles) of Charcot have also been "discarded"-by practically all modern hypnotists, and the methods of Bernheim and Liébault much improved upon by later students—some of them, like Freud, pupils of these pioneer psycho-therapists.

But did Freud "discard" suggestion?

As a matter of fact, the patient who applies for treatment at the clinic of a psycho-analyst is under suggestion before he arrives. He has been assured by someone that the analyst can relieve him of his ailment, or that under the analysis his complaint will disappear. He has *faith* in the psycho-analytic method; he *imagines* himself being cured of his obsessions or complexes. His *subconscious* is already at work—stimulated by auto-suggestion—before he has his first interview. He is already on the road to recovery. Tridon to the contrary notwithstanding, there *is* a relationship between suggestion and psycho-analysis.

Tridon says (Page 280): "Jung says very frankly somewhere that practitioners who manage to invest themselves with the halo of the medicine man are wise in every respect. Not only do they have a large practice but they also obtain the best results. Dealing with neurotics, the medical exorcist shows to his subjects his full valuation of the 'psychic' element when he gives them an opportunity to fasten their faith to his mysterious personality."

Realizing that the great psycho-analyst Jung has virtually (if unconsciously) returned to the basic principles of suggestive therapeutics, Tridon tells us that he disagrees with Jung "as to the final, not temporary, results of such cures." But why this gratuitous injection of the word "temporary"? If "such cures" were merely "temporary," as against proved permanent cures, would Dr. Jung, out of his wealth of experience, commend the "halo of the medicine man" as "wise in every respect"? I think not. Years of practical experience have taught Jung the great value of *faith*—and imagination—as a creative curative agency, acting by auto-suggestion on the subconscious personality; and he admits that the "medical exorcist" should show "to his subjects his full valuation of the 'psychic' element" when he gives them "an opportunity to *fasten their faith* to his mysterious personality."

At the base of all successful psycho-therapeutic treatment lies faith, a form of creative imagination. So long as the "fame" of Jesus reached the ears of the sick and "tormented"

"throughout all Syria," "he healed them" (Matt. ix, 23, 24). But when he returned to his native countryside, where his "fame" as a healer was either unknown or discredited in advance, where he found no faith, "he could do no mighty work" (Mark, VI).[6]

[6]The reader who desires full information—full data—on all the points merely touched upon in this little book, would do well to consult Louis Satow's "Hypnotism and Suggestion", previously referred to—by far the most scholarly work so far published in English on this important subject.

CHAPTER 5.

SUGGESTION AND THE MASSES

The important rôle of suggestion in relation to social, religious and political phenomena is only beginning to be generally recognized. Louis Satow has performed a very useful service in emphasizing this aspect of the subject. As he so well points out, "many of the ideas and conceptions which the individual believes himself to have adopted independently and without constraint are no more than the effect of the mass mind, which manifests itself in manners and customs and education. On the other hand, the individual mind, especially that of the leader, investigator or moralist, has a stimulating effect upon the mind of the crowd."

The mind of the crowd exercises, in certain directions, a beneficial effect upon the progress of civilization, while in many other cases the opinions of the crowd tend to obstruct the development of the more progressively-minded individuals. The modern national arrogance and national egoism, factional exclusiveness, religious bigotry, etc., "once more plainly demonstrate that it will be long indeed before the mass mentality corresponds with the highest humanity and its many-sided intellectual culture."

Altogether too many individuals, from whom one might reasonably expect better things, fall a prey to mass suggestion—or, less elegantly, "follow the band-wagon." The better-educated individual, as a member of the crowd, often

acts in direct opposition to what are normally his own feelings and opinions.

It is doubtful, however, if persons of real culture ever so far succumb to mob psychology as to join in tar-and-feather parties, assaults upon working-class gatherings, or lynchings and mass atrocities. The power of suggestion in such cases is, no doubt, very strong, especially in its influence upon persons whose moral foundations are not too sound, causing them to be carried away from their moorings by the more or less contagious mob psychology. Men who are, as individuals, naturally cowards, are apt to take advantage of the feeling of invincible power conferred upon them for the moment by the solidarity of the crowd, fused into a psychological unit. In many so-called "civilized" human beings the instincts of the brute lie not very far from the surface, only awaiting an opportunity when it will be safe to release impulses bordering upon the sadistic

"Merely as a result of the imitative instinct," remarks Satow, "which is innate in man, and plays a great part even in the animal world, the crowd displays a much greater susceptibility to suggestion than the individual."

We must admit with Bechterow that, "without knowing it, until we reach a certain level we acquire for ourselves the emotions, superstitious ideas, opinions, tendencies, intentions and even singularities of character of the individuals with whom we most commonly associate."

The power of the press to produce a desired frame of public mind, merely by the endless repetition of certain carefully chosen phrases,

was well illustrated before and during the World War. The masses are inclined to believe anything which is suggested with sufficient force and continued repetition. The principle was well understood by the crafty old politician Cato, who, as is well known, concluded all his public speeches with the phrase, "*Delenda est Carthago*" (Carthage must be destroyed). Today we are quite familiar with equally effective slogans, endlessly repeated. The mere name of a candidate for political office on the wind-shield of countless automobiles is but a form of suggestion—and it works! It is the device alike of demagogue and plutogogue, of progressive and reactionary. Mass suggestion everywhere; whether in peace or in war; in politics or in religion!

Many phenomena—political, social or religious institutions—can be understood only in the light of suggestion—*suggestive compulsion.* But here let me quote an eloquent and instructive passage from Satow's chapter on hypnosis and suggestion in religion (which the reader would find it well worth while to consult):

"From the lowest forms of religion—from the belief in magic [its earliest phase], animism, fetichism, daemons and spirits, by way of polytheism, to monotheism, and even beyond; beneath the embittered spiritual and material conflict between the various religions, confessions, sects and philosophies, an eternally tedious and extremely involved development has taken place, which has often led to the most grievous errors and abuses. But without the omnipotent factors of hypnosis and suggestion

the psychological processes of this religious evolution will always be a riddle. But for an insight into the peculiar medley of the spiritual attributes of humanity, which, in addition to, and in spite of, its intelligence exhibits an almost morbid credulity and incapacity to form an independent opinion; but for the hysterical excitability of the nervous system; but for the phenomena of auto-hypnosis and auto-suggestion, mass susceptibility and mass hallucination, religious belief would remain utterly inexplicable. Whether we consider the Indian yogis, the Buddhist priests, the Egyptian, Chinese, or Persian sages, the pagan, or Jewish, or Christian hierarchies, and whether the events in question occurred in a hoary antiquity or only yesterday, the picture is always the same: the masses, by all possible means, are kept in bondage to superstition and ignorance, and then a net of suggestion is dropped over their heads, so that the power of priestcraft may be maintained . . . By most people the dangers of ecclesiastical suggestion are either underestimated or are simply not recognized at all."

Throughout the long history of man's inhumanity to man, we see in operation the forces of hypnotism and suggestion. Prof. Otto Stoll, while recognizing, for example, that the Crusades had their roots in economic and political, as well as religious, conditions, nevertheless contends that "all the attempts of the historians to point to movements of this character as the logical consequence of the motive forces issuing from the ephemeral but universal conditions of the age, are powerless to explain, in a

satisfactory manner, without the all-significant factor of suggestibility, either their extent or the direction which they assumed."

The direction which the piety of the Crusades at the first capture of Jerusalem took was to tear babes from the breasts of "infidel" mothers and dash their brains out against the walls; to ravish every woman seized; rip open the abdomens of men to see whether they had swallowed any money; drive the Jews into their synagogues and burn them to death; slaughter others even in the churches; and massacre in all 70,000 men, women and children—"for Christ's sake." An archbishop chronicles with evident satisfaction: "Surely have these things happened in accordance with the righteous judgment of God."[7]

Such are the fruits of mass suggestion! Nor need we go back to the Middle Ages for examples. Some of us still remember the Ludlow massacre, the Everett mass-murder, and other exhibitions of "idealism" and "patriotism" under suggestion.

Now comes Mr. William Jennings Bryan reiterating daily through the press and on the platform that the theory of evolution is based upon the "mere unsupported guesses of biologists and psychologists," and that only men and women who accept "the word of God"—as revealed in the Book of Genesis—are fit to teach in our schools and colleges. By the law of suggestion, acting on minds with as little knowledge of science as is possessed by "the great commoner" himself, a wave of re-

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[7]Quoted by Satow, *Op. cit.*, Pages 191-92.

action is sweeping the country; and nine states have already made "Bible reading" compulsory in our public schools. The end in view is, of course, to *suggest* to the rising generation that the so-called Books of Moses are authoritative works of science, derived directly from Jehovah. Meanwhile, Mr. William Sunday has been appealing to a still lower order of intelligence with his assertion that "Charles Darwin is in hell," and *suggesting* that all who accept the doctrine of evolution in preference to the legends of the ancient Babylonians, Assyrians and Armenians are destined to join him in a hell quite unknown to these ancient poets and chroniclers.[8]

It has been alleged by many prominent writers of the day that a movement is on foot to arouse a spirit of militarism in the United States, in the interest of imperialist finance, which, it is pointed out, needs a strong army and navy. Can it be that we are being prepared—by *suggestion*—for the next "war to end war"? Let us hope that this fear is groundless, that "Defense Day" meant only what it was asserted to mean, and not—"Delenda est Carthago"! It would surely be deplorable if a war psychology were permitted to gain even the smallest momentum. Otherwise the few lessons learned from the recent World War would

[8] The writers of the Old Testament speak only of "Sheol" (Job X, 21)—a great pit under the earth, derived from the Babylonian "Arallu" and akin to the Greek "Hades", where the spirits of the dead—good, bad or indifferent—went. "Hell-fire" and "brimstone" are a much later invention.

soon be lost in a deluge of *suggestive* propaganda.

"Over and over again," truly remarks Satow, "has the question been asked: How was it that the war was so terribly widespread, the armies so enormous? Of course, numerous well-founded reasons have been found—historical, political and economic—but none of them suffices unless we take into account the great, the truly powerful factor: *Mass Suggestion!* . . . The partial and exaggerated sense of nationality, national arrogance and national covetousness, on which the mass suggestion thrives so exuberantly, furnish a fruitful soil for the war mentality."

CHAPTER 6.

HYPNOTISM AND PERSONALITY

Attention has already been directed to F. W. H. Myers' theory of a conscious and a subconscious intelligence—a duality of mind in each individual. Hypnotism and suggestion operates mostly—and in the final analysis only—on the subconscious mind.

We have seen how the Countess deLaval could speak fluently the language of Brittany when under hypnotic sleep, but knew nothing of Breton when awake—i. e., the language was known only to her subconscious mind, the seat of memory. Hansen, the Danish hypnotist, having hypnotized an English officer, was astonished to hear him break forth in a tongue unknown to him. Later it was learned that the language was Welsh, which the officer had heard spoken as a child, but which his conscious mind had long forgotten. The fact that old people often recall occurrences of many years ago, but forget forthwith an event of but yesterday, has often been commented upon. All of these phenomena are readily understood in the light of Myers' theory of dual intelligence—duality of mind.

The foregoing theory also makes explicable the frequently reported cases of amnesia, or of dissociation; i.e., the breaking up of consciousness into parts which lead separate (independent) existences, or what is commonly known as double, or multiple, personality. Dr.

Davis recalls the rather recent case of an elderly gentleman, of good position, who was accused of having sent offensive anonymous letters to a young lady, charging her with thieving, drunkenness, immorality, etc. So strong was the evidence against him that he was committed to jail, and was later admitted to bail only on the condition that he should not come within forty miles of the city. "At the eleventh hour it was discovered by the merest chance that the young woman had unconsciously written these most abusive letters to herself, and on receiving them in her normal state of mind knew absolutely nothing about their authorship."[9]

The reader may remember the case of Claire Beauclaire, of Brockton, Massachusetts—made public in 1922—who possessed two distinct personalities, one that of an apparently normal girl of eighteen years, the other that of a child of five. Better known, however, is the case of Bernice Redick, of Cleveland, Ohio, a high school graduate, with a decided love for music. In the midst of a conversation she suddenly nodded, fell into sleep for a moment, then awoke. But during this moment she had "slipped back" fifteen years, as far as her mind was concerned.

The girl was taken to Columbus, and placed under the care of Dr. Henry Herbert Goddard, alienist, head of the Ohio Bureau for Juvenile Research.

Asked her name, she told Dr. Goddard that

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[9]Davis, "Hypnotism and Treatment by Suggestion", Page 41.

it was "Polly." "How old are you?" inquired the alienist. "I am four years old," she replied Mentally, she was indeed but a child of four. She could neither read nor write, and knew nothing of music, of which she was formerly so apt a pupil. She could not even distinguish colors by name, merely exhibiting the childish desire for bright ones. She could not count above ten. Her chief diversion was sitting on the floor playing with dolls. But she did not remain "Polly" for long at a time. "During her first day," says Dr. Goddard, "she changed from Polly to Bernice and back eleven times. The reversion was just as sudden one way as the other, and just as inexplicable."

Psycho-analysts would explain the case by assuming that the girl had been unhappy at home, or had had an unfortunate love affair, and wished to escape from reality—to have an easier time by becoming someone else. If this were the real explanation, why change so frequently back to Bernice?

Dr. Goddard was at a loss to know how to proceed. There were at that time fewer than 25 such cases in the medical records of the world. Any competent hypnotist could have prescribed the appropriate remedy; but probably hypnotism was not in good repute among the physicians consulted. At any rate, Dr. Goddard adopted the plan of bringing Polly up to her normal age and previous intellectual status by educating 'er as he would any other four-year-old child—for the Binet test showed Polly to possess normal intelligence for a child of that age. "We thought," he explained, "that

by bringing Polly's mentality up to the age of Bernice the two personalities might automatically become one."

Eventually, as we shall see, he had to resort to hypnotism after all; but first he tried this educational plan. Polly was first taught to read, which she learned more readily than most four-year-old children. The usual kindergarten courses were included in the curriculum. The lessons, however, were frequently interrupted by the reappearance of Bernice, who knew nothing of any such person as Polly. The dissociation was complete.

As this case has never appeared in book form anywhere, let us quote Dr. Goddard's own words:

"One day, when Polly was engrossed in a conversation with an attendant, a pencil was placed in her hand, and she was told to write a letter to a nurse she liked. A magazine, held between her hand and her eyes, kept her from seeing the paper on which she wrote. The conversation continued and kept her attention from the letter, but her hand moved mechanically across the paper, and the letter was finished. It was a letter such as would be written by almost any girl of ten or twelve years.

"When it was finished we showed it to her, and then asked suddenly, 'How old are you, Polly?'

"'I am eleven years old,' she replied instantly.

"From then on she consistently admitted being eleven years old. Success seemed to have crowned our efforts.

"When she awoke as 'Polly,' she at first, each time, became the four-year-old 'Polly' we had originally known, but in a few minutes passed to the eleven-year-old stage. These transitions were frequent and irregular. One day as she was preparing to go for a walk she suddenly changed to 'Polly.' She remained thus for six days, babbling and playing as any child would. Bernice reasserted herself at about the same hour of the day, whereupon the girl began looking about for her coat to go for the walk, resuming her conversation with the words she was saying when 'Polly' drove her out.

"Having brought her to the age of eleven we continued the treatment until she admitted she was fourteen. Then we held a party, celebrating her fifteenth birthday, with candles and presents. A succession of birthdays followed within a few weeks, the girl apparently not realizing that she was being tricked. At last she became nineteen and admitted that was her age."

But the automatic fusion of the two personalities expected by Dr. Goddard did not occur. Bernice was quiet and modest, reserved, timid and ambitious. "Polly" was careless, boisterous, disobedient, and "hail fellow well met" with everyone.

"Just as Dr. Jekyll in the story gave way more and more readily to the encroachments of Mr. Hyde, so did Bernice give way more and more readily to the self-assertive 'Polly.' Even yet, when she awoke, she was often 'four years old,' and had to pass through the successive stages, which she now did very rapidly."

After months of educational work, without success in merging the two personalities into a unified Bernice, hypnotic treatment was introduced at last—a modified form of mesmerism—with a view to driving out "Polly."

"Both personalities were told of the existence of the other, but each knew of it only as a normal person would know of someone he had heard of but never seen. 'Polly' in particular declared there was no such thing, and that if there was she had no room for her. Later she said Bernice was a friend that I had told her about, who was coming to see her some time.

"Hypnotism again came into play. I placed 'Polly' in a sleep, first telling her that she was going to meet Bernice. Somewhere the two minds met, in one of the strangest introductions I ever hope to make. It was, of course, impossible to observe any reaction that took place, as our only method of observation was of necessity through bodily actions, and for the time being there were none.

"Awakening, 'Polly' said she remembered Bernice, but that she lived in Cleveland, and would come down to see her some time. She resented the idea that she might be stealing Bernice's body, but declared that this was her own, and she had always possessed it. Polly was banished by hypnotism and Bernice came into control. She, too, remembered the strange introduction. From that time, however, there was a conscious effort by each personality to drive out the other. 'Polly' was very strong. Even with the aid of hypnotic influence, which

I called upon to banish 'Polly' at every appearance, it has been difficult going for Bernice.

"The mental aspect of the case has been closely related to the physical. When the body was fatigued, 'Polly' nearly always came into power. After a night's sleep the girl nearly always awoke as Bernice.

"Now, although we have established Bernice permanently, it must be admitted 'Polly' may yet gain permanent control."

On January 12, 1923, Dr. Goddard announced through the daily press that "Polly has not appeared for nearly a month."

Later there seem to have been relapses, in which a third personality appeared, "living," Dr. Goddard was quoted in the press (March 7th) as saying, "only in the imagination of 'Polly.'" On this date it was announced that Miss Redick would be discharged from the Ohio State University Hospital a week later as permanently restored to her normal self.

This case bears many interesting likenesses to the famous case of "Miss Beauchamp," reported by Dr. Morton Prince in his "The Dissociation of a Personality." The intrusive personality, younger but not a child, was here known as "Sally." "Sally" hated "Miss Beauchamp," between whom and herself there existed the same differences of temperament as between "Polly" and Bernice. She would play tricks on her—walk miles into the country and wake up as "Miss Beauchamp," without carfare home ("Miss Beauchamp" disliked to walk); pile up the furniture, climb on top, and let "Miss Beauchamp" climb down; write abusive

letters for the other personality to find, tangle her embroidery silks, etc. "Sally," like "Polly," was finally "murdered" by being hypnotized out of existence. In this case, however, "Miss Beauchamp" herself was not the original, normal personality; but a final fusion into the normal woman was finally achieved.

From this brief study the power and scope of hypnotism and suggestion may be comprehended—their value in the hands of a skilled physician, their danger in the hands of a charlatan. As a herald of their use and a warning against their disuse, let me conclude by quoting the opening stanza of Browning's poem, "Mesmerism":

> All I believed is true!
> I am able yet
> All I want, to get
> By a method as strange as new:
> Dare I trust the same to you?

Entrusted to the exploitation of a showman, the subconscious may avenge its abuse in a grievous manner; but entrusted to the understanding sympathy of a trained and experienced practitioner, there is no more efficacious alleviant for many of the ills to which the body is subject than the hypnotic or suggestive method of treatment.

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A CYNIC LOOKS AT LIFE

CIVILIZATION

I

The question "Does civilization civilize?" is a fine example of *petitio principii*, and decides itself in the affirmative; for civilization must needs do that from the doing of which it has its name. But it is not necessary to suppose that he who propounds is either unconscious of his lapse in logic or desirous of digging a pitfall for the feet of those who discuss; I take it he simply wishes to put the matter in an impressive way, and relies upon a certain degree of intelligence in the interpretation.

Concerning uncivilized peoples we know but little except what we are told by travelers—who, speaking generally, can know very little but the fact of uncivilization, as shown in externals and irrelevances, and are moreover, greatly given to lying. From the savages we hear very little. Judging them in all things by our own standards in default of a knowledge of theirs, we necessarily condemn, disparage and belittle. One thing that civilization certainly has not done is to make us intelligent enough to understand that the contrary of a virtue is not necessarily a vice. Because, as a rule, we have but one wife and several mistresses each it is not certain that polygamy is everywhere—nor, for that matter,

anywhere—either wrong or inexpedient. Because the brutality of the civilized slave owners and dealers created a conquering sentiment against slavery it is not intelligent to assume that slavery is a maleficent thing amongst Oriental peoples (for example) where the slave is not oppressed. Some of these same Orientals whom we are pleased to term half-civilized have no regard for truth. "Takest thou me for a Christian dog," said one of them, "that I should be the slave of my word?" So far as I can perceive, the "Christian dog" is no more the slave of his word than the True Believer, and I think the savage—allowing for the fact that his inveracity has dominion over fewer things—as great a liar as either of them. For my part, I do not know what, in all circumstances, is right or wrong; but I know that, if right, it is at least stupid, to judge an uncivilized people by the standards of morality and intelligence set up by civilized ones. Life in civilized countries is so complex that men there have more ways to be good than savages have, and more to be bad; more to be happy, and more to be miserable. And in each way to be good or bad, their generally superior knowledge—their knowledge of more things — enables them to commit greater excesses than the savage can. The civilized philanthropist wreaks upon his fellows a ranker philanthropy, the civilized rascal a sturdier rascality. And—splendid triumph of enlightenment! — the two characters are, in civilization, frequently combined in one person.

I know of no savage custom or habit of

thought which has not its mate in civilized countries. For every mischievous or absurd practice of the natural man I can name you one of ours that is essentially the same. And nearly every custom of our barbarian ancestors in historic times persists in some form today. We make ourselves look formidable in battle —for that matter, we fight. Our women paint their faces. We feel it obligatory to dress more or less alike, inventing the most ingenious reasons for doing so and actually despising and persecuting those who do not care to conform. Almost within the memory of living persons bearded men were stoned in the streets; and a clergyman in New York who wore his beard as Christ wore his, was put into jail and variously persecuted till he died.

Civilization does not, I think, make the race any better. It makes men know more: and if knowledge makes them happy it is useful and desirable. The one purpose of every sane human being is to be happy. No one can have any other motive than that. There is no such thing as unselfishness. We perform the most "generous" and "self-sacrificing" acts because we should be unhappy if we did not. We move on lines of least reluctance. Whatever tends to increase the beggarly sum of human happiness is worth having; nothing else has any value.

The cant of civilization fatigues. Civilization is a fine and beautiful structure. It is as picturesque as a Gothic cathedral, but it is built upon the bones and cemented with the blood of those whose part in all its pomp is that and nothing more. It cannot be reared in the un-

generous tropics, for there the people will not contribute their blood and bones. The proposition that the average American workingman or European peasant is "better off" than the South Sea islander, lolling under a palm and drunk with over-eating, will not bear a moment's examination. It is we scholars and gentlemen that are better off.

It is admitted that the South Sea islander in a state of nature is overmuch addicted to the practice of eating human flesh; but concerning that I submit: first, that he likes it; second, that those who supply it are mostly dead. It is upon his enemies that he feeds, and these he would kill anyhow, as we do ours. In civilized, enlightened and Christian countries, where cannibalism has not yet established itself, wars are as frequent and destructive as among the maneaters. The untitled savage knows at least why he goes killing, whereas our private soldier is commonly in black ignorance of the apparent cause of quarrel—of the actual cause, always. Their shares in the fruits of victory are about equal, for the chief takes all the dead, the general all the glory.

II

Transplanted institutions grow slowly; civilization can not be put into a ship and carried across an ocean. The history of this country is a sequence of illustrations of these truths. It was settled by civilized men and women from civilized countries, yet after two and a half centuries, with unbroken communication with the mother systems, it is still imperfectly

civilized. In learning and letters, in art and the science of government, America is but a faint and stammering echo of Europe.

For nearly all that is good in our American civilzation we are indebted to the Old World; the errors and mischiefs are of our own creation. We have originated little, because there is little to originate, but we have unconsciously reproduced many of the discredited systems of former ages and other countries — receiving them at second hand, but making them ours by the sheer strength and immobility of the national belief in their novelty. Novelty! Why, it is not possible to make an experiment in government, in art, in literature, in sociology, or in morals, that has not been made over, and over, and over again.

The glories of England are our glories. She can achieve nothing that our fathers did not help to make possible to her. The learning, the power, the refinement of a great nation, are not the growth of a century, but of many centuries; each generation builds upon the work of the preceding. For untold ages our ancestors wrought to rear that "reverend pile," the civilization of England. And shall we now try to belittle the mighty structure because other though kindred hands are laying the top courses while we have elected to found a new tower in another land? The American eulogist of civilization who is not proud of his heritage in England's glory is unworthy to enjoy his lesser heritage in the lesser glory of his own country.

The English are undoubtedly our intellectual

superiors; and as the virtues are solely the product of intelligence and cultivation—a rogue being only a dunce considered from another point of view—they are our moral superiors likewise. Why should they not be? Theirs is a land, not of ugly schoolhouses grudgingly erected, containing schools supported by such niggardly tax levies as a sparse and hard-handed population will consent to pay, but of ancient institutions splendidly endowed by the state and by centuries of private benefaction. As a means of dispensing formulated ignorance our boasted public school system is not without merit; it spreads out education sufficiently thin to give everyone enough to make him a more competent fool than he would have been without it; but to compare it with that which is not the creature of legislation acting with malice aforethought, but the unnoted outgrowth of ages, is to be ridiculous. It is like comparing the laid-out town of a western prairie, its right-angled streets, prim cottages, and wooden a-b-c shops, with the grand old town of Oxford, topped with the clustered domes and towers of its twenty-odd great colleges, the very names of many of whose founders have perished from human record, as have the chronicles of the times in which they lived.

It is not only that we have had to "subdue the wilderness"; our educational conditions are adverse otherwise. Our political system is unfavorable. Our fortunes, accumulated in one generation, are dispersed in the next. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman one will not make a thinker. Instruction is

acquired, but capacity for instruction is transmitted. The brain that is to contain a trained intellect is not the result of a haphazard marriage between a clown and a wench, nor does it get its tractable tissues from a hard-headed farmer and a soft-headed milliner. If you confess the importance of race and pedigree in a horse and a dog how dare you deny it in a man?

I do not hold that the political and social system that creates an aristocracy of leisure is the best possible kind of human organization; I perceive its disadvantages clearly enough. But I do hold that a system under which most important public trusts, political and professional, civil and military ecclesiastical and secular, are held by educated men—that is, men of trained faculties and disciplined judgment—is not an altogether faulty system.

It is a universal human weakness to disparage the knowledge that we do not ourselves possess, but it is only my own beloved country that can justly boast herself the last refuge and asylum of the impotents and incapables who deny the advantage of all knowledge whatsoever. It was an American senator who declared that he had devoted a couple of weeks to the study of finance, and found the accepted authorities all wrong. It was another American senator who, confronted with certain hostile facts in the history of another country, proposed "to brush away all facts, and argue the question on consideration of plain common sense."

Republican institutions have this disadvan-

tage: by incessant changes in the *personnel* of government—to say nothing of the manner of men that ignorant constituencies elect; and all constituencies are ignorant—we attain to no fixed principles and standards. There is no such thing here as a science of politics, because it is not to any one's interest to make politics the study of his life. Nothing is settled; no truth finds general acceptance. What we do one year we undo the next, and do over again the year following. Our energy is wasted in, and our prosperity suffers from, experiments endlessly repeated.

Every patriot believes his country better than any other country. Now, they cannot all be the best; indeed, only one can be the best, and it follows that the patriots of all the others have suffered themselves to be misled by a mere sentiment into blind unreason. In its active manifestation—it is fond of killing—patriotism would be well if it were simply defensive; but it is also aggressive, and the same feeling that prompts us to strike for our altars and our fires impels us over the border to quench the fires and overturn the altars of our neighbors. It is all very pretty and spirited, what the poets tell us about Thermopylæ, but there was as much patriotism at one end of that pass as there was at the other.

Patriotism deliberately and with folly aforethought subordinates the interests of a whole to the interests of a part. Worse still, the fraction so favored is determined by an accident of birth or residence. The Western hoodlum who cuts the tail from a Chinaman's nowl,

and would cut the nowl from the body if he dared, is simply a patriot with a logical mind, having the courage of his opinions. Patriotism is fierce as a fever, pitiless as the grave and blind as a stone.

III

There are two ways of clarifying liquids—ebullition and precipitation; one forces the impurities to the surface as scum, the other sends them to the bottom as dregs. The former is the more offensive, and that seems to be our way; but neither is useful if the impurities are merely separated but not removed. We are told with tiresome iteration that our social and political systems are clarifying; but when is the skimmer to appear? If the purpose of free institutions is good government where is the good government?—when may it be expected to begin?—how is it to come about? Systems of government have no sanctity; they are practical means to a simple end—the public welfare; worthy of no respect if they fail of its accomplishment. The tree is known by its fruit. Ours is bearing crab-apples. If the body politic is constitutionally diseased, as I verily believe; if the disorder inheres in the system; there is no remedy. The fever must burn itself out, and then Nature will do the rest. One does not prescribe what time alone can administer. We have put our criminals and dunces into power; do we suppose they will efface themselves? Will they restore to *us* the power of governing *them?* They must have their way and go their length. The natural and immemorial sequence is: tyranny, insurrection, com-

bat. In combat everything that wears a sword has a chance—even the right. History does not forbid us to hope. But it forbids us to rely upon numbers; they will be against us. If history teaches anything worth learning it teaches that the majority of mankind is neither good nor wise. When government is founded upon the public conscience and the public intelligence the stability of states is a dream.

In that moment of time that is covered by historical records we have abundant evidence that each generation has believed itself wiser and better than any of its predecessors; that each people has believed itself to have the secret of national perpetuity. In support of this universal delusion there is nothing to be said; the desolate places of the earth cry out against it. Vestiges of obliterated civilizations cover the earth; no savage but has camped upon the sites of proud and populous cities; no desert but has heard the statesman's boast of national stability. Our nation, our laws, our history—all shall go down to everlasting oblivion with the others, and by the same road. But I submit that we are traveling it with needless haste.

It can be spared—this Jonah's gourd civilization of ours. We have hardly the rudiments of a true one; compared with the splendors of which we catch dim glimpses in the fading past, ours are as an illumination of tallow candles. We know no more than the ancients; we only know other things, but nothing in which is an assurance of perpetuity, and little that is truly wisdom. Our vaunted *elixir vitae* is the art of

printing. What good will that do when posterity, struck by the inevitable intellectual blight, shall have ceased to read what is printed? Our libraries will become its stables, our books its fuel.

Ours is a civilization that might be heard from afar in space as a scolding and a riot; a civilization in which the race has so differentiated as to have no longer a community of interest and feeling; which shows as a ripe result of the principles underlying it a reasonless and rascally feud between rich and poor; in which one is offered a choice (if one have the means to take it) between American plutocracy and European militocracy, with an imminent chance of renouncing either for a stultocratic republic with a headsman in the presidential chair and every laundress in exile.

I have not a "solution" to the "labor problem." I have only a story. Many and many years ago lived a man who was so good and wise that none in all the world was so good and wise as he. He was one of those few whose goodness and wisdom are such that after some time has passed their foolish fellowmen begin to think them gods and treasure their words as divine law; and by millions they are worshiped through centuries of time. Amongst the utterances of this man was one command—not a new nor perfect one—which has seemed to his adorers so preeminently wise that they have given it a name by which it is known over half the world. One of the sovereign virtues of this famous law is its simplicity, which is such that all hearing must understand; and

obedience is so easy that any nation refusing is unfit to exist except in the turbulence and adversity that will surely come to it. When a people would avert want and strife, or, having them, would restore plenty and peace, this noble commandment offers the only means—all other plans for safety or relief are as vain as dreams, as empty as the crooning of hags. And behold, here is it: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

What! you unappeasable rich, coining the sweat and blood of your workmen into drachmas, understanding the law of supply and demand as mandatory and justifying your cruel greed by the senseless dictum that "business is business"; you lazy workmen, railing at the capitalist by whose desertion, when you have frightened away his capital, you starve—rioting and shedding blood and torturing and poisoning by way of answer to exaction and by way of exaction; you foul anarchists, applauding with untidy palms when one of your coward kind hurls a bomb amongst powerless and helpless women and children; you imbecile politicians with a plague of remedial legislation for the irremediable; you writers and thinkers unread in history, with as many "solutions to the labor problem" as there are among you those who can not coherently define it—do you really think yourselves wiser than Jesus of Nazareth? Do you seriously suppose yourselves competent to amend his plan for dealing with evils besetting nations and souls? Have you the effrontery to believe that those who

spurn his Golden Rule you can bind to obedience of an act entitled an act to amend an act? Bah! you fatigue the spirit. Go get ye to your scoundrel lockouts, your villain strikes, your blacklisting, your boycotting, your speeching, marching and maundering; but if ye do not to others as ye would that they do to you it shall occur, and that right soon, that ye be drowned in your own blood and your pick-pocket civilization quenched as a star that falls into the sea.

THE GIFT O' GAB

A book entitled *Forensic Eloquence*, by Mr. John Goss, appears to have for purpose to teach the young idea how to spout, and that purpose, I dare say, it will accomplish if something is not done to prevent. I know nothing of the matter myself, a strong distaste for forensic eloquence, or eloquence of any kind implying a man mounted on his legs and doing all the talking, having averted me from its study. The training of the youth of this country to utterance of themselves after that fashion I should regard as a disaster of magnitude. So far as I know it, forensic eloquence is the art of saying things in such a way as to make them pass for more than they are worth. Employed in matters of importance (and for other employment it were hardly worth acquiring) it is mischievous because dishonest and misleading. In the public service Truth toils best when not clad in cloth-of-gold and bedaubed with fine lace. If eloquence does not beget action it is valueless; but action which results from the

passions, sentiments and emotions is less likely to be wise than that which comes of a persuaded judgment. For that reason I cannot help thinking that the influence of Bismarck in German politics was more wholesome than is that of Mr. John Temple Graves.

For eloquence *per se*—considered merely as an art of pleasing—I entertain something of the respect evoked by success; for it always pleases at least the speaker. It is to speech what an ornate style is to writing—good and pleasant enough in its time and place and, like pie-crust and the evening girl, destitute of any basis in common sense. Forensic eloquence, on the contrary, has an all too sufficient foundation in reason and the order of things: it promotes the ambition of tricksters and advances the fortunes of rogues. For I take it that the Ciceros, the Mirabeaus, the Burkes, the O'Connells, the Patrick Henrys and the rest of them—pets of the text-bookers and scourges of youth—belong in either the one category or the other, or in both. Anyhow I find it impossible to think of them as highminded men and right-forth statesmen—with their actors' tricks, their devices of the countenance, inventions of gesture and other cunning expedients having nothing to do with the matter in hand. Extinction of the orator I hold to be the most beneficent possibility of evolution. If Mr. Goss has done anything to retard that blessed time when the Bourke Cockrans shall cease from troubling and the eary be at rest he is an enemy of his race.

"What!" exclaims the thoughtless reader—

I have but one—"are not the great forensic speeches by the world's famous orators good reading? Considering them merely as literature do you not derive a high and refining pleasure from them?" I do not: I find them turgid and tumid no end. They are bad reading, though they may have been good hearing. In order to enjoy them one must have in memory what, indeed, one is seldom permitted to forget: that they were addressed to the ear; and in imagination one must hold some shadowy simulacrum of the orator himself, uttering his work. These conditions being fulfilled there remains for application to the matter of the discourse too little attention to get much good of it, and the total effect is confusion. Literature by which the reader is compelled to bear in mind the producer and the circumstances under which it was produced can be spared.

NATURA BENIGNA

It is not always on remote islands peopled with pagans that great disasters occur, as memory witnesseth. Nor are the forces of nature inadequate to production of a fiercer throe than any that we have known. The situation is this: we are tied by the feet to a fragile shell imperfectly confining a force powerful enough under favoring conditions, to burst it asunder and set the fragments wallowing and grinding together in liquid flame, in the blind fury of a readjustment. Nay, it needs no such stupendous cataclysm to depeople this uneasy orb. Let but a square mile be blown

out of the bottom of the sea, or a great rift open there. Is it to be supposed that we would be unaffected in the altered conditions generated by a contest between the ocean and the earth's molten core? These fatalities are not only possible but in the highest degree probable. It is probable, indeed, that they have occurred over and over again, effacing all the more highly organized forms of life, and compelling the slow march of evolution to begin anew. Slow? On the stage of Eternity the passing of races—the entrances and exits of Life—are incidents in a brisk and lively drama, following one another with confusing rapidity.

Mankind has not found it practicable to abandon and avoid those places where the forces of nature have been most malign. The track of the Western tornado is speedily repeopled. San Francisco is still populous, despite its earthquake, Galveston despite its storm, and even the courts of Lisbon are not kept by the lion and the lizard. In the Peruvian village straight downward into whose streets the crew of a United States warship once looked from the crest of a wave that stranded her a half mile inland are heard the tinkle of the guitar and the voices of children at play. There are people living at Herculaneum and Pompeii. On the slopes about Catania the goatherd endures with what courage he may the trembling of the ground beneath his feet as old Enceladus again turns over on his other side. As the Hoang-Ho goes back inside its banks after fertilizing its contiguity with hydrate of Chinaman the living agriculturist follows the reced-

ing wave, sets up his habitation beneath the broken embankment, and again the Valley of the Gone Away blossoms as the rose, its people diving with Death.

This matter can not be amended: the race exposes itself to peril because it can do no otherwise. In all the world there is no city of refuge—no temple in which to take sanctuary, clinging to the horns of the altar—no "place apart" where, like hunted deer, we can hope to elude the baying pack of Nature's malevolences. The dead-line is drawn at the gate of life: Man crosses it at birth. His advent is a challenge to the entire pack—earthquake, storm, fire, flood, drought, heat, cold, wild beasts, venomous reptiles, noxious insects, bacilli, spectacular plague and velvet-footed household disease—all are fierce and tireless in pursuit. Dodge, turn and double how he can, there's no eluding them; soon or late some of them have him by the throat and his spirit returns to the God who gave it—and gave them.

We are told that this earth was made for our inhabiting. Our dearly beloved brethren in the faith, our spiritual guides, philosophers and friends of the pulpit, never tire of pointing out the goodness of God in giving us so excellent a place to live in and commending the admirable adaptation of all things to our needs.

What a fine world it is, to be sure—a darling little world, "so suited to the needs of man." A globe of liquid fire, straining within a shell relatively no thicker than that of an egg—a shell constantly cracking and in momentary danger of going all to pieces! Three-fourths

of this delectable field of human activity are covered with an element in which we can not breathe, and which swallows us by myriads:

> With moldering bones the deep is white
> From the frozen zones to the tropic bright.

Of the other one-fourth more than one-half is uninhabitable by reason of climate. On the remaining one-eighth we pass a comfortless and precarious existence in disputed occupancy with countless ministers of death and pain—pass it in fighting for it, tooth and nail, a hopeless battle in which we are foredoomed to defeat. Everywhere death, terror, lamentation and the laughter that is more terrible than tears—the fury and despair of a race hanging on to life by the tips of its fingers. And the prize for which we strive, "to have and to hold"—what is it? A thing that is neither enjoyed while had, or missed when lost. So worthless it is, so unsatisfying, so inadequate to purpose, so false to hope and at its best so brief, that for consolation and compensation we set up fantastic faiths of an aftertime in a better world from which no confirming whisper has ever reached us across the void. Heaven is a prophecy uttered by the lips of despair, but Hell is an inference from analogy.

THE DEATH PENALTY

I

"Down with the gallows!" is a cry not unfamiliar in America. There is always a movement afoot to make odious the just principle

of "a life for a life"—to represent it as "a relic of barbarism," "a usurpation of the divine authority," and the rest of it. The law making murder punishable by death is as purely a measure of self-defense as is the display of a pistol to one diligently endeavoring to kill without provocation. It is in precisely the same sense an admonition, a warning to abstain from crime. Society says by that law: "If you kill one of us you die," just as by display of the pistol the individual whose life is attacked says: "Desist or be shot." To be effective the warning in either case must be more than an idle threat. Even the most unearthly reasoner among the anti-hanging unfortunates would hardly expect to frighten away an assassin who knew the pistol to be unloaded. Of course these queer illogicians can not be made to understand that their position commits them to absolute non-resistance to any kind of aggression; and that is fortunate for the rest of us, for if as Christians they frankly and consistently took that ground we should be under the miserable necessity of respecting them.

We have good reason to hold that the horrible prevalence of murder in this country is due to the fact that we do not execute our laws—that the death penalty is threatened but not inflicted—that the pistol is not loaded. In civilized countries where there is enough respect for the laws to administer them, there is enough to obey them. While man still has as much of the ancestral brute as his skin can hold without cracking we shall have thieves and demagogues and anarchists and assassins

and persons with a private system of lexicography who define murder as disease and hanging as murder, but in all this welter of crime and stupidity are areas where human life is comparatively secure against the human hand. It is at least a significant coincidence that in these the death penalty for murder is fairly well enforced by judges who do not derive any part of their authority from those for whose restraint and punishment they hold it. Against the life of one guiltless person the lives of ten thousand murderers count for nothing; their hanging is a public good, without reference to the crimes that disclose their deserts. If we could discover them by other signs than their bloody deeds they should be hanged anyhow. Unfortunately we must have a death as evidence. The scientist who will tell us how to recognize the potential assassin, and persuade us to kill him, will be the greatest benefactor of his century.

What would these enemies of the gibbet have—these lineal descendants of the drunken mobs that hooted the hangman at Tyburn Tree; this progeny of criminals, which has so defiled with the mud of its animosity the noble office of public executioner that even "in this enlightened age" he shirks his high duty, entrusting it to a hidden or unnamed subordinate? If murder is unjust of what importance is it whether its punishment by death be just or not?—nobody needs to incur it. Men are not drafted for the death penalty; they volunteer. "Then it is not deterrent," mutters the gentleman whose rude forefather hooted the hang-

man. Well, as to that, the law which is to accomplish more than a part of its purpose must be awaited with great patience. Every murder proves that hanging is not altogether deterrent; every hanging, that it is somewhat deterrent—it deters the person hanged. A man's first murder is his crime, his second is ours.

The socialists, it seems, believe with Alphonse Karr, in the expediency of abolishing the death penalty; but apparently they do not hold, with him, that the assassins should begin. They want the state to begin, believing that the magnanimous example will effect a change of heart in those about to murder. This, I take it, is the meaning of their assertion that death penalties have not the deterring influence that imprisonment for life carries. In this they obviously err: death deters at least the person who suffers it—he commits no more murder; whereas the assassin who is imprisoned for life and immune from further punishment may with impunity kill his keeper or whomsoever he may be able to get at. Even as matters now are, incessant vigilance is required to prevent convicts in prison from murdering their attendants and one another. How would it be if the "life-termer" were assured against any additional inconvenience for braining a guard occasionally, or strangling a chaplain now and then? A penitentiary may be described as a place of punishment and reward; and under the system proposed, the difference in desirableness between a sentence and an appointment would be virtually effaced. To overcome this

objection a life sentence would have to mean solitary confinement, and that means insanity. Is that what these gentlemen propose to substitute for death?

The death penalty, say these amiables and futilitarians, creates blood-thirstiness in the unthinking masses and defeats its own ends—is itself a cause of murder, not a check. These gentlemen are themselves of "the unthinking masses"—they do not know how to think. Let them try to trace and lucidly expound the chain of motives lying between the knowledge that a murderer has been hanged and the wish to commit a murder. How, precisely, does the one beget the other? By what unearthly process of reasoning does a man turning away from the gallows persuade himself that it is expedient to incur the danger of hanging? Let us have pointed out to us the several steps in that remarkable mental progress. Obviously, the thing is absurd; one might as reasonably say that contemplation of a pitted face will make a man wish to go and catch smallpox, or the spectacle of an amputated limb on the scrap-heap of a hospital tempt him to cut off his arm or renounce his leg.

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," say the opponents of the death penalty, "is not justice; it is revenge and unworthy of a Christian civilization." It is exact justice: nobody can think of anything more accurately just than such punishments would be, whatever the motive in awarding them. Unfortunately such a system is not practicable, but he who denies it: justice must deny also the justice of a bushel

of corn for a bushel of corn, a dollar for a dollar, service for service. We can not undertake by such clumsy means as laws and courts to do to the criminal exactly what he has done to his victim, but to demand a life for a life is simple, practicable, expedient and (therefore) right.

"Taking the life of a murderer does not restore the life he took, therefore it is a most illogical punishment. Two wrongs do not make a right."

Here's richness! Hanging an assassin is illogical because it does not restore the life of his victim; incarceration is logical; therefore, incarceration does—*quod erat demonstrandum.*

Two wrongs certainly do not make a right, but the veritable thing in dispute is whether taking the life of a life-taker is a wrong. So naked and unashamed an example of *petitio principii* would disgrace a debater in a pinafore. And these wonder-mongers have the effrontery to babble of "logic"! Why, if one of them were to meet a syllogism in a lonely road he would run away in a hundred and fifty directions as hard as ever he could hoof it. One is almost ashamed to dispute with such intellectual cloutlings.

Whatever an individual may rightly do to protect himself society may rightly do to protect him, for he is a part of itself. If he may rightly take life in defending himself society may rightly take life in defending him. If society may rightly take life in defending him

it may rightly threaten to take it. Having rightly and mercifully threatened to take it, it not only rightly may take it, but expediently must.

II

The law of a life for a life does not altogether prevent murder. No law can altogether prevent any form of crime, nor is it desirable that it should. Doubtless God could so have created us that our sense of right and justice could have existed without contemplation of injustice and wrong; as doubtless he could so have created us that we could have felt compassion without a knowledge of suffering; but he did not. Constituted as we are, we can know good only by contrast with evil. Our sense of sin is what our virtues feed upon; in the thin air of universal morality the altar-fires of honor and the beacons of conscience could not be kept alight. A community without crime would be a community without warm and elevated sentiments—without the sense of justice, without generosity, without courage, without mercy, without magnanimity—a community of small, smug souls, uninteresting to God and uncoveted by the Devil. We can have, and do have, too much crime, no doubt; what the wholesome proportion is none can tell. Just now we are running a good deal to murder, but he who can gravely attribute that phenomenon, or any part of it, to infliction of the death penalty, instead of to virtual immunity from any penalty at all, is justly entitled to the innocent satisfaction that comes of being a simpleton.

III

The New Woman is against the death penalty, naturally, for she is hot and hardy in the conviction that whatever is is wrong. She has visited this world in order to straighten things about a bit, and is in distress lest the number of things be insufficient to her need. The matter is important variously; not least so in its relation to the new heaven and the new earth that are to be the outcome of woman suffrage. There can be no doubt that the vast majority of women have sentimental objections to the death penalty that quite outweigh such practical considerations in its favor as they can be persuaded to comprehend. Aided by the minority of men afflicted by the same mental malady, they will indubitably effect its abolition in the first lustrum of their political "equality." The New Woman will scarcely feel the seat of power warm beneath her before giving to the assassin's "unhand me, villain!" the authority of law. So we shall make again the old experiment, discredited by a thousand failures, of preventing crime by tenderness to caught criminals. And the criminal uncaught will treat us to a quantity and quality of crime notably augmented by the Christian spirit of the new *regime*.

IV

As to painless execution, the simple and practical way to make them both just and expedient is the adoption by murderers of a system of painless assassinations. Until this is done

there seems to be no call to renounce the wholesome discomfort of the style of executions endeared to us by memories and associations of the tenderest character. There is, I fancy, a shaping notion in the observant mind that the penologists and their allies have gone about as far as they can safely be permitted to go in the direction of a softer suasion of the criminal nature toward good behavior. The modern prison has become a rather more comfortable habitation than the dangerous classes are accustomed to at home. Modern prison life has in their eyes something of the charm and glamor of an ideal existence, like that in the Happy Valley from which Rasselas had the folly to escape. Whatever advantages to the public may be secured by abating the rigors of imprisonment and inconveniences incident to execution, there is this objection: it makes them less deterrent. Let the penologers and philanthropers have their way and even hanging might be made so pleasant and withal so interesting a social distinction that it would deter nobody but the person hanged. Adopt the euthanasian method of electricity, asphyxia by smothering in rose-leaves, or slow poisoning with rich food, and the death penalty may come to be regarded as the object of a noble ambition to the *bon vivant*, and the rising young suicide may go and kill somebody else instead of himself, in order to receive from the public executioner a happier dispatch than his own 'prentice hand can assure him.

But the advocates of agreeable pains and

penalties tell us that in the darker ages, when cruel and degrading punishment was the rule, and was freely inflicted for every light infraction of the law, crime was more common than it is now; and in this they appear to be right. But one and all, they overlook a fact equally obvious and vastly significant. that the intellectual, moral and social condition of the masses was very low. Crime was more common because ignorance was more common, poverty was more common, sins of authority, and therefore hatred of authority, were more common. The world of even a century ago was a different world from the world of today, and a vastly more uncomfortale one. The popular adage to the contrary notwithstanding, human nature was not by a long cut the same then that it is now. In the very ancient time of that early English king, George III, when women were burned at the stake in public for various offenses and men were hanged for "coining" and children for theft, and in the still remoter period (*circa* 1530), when prisoners were boiled in several waters, divers sorts of criminals were disemboweled and some are thought to have undergone the *peine forte et dure* of cold-pressing (an infliction which the pen of Hugo has since made popular—in literature)—in these wicked old days crime flourished, not because of the law's severity, but in spite of it. It is possible that our law-making ancestors understood the situation as it then was a trifle better than we can understand it on the hither side of this gulf of years, and that they were

not the reasonless barbarians that we think them to have been. And if they were, what must have been the unreason and barbarity of the criminal element with which they had to deal?

I am far from thinking that severity of punishment can have the same restraining effect as probability of some punishment being inflicted; but if mildness of penalty is to be superadded to difficulty of conviction, and both are to be mounted upon laxity in detection, the pile will be complete indeed. There is a peculiar fitness, perhaps, in the fact that all these pleas for comfortable punishment should be urged at a time when there appears to be a general disposition to inflict no punishment at all. There are, however, still a few old-fashioned persons who hold it obvious that one who is ambitious to break the laws of his country will not with so light a heart and so airy an indifference incur the peril of a harsh penalty as he will the chance of one more nearly resembling that which he would himself select.

V

After lying for more than a century dead I was revived, dowered with a new body, and restored to society. The first thing of interest that I observed was an enormous building, covering a square mile of ground. It was surrounded on all sides by a high, strong wall of hewn stone upon which armed sentinels paced to and fro. In one face of the wall was a single gate of massive iron, strongly guarded. While

admiring the cyclopean architecture of the "reverend pile" I was accosted by a man in uniform, evidently the warden, with a cheerful salutation.

"Colonel," I said, "pray tell me what is this building."

"This," said he, "is the new state penitentiary. It is one of twelve, all alike."

"You surprise me," I replied. "Surely the criminal element must have increased enormously."

"Yes, indeed," he assented; "under the Reform *régime*, which began in your day, crime became so powerful, bold and fierce that arrests were no longer possible and the prisons then in existence were soon overcrowded. The state was compelled to erect others of greater capacity."

"But, Colonel," I protested, "if the criminals were too bold and powerful to be taken into custody, of what use are the prisons? And how are they crowded?"

He fixed upon me a look that I could not fail to interpret as expressing a doubt of my sanity. "What!" he said, "is it possible that the modern penology is unknown to you? Do you suppose we practice the antiquated and ineffective method of shutting up the rascals? Sir, the growth of the criminal element has, as I said, compelled the erection of more and larger prisons. We have enough to hold comfortably all the honest men and women of the state. Within these protecting walls they carry on all the necessary vocations of life excepting

commerce. That is necessarily in the hands of the rogues, as before."

"Venerated representative of Reform," I exclaimed, wringing his hand with effusion, "you are Knowledge, you are History, you are the Higher Education! We must talk further. Come, let us enter this benign edifice; you shall show me your dominion and instruct me in the rules. You shall propose me as an inmate."

I walked rapidly to the gate. When challenged by the sentinel, I turned to summon my instructor. He was nowhere visible. I turned again to look at the prison. Nothing was there: desolate and forbidding, as about the broken statue of Ozymandias,

The lone and level sands stretched far away.

IMMORTALITY

The desire for life everlasting has commonly been affirmed to be universal—at least that is the view taken by those unacquainted with Oriental faiths and with Oriental character. Those of us whose knowledge is a trifle wider are not prepared to say that the desire is universal nor even general.

If the devout Buddhist, for example, wishes to "live always," he has not succeeded in very clearly formulating the desire. The sort of thing that he is pleased to hope for is not what we should call life, and not what many of us would care for.

When a man says that everybody has "a

horror of annihilation," we may be very sure that he has not many opportunities for observation, or that he has not availed himself of all that he has. Most persons go to sleep rather gladly, yet sleep is virtual annihilation while it lasts; and if it should last forever the sleeper would be no worse off after a million years of it than after an hour of it. There are minds sufficiently logical to think of it that way, and to them annihilation is not a disagreeable thing to contemplate and expect.

In this matter of immortality, people's beliefs appear to go along with their wishes. The man who is content with annihilation thinks he will get it; those that want immortality are pretty sure they are immortal; and that is a very comfortable allotment of faiths. The few of us that are left unprovided for are those who do not bother themselves much about the matter, one way or another.

The question of human immortality is the most momentous that the mind is capable of conceiving. If it is a fact that the dead live all other facts are in comparison trivial and without interest. The prospect of obtaining certain knowledge with regard to this stupendous matter is not encouraging. In all countries but those in barbarism the powers of the profoundest and most penetrating intelligences have been ceaselessly addressed to the task of glimpsing a life beyond this life; yet today no one can truly say that he knows. It is as much a matter of faith as ever it was.

Our modern Christian nations profess a pas-

sionate hope and belief in another world, yet the most popular writer and speaker of his time, the man whose lectures drew the largest audiences, the work of whose pen brought him the highest rewards, was he who most strenuously strove to destroy the ground of that hope and unsettle the foundations of that belief.

The famous and popular Frenchman, Professor of Spectacular Astronomy, Camille Flammarion, affirms immortality because he has talked with departed souls who said that it was true. Yes, monsieur, but surely you know the rule about hearsay evidence. We Anglo-Saxons are very particular about that.

M. Flammarion says:

"I don't repudiate the presumptive arguments of schoolmen. I merely supplement them with something positive. For instance, if you assumed the existence of God this argument of the scholastics is a good one. God has implanted in all men the desire of perfect happiness. This desire cannot be satisfied in our lives here. If there were not another life wherein to satisfy it then God would be a declever. *Voila tout.*"

There is more: the desire of perfect happiness does not imply immortality, even if there is a God, for

(1) God may not have implanted it, but merely suffers it to exist, as he suffers sin to exist, the desire of wealth, the desire to live longer than we do in this world. It is not held that God implanted all the desires of the human heart. Then why hold that he implanted that of perfect happiness?

(2) Even if he did—even if a divinely implanted desire entail its own gratification—even if it cannot be gratified in this life—that does not imply immortality. It implies *only* another life long enough for its gratification just once. An eternity of gratification is not a logical inference from it.

(3) Perhaps God *is* "a deceiver" who knows that he is not? Assumption of the existence of a God is one thing; assumption of the existence of a God who is honorable and candid according to our conception of honor and candor is another.

(4) There may be an honorable and candid God. He may have implanted in us the desire of perfect happiness. It may be—it is—impossible to gratify that desire in this life. Still, another life is not implied, for God may not have intended us to draw the inference that he is going to gratify it. If omniscient and omnipotent, God must be held to have intended whatever occurs, but no such God is assumed in M. Flammarion's illustration, and it may be that God's knowledge and power are limited, or that one of them is limited.

M. Flammarion is a learned, if somewhat theatrical, astronomer. He has a tremendous imagination, which naturally is more at home in the marvelous and catastrophic than in the orderly regions of familiar phenomena. To him the heavens are an immense pyrotechnicon and he is the master of the show and sets off the fireworks. But he knows nothing of logic, which is the science of straight think-

ing, and his views of things have therefore no value; they are nebulous.

Nothing is clearer than that our pre-existence is a dream, having absolutely no basis in anything that we know or can hope to know. Of after-existence there is said to be evidence, or rather testimony, in assurances of those who are in present enjoyment of it—if it is enjoyable. Whether this testimony has actually been given—and it is the only testimony worth a moment's consideration—is a disputed point. Many persons living this life profess to have received it. But nobody professes, or ever has professed, to have received a communication of any kind from one in actual experience of the fore-life. "The souls as yet ungarmented," if such there are, are dumb to question. The Land beyond the Grave has been, if not observed, yet often and variously described: if not explored and surveyed, yet carefully charted. From among so many accounts of it that we have, he must be fastidious indeed who cannot be suited. But of the Fatherland that spreads before the cradle—the great Heretofore, wherein we all dwelt if we are to dwell in the Hereafter, we have no account. Nobody professes knowledge of that. No testimony reaches our ears of flesh concerning its topographical or other features; no one has been so enterprising as to wrest from its actual inhabitants any particulars of their character and appearance. And among educated experts and professional proponents of worlds to be there is a general denial of its existence.

I am of their way of thinking about that. The fact that we have no recollection of a former life is entirely conclusive of the matter. To have lived an unrecollected life is impossible and unthinkable, for there would be nothing to connect the new life with the old—no thread of continuity—nothing that persisted from the one life to the other. The later birth would be that of another person, an altogether different being, unrelated to the first—a new John Smith succeeding to the late Tom Jones.

Let us not be misled here by a false analogy. Today I may get a thwack o' the mazzard which will give me an intervening season of unconsciousness between yesterday and tomorrow. Thereafter I may live to a green old age with no recollection of anything that I knew, or did, or was before the accident; yet I shall be the same person, for between the old life and the new there will be a *nexus*, a thread of continuity, something spanning the gulf from the one state to the other, and the same in both—namely, my body with its habits, capacities and powers. That is I; that identifies me to others as my former self—authenticates and credentials me as the person that incurred the cranial mischance, dislodging memory.

But when death occurs *all* is dislodged if memory is; for between two merely mental or spiritual existences memory is the only *nexus* conceivable; consciousness of identity is the only identity. To live again without memory

of having lived before is to live another. Re-existence without recollection is absurd. There is nothing to re-exist.

EMANCIPATED WOMAN

What I should like to know is, how "the enlargement of woman's sphere" by her entrance into various activities of commercial, professional and industrial life benefits the sex. It may please Helen Gougar and satisfy her sense of logical accuracy to say, as she does: "We women must work in order to fill the places left vacant by liquor-drinking men." But who filled these places before? Did they remain vacant, or were there then disappointed applicants, as now? If my memory serves, there has been no time in the period that it covers when the supply of workers—abstemious male workers—was not in excess of the demand. That it has always been so is sufficiently attested by the universally inadequate wage rate.

Employers seldom fail, and never for long, to get all the workmen they need. The field into which women have put their sickles was already overcrowded with reapers. Whatever employment women have obtained has been got by displacing men—who would otherwise be supporting women.; Where is the general advantage? We may shout "high tariff," "combination of capital," "demonetization of silver," and what not, but if searching for the cause of augmented poverty and crime, "industrial discontent" and the tramp evil, instead of dogmatically expounding it, we should take some

account of this enormous, sudden addition to the number of workers seeking work. If any one thinks that within the brief period of a generation the visible supply of labor can be enormously augmented without profoundly affecting the stability of things and disastrously touching the interests of wage-workers let no rude voice dispel his dream of such maleficent agencies as his slumbrous understanding may joy to affirm. And let our Widows of Ashur unlung themselves in advocacy of quack remedies for evils of which themselves are cause; it remains true that when the contention of two lions for one bone is exacerbated by the accession of a lioness the squabble is not composable by stirring up some bears in the cage adjacent.

Indubitably a woman is under no obligation to sacrifice herself to the good of her sex by foregoing needed employment in the hope that it may fall to a man gifted with dependent women. Nevertheless our congratulations are more intelligent when bestowed upon her individual head than when sifted into the hair of all Eve's daughters. This is a world of complexities, in which the lines of interest are so intertangled as frequently to transgress that of sex; and one ambitious to help but half the race may profitably know that every effort to that end provokes a counterbalancing mischief. The "enlargement of woman's opportunities" has benefited individual women. It has not benefited the sex as a whole, and has distinctly damaged the race. The mind that can not discern a score of great and irreparable general

evils distinctly traceable to "emancipation of woman" is as impregnable to the light as a toad in a rock.

A marked demerit of the new order of things —the *régime* of female commercial service—is that its main advantage accrues, not to the race, not to the sex, not to the class, not to the individual woman, but to the person of least need and worth—the male employer. (Female employers in any considerable number there will not be, but those that we have could give the male ones profitable instruction in grinding the faces of their employes.) This constant increase of the army of labor—always and everywhere too large for the work in sight —by accession of a new contingent of natural oppressibles makes the very teeth of old Munniglut thrill with a poignant delight. It brings in that situation known as two laborers seeking one job—and one of them a person whose bones he can easily grind to make his bread; and Munniglut is a miller of skill and experience, dusted all over with the evidence of his useful craft. When Heaven has assisted the Daughters of Hope to open to women a new "avenue of opportunities" the first to enter and walk therein, like God in the Garden of Eden, is the good Mr. Munniglut, contentedly smoothing the folds out of the superior slope of his paunch, exuding the peculiar aroma of his oleaginous personality and larding the new roadway with the overflow of a righteousness stimulated to action by relish of his own identity. And ever thereafter the subtle suggestion of a fat philistinism lingers along that path of

progress like an assertion of a possessory right.

It is God's own crystal truth that in dealing with women unfortunate enough to be compelled to earn their own living and fortunate enough to have wrested from Fate an opportunity to do so, men of business and affairs treat them with about the same delicate consideration that they show to dogs and horses of the inferior breeds. It does not commonly occur to the wealthy "professional man," or "prominent merchant," to be ashamed to add to his yearly thousands a part of the salary justly due to his female bookkeeper or typewriter, who sits before him all day with an empty belly in order to have an habilimented back. He has a vague, hazy notion that the law of supply and demand is mandatory, and that in submitting himself to it by paying her a half of what he would have to pay a man of inferior efficiency he is supplying the world with a noble example of obedience. I must take the liberty to remind him that the law of supply and demand is not imperative; it is not a statute but a phenomenon. He may reply: "It is imperative; the penalty for disobedience is failure. If I pay more in salaries and wages than I need to, my competitor will not; and with that advantage he will drive me from the field." If his margin of profit is so small that he must eke it out by coining the sweat of his workwomen into nickels I've nothing to say to him. Let him adopt in peace the motto, "I cheat to eat." I do not know why he should eat, but Nature, who has provided sustenance for the worming sparrow, the sparrowing owl

and the owling eagle, approves the needy man of prey and makes a place for him at table.

Human nature is pretty well balanced; for every lacking virtue there is a rough substitute that will serve at a pinch—as cunning is the wisdom of the unwise, and ferocity the courage of the coward. Nobody is altogether bad; the scoundrel who has grown rich by underpaying workmen in his factory will sometimes endow an asylum for indigent seamen. To oppress one's own workmen, and provide for the workmen of a neighbor—to skin those in charge of one's own interests while cottoning and oiling the residuary product of another's skinnery—that is not very good benevolence, nor very good sense, but it serves in place of both. The man who eats *pâté de fois gras* in the sweat of his girl cashier's face, or wears purple and fine linen in order that his typewriter may have an eocene gown and a pliocene hat, seems a tolerably satisfactory specimen of the genus thief; but let us not forget that in his own home—a fairly good one—he may enjoy and merit that highest and most honorable title on the scroll of woman's favor, "a good provider." One having a claim to that glittering distinction should enjoy immunity from the coarse and troublesome question, "From whose backs and bellies do you provide?"

So much for the material results to the sex. What are the moral results? One does not like to speak of them, particularly to those who do not and can not know—to good women in whose innocent minds female immorality is inseparable from flashy gowning and the painted

face; to foolish, book-taught men who honestly believe in some protective sanctity that hedges womanhood. If men of the world with years enough to have lived out of the old *régime* into the new would testify in this matter there would ensue a great rattling of dry bones in bodices of reform-ladies. Nay, if the young man about town, knowing nothing of how things were in the "dark backward and absym of time," but something of the moral distance between even so free-running a creature as the society girl and the average working girl of the factory, the shop and the office, would speak out (under assurance of immunity from prosecution) his testimony would be a surprise to the cartilaginous virgins, blowsy matrons, acrid relicts and hairy males of Emancipation. It would pain, too, some very worthy but unobservant persons not in sympathy with "the cause."

Certain significant facts are within the purview of all but the very young and the comfortably blind. To the woman of to-day the man of to-day is imperfectly polite. In place of reverence he gives her "deference;" to the language of compliment has succeeded the language of raillery. Men have almost forgotten how to bow. Doubtless the advanced female prefers the new manner, as may some of her less forward sisters, thinking it more sincere. It is not; our giddy grandfather talked high-flown nonsense because his heart had tangled his tongue. He treated his woman more civilly than we ours because he loved her better. He never had seen her on the "ros-

trum" and in the lobby, never had heard her in advocacy of herself, never had read her confessions of his sins, never had felt the stress of her competition, nor himself assisted by daily personal contact in rubbing the bloom off her. He did not know that her virtues were due to her secluded life, but thought, dear old boy, that they were a gift of God.

A MAD WORLD

Let us suppose that in tracing its cycloidal curves through the unthinkable reaches of space traversed by the solar system our planet should pass through a "belt" of attenuated matter having the property of dementing us! It is a conception easily enough entertained. That space is full of malign conditions incontinuously distributed; that we are at one time traversing a zone comparatively innocuous and at another spinning through a region of infection; that away behind us in the wake of our swirling flight are fields of plague and pain still agitated by our passage through them,—all this is as good as known. It is almost as certain as it is that in our little annual circle round the sun are points at which we are stoned and brick-batted like a pig in a potato-patch—pelted with little nodules of meteoric metal flung like gravel, and bombarded with gigantic masses hurled by God knows what? What strange adventures await us in those yet untraveled regions toward which we speed?—into what malign conditions may we not at any time plunge?—to the strength and stress of what frightful en-

vironment may we not at last succumb? The subject lends itself readily enough to a jest, but I am not jesting: it is really altogether probable that our solar system, racing through space with inconceivable velocity, will one day enter a region charged with something deleterious to the human brain, minding us all madwise.

By the way, dear reader, did you ever happen to consider the possibility that you are a lunatic, and perhaps confined in an asylum? It seems to you that you are not—that you go with freedom where you will, and use a sweet reasonableness in all your works and ways; but to many a lunatic it seems that he is Rameses II, or the Holkar of Indore. Many a plunging maniac, ironed to the floor of a cell, believes himself the Goddess of Liberty careering gaily through the Ten Commandments in a chariot of gold. Of your own sanity and identity you have no evidence that is any better than he has of his. More accurately, I have none of mine; for anything I know, you do not exist, nor any one of all the things with which I think myself familiarly conscious. All may be fictions of my disordered imagination. I really know of but one reason for doubting that I am an inmate of an asylum for the insane—namely, the probability that there is nowhere any such thing as an asylum for the insane.

This kind of speculation has charms that get a good neck-hold upon attention. For example, if I am really a lunatic, and the persons and things that I seem to see about me

have no objective existence, what an ingenious though disordered imagination I must have! What a clever *coup* it was to invent Mr. Rockefeller and clothe him with the attribute of permanence! With what amusing qualities I have endowed my laird of Skibo, philanthropist. What a masterpiece of creative humor is my Fatty Taft, statesman, taking himself seriously, even solemnly, and persuading others to do the same! And this city of Washington, with its motley population of silurians, parvenoodles and scamps pranking unashamed in the light of day, and its saving contingent of the forsaken righteous, their seed begging bread,—did Rabelais' exuberant fancy ever conceive so—but Rabelais is, perhaps, himself a conception.

Surely he is no common maniac who has wrought out of nothing the history, the philosophies, sciences, arts, laws, religions, politics and morals of this imaginary world. Nay, the world itself, tumbling uneasily through space like a beetle's ball, is no mean achievement, and I am proud of it. But the mental feat in which I take most satisfaction, and which I doubt not is most diverting to my keepers, is that of creating Mr. W. R. Hearst, pointing his eyes toward the White House and endowing him with a perilous Jacksonian ambition to defile it. The Hearst is distinctly a treasure.

On the whole, I have done, I think, tolerably well, and when I contemplate the fertility and originality of my inventions, the queer unearthliness and grotesque actions of the char-

acters whom I have evolved, isolated and am cultivating, I cannot help thinking that if Heaven had not made me a lunatic my peculiar talent might have made me an entertaining writer.

EPIGRAMS OF A CYNIC

If every hypocrite in the United States were to break his leg to-day the country could be successfully invaded to-morrow by the warlike hypocrites of Canada.

To Dogmatism the Spirit of Inquiry is the same as the Spirit of Evil, and to pictures of the latter it appends a tail to represent the note of interrogation.

"Immoral" is the judgment of the stalled ox on the gamboling lamb.

In forgiving an injury be somewhat ceremonious, lest your magnanimity be construed as indifference.

True, man does not know woman. But neither does woman.

Age is provident because the less future we have the more we fear it.

Reason is fallible and virtue invincible; the winds vary and the needle forsakes the pole, but stupidity never errs and never intermits. Since it has been found that the axis of the earth wabbles, stupidity is indispensable as a standard of constancy.

In order that the list of able women may be memorized for use at meetings of the oppressed sex, Heaven has considerately made it brief.

Firmness is my persistency; obstinacy is yours.

A little heap of dust,
A little streak of rust,
A stone without a name—
Lo! hero, sword and fame.

Our vocabulary is defective; we give the same name to woman's lack of temptation and man's lack of opportunity.

"You scoundrel, you have wronged me," hissed the philosopher. "May you live forever!"

The man who thinks that a garnet can be made a ruby by setting it in brass is writing "dialect" for publication.

"Who art thou, stranger, and what dost thou seek?" "I am Generosity, and I seek a person named Gratitude." "Then thou dost not deserve to find her." "True. I will go about my business and think of her no more. But who art thou, to be so wise?" "I am Gratitude—farewell forever."

There was never a genius who was not thought a fool until he disclosed himself; whereas he is a fool then only.

The boundaries that Napoleon drew have been effaced; the kingdoms that he set up have disappeared. But all the armies and statecraft of Europe cannot unsay what you have said.

Strive not for singularity in dress;
Fools have the more and men of sense the less.
To look original is not worth while,
But be in mind a little out of style.

A conqueror arose from the dead. "Yesterday," he said, "I ruled half the world." "Please show me the half that you ruled," said an angel,

pointing out a wisp of glowing vapor floating in space. "That is the world."

"Who art thou, shivering in thy furs?" "My name is Avarice. What is thine?" "Unselfishness." "Where is thy clothing, placid one?" "Thou art wearing it."

To be comic is merely to be playful, but wit is a serious matter. To laugh at it is to confess that you do not understand.

If you would be accounted great by your contemporaries, be not too much greater than they.

To have something that he will not desire, nor know that he has—such is the hope of him who seeks the admiration of posterity. The character of his work does not matter; he is a humorist.

Women and foxes, being weak, are distinguished by superior tact.

To fatten pigs, confine and feed them; to fatten rogues, cultivate a generous disposition.

Every heart is the lair of a ferocious animal. The greatest wrong that you can put upon a man is to provoke him to let out his beast.

When two irreconcilable propositions are presented for assent the safest way is to thank Heaven that we are not as the unreasoning brutes, and believe both.

Truth is more deceptive than falsehood, for it is more frequently presented by those from whom we do not expect it, and so has against it a numerical presumption.

A bad marriage is like an electrical thrilling machine: it makes you dance, but you can't let go.

Meeting Merit on a street-crossing, Success stood still. Merit stepped off into the mud and went around him, bowing his apologies, which Success had the grace to accept.

"I think," says the philosopher divine, "Therefore I am." Sir, here's a surer sign: We know we live, for with our every breath we feel the fear and imminence of death.

The first man you meet is a fool. If you do not think so ask him and he will prove it.

He who would rather inflict injustice than suffer it will always have his choice, for no injustice can be done to him.

There are as many conceptions of a perfect happiness hereafter as there are minds that have marred their happiness here.

We yearn to be, not what we are, but what we are not. If we were immortal we should not crave immortality.

A rabbit's foot may bring good luck to you, but it brought none to the rabbit.

Before praising the wisdom of the man who knows how to hold his tongue ascertain if he knows how to hold his pen.

The most charming view in the world is obtained by introspection.

Love is unlike chess, in that the pieces are moved secretly and the player sees most of the game. But the looker-on has one incomparable advantage: he is not the stake.

It is not for nothing that tigers choose to hide in the jungle, for commerce and trade are carried on, mostly, in the open.

We say that we love, not whom we will, but

whom we must. Our judgment need not, therefore, go to confession.

Of two kinds of temporary insanity, one ends in suicide, the other in marriage.

If you give alms from compassion, why require the beneficiary to be "a deserving object?" No other adversity is so sharp as destitution of merit.

Bereavement is the name that selfishness gives to a particular privation.

O proud philanthropist, your hope is vain
To get by giving what you lost by gain.
With every gift you do but swell the cloud
Of witnesses against you, swift and loud—
Accomplices who turn and swear you split
Your life: half robber and half hypocrite.
You're least unsafe when most intact you hold
Your curst allotment of dishonest gold.

The highest and rarest form of contentment is aproval of the success of another.

If Inclination challenge, stand and fight—
From Opportunity the wise take flight.

What a woman most admires in a man is distinction among men. What a man most admires in a woman is devotion to himself.

Those who most loudly invite God's attention to themselves when in peril of death are those who should most fervently wish to escape his observation.

When you have made a catalogue of your friend's faults it is only fair to supply him with a duplicate, so that he may know yours.

How fascinating is Antiquity!—in what a golden haze the ancients lived their lives! We,

too, are ancients. Of our enchanting time Posterity's great poets will sing immortal songs, and its archaeologists will reverently uncover the foundations of our palaces and temples. Meantime we swap jack-knives.

Observe, my son, with how austere a virtue the man without a cent puts aside the temptation to manipulate the market or acquire a monopoly.

For study of the good and the bad in woman two women are a needless expense.

"There's no free will," says the philosopher;
"To hang is most unjust."
"There is no free will," assents the officer;
"We hang because we must."

Hope is an explorer who surveys the country ahead. That is why we know so much about the Hereafter and so little about the Heretofore.

Remembering that it was a woman who lost the world, we should accept the act of cackling geese in saving Rome as partial reparation.

There are two classes of women who may do as they please; those who are rich and those who are poor. The former can count on assent, the latter on inattention.

When into the house of the heart Curiosity is admitted as the guest of Love she turns her host out of doors.

Happiness has not to all the same name: to Youth she is known as the Future; Age knows her as the Dream.

"Who art thou, there in the mire?" "Intuition. I leaped all the way from where thou

standest in fear on the brink of the bog." "A great feat, madam; accept the admiration of Reason, sometimes known as Dryfoot."

In eradicating an evil, it makes a difference whether it is uprooted or rooted up. The difference is in the reformer.

The Audible Sisterhood rightly affirms the equality of the sexes: no man is so base but some woman is base enough to love him.

Having no eyes in the back of the head, we see ourselves on the verge of the outlook. Only he who has accomplished the notable feat of turning about knows himself the central figure in the universe.

Truth is so good a thing that falsehood can not afford to be without it.

If women did the writing of the world, instead of the talking, men would be regarded as the superior sex in beauty, grace and goodness.

Love is a delightful day's journey. At the farther end kiss your companion and say farewell.

Let him who would wish to duplicate his every experience prate of the value of life.

The game of discontent has its rules, and he who disregards them cheats. It is not permitted to you to wish to add another's advantages or possessions to your own; you are permitted only to wish to be another.

The creator and arbiter of beauty is the heart; to the male rattlesnake the female rattlesnake is the loveliest thing in nature.

Thought and emotion dwell apart. When the heart goes into the head there is no dissension; only an eviction.

If you want to read a perfect book there is only one way: write it.

"Where goest thou, Ignorance?" "To fortify the mind of a maiden against a peril." "I am going thy way. My name is Knowledge." "Scoundrel! Thou art the peril."

A prude is one who blushes modestly at the indelicacy of her thoughts and virtuously flies from the temptation of her desires.

The man who is always taking you by the hand is the same who if you were hungry would take you by the cafe.

When a certain sovereign wanted war he threw out a diplomatic intimation; when ready, a diplomat.

If public opinion were determined by a throw of the dice, it would in the long run be half the time right.

The gambling known as business looks with austere disfavor upon the business known as gambling.

A virtuous widow is the most loyal of mortals; she is faithful to that which is neither pleased nor profited by her fidelity.

Of one who was "foolish" the creators of our language said that he was "fond." That we have not definitely reversed the meanings of the words should be set down to the credit of our courtesy.

Rioting gains its end by the power of numbers. To a believer in the wisdom and goodness of majorities it is not permitted to denounce a successful mob.

Artistically set to grace
The wall of a dissecting-place,
A human pericardium
Was fastened with a bit of gum,
While, simply underrunning it,
The one word, "Charity," was writ
To show the student band that hovered
About it what it once had covered.

Virtue is not necessary to a good reputation, but a good reputation is helpful to virtue.

When lost in a forest go always down hill. When lost in a philosophy or doctrine go upward.

We submit to the majority because we have to. But we are not compelled to call our attitude of subjection a posture of respect.

Pascal says that an inch added to the length of Cleopatra's nose would have changed the fortunes of the world. But having said this, he has said nothing, for all the forces of nature and all the power of dynasties could not have added an inch to the length of Cleopatra's nose.

Our luxuries are always masquerading as necessaries. Woman is the only necessary having the boldness and address to compel recognition as a luxury.

"I am the seat of the affections," said the heart. "Thank you," said the judgment, "you save my face."

"Who art thou that weepest?" "Man." "Nay, thou art Egotism. I am the Scheme of the Universe. Study me and learn that nothing matters." "Then how does it happen that I weep?"

A slight is less easily forgiven than an injury, because it implies something of contempt,

indifference, an overlooking of our importance; whereas an injury presupposes some degree of consideration. "The blackguards!" said a traveler whom Sicilian brigands had released without ransom; "did they think me a person of no consequence?"

The people's plaudits are unheard in hell.

Generosity to a fallen foe is a virtue that takes no chances.

If there was a world before this we must all have died impenitent.

We are what we laugh at. The stupid person is a poor joke, the clever, a good one.

If every man who resents being called a rogue resented being one this would be a world of wrath.

Force and charm are important elements of character, but it counts for little to be stronger than honey and sweeter than a lion.

Grief and discomfiture are coals that cool:
Why keep them glowing with thy sighs, poor fool?

A popular author is one who writes what the people think. Genius invites them to think something else.

Asked to describe the Deity, a donkey would represent him with long ears and a tail. Man's conception is higher and truer: he thinks of him as somewhat resembling a man.

Christians and camels receive their burdens kneeling.

The sky is a concave mirror in which Man sees his own distorted image and seeks to propitiate it.

Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land, but do not hope that the life insurance companies will offer thee special rates.

Persons who are horrified by what they believe to be Darwin's theory of the descent of Man from the Ape may find comfort in the hope of his return.

A strong mind is more easily impressed than a weak; you shall not so readily convince a fool that you are a philosopher as a philosopher that you are a fool.

A cheap and easy cynicism rails at everything. The master of the art accomplishes the formidable task of discrimination.

When publicly censured our first instinct is to make everybody a codefendant.

O lady fine, fear not to lead
To Hymen's shrine a clown:
Love cannot level up, indeed,
But he can level down.

Men are polygamous by nature and monogamous for opportunity. It is a faithful man who is willing to be watched by a half-dozen wives.

The virtues chose Modesty to be their queen. "I did not know that I was a virtue," she said. "Why did you not choose Innocence?" "Because of her ignorance," they replied. "She knows nothing but that she is a virtue."

It is a wise "man's man" who knows what it is that he despises in a "ladies' man."

If the vices of women worshiped their creators men would boast of the adoration they inspire.

The only distinction that democracies reward is a high degree of conformity.

Slang is the speech of him who robs the literary garbage carts on their way to the dumps.

A woman died who had passed her life in affirming the superiority of her sex. "At last," she said, "I shall have rest and honors." "Enter," said Saint Peter; "thou shalt wash the faces of the dear little cherubim."

To woman a general truth has neither value nor interest unless she can make a particular application of it. And we say that women are not practical!

The ignorant know not the depth of their ignorance, but the learned know the shallowness of their learning.

He who relates his success in charming woman's heart may be assured of his failure to charm man's ear.

What poignant memories the shadows bring
What songs of triumph in the dawning ring!
By night a coward and by day a king.

When among the graves of thy fellows, walk with circumspection; thine own is open at thy feet.

As the physiognomist takes his own face as the highest type and standard, so the critic's theories are imposed by his own limitations.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and our neighbors take up the tale as we mature.

"My laws," she said, "are of myself a part:
I read them by examining my heart."
"True," he replied; "like those to Moses known,
Thine also are engraven upon stone."

Love is a distracted attention: from contemplation of one's self one turns to consider one's dream.

"Halt!—who goes there?" "Death." "Advance, Death, and give the countersign." "How needless! I care not to enter thy camp tonight. Thou shalt enter mine." "What! I a deserter?" "Nay, a great soldier. Thou shalt overcome all the enemies of mankind." "Who are they?" "Life and the Fear of Death."

The palmist looks at the wrinkles made by closing the hand and says they signify character. The philosopher reads character by what the hand most loves to close upon.

Ah, woe is his, with length of living cursed,
Who, nearing second childhood, had no first.
Behind, no glimmer, and before no ray—
A night at either end of his dark day.

A noble enthusiasm in praise of Woman is not incompatible with a spirited zeal in defamation of women.

The money-getter who pleads his love of work has a lame defense, for love of work at money-getting is a lower taste than love of money.

He who thinks that praise of mediocrity atones for disparagement of genius is like one who should plead robbery in excuse of theft.

The most disagreeable form of masculine hypocrisy is that which finds expression in pretended remorse for impossible gallantries.

Any one can say that which is new; any one that which is true. For that which is both new and true we must go duly accredited to the gods and await their pleasure.

The test of truth is Reason, not Faith; for to the court of Reason must be submitted even the claims of Faith.

"Whither goest thou?" said the angel. "I know not." "And whence hast thou come?" "I know not." "But who art thou?" "I know not." "Then thou art Man. See that thou turn not back, but pass on to the place whence thou hast come."

If Expediency and Righteousness are not father and son they are the most harmonious brothers that ever were seen.

Train the head, and the heart will take care of itself; a rascal is one who knows not how to think.

Do you to others as you would
That others do to you;
But see that you no service good
Would have from others that they could
Not rightly do.

Taunts are allowable in the case of an obstinate husband: balky horses may best be made to go by having their ears bitten.

Adam probably regarded Eve as the woman of his choice, and exacted a certain gratitude for the distinction of his preference.

A man is the sum of his ancestors; to reform him you must begin with a dead ape and work downward through a million graves. He is like the lower end of a suspended chain; you can sway him slightly to the right or the left, but remove your hand and he falls into line with the other links.

He who thinks with difficulty believes with

alacrity. A fool is a natural proselyte, but he must be caught young, for his convictions, unlike those of the wise, harden with age.

These are the prerogatives of genius: To know without having learned; to draw just conclusions from unknown premises; to discern the soul of things.

Although one love a dozen times, yet will the latest love seem the first. He who says he has loved twice has not loved once.

Men who expect universal peace through invention of destructive weapons of war are no wiser than one who, noting the improvement of agricultural implements, should prophesy an end to the tilling of the soil.

To parents only, death brings an inconsolable sorrow. When the young die and the old live, nature's machinery is working with the friction that we name grief.

Empty wine bottles have a bad opinion of women.

Civilization is the child of human ignorance and conceit. If Man knew his insignificance in the scheme of things he would not think it worth while to rise from barbarity to enlightenment. But it is only through enlightenment that he can know.

Along the road of life are many pleasure resorts, but think not that by tarrying in them you will take more days to the journey. The day of your arrival is already recorded.

The most offensive egotist is he that fears to say "I" and "me." "It will probably rain"—that is dogmatic. "I think it will rain"—that is natural and modest. Montaigne is the most

delightful of essayists because so great is his humility that he does not think it important that we see not Montaigne. He so forgets himself that he employs no artifice to make us forget him.

On fair foundations Theocrats unwise
Rear superstructures that offend the skies.
"Behold," they cry, "this pile so fair and tall!
Come dwell within it and be happy all."
But they alone inhabit it, and find,
Poor fools, 'tis but a prison for the mind.

If thou wilt not laugh at a rich man's wit thou art an anarchist, and if thou take not his word thou shalt take nothing that he hath. Make haste, therefore, to be civil to thy betters, and so prosper, for prosperity is the foundation of the state.

Death is not the end; there remains the litigation over the estate.

When God makes a beautiful woman, the devil opens a new register.

When Eve first saw her reflection in a pool, she sought Adam and accused him of infidelity.

"Why dost thou weep?" "For the death of my wife. Alas! I shall never again see her!" "Thy wife will never again see thee, yet she does not weep."

What theology is to religion and jurisprudence to justice, etiquette is to civility.

"Who art thou that despite the piercing cold and thy robe's raggedness seemest to enjoy thyself?" "Naught else is enjoyable—I am Contentment." "Ha! thine must be a magic shirt.

Off with it! I shiver in my fine attire." "I have no shirt. Pass on, Success."

Ignorance when inevitable is excusable. It may be harmless, even beneficial; but it is charming only to the unwise. To affect a spurious ignorance is to disclose a genuine.

Because you will not take by theft what you can have by cheating, think not yours is the only conscience in the world. Even he who permits you to cheat his neighbor will shrink from permitting you to cheat himself.

"God keep thee, stranger; what is thy name?" "Wisdom. And thine?" "Knowledge. How does it happen that we meet?" "This is an intersection of our paths." "Will it ever be decreed that we travel always the same road?" "We were well named if we knew."

Nothing is more logical than persecution. Religious tolerance is a kind of infidelity.

Convictions are variable; to be always consistent is to be sometimes dishonest.

The philosopher's profoundest conviction is that which he is most reluctant to express, lest he mislead.

When exchange of identities is possible, be careful; you may choose a person who is willing.

The most intolerant advocate is he who is trying to convince himself.

In the Parliament of Otumwee the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a tax on fools. "The right honorable and generous gentleman,"

said a member, "forgets that we already have it in the poll tax."

"Whose dead body is that?" "Credulity's." "By whom was he slain?" "Credulity." "Ah, suicide." "No, surfeit. He dined at the table of Science, and swallowed all that was set before him."

Don't board with the devil if you wish to be fat.

Pray do not despise your delinquent debtor; his default is no proof of poverty.

Courage is the acceptance of the gambler's chance: a brave man bets against the game of the gods.

"Who art thou?" "A philanthropist. And thou?" "A pauper." "Away! you have nothing to relieve my needs."

Youth looks forward, for nothing is behind; Age backward, for nothing is before.

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 562
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Antigone

Sophocles

Translated from the Greek by
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HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
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CHARACTERS

Chorus of Theban elders
CREON: Sovereign at Thebes
HAEMON: Son to Creon, in love with Antigone
TEIRESIAS: A blind seer
GUARD: In command at the burial ground
MESSENGER: A youth from the country
ANTIGONE: Daughter of the late King Oedipus
ISMENE: Sister to Antigone
EURYDICE: Wife to Creon
Soldiers, maids in attendance upon Eurydice, escort of Creon, citizens of Thebes
Scene: Before the palace of the Kings at Thebes
Time: Shortly before the Trojan War

The division into acts and episodes follows the precedents established by the great performance of this play at the Second Theatre-Francais (Paris) in 1844.

The Greek text employed in the translation is that of Wolff.

ANTIGONE

ACT I.

The portico of the palace of Creon at Thebes is conspicuous in the back ground for the time is the break of day.

Well forward on the stage is seen the place for sacrifice, known technically as the thymele. It is in reality an altar-shaped platform in the middle of the space left free for dancing and similar exercises. On the thymele is built the altar of Bacchus, now adorned with wreaths and garlands.

The pillared portico of the palace in the background is reached by a double flight of steps at the sides. On the right of the portico is the altar of Apollo. Three doors afford entrance into the palace—one for the women at the right, one for the slaves at the left and one in the middle for the king. A gate on the extreme right of the garden affords access to the open country while a gate at the extreme left gives on Thebes.

At the beginning of the tragedy Antigone is discovered, a vase on her shoulder, beside the altar to Apollo. She rests the vase lightly upon the altar and, clasping her hands, looks woefully upon the image of the god.

Antigone is in the flush of a vigorous and beautiful young womanhood. Her robe clings loosely to her figure in white folds, leaving the arms bare. A purple cloak hangs from her right shoulder. Her sandals are threaded with gold.

After a moment of silent contemplation,

Antigone quits the scene by the gate on the extreme right only to return in a moment leading her sister by the hand. This sister, Ismene, is a delicate, timid girl, somewhat shrinking in manner and aspect. Ismene is dressed in white, and is somewhat muffled up as if she feared to be recognized.

Antigone. Oh, my very own sister, Ismene dear, you surely know which of all the woes of Oedipus has not come to pass, is not fulfilled by Jove in the lives of the two of us! (*The sisters are the surviving children of Oedipus, late King of Thebes.*) Nothing painful or disgraceful or distressing or dishonoring that I have not seen in your woes and my own! And now what is this they also say throughout the whole city about a proclamation just issued by the commander of the troops? (*Creon thus referred to is not yet officially King.*) Have you heard anything of it? Or are the evils coming to our friends from our foes unknown to you yet?

Ismene. (*Her timid accents contrast with the bold tones of her sister.*) To me no word from friends, pleasant or painful, Antigone, has come since we were deprived of our two brothers dying on the same day each by the other's hand. (*The brothers thus referred to were also children of the late Oedipus. One of these brothers was Polynices and the other was Eteocles. After Oedipus had left Thebes, Eteocles and Polynices ruled by turns there. Disputes arose between the brothers. Polynices fled to the court of Adrastus who organized for him the famous expedition of the seven against Thebes. After much slaughter in the*

attack upon the city, the brothers resolved to decide the issue by single combat. Each slew the other. The tragedy opens on the morning after, the foe having fled in a rout.) Since the forces of the Argives fled this very night I know nothing more whether it be of happy fortune or of grief.

Antigone. I knew it well and for that reason I brought you outside the palace doors so that you might hear alone.

Ismene. What is it? You are revealing some deep plan.

Antigone. Has not Creon honored one of our brothers with a tomb and held one in dishonor unburied? Eteocles indeed, as they say, now treated with justice in obedience to the law, was hidden under the ground, honored with the dead below. But the dishonored dead body of Polynices—they say this has been heralded to the citizens—is not to be hidden in a tomb, not to be wept over. It is to be left unmourned, unburied, a sweet prize for the birds in the shape of a free gift of food when they see it. Such things they say the worthy Creon has heralded to you and to me—especially to me, I say—and he is coming here to proclaim these things effectively to those who do not know them. He does not deem the thing a trifling matter. Whoever offends in these details has death by stoning in store for him here in the city. Thus stand these things—such is the state of affairs for you and soon you will show whether you are trueborn or are but the degenerate child of noble sires.

Ismene. And what, oh, wretched girl, if these

things are so, could I do more either to bind or to loose?

Antigone. See whether you will aid with labor or by running risks.

Ismene. What kind of risk? What is your idea?

Antigone. Will you lift the body with this hand? (*Antigone touches Ismene's hand. Some versions suggest that Antigone raises her own hand significantly.*)

Ismene. Then you mean to bury him — a thing forbidden in the city?

Antigone. He is my brother and yours too even if you do not acknowledge it. (*Some versions make Antigone say here: "I shall at any rate bury my brother and yours, if you don't wish to."*) I will not be caught betraying him.

Ismene. Oh, reckless girl — for Creon has spoken against it!

Antigone. But he has no power to prevent me from serving my own.

Ismene. Woe upon me! Think, oh sister, how our father died hated and disgraced when on account of misdeeds exposed by himself he tore out his two eyes with his own hand. Then his mother and his wife, two names for the same woman, ended her days disgracefully with a noosed rope. Then our two brothers by self slaughter on the same day, the unfortunates, worked the same doom for each other with deadly hands! And now we two left alone seek how we shall die too most wretchedly if, violating the law, we so defy the kingly might and order. It behooves us to bear in mind that we are women and that it is not for us to war with men. Since we are governed by those

more powerful than ourselves we must heed these considerations, take these things into account and even things more humiliating. I therefore implore those who have power below to pardon me since I am under duress and will yield to those in authority. To go beyond this is to have no sense at all.

Antigone. Let me not command you. Even if you were yet to wish to do this thing with me you would not be satisfactory to me. Understand whatever seems good to you. I will bury him myself. I would gladly die for doing it. Dear to him, I will lie beside him who was dear to me, doing holy things in sacrilege. I shall have more time to please those below than those on earth for there I shall be forever. If it seems well to you, dishonor what the gods revere.

Ismene. I do no one dishonor. I was born incapable of violence against the city's laws.

Antigone. Let that be your excuse. I will go now to cover the grave of the brother so dear to me.

Ismene. Wretched girl—how I tremble for you!

Antigone. Fear not on my account. Look to your own fate.

Ismene. At least confide this scheme to nobody. Keep it to yourself and I will keep my own counsel.

Antigone. Oh, proclaim it! You will be far more hateful by your silence if you don't publish all this to everybody.

Ismene. You have a warm heart for a cold task.

Antigone. I know that I am doing my duty to those I ought to honor.

Ismene (*as the dialogue attains its climax she has gradually laid aside her original timidity and is now talking in louder tones with flashing eyes*). You will do it if you can but you talk of what you are helpless to do.

Antigone. When my strength gives out, I'll stop.

Ismene. One should not undertake the impossible.

Antigone. (*She, too, is now fully aroused.*) If you talk like that, I'll hate you and you will be justly hateful to the dead. Let me and my lack of wisdom suffer all this woe! I shall endure nothing so dire as an unlovely death.

Ismene. If it seems good to you, go! Know this, though you go foolishly, you are justly precious to those who love you. (*Ismene may mean: "You are really filled with love for your dear ones"—that is, the dead brother she means to bury.*)

Antigone now lifts the vase she had deposited on the altar of Apollo, places it on her head and quits the scene by way of the flight of steps on the right. Ismene returns within the palace by way of the door for women.

Fifteen or sixteen elderly gentlemen, belonging to the best families of Thebes, now make their appearance. They comprise what might be called the city council and are in special session. They group themselves in the available space left free at a little distance from the palace.

They comprise the so-called "chorus."

As this tragedy is performed in our theatres,

in accordance with the religious grand opera theory of a Greek play, eight of the old men enter first by emerging around the "thymele" singing what is called a "strophe" and making a tour of the altar of Bacchus. Next eight (or seven) more of the aged gentlemen come upon the scene to sing what is called the "antistrophe." The whole fifteen or sixteen, each with a staff in his hand, then arrange themselves in a semi-circle and sing what is called the "ode" while they dance.

All this is in accordance with an idea in the mind of Doctor Dryasdust and the pedants of his type. It is a perversion of the spirit of the scene. What really happens is that the old gentlemen come in not all at once and not all saying the same thing and doing a song and dance together, but each making a remark and thus joining in the general discussion of the previous night's tremendous battle and the defeat of the foe. There is singing and there may be dancing for that was the Greek way of expressing sentiment. In order to convey an idea of what the elders really debated, each sentence begins a new paragraph. It is a discussion, not an ode, even if there was music in the air at the time and in the Athens of Pericles there was always music in the air.

Chorus. A ray of the sun—the most beautiful light of all that ever yet shone over seven-gated Thebes! (*One of the elders indicates it with a gesture, for it is still but a little after sunrise.*)

You are shining at last, oh, eye of golden day, appearing above Dirce's tides! (*Dirce was the great Theban river.*)

The white-shielded fighter from Argos, coming in his armor with all the weapons, has been urged to swift rout in a wild rush away.

He was lured to our land by the wordy quarrel of Polynices — (*the speaker is interrupted by another*)—he flew over our land like a shrieking eagle spreading a snow white pinion (*an allusion to the Argive shields*)—

—with many weapons and with crests of horses' plumes.

(*There is a pause.*)

He halted by our homes.

He arrived encircling our seven gated roads with bloody spears.

He went before he filled his jaws with our flesh and blood (*or before our blood stained his cheek*) or Vulcan's torch could attain our lofty towers.

Such was the din of Mars behind his back, a dire thing to the foe of the dragon (*the allusion is a little obscure, but the dragon is evidently meant*).

(*A pause.*)

(*We must infer that some of the old gentlemen sang a patriotic song and a few of them may have danced to help pass away the time until the meeting was called to order. We may rest assured that, being Thebans, the old gentlemen did none of the preposterous and impossible things attributed to them by Doctor Dryasdust.*)

Jove loathes the boasts of a big mouth.

And seeing them coming on in a great tide, over-armed in rattling metal, he struck with a flash of flame him whom he saw rushing to shout victory from our walls.

Upon the hard earth he descended with his flashing bolt and then with maddened rush he breathed out fiery flames with blows. (*The text is obscure here.*)

Things took an unexpected turn.

Mighty Mars struck them one after another with the force of a race horse.

Seven leaders of their spearsmen at seven gates, equally matched, devoted to Jove their brazen spoils of battle, save only the two hateful ones who had one mother and one father and yet matched against each other their sure spears receiving the same death as the lot of both. (*The single combat of Polynices and Eteocles is referred to. These two brothers hated one another so much that, one legend says, their flames refused to mingle when the two corpses were burned on the same funeral pyre.*)

But great and famous Victory has come to rejoice with Thebes of the many cars.

Let us now be forgetful of battles and in the temples of the gods let us all dance the whole night together.

Let Bacchus, who dances everywhere in Thebes, lead us.

(*One of the elderly gentlemen announces a new arrival on the scene.*)

But here is the ruler of the country, Creon, the son of Menoeceus—(*he is interrupted by another*)

—he is the new sovereign by the recent turn of affairs divine.

What plan is he meditating? For he called this special meeting of the elders by public proclamation.

Preceded by a guard of four warriors fully armed, Creon enters. He is a man of about fifty whose gray hair is conspicuous beneath his plumed helmet. His limbs are encased to the knees in armored boots and a breastplate covers him from the waist to the neck. As he stalks down from the central door of the palace, his troops emerge and pause while he proceeds towards the elders grouped well in front of the scene.

Creon. Gentlemen, the affairs of the city, buffeted by many a sea of trouble, are again righted by the gods. I have sent for you to come here apart from everybody, knowing as I do that you were loyal to the authority and throne of Laius (*King of Thebes before Oedipus*). Moreover, when Oedipus ruled the city and later perished you stood by his children with favoring counsels. Since they now by a double doom perished on one day (*the brothers Polynices and Eteocles*) each struck by the other's fell hand, I hold here all power and authority through nearest relationship with the dead. There is no way of ascertaining the character and capacity and mentality of any man until he gains experience and shows it in administration and in the law. To me it seems that he who directing the whole administration of the city fails to seek the best advice but from timidity holds his tongue is the worst of ancient or of modern men. And he who prefers his friend above his country—I hold him as nothing. (*A slur on Antigone for holding her brother dearer than the city authority.*) I, in truth, would never remain silent if I beheld ruin stalking towards the city in

prejudice tc its safety—of this be Jove my witness, who sees all things. Nor would I hold a person as a friend of mine who was hostile to the land, knowing as I do that our country is our salvation and that only while she goes forward in safety do we make real friends. (*The idea of a ship of state is implied here and Creon means that only when that ship sails serenely are its passengers safe.*) With such counsels, do I promote the welfare of the city. I have proclaimed accordingly to all the citizens what I decided regarding the sons of Oedipus. Eteocles—who died fighting for this city, excelling all in the spear—is to be placed within a tomb and to be blessed with all holy things appropriate to the best of men who go to the shades below. His brother—I mean Polynices—who sought to destroy his native land and his native gods by burning down their towers, who sought to ruin those of his own blood and lead them off as slaves, I have proclaimed to the whole body of citizens as one not to be placed within any tomb nor to be even mourned. Let him be unburied and may his body be a shameful sight for birds to devour and dogs as well. Those are my sentiments. Never with my consent shall the evil be honored above the good. He only who is a friend to this city shall be honored by me in his life as in his death.

Chorus. (*One of the Theban elders speaking for the rest.*) Since such is your wish, Creon, son of Menoeceus, regarding the enemy to this town and regarding its champion, very well. You have authority to do what you decide not only affecting the dead but as regards us who are still alive.

Creon. Look well to what has been decreed by proclamation.

Chorus. Let this responsibility be borne by the younger generation.

Creon. Sentinels are alert already beside the dead body.

Chorus. What else have you to command?

Creon. Have nothing to do with those who fail in obedience.

Chorus. There is no one so foolish as to seek death.

Creon. That is, indeed, the penalty. Yet many a time have men been destroyed by hopes of gain.

The Guard enters with slow steps. He is a rural type of the sort known in the United States as a "village sport." He must not be deemed stupid but he has the ancient Greek duplex mind and in his vanity and his eagerness to show how clever he can be, he becomes something of a bore from overdoing his part. He is a stalwart youth, belonging to the forces of Creon but not enrolled in the army although he bears a sword. His dark tunic comes to the knees and a helmet surmounts his head but it is not crested, showing his humble rank as a sort of town constable.

Guard. King, I will not say that I am come so quickly as to be breathless or that I used my feet lightly. I had many matters to reflect upon, making me turn around and around in the road as if I might go back again. My soul had many a thing to argue with me. "Wretch, where are you going to get punished?"—"Oh fool! Stop where you are."—"Yet if Creon learns of this from another

man, won't you suffer?" Meditating such things, I toiled slowly on, feeling heavy and thus a short path was made a long one. At last I prevailed with myself to come here to you. If I say not too much, yet I will at least say something. I have come in the expectation of one thing—I can have to endure only what is fated for me. (*The guard salutes with the humility born of a consciousness that he is a very superior talker.*)

Creon. What can it be that causes you such uneasiness?

Guard. I should like to talk first to you about myself. I did not do the thing. I did not see who did it. I should not be justly involved in difficulty for it all.

Creon. You build a fortification around yourself with skill and you fence the affair off well. You show that you have big news to tell.

Guard. Bad news certainly plunges one into hesitancy.

Creon. Won't you speak once for all and then go away as a relief from this ordeal?

Guard. Yet I will tell it to you. Someone has just buried the corpse and gone—having heaped dry dust over the skin and bones and done what else is meet.

Creon. (*He is agitated.*) What do you say? What man has dared do such a thing?

Guard. I don't know. There was neither blow of pick there nor clod from a spade. The earth about was firm and unbroken and showed no trace of wheels. It was a workman who is trackless. When the first sentinel of the morning showed it to us the wonder of all

was an unpleasant one, our amazement was painful too. He (*the dead*) was gone out of our sight, not entombed but thinly covered with earth as if by one who would evade the woe of leaving the dead unburied. No sign either of beast or of dog was there and the dead did not seem to have been lacerated. Evil words passed from one to another of us, sentinel challenging sentinel. It might have come to blows at last nor was anyone there to prevent it. Each of us might have been the doer of this thing and no one was found guilty. All repudiated it, denied knowing anything of it. We were ready to raise lumps of red hot metal in our hands (*a mode of taking oath to a thing*) and to go through fire, to vow to the gods that we had neither done it nor knew anything about the matter nor advised anyone who did. Finally, when nothing was to be searched out further, someone said something that caused us all to bow our heads in fear to the earth (*a gesture of propitiation*). We had nothing to say against him and yet we did not seem to be doing wisely if we acted on his suggestion. (*The original here is highly idiomatic.*) His advice was that this deed be reported to you and must by no means be hidden from you. This prevailed. Upon me, poor wretch, fell the lot of having to do this good thing. (*Or, winning the chance to seize the advantage afforded by doing it.*) I am here unwillingly and unwelcome, that I know. No one loves the messenger whose tidings are evil.

Chorus. Oh, king, to me it has seemed for some moments of meditation as if this deed might be inspired by the gods.

Creon. Stop speaking before you fill me with rage completely and are revealed as senseless as well as senile. You utter what is unendurable when you say that the gods have had consideration for this dead body. Did they glorify him as a benefactor when they hid him by burial who arrived here to set the temples aflame and their relics and their land and break their laws? Do you ever see the gods honoring the wicked? It is not so! Such things are said against me for a long time now by men who shake their heads in secret and bowed not their heads duly to the yoke of authority as those who love me do. I know perfectly well that from their number some have been led by lucre to do this. Nothing ever flourished among men so evil as money. This works havoc in the cities. It drives men from home. It bends and turns the honest mind of mortals to shameful things. It shows men how to do evil and to know every wicked work. All who were bribed into conniving at this have simply done what will effect their punishment at last. (*He turns from the elders of Thebes and talks to the guard who has been prinking himself preposterously and grinning at the confusion of the old men.*) Now as Jove is powerful and by my reverence for his might, understand this well, for I say it as a man under oath: if you don't find the very hand that did this burying and bring him into my sight, Hell itself will not be punishment enough for you before you are hanged up alive (*he turns to the elders as if to embrace them in one comprehensive gesture of fury*) to make this scandal public.

Thus may you know from what source gain is to be had rightly and for the future learn and understand that ye must not love profit from everything and anything. You will find that more men are cursed than are saved by shameless filchings.

Creon pauses from sheer loss of breath in the vehemence of his fury. The old men cower in their corner. At last the Guard, evidently daunted, summons up a little courage. He has turned his back as if he meant to be off.

Guard. Do you allow me to speak or being thus turned, am I to go?

Creon. Don't you know even now that your speech is offensive?

Guard. Does it bite your ears or your soul?

Creon. Why do you seek the source of my sorrow?

Guard. The doer of this thing offends your mind and I only your ears.

Creon. Ha! It is evident that you were begotten to beguile. (*Some versions have it: you are a born babbler.*)

Guard. Yet never the man to do this deed.

Creon. Yes—you'd even betray a soul for silver.

Guard. Alas—it's hard that to him the thing that seems should seem false!

Creon. Babble what seems to yourself. If you fail to have before me the doers of these deeds you will find that ill gotten gains work ill. (*He strides off with his escort*).

The old men of the chorus of Thebans seem to be excited by the going of Creon. They

make vain signals to indicate that he return. At last they retire to their customary station with many vehement gestures. The Guard, recovering from his consternation, finds a voice.

Guard. He'll certainly be found. (*Vigorous shakings of the head among the Thebans.*) But if he were caught or not, luck will decide that, you won't see me coming back here. (*Distress among the Chorus.*) Saved in spite of what I looked for, beyond my expectation indeed, I owe the gods much gratitude. (*He hurries from the scene as if he were fearful of the old men of the Chorus, who seem bent upon holding him back. They rush together in a group and stare up the road leading to the open country. Loud voices are heard and the marching of feet.*)

ACT II.

The brightness of day now floods the palace at Thebes. The scene is the same but some two hours or more have elapsed. The old men of Thebes are discovered in a more composed frame of mind. They are talking together serenely. Music is heard. What they say must not be deemed an "ode" but a series of remarks, a conversation, among the members of the so-called Chorus.

Chorus. Many things are terrible, but nothing is more terrible than man.

He goes beyond the sea on the wintry wave through the drenching tides.

Immortal and unwearied Earth, that loftiest of divinities, he furrows year after year with

the plows turning with the equine breed of young mules.

He leads captive the lightly swaying and lightly singing breed of birds and the race of wild beasts and the ocean brood out of the teeming sea he takes with strings twisted into nets—all-knowing man!

He holds in his snares the wild beast that roams the mountains, he subdues the hairy horse of uncombed neck with harness and he yokes the mountain bull. (*A correct translation is rendered difficult first by the state of the text and next by the theory that we have to do with an ode instead of a dialogue, set to music.*)

And discourse of speech, and ethereal meditation and the passion for local government by law has he learned——

—and to escape the dart of fierce frost in the open air as well as the pelting rain.

All inventive!

He confronts the future never at a loss regarding the issue. (*A highly idiomatic phrase in the original and very perplexing to Doctor Dryasdust. A word for word rendering might be: Resourceless regarding nothing he comes or goes to what things are to be.*)

From death alone he shall plot no refuge.

Yet he has contrived to escape from hopeless diseases.

Shrewd in contrivance, having arts beyond fathoming, he glides to evil now or again to good.

When he stands by the laws of the land and

of the gods and abides by the justice he has sworn, high rises the city.

(*Music and the humming of some at intervals.*)

No city is his who associates with what is not worthy—such is the reward of his rashness.

Never may he be a guest at my hearth, never let him deem himself my associate, who does such deeds!

An agitated movement is heard off the scene, accompanied by cries. The old men start up from their discourse and stare in the direction that leads to the open country. Some rural characters enter hastily, followed by the Guard, who has Antigone in custody. The old men forming the Chorus burst into exclamations.

I see here a divine marvel!

How, seeing what I see, could I declare that this maiden is not Antigone!

(*She lifts up her head.*)

Oh, wretched child of a wretched father—Oedipus!

What is the matter?

Surely, it cannot be you!

You, led prisoner for breaking the sovereign's laws!

And taken in disgrace!

Guard. Here she is who did this deed. We caught her in the act of burial. But where is Creon? (*At that moment Creon emerges from the central door of the palace.*)

Chorus. Here he comes forth just when he is needed.

Creon. What is it? By what chance have I come out just at the right time?

Guard. King, mortals should not swear that anything is impossible. A reconsideration falsifies a sound judgment. I had sworn that it would be a long time before I came back here to face your threats by which I had been daunted already. But the joy that comes despite and beyond all expectation exceeds all other delight in magnitude. I come, although in the face of an oath sworn, leading this maiden who was caught honoring the burial place, adorning the tomb. No lots were cast to decide this time—this is pure luck for me. And now, oh King, take her yourself, if you wish, in hand and question her searchingly. It is but right that I go free of these difficulties.

Creon. You led her here—and in what way, then, did you take her?

Guard. She buried the man herself. Now you understand everything.

Creon. Do you understand and speak duly what you are saying?

Guard. I saw this girl burying the corpse you banned. Do I speak plainly and intelligibly?

Creon. And how was she detected and was she surrounded and seized?

Guard. The affair pased off like this. When we arrived, those dire menaces of yours still fresh, we scraped all the soil off the dead body, completely baring it. We sat on the tops of some mounds out of the breeze so that the odor from the fellow might not strike us who fled from it. Moving in lively fashion, man stirring man with insulting words lest he shirk this trouble, so much time elapsed that the

sun's flame was standing midway in the sky and the fire of it burned us. Then all at once a fierce wind raised a storm of dust, a pest in the air, and the plain was filled, withering all the leaves of the trees and even the open air was suffocating with it. We covered and bore the divine scourge. After a considerable time, all was changed. The maiden was then seen. She cried aloud the bitter notes of a bird's shrill utterance when it sees the nest bereft of a young brood. Thus was she when she saw the bare body. (*Pointing to Antigone, now hanging her head.*) She wailed with many a cry and invoked dire curses upon those who had done this work. With her hands she at once carried dried soil. From a wrought brass jug held high she sprinkled the corpse thrice with libations. Seeing this, we rushed pellmell and caught her at once, she not at all frightened. We accused her of having done before what she did then. She did not take her stand upon any denial whatever. It was both a pleasant and a painful thing to me, this. Nothing is so agreeable as to get out of trouble oneself but it is painful to get one's friends into trouble. But these things are all less important to myself than is my own escape from them.

Creon. And you—you, whose head is bowed to the ground—speak—do you deny these things?

Antigone (*without raising her head*). I acknowledge having done it all and I deny nothing.

Creon (*to the Guard*). You may take yourself off to wherever you like—freed of a grave

charge. (*To Antigone.*) And you, speak not roundabout but to the point—were you aware of the proclamations forbidding these acts?

Antigone (*In a low voice*). I knew of them. How was I to avoid it? It was made conspicuous.

Creon (*mastering his rage with an effort*). Then you dared to violate the laws?

Antigone (*she lifts her head and slowly rises to her full height and faces Creon*). It was not Jove himself who proclaimed these edicts to me nor did Justice, dwelling with the divinities below, frame such laws for men. Nor did I consider that your proclamations were of such force and effect as to supersede the unwritten and immovable edicts of the gods themselves, since you are mortal. These live not for today nor for yesterday but forever and no one knows whence they derive. Not for violation of these would I have to pay a penalty to the gods through fear of any man's judgment. I knew well that I must die. If I must die before my time, that too I call gain. He who lives, as I do, in the midst of many evils, will—how could he otherwise?—endure death as a blessing. Hence to me there is nothing in the least painful in this doom. But if I had left one born of my own mother to remain unburied in death, then would I suffer anguish. I am not in sorrows through all this. (*She makes a gesture embracing the scene.*) And if I seem to you now to have been caught in imbecilities, I have almost incurred the censure of an imbecile for that imbecility. (*She turns away from Creon with a show of scorn and mockery.*)

Chorus. It is manifest that the impetuous temperament of an impulsive father is that of the daughter. She does not know how to yield to adversities.

Creon. Yet understand plainly that stubborn wills are most surely felled and the hardest iron, tempered into durability by the heat, you may see most frequently snapped and broken short. By means of a tiny bit the hottest horses, as I know, are dominated. It does not behoove him who must serve his fellow mortal to think too largely of himself. (*He indicates Antigone who has walked off towards the palace steps and is regarding him with scornful looks.*) She was already accustomed to be haughty when she violated the plainest laws. Her insolence, once accomplished, became twofold when she boasted of these things she had done and laughed at them. I would be no man, and she would be the man here if such power is to be wielded by her with impunity. Though she be my own sister's daughter or nearer by kin than all who kneel at our domestic altar of Jove (*the family chapel or altar of Jove was in the garden of a Greek home*) she and those of her blood shall not evade the worst of fates. For I hold the other one (*Ismene*) no less guilty in conspiring to effect this burial. (*He turns to the servants on the palace steps.*) Call her out! I saw her just now inside in hysterics, not in control of herself. The conscience of those who are devising evil is apt to be caught beforehand in the falsehood they devise! Yet when anyone is taken in an act of wickedness, I hate to see her try to glory in it!

Antigone (*who stands scornfully regarding him*). Do you want to do more than kill me, having caught me?

Creon. Not I, indeed. Having this, I have everything. (*He indicates her with equal scorn.*)

Antigone. What, then, do you intend to do? Just as to me your words are pleasing in nothing—and may they never please me!—so mine must likewise be no less displeasing to you. And from what source could glory be more glorious than that derived from the placing of a brother in the grave? All these people here (*indicating the old men of the Chorus*) would say they were pleased if fear did not tie their tongues. But sovereign power rejoices in many things besides the possibility of doing and saying what seems best to it.

Creon. You alone of the Thebans see this.

Antigone. Even they see it (*She indicates the old men*). On your account they hold their tongues.

Creon. And you are not ashamed to think you can do differently from them?

Antigone. There is nothing disgraceful in honoring one's own flesh and blood.

Creon. Was not he a brother who died on the other side?

Antigone. A brother by the same mother and the same father.

Creon. How, then, being irreverent to him, do you pay him honor?

Antigone. The dead body will not bear witness to such things. (*She means that the dead will not find fault.*)

Creon. But if you place him on a level with the godless?

Antigone. Not a slave, but a brother, died.

Creon. Ravaging this land! He stood forth in its defense. (*He means the other brother.*)

Antigone. Nevertheless, Hades demands these laws be obeyed. (*She means that the gods below require the observance of the last rites to the dead.*)

Creon. But the good must not be treated on a level with the bad.

Antigone. Who knows but this may seem good down there?

Creon. An enemy, even when he dies, is no friend.

Antigone. I was not born to share in hate but in love.

Creon. Then going below, if you are to love, love them down there. I will never be swayed by a woman while I live.

The door leading into the women's portion of the palace is thrown open and Ismene emerges in a swooning state. She is dishevelled, her long hair flowing about her form. She is supported by several female attendants. Her appearance causes fresh agitation among the old men of the chorus.

Chorus. There before the doors is Ismene!

She lets fall the tears of a loving sister! (*The text is involved in unnecessary dispute owing to misconceptions of the real organization of a chorus in a Greek tragedy.*)

The cloud upon her brow is bloody—her face is ashamed—her lovely cheek is wet!

Creon. (*He is angered by the aspect of*

Ismene.) You, too, crouching at home like a spider stealthily sapping my strength—I did not know I was feeding a pair of accursed conspirators against my throne. Here! Tell me—do you admit being involved in this burial or do you declare you know nothing about it?

Ismene. I did the deed, even if she shared in it, and I was a participant and bear the guilt.

Antigone. But fairness does not justify you in this, since you did not want to do it and I did not let you play a part in it.

Ismene. But in your trials I am not ashamed to travel with you, having caused part of the woe myself. (*Some versions make Ismene say that she does not shrink from voyaging herself upon this tide of trials.*)

Antigone. Whose the work was Hades and those below record together. I love no friend who is a friend in words.

Ismene. Do you despise me, sister, by not letting me die with you and thus consecrating the dead.

Antigone. You shall not die together with me—and do not claim for yourself what you had no hand in. I am enough to die.

Ismene. What life would be dear to me, deprived of you?

Antigone. Find favor with Creon—of that you must be judge. (*Or, as some translate, look to Creon—you are his kin.*)

Ismene. Why hurl these things at me—it does not help.

Antigone. I am the sufferer—if I rejoice at all it is on your account I rejoice.

Ismene. And how can I still help you in any other way?

Antigone. Look out for yourself. I do not envy you your escape.

Ismene. Oh, wretched girl—am I not involved in your fate?

Antigone. You at any rate have life left—I am to die, (*or, you chose life and I death*).

Ismene. But not because I left my words unspoken.

Antigone. To some you seem to speak well, to others I appeared the one who understood best.

Ismene. The guilt of this error is the same for both of us.

Antigone. Have courage! You will live. My soul has long been dead, since I had to serve the dead.

Creon. I declare, one of these girls seemed witless just now and the other has been so from her birth.

Ismene. The mind, oh king, of those who suffer evils, does not remain healthy as it was when it was first in bloom but loses its poise.

Creon. So it was with you when you preferred to do evil with the evil.

Ismene. What life was worth while to me when I was deprived of her?

Creon. Don't speak of her (*indicating Antigone*). She is no longer in being.

Ismene. But are you not killing the bride of your own son?

Creon. The furrows of other fields are arable. (*He can plow other fields*).

Ismene. Not as she was attached to him.

Creon. I hate vile women for my sons.

Antigone. Oh, dearest Haemon, how your father dishonors you!

Creon. You are an affliction—you and your love!

Ismene. And you will deprive your son of her?

Creon. It is Hades that impedes this marriage for me.

Chorus. It is decided, apparently, that this girl must die.

Creon. Both for you and for me. (*He speaks to the escort*). Wait no longer but take her inside, take them within, menials! Henceforth, these women must not be running loose in this style. Even the bravest take flight when they see Hades yawning for their lives. (*The attendants and the escort go off, escorting Antigone and Ismene*).

Chorus. Happy are they whose lot is not spiced with evil.

Those whose home has been shaken by the gods lack no curse creeping upon generation after generation, in fulfillment. (*A rather free version. The reader may regard these words as forming an "ode" if he likes but they are in reality the philosophical reflections of a lot of old gentlemen discussing the latest sensation in Thebes.*)

When a tide forced by raging winds on the deep dashes through the gloom in the bosom of the sea, how the waves lift their lofty crests and the black sand rolls upward from below while the beaten shores resound with the buffeting winds! (*A very discreet re-*

mark of general tenor in view of the fact that Creon is there to hear it.)

The ancient woes of the family of Labdacus (*the Theban dynastic line*) are piled high upon the griefs of the dying, I see.

One generation does not free the next for some god is always smiting them and there is no release for any.

Now, indeed, the last roots of the family tree of Oedipus are deprived of the light of life and are become as dust with the gods below—(*speaker interrupted, apparently, by the next*).

Such is senselessness in speech and fury of mind!

Who among men can withstand the power you wield, oh Jove?

Sleep, that leads us all in due time to old age, impotent sleep, has no power over you, oh Jove, and time can not touch you. (*The text is in dispute here*).

You are the sovereign to whom Time can not allot an old age and you are forever in the flashing brilliance of Olympus. (*As some gossip, others pray*).

What has been and what will be is ordained.

No bliss enters into the earthly lot of men without its curse as well.

Many-thrilled hope is a benefit to many men.

To many it is a false promise of light loves.

No man is experienced until he has thrust his foot into the hot fire.

Speech is made glorious by wisdom.

Yet there are times when the evil seems good—if some god be luring us into disaster.

There is very little time without its woe.

Here comes Haemon, the last born of your sons. (*As this is said, the Theban elders address Creon more directly*).

He comes in distress on account of the doom of his future bride, Antigone, he is overwhelmed with anguish because of his blighted marriage.

Haemon, now a vigorous youth approaching the age of twenty-eight, rushes upon the scene breathless. He is quite tall and his attire and his weapons denote a soldier. His aspect is that of a man worn out by loss of sleep. He gives a hurried look around and seems eager to speak but must pause for breath.

Creon. Soon we shall know more than the seers. Oh, my son, have you not heard the fixed sentence of your intended bride since you come here raving against your father? Or am I still dear to you whatever I do?

Haemon. Father, I am yours. You having good principles, direct the ways in which I am to follow. No marriage shall be deemed by me preferable to being well guided by you.

Creon. Thus, indeed, my son, would you have your heart, esteeming everything subordinate to your father's judgment. On this account men pray that they may have good children growing up at home, so that they may be defended from the evils intended for them by foes and that the father's friend may be honored as the father is. He who begets useless offspring—what else shall be said of him than that he has made woes for himself and delight for his foes? So, my son, do not for the sake of a woman's pleasure discredit

your mind, knowing that such an embrace grows cold when a wicked woman is your mate at home. What plague is worse than an evil friend? Cast her from you as if she were loathsome to wed with someone in Hades. For since I caught her openly standing alone in defiance out of the entire town I will not prove myself false to the city, but will kill her. On this account let her invoke again and again a goddess akin to herself. If I will bring my family up as a source of disedification, then I must do precisely the same with strangers.

Creon pauses as if he would hear what the others have to say. There is silence and he resumes.

He who is a worthy man at home seems just to the whole city. He who goes to excess or who does violence to the laws or who thinks of over-awing the rulers is not going to gain my praise. But he whom the city appoints, him must we hear and heed in little things and great, in just cases and in unjust. Such a man I would venture to call competent to rule and to be worthy when subjected to authority too. Were he stood in the line of spearmen he would stand firm and straight and true. There is no worse evil than anarchy. That is the ruin of cities. It sets homes in rebellion. It breaks the allied line of spears. Obedience, submission to authority, saves the most bodies among the well drilled. (*This is an obscure illustration because it is borrowed from the military tactics of the ancient battle field.*) Thus must we become a bulwark to the well disposed and not be found inferior to any woman. It is better, if we must, to fall by

the blow of a man and not be rated as inferior to women.

Chours. To us, indeed, if we be not led astray by our own age, you seem to be saying sanely the things you have apparently pondered. (*That is, what you say, you say well, you seem to know what you are talking about.*)

Haemon. Father, the gods put minds into men, of all possessions the supreme one. I, however you may not wisely say these things, would not be able to controvert them with other words, although some other man might be able to do it well. I was born to look out for all that concerns you whatever anyone may say or do or censure. Your look is a dread thing to the man of the people and he reveals it in words that you would not like to hear. My part has been to listen to these things—some said privately—and I know what grief on this girl's account fills the city. They say she is the worthiest of women and that it is most wicked for her to have to die because she did what was glorious. She it was who when her own brother fell slaughtered unburied would not leave him to the mongrel curs to be devoured nor to birds of prey. Is she not worthy of the golden medal of honor? Such is the gossip that goes about in secret. To me, father, your well being is a boon. There is no possession more precious. What can be a brighter diadem for the children than a flourishing father or what for a father is more precious than his sons? Do not, then, have one manner for yourself alone, as if you were saying that you and nobody else could

be right. He who deems that he alone can think sanely and that in tongue or in soul he and nobody else has an advantage, he is seen when bared to be empty, when exposed to be nothing. For a man, even if he be a wise one, is not disgraced by having to learn many things and to yield much. You see how in the wintry streams many a tree gives way so that it may save its branches while those which withstand the force are utterly destroyed. Thus he too who keeps the mast of his vessel unyieldingly up, causes it to turn upside down and voyages under the seats for the rowers at last. So yield your anger and give way. If I who am younger may venture an opinion, I would declare that it were best for a man to be born wise than to have to acquire wisdom by experience. The balance does not always incline that way but still it is well to learn something from those who speak with wisdom. (*The speech is somewhat obscure because Haemon is trying to convince the old men in the chorus as well as his father without at the same time offending Creon.*)

Chorus. Oh, king, it would become you, if it be timely to say it, to learn from what he says. You, too, (*to Haemon*) might learn from him. Both sides have spoken well.

Creon. (*To the Chorus*) Are those of my age to be taught to think by a man of his age and experience?

Haemon. In what is unjust—by no means! If I am young, you should consider not my years but my capacity.

Creon. Is it our business to regard the reprobate?

Haemon. I would never bid anyone honor the evil.

Creon. Is she not smitten with this pest?

Haemon. The whole people of Thebes say no.

Creon. Is the whole city to order me and is it incumbent upon me to heed its orders?

Haemon. Do you not realize that what you say is spoken by a mere youth? It is he now (*indicating his father to the chorus*) who talks like a lad.

Creon. Am I to rule this land otherwise than on my own responsibility?

Haemon. But that is no city which is under the sway of one man.

Creon. Is not a city rated according to the ruler of it?

Haemon. You would be fortunate as the sole ruler of a desert isle.

Creon. (*To the Chorus*). He's fighting, it seems, with the woman.

Haemon. If you are that woman! I am anxious on your account.

Creon. Oh, vilest of men, going to do battle against your father!

Haemon. Do I not see you transgressing the laws of right?

Creon. Do I transgress when observing my own laws?

Haemon. You do not observe them when you disregard what is due to the gods.

Creon. Oh, base spirit, lower than a woman's!

Haemon. You will never catch me yielding to the base.

Creon. Yet your whole speech is for her sake.

Haemon. And for your sake and my own and for the sake of the gods below.

Creon. You'll never marry her while she lives!

Haemon. Then she must die and in dying destroy someone—else!

Creon. You go to an extreme of boldness in thus threatening.

Haemon. What threat is there in talking against empty judgments?

Creon. You'll regret your own judgments, for it is yours that are empty.

Haemon. If you were not my own father, I would say you were not in your right mind.

Creon. Being a woman's slave, don't trifle with me!

Haemon. You want to talk and yet listen to no speech in reply?

Creon. Really? But, no, by Olympus! you'll pay up for these taunts. (*To the escort*) Lead in that wretch so that in his sight she may die in the presence of the bridegroom!

Haemon. Not beside me—never think it! —shall she perish nor shall you ever again see my face. Rant henceforth among the friends who can put up with you! (*He rushes out by the road leading to the open country.*)

Chorus. Oh, king, the man has gone upon the impulse of his anger. A young mind when upset is dire in its impulses.

Creon. Let him do or plan more than man

can do. He shall not change the doom of those two girls.

Chorus. Do you intend to put them both to death?

Creon. Not the one who did not touch the body—you speak in season.

Chorus. And by what death will you slay her?

Creon. Leading her where mortal footstep has not yet trod, I will hide her yet alive in a rocky grotto with so much food as the rites of propitiation make fitting so that there need be no curse upon the city. And there, imploring Hades, the only god she reveres, (*Hades was a deity as well as a place and the dead were the great concern of Hades*) perhaps she will escape death, it will happen that she shall not die, perhaps, or else she will know however tardily that it is a waste of effort to revere Hades.

Creon, accompanied by his escort, marches gloomily up the palace steps and retires within the main portal, paying no attention to the frenzied gestures of the old men of the chorus, who have some words to offer. There seems to be some agitation within the palace and the old men, exchanging looks, express the greatest agitation. Music is heard.

ACT III

Before the palace of Creon at Thebes, groups of people have gathered, evidently in expectation of something to happen.

It is early afternoon of the same day.

The old gentlemen of Thebes who form the

local council and who are always referred to in the text as Chorus, are grouped in their accustomed place. Now and then a group of the gathering people will pause to listen to the deliberations or the prayers or other proceedings of these Theban elders. Nevertheless, general interest centers in the palace itself, which has no sign of life beyond the pacing to and fro on the steps of some armed sentinels.

Chorus. Love is never worsted in battle. Love overwhelms all possessions and he spends his nights on the soft cheeks of virgins.

Thou (*the speaker is addressing Love as a deity*) thou dost wander over the wide sea and into the abodes of the rustics too.

Not even one among the immortals finds refuge from thee to say nothing of mere men.

He raves who has thee (*in his heart*).

Thou canst deflect the just mind itself into prejudice to its destruction.

Thou hast worked up this family quarrel.

Triumph is in the bright longing of the eyes of the bride finely arrayed.

The power of the mighty is in the sanctity of old laws.

The goddess of Love wins without battles.

(*The gathering crowd grows more agitated as signs of activity multiply about the palace portals.*)

(*One of the Theban elders announces an event.*)

Even I am excited beyond the limits of the law—seeing what I see.

(*The palace portal appropriated to the women is thrown open and Antigone, bound, is led*

forth by the attendants. The surging crowd is held back by the sentinels.)

I can not stop the flowing of my tears as I behold Antigone thus attended to the bridal bed of death that awaits us all.

(*Before descending the palace steps in custody, Antigone looks around her at the crowd. Her remarks are not necessarily addressed exclusively to the Theban elders although the things she says are for their benefit too.*)

Antigone. Citizens of my native land, look upon me as I go my last way, seeing my last of the light of the sun! Hades, the attendant of us all, leads me yet living to the banks of Acheron (*a river in the pagan hell*) not fated to be wed, for I shall not be celebrated in any marriage hymn, being already doomed to espousals below. I shall wed with Acheron.

Chorus. Then gloriously and with song you depart for the hidden places of the dead.

Neither by wasting illness are you stricken nor have you received the lot of the sword, but of your own free decision, living free and solitary, you will go down unique among mortals to your place in hell. (*The Hades or hell of the ancients was no such place of fire and brimstone as some modern theologians have described for the edification of Christians.*)

Antigone. I have heard that the Phrygian stranger perished miserably on the summits of Sipylus, she, the child of Tantalus. (*Niobe is referred to. She boasted of her many children, thus vexing the mother of Apollo and Diana, who had borne but those two. Niobe found her children all slain by Apollo and*

Diana and she wept herself into a stone or into a fountain under a stone on Mount Sipylus.) She was subdued like the pendent ivy over the budding stone. Now she wastes away into rain, according to the legends of men, and the snows never leave her while her bosom is wet with the tears falling from her grieving eyes. My destiny, most like hers, sings me to her sleep.

Chorus. But she was a goddess and goddess-born and we are mortals of an earthly breed. Yet is it high renown to have it said of a dying woman that she was on a level with the divine while she lived and even when she died.

Antigone. Oh — they make sport of me! (*This remark is not necessarily a reply to the last words from the Chorus but is Antigone's comment upon the deportment of some of the crowd.*) Gods of our fathers, why do you insult me thus before I am gone and out of sight, oh, my city, and ye men of money in my city! Oh, ye fountains of Dirce (*source of Theban waters*) and soil of many-charioted Thebes you will attest how I am stricken down unwept of friends and by what edicts I depart for the stony grotto in my new-cut tomb. Miserable girl that I am! Neither among men nor with the dead below have I any home—neither with the living nor with the dead shall I be!

Chorus. Rushing to the extreme of boldness, before the lofty throne of Justice herself, you have fallen far indeed, my child.

You are paying a penalty for a father's fault.

Antigone. You have freshened a sore wound,

my pity for my father and my grief for all the woes in the doom upon the glorious family of Labdacus. Oh, my mother's marriages! (*Jocasta, mother of Antigone, married a monarch who was slain unwittingly by his own son, whereupon that son — Oedipus — married his own mother — Jocasta — all the parties being unaware of their family relationship.*) Curses were upon her slumber—ill-fated mother!—by the side of her son, my father! From what doomed beings I took my birth! With them thus cursed I go now unwed to dwell. (*A pause.*) Oh, my unfortunate brother, wofully wed, you have destroyed me living with your dying! (*She means Polynices, who made a marriage that led to his expedition against Thebes.*)

Chorus. To respect is to be respected. (*They mean that if she had respected the law she would not be in this ignominy.*)

Authority, wherever authority itself is involved, will tolerate no usurpation.

Your own deliberate wilfulness ruined you.

(*Antigone has by this time been borne down the steps of the palace towards the gate leading into the open country. The discussion among the elders has been turned into a debate which is having a marked effect in keeping the crowd passive. Creon makes a quick entrance with his escort through the main door of the palace and stands looking down upon the scene from his station at the top of the flight of steps.*)

Antigone. Unmourned, friendless and unsung in bridal bloom, I am led along this way

prepared for me. No more will it be allowed me to see the holy eye of the flashing sun. My doom is a tearless one—no friend bewails me.

Creon. Rest assured that songs and wails before death would not cease for a moment were it any good to sound them. (*He addresses the custodians of Antigone whose progress is now impeded by the throng.*) Won't you get her away as quickly as possible? And when you have her well roofed into the tomb as I ordered you, leave her alone in it to decide whether she is to die or whether she is to go on living under the roof of such a grave. (*He addresses the crowd.*) As regards this girl, our hands are clean. She will be deprived of the companionship of those above ground.

Antigone. Oh, tomb, oh bridal bower, oh, everlasting cell within the bosom of the guarded rock, to you I go to join my own people, the great number of them among the dead as guests of Persephone (*Queen in Hades*)! The last of these am I and the worst by far to go down, perished by a dire doom before my time. Yet do I hold the hope that my coming will be welcome to my father and a delight to you, dear mother, and precious to yourself, oh dear brother mine! When you were dead, I, with this hand of mine adorned you for the tomb and poured out your libations. Now, oh Polynices, I pay this penalty for having honored your dead body!

(*Now comes a portion of Antigone's famous speech on her way to the tomb which has provoked one of the most vehement and most*

voluminous controversies in the history of classical literature. Let the paragraph be read attentively first and comment will come next.)

Even though I did you honor, to the well disposed this will seem proper. Had I been the mother of children or had a husband of mine been stretched out dead, never would I have assumed this task in defiance of the city's law. With reference to what law do I speak? (*Antigone is conscious of being carefully heeded as she speaks.*) Had my husband been dead, it would have been different. There might have been a child by another, had I lost the one. With father and mother both below in Hades, there could be no brother to be born for me ever again. In deference to that law, I placed you first, dear brother, and to Creon I seemed to sin and to dare wrongly. And now a prisoner in their hands, am I led seized helpless, unwed, receiving no share of the joy of marriage nor of the rearing of children but thus without friends, ill-fated, I wend my way alive to the tombs of the dead!

(*Some of the most eminent men in literature, including Goethe, have declared that this passage must be spurious. Sophocles could not have written it, they say, because it is inconsistent with the motive professed all along by Antigone. She has been hitherto glorified as a conscientious objector. Now we have her saying that had she been a wife and mother, things might have been different. Yet she said not so long before that she honored her brother's dead body because no human edict could supersede the code of heaven. Yet we*

must remember two things that explain whatever Antigone says here that seems at first blush inconsistent. She is appealing for sympathy to the people, well knowing that she has that sympathy but hoping that there may yet be a popular intervention in her favor. In the next place she is in love with Haemon, and the desolation of having to go to the tomb without even becoming his bride for an hour may excuse the weakness of her womanly mood. The dispute over this famous passage arises from that misconception of the function of the Chorus in Greek tragedy to which attention has been called already. Antigone is not pleading with the Chorus. She is pleading with the people of Thebes, addressing the crowd.)

What code of justice emanating from the gods have I violated? Why must I, the unfortunate, look to the gods any more? For what champions am I to call? Am I not called irreverent for my display of reverence? But if these men are the sinners, may they suffer no more woes than they have unjustly done to me. (*The agitation of the spectators grows so great that the elders of Thebes in session—the "Chorus"—say a word to quiet the crowd.*)

Chorus. Still the same furies dominate her in storms of soul,

Creon. Those who lead her captive shall yet grieve for their tardiness. (*Her guards urge her.*)

Antigone. Oh! That speech goes nearest to a sentence of death. (*The meaning is obscure unless Antigone is exclaiming to the crowd*

that Creon has sealed her doom with his harsh words to her gaolers.)

Chorus. I can not encourage you with the idea that you are not to endure such a fate. (*Some editors think Creon says this.*)

Antigone (*feeling herself urged along further.*) Oh, Theban fatherland and gods who begot our race! They lead me off and I am not to live! Behold me, ye rulers of Thebes! (*Antigone makes desperate gestures to the elders.*) The last left of your line of leaders —see what I suffer and at the hands of what men! I who worshipped what was worshipful! (*She is dragged off through the gate.*)

Chorus. Danae herself dared to exchange the light of heaven for brazen halls. (*Danae was the daughter of a king who feared she might have a child who would slay him. He locked her up in a chamber where she was visited by Jove in the form of a shower of golden rain.*)

Hidden in that tomb chamber, she was a prisoner.

Nevertheless, by birth she was renowned, oh my daughter and honored with the golden seed of Jove, flowing about her.

Dire is the night of doom and destiny!

Neither wealth nor war nor the strong tower nor the wave-beating black ships afford flight from it.

The son of Dryas, swift to anger, he, the king of the Edonians, was in bondage for his wrathful mockeries, for at the bidding of Bacchus he was immured in a stony cell. (*This was Lycurgus — not the great Spartan law*

maker—who opposed the worship of Bacchus or Dionysos and was blinded by the power of Love and subjected to various ordeals.)

Thus the dire frenzy was nipped in the bud. In his frenzies he knew the god he affected with his mocking tongue.

He interfered with the inspired women and the divine fire and he enraged the flute-loving Muses.

Beside the dark blue clashing rocks in the tide of the twin seas are the shores of the Bosphorus and Salmydessus where the Thracians come. There Mars beheld the accursed wound which the wild wife of Phineus inflicted upon his two sons—the doom of darkness on those eyes that raved in their encircling glance ere she with gory fingers and her knitting needles tore them from their sockets. (*Cleopatra—not to be confused with the famous queen of Egypt—was the wife of Phineus, king of Salmydessus. He became infatuated with another woman who put Cleopatra into a rocky prison and gouged out the eyes of the sons of Phineus by Cleopatra.*) Other versions render these lines: Mars living near the town beheld a cursed blow—a blinding wound inflicted on the pair of the sons of Phineus by a relentless spouse—extinguishing their eyes that called for revenge by smiting the youths with bloody hands and the edge of the shuttles. (*The text is uncertain.*)

Wasting away, they lamented their woes, having a mother unwed, a birth unhonored by a marriage (*their mother being repudiated*).

Yet she, in her line of descent, attained the time-honored stem of the Erechtheidae. (*The mother of this luckless woman was a daughter of Erechtheus, glorious from the foundation of Athens.*)

In caverns afar she was reared among her father's tempests, a child of Boreas, the north wind, swift as a steed over the high hill, child of the gods in her erectness, stepping high.

Yet upon her, my child, the inevitable fates were hard.

The members of the Chorus, thus apostrophizing Antigone as she is borne off down the highway, have their minds diverted by the entrance of Teiresias, a famous blind seer. The blind man is led by a boy. At sight of the blind man, Creon is visibly disconcerted.

Teiresias. Theban lords, I come by the common road—two seeing with one pair of eyes. For the blind man his path must be made clear by means of a guide.

Teiresias sighs from weariness and leans heavily upon his staff as with one hand he puts the heavy locks of hair away from his cheek.

Creon. Old man Teiresias, what's new?

Teiresias. I will tell you and do you heed the seer.

Creon. I have never yet disregarded your judgment.

Teiresias. Thus did you guide the ship of state safely.

Creon. I know and can attest your services.

Teiresias. And rest assured that now again you stand on the edge of fortune's abyss (*or the fine edge of doom.*)

Creon. What's this? How I tremble at your words!

Teiresias. You'll learn when you hear the portents of my science. Sitting on my ancient seat of divination where every bird to me is a seeker of its haven I heard an unfamiliar note of feathered songsters, a crying in dreadful anguish and in clamorous chorus, unintelligible, barbarous. They were tearing one another in dire slaughter with their claws, I knew. The rush of wings was not meaningless to me. Fearful, I at once prepared a sacrifice on an altar all aflame. From the sacrifice, Vulcan shone with no flame (*an evil omen, for the fire was low*). A dew exhaled from the thighs and ran upon the ashes and gave forth clouds of vapor while the gall was scattered to the winds and the flesh of the thighs bared the encasing fat. Thus from this boy I found out the vainness of the auguries I sought, for he is a guide to me as I am to others. And the city is sick with these things through your sway. Our altars and all our sanctities in home and earth are cursed through the hounds and the birds that have sated themselves on the luckless corpse of the son of Oedipus. For this reason the divinities will not henceforth favor our entreaty and our offering or the fire of fleshly sacrifice. No bird emits an intelligible cry fed as all birds now are on the fatness of a dead man's slaughter. Consider these things, my son. To all men it is customary and common to fall into error. When he is in error, he is neither a foolish man nor an impoverished one when

he retrieves the evil into which he has fallen and shows himself amenable to argument. Obstinacy renders one liable to the imputation of dark ignorance. Now yield to the dead. Deal no blow to the defeated. What glory is there in any slaying of the dead? Wishing you well, I speak well. It is most agreeable to learn from him who is well spoken if he speaks to your advantage.

Creon. Oh, aged seer, all aim their shafts at this man (*strikes his breast*) as if they were archers trying at targets and to you I must also seem no man unversed in divination seeing that I have long been sold to seers and shipped off like goods in their trade. Profit! Make money! Drive bargains in the white gold of Sardis (*gold alloyed with silver*) and in Indian gold if you like. In the tomb, for all that, you shall not hide that fellow. Not even if the eagles of Jove were to snatch him up to the very throne of the deity will I, for fear of any such pollution by carrion, permit his burial. I know perfectly well that no man can bring pollution upon the gods. They fall—oh aged Teiresias, they among mortals who shape disgraceful suggestions with beautiful language for the sake of profit to themselves, fall with the direst of descents!

Teiresias. Did any man ever know or hear tell—?

Creon. What? What hackneyed thing are you saying?

Teiresias. How much the greatest of all possessions is wisdom!

Creon. Just as lack of foresight, it seems to me, is the worst of evils.

Teiresias. That is the very affliction with which you are cursed.

Creon. I do not deem it becoming to retort upon a seer uncivilly.

Teiresias. And yet you speak just so when you say I prophesy falsely.

Creon. Well, the breed of prophets was ever fond of money.

Teiresias. And the breed of kings loves a mean advantage.

Creon. You know you are speaking to your sovereign.

Teiresias. I know. Through me you hold this town securely.

Creon. You are a wise seer yet you love injustice.

Teiresias. You provoke me to speak from the depths of my soul, to reveal all!

Creon. Go on—only don't speak for the sake of your own gain.

Teiresias. I shall be considering your own advantage.

Creon. You shall not trade on my credulity. (*Or, my understanding is not to be trafficked in.*)

Teiresias. Now understand this well—not many more courses of the sun's chariot of day will you follow before you will see the child of your loins given in exchange, dead for dead, to death. You have despatched those above down below and set a soul dishonored in its living tomb while retaining here above one whose lot is with the divinities of the shades,

being a dead body, unburied, unsepulchred, unhonored. These doings are not for you nor for the gods above and yet you dare do violence yourself to them, for which the instruments of full revenge lurk in hell, the Furies (*the Erinyes, a sisterhood who slept in Hades until some wickedness aroused them to come up to earth and pursue the evil doer*) so that you may be caught in the working of your wickedness and damned for it. Such are the things I am impelled to tell you for what you call the love of gain. In no long time the lamentations of men and women will rouse your house. The city is torn by all manner of hatreds in those whose mutilated sons were polluted by dogs and wild beasts or by the winged bird bearing its unholy odor to the hearthstone of the slain. Such are the shafts which like a bowman I aimed at your heart, bearing their venom surely to their aim and from the sting of which you shall write. You, boy, lead me to my home again and let this man smite the young with his wrath and learn also to train his tongue into silence and to bear in his bosom a heart more swayed by reason than now he keeps there. (*Teiresias is led out quickly by the boy.*)

Chorus. That man, oh king, has gone prophesying dreadful things. Ever since I had locks of hair to shake around (*my cheek*) and turn white instead of black I know he has not foretold what was false to our city.

Creon. I know that also and my mind is uneasy. It is not well to give in. To hold out

and crush my soul with a curse is awful likewise.

Chorus. Oh, son of Menoeceus, you should take good advice!

Creon. Then what should I do? Speak! I will be advised.

Chorus. Go and bring the maiden up from the stony roof and build a tomb for the one lying exposed and prone.

Creon. That is your view—and I must yield?

Chorus. As quickly as possible, oh king! Quick retribution from the divinities hastens to catch up with the evil of those who plan mischief. (*Or*, swift vengeance from the gods overtakes the evil in design.)

Creon. Ah! I relent in my resolve to do this deed. Grim necessity is not to be resisted. (*Or*, we must not war with necessity.)

Chorus. Go now and do it—let it not be left to others.

Creon. I shall go just as I am. (*He turns to his suite.*) Go, comrades, every one, those here and those there (*inside*) with spears in your hands rush to the place which is in plain sight from here. I will myself, since my mind has been thus turned, seeing that I shut her up, I will be on hand to free her. I am much afraid it is best to obey the established laws than to live in mere safety to the end of one's life. (*Creon means that the laws established by the gods—which required the burial of the dead—ought to be obeyed even if one thus failed to round out one's life in peace and safety.*)

Creon, attended by his escort, rushes off.

The old gentlemen of Thebes, the senators, that is to say, in council, are now served with liquid refreshments. As each old man takes his cup of wine he makes some appropriate observation on the subject of Dionysos or Bacchus, god of the grape juice. Doctor Dryasdust, that is, the pedantic scholar, tells us that the members of the Chorus are really singing an ode or "worshipping," but this is a view of the subject that rests upon a religious and operatic conception of Greek tragedy, a theory that does no harm if we do not accept it as established historical fact.

Chorus. Oh, many named! Delight of the Theban bride (*that is, drink served at weddings*) and offspring of loud roaring Jove, you who invest bright Italy (*the vine grew everywhere there*) and mingle in the Eleusinian throngs, welcome! (*Drinks.*)

Oh, Bacchus, dwelling in your mother city Thebes, and by Ismene's waters (*a famous stream*) on ground in which the dread dragon's teeth burst into bloom! (*Drinks.*)

Above the pair of hills whereon the fires of the torch-bearers go, Bacchus has been seen amid the nymphs of Corycia, Bacchantes themselves along the banks of the Castalian springs. (*Drinks.*)

From the Nysan slopes (*mount in Euboea*) you come to us, from where the ivy creeps and from the lands where many grapes cluster as they are hymned in words that shall be heavenly while you scan the Theban furrows. (*Drinks.*)

This is the town honored by thee above all

others for the sake of your thunder-smitten mother. (*An allusion to the mother of Bacchus, who bore him amid the lightnings to Jove, she being a Theban maid.*)

And now, when all the city languishes in the clutches of a dread disease, come with benign feet over the slopes of Parnassus and across the resounding waters. (*They drink.*)

Oh, breathing fire as you lead the dance of the stars, listening for the nightly songs, (*Or*, Oh, leader of the fire-breathing stars and master of the voices of the night, you child of Jove, appear! (*This allusion to the revels of the Bacchantes under the moon is followed by a dance in which all do not join.*)

Come, oh sovereign, with your attendant Bacchantes, they who dance wildly all the night, give honor to those who cry aloud the name of Iacchus! (*The allusion to the Bacchic cry is rounded out with a dance and drinks.*)

The revels of the old gentlemen are interrupted by the hurried arrival of a messenger. He is obviously a country-bred youth, yet cultured and refined in aspect and clad in bright scarlet tunic over which he has a white folding cloak. His feet are sandalled. He carries his helmet in his hand.

Messenger. Citizens of Thebes, and dwellers in the house of Amphion (*he built a wall around Thebes*) there is no stage of a man's life that ever I would deem praiseworthy or censurable. Luck it is that sets him up and luck throws down not only the fortunate but the unfortunate as well. There is no foretelling what in the life of men is fixed and de-

termined. Creon was enviable, or so it seemed to me once for he had saved this Theban land from its foes and he had received the sole sovereignty and well he swayed it, flourishing as the well born father of a princely line. Now all is in ruin. When their delights betray men I no longer think of them as living but rather as a corpse that goes on breathing. Let there be riches in your home, great riches, if you like, and live on as the ruler of the scheme of things below. Yet if there be no cause of delight in it all, I would not esteem that state more than the shadow of a vapor so far as yielding satisfaction goes.

Chorus. And what news of the woes of our princess have you come here to tell us?

Messenger. They die. The living are guilty of their death.

Chorus. Who were the slayers? Who were victims? Tell us.

Messenger. Haemon is dead. He was slain by his own hand.

Chorus (*incredulous, they ask for confirmation.*) Do you mean by his own hand or by his father's?

Messenger. He slew himself, enraged against his father for a murder.

Chorus. Oh, seer! how well you prophesied!

Messenger. The thing passed off like this—for you must consider the rest. (*His words are broken off by agitation within the palace.*)

Chorus. But I behold the unfortunate Eurydice, wife of Creon, and she comes out of the palace door either because she has heard of her son's fate or for some cause.

The doors of the women's wing of the palace have by this time opened and three maids appear in the folds of their brown cloaks and with arms bared. Next appears Eurydice, a beautiful middle-aged woman with hair turning gray. She wears a bright yellow robe, reaching to her feet, and gold-threaded sandals. Her head is bare. She carries a vessel from which pours a cloud of incense. A young girl carries a lighted taper at the side of Eurydice. Eurydice herself advances to the edge of the steps leading down to the garden level.

Eurydice. Citizens all, I overheard words as I was walking to the outer door to get to the altar of Pallas and there offer her my prayers. Just as I was lifting the bars of the unbolted gate, my ears were assailed by the voice of homely grief. I was overcome with anxiety and I fell back into the arms of my maids for I was sore stricken by the sounds. But whatever the words were, tell them to me at once. I can listen, not being without my knowledge of sorrow and evils.

Messenger. I, dear madam, for I was an eye witness, will leave no word of all the truth untold. Why should I extenuate anything when in the end all that is falsified will become plain? Let the truth only be told always. I was walking with your husband as his guide across the lofty plain where lay the remains of Polynices, mutilated by the dogs, with none to take compassion. And we pacified Pluto and the sepulchral hands of the triple goddess we rendered propitious with our entreaties. (*Hecate haunted cross roads and was supposed*

to make trouble for those who ignored her presence.) We performed the sacred ablutions of the corpse, bathing what was left of it with lustral waters and with the branches we tore from the trees by the side of the road we made a pyre funereal. Next we reared a mound of the native soil. At last we sought the stony bridal bed of the maid, entering that hollowed nuptial chamber of the bride of Hades. All at once someone from afar heard a shriek issuing from the weird tomb and signalled the fact to his master Creon, who was approaching. A dire presentiment at the sound of that cry overwhelmed him as he drew nearer and nearer and with a wail of woe he spoke his anguish. "Wretch that I am!" he cried. "Am I a seer indeed? Do I now travel the direst of all the ways I ever went. The voice of my son reaches me. Go! my grooms, hurry up and when you are beside the tomb force your way through the entrance, assure yourselves whether it is the voice of my son Haemon issuing through the gap in the stones or whether I am deluded by the gods." Moved by his entreaties and the cries of his grief, we went and searched.

Eurydice listens transfixed and her maidens support her on all sides as the Messenger proceeds with his narrative.

In the last corner of the tomb we came to we saw her hanging by the neck, pendent from a hempen cord finely woven. He with his arms around her waist was bewailing the marriage that was frustrated by the deed of a father and mourning his own wretched passion. When he (*Creon*) saw him (*Haemon*) he groaned and

rushed forward and called aloud in anguish once again. "What are you doing here, my son? Oh, wretched youth, what deed is yours? What is your plan? Are you mad in your grief? Come out, my son, I implore you." But with wild looks in his eyes the youth glared and spat in the face of his father and saying nothing, drew forth his two-edged sword. His father rushed in panic and the weapon missed its mark. Then the miserable youth in fury against himself, fell upon his sword and drove it half through his ribs. Then, while yet he breathed and had his senses, he strained the maiden to his heart. Even while he breathed his last, he tinged her white cheek with the dripping of his own blood stream. He lies now a corpse beside a corpse and he has received his bridal bliss in the abodes of Hades. He has shown men that lack of judgment is the greatest evil that befalls a mortal. (*In complete silence, Eurydice is borne within by her attendants.*)

Chorus. What does that suggest to you? The lady has turned back before she has spoken a word, good or bad.

Messenger. I am overwhelmed myself. I comfort myself with hopes that she will not deem it proper to afford her grief for her son an echo in the city but within her own home and beneath her own roof she will bewail her sorrow with her maidens alone. She is not without experience to such an extent as to go wrong.

Chorus. I don't know. To me this unnatural silence seems suggestive no less than would loud lament in vain.

Messenger. Well, I will go inside lest she keep within the secrecy of her soul some purpose that is hidden. You advise well. An extreme silence is ominous. (*He enters the palace by the servant's door.*)

There is a sudden disturbance along the road that leads forth into the country. A motley procession is seen and the body of Haemon is borne in on a stretcher.

Chorus. And here comes the king himself (*Creon is seen winding up the procession*) bringing a gloomy trophy with his own hands, if one may be permitted to say so, not the curse hurled by another but the dread deed of himself.

Creon. Ah! (*He drops on his knees beside the corpse.*) The woes of men are born of madness—sins that ever lead to doom and death. You see before you the one who slew and the one who perished—both of a breed. Oh, for my own vain counsels! Oh, my son! In youth you went the way of destiny to destruction. You have perished not through your own folly but by mine.

Chorus. You seem to see the right when it is too late.

Creon. Oh, I have dreadful things to learn. Some god put it into my head to do what I did. Some deity struck me mad and lured me into ways of woe and wickedness. My joy is trampled under foot—oh! The vain toils and troubles of men!

The Messenger emerges from the palace.

Messenger. Oh, sir, you have your hands full already with the woes you bring here and

yet soon within this palace will you come to behold evils no less terrible.

Creon. And what evil is to be worse than the evil we know now?

Messenger. Your wife is dead too, the mother of this dead boy, unfortunate one that she is! She died from blows she dealt herself just now.

Creon. Oh, too accessible port of Hades, why do you yawn for me? Oh, you bringer of evil tidings, what a message is yours! Ah! I was a man done to death already and yet see what you have done besides! What do you say, oh son? Have you no new message for me? Alas! Slaughter is heaped upon doom and the death of a wife is added to the woes I have.

Chorus. The spectacle is here for you to behold. It is no longer hidden.

The doors of the palace are opened and the body of Eurydice is seen on a bier covered with flowers, while her maidens stand about and weep. Music within.

Creon. Ha! Now I see a second grief, wretched man! What curse, what doom will yet be heaped upon me? I have just embraced my son and here I have another dead body to look at. Oh, unhappy mother and unhappy son!

Messenger. It was upon the altar there within that, in her grief and desolation, with one blow, she pierced her heart, stabbing herself by means of a keen blade and then shut her eyes so dark in death. A little while before she wept for the hapless taking off of

Megareus (*a Theban warrior who died heroically at one of the city's famous seven gates*) and next her tears flowed for that other son (*Megareus and Haemon were brothers*) whom we see here and last of all she breathed her imprecations upon you, the slayer of the children.

Creon. Ah! I am filled with horror. Who will slay me with his double-edged sword? I am under a doom and overwhelmed by its direness.

Messenger. More than once in her agony she whose dead body lies there scored you as the slayer of this son and that other one.

Creon. In what way did she do violence to herself?

Messenger. She struck herself to the vitals with her own hand the moment she heard of the terrible torment of her son.

Creon. Upon no other mortal can this train of cause and consequence be fastened. I, I, did the murder, man of woe am I! Let me confess it. Ye servants, lead me away as quickly as you can, lead me away for I am as good as done for.

Chorus. You advise to advantage—if there be any advantage in evils. The woes before our feet are worst when they are swiftest.

Creon. Let it come—let it come—it appears as a boon amid my woes, that last day I have to live will be my best! Let it come—let it come—that never may I behold another morning!

Chorus. Those are things to come. What

lies at hand must now be done. Take care of what you must take care of.

Creon. But I am praying for what I love most of all.

Chorus. Pray for nothing now. The thing that is inevitable—to this woe there is no alternative for mortals.

Creon. Take the helpless man away! I, oh my son, slew you, but not by design, and her, too—oh, what a wretch am I! I have nothing to look to more nor a place in which to find rest. All is evil that my hands have wrought and there (*he points to the dead*) upon my head a doom is heaped that is not to be borne. (*He is led within.*)

Chorus. First in well-being comes good judgment. The things that pertain to the gods must not be polluted ever. Mighty words bring mighty woes upon those who boast and teach the experienced what to think. (*Or, instruct the aged in wisdom.*)

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Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

The Tragic Story of Oscar Wilde's Life

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THE TRAGIC STORY OF OSCAR WILDE'S LIFE.

FOREWORD.

To that valiant knight, Stewart Duckworth Headlam, this little book should be dedicated, because, when the storm broke, when those who had been recipients of Wilde's favor and generosity turned from him and denied him, reviled him and spat upon him at the first breath of suspicion, Headlam almost alone stepped forward and placed his talents and his resources at the luckless man's feet. For Stewart D. Headlam was a man bigger than the church he adorned, and one who deemed it far from wise to break the loom because there were black threads as well as gold in the tapestry. If, he held, Wilde had done things unseemly, had indeed bartered lust for glory, it were unwise and unseemly for those whose sins of self-indulgence were uncloaked, to launch him into a sea of torment, his punishment being involved in his conduct. Headlam's point of view may have been right and may have been wrong. At any rate, right or wrong, he was certainly on safe ground when he declared with Nietzsche that men were most to be feared when the word "justice" was in their mouths.

I.

CALIBAN OR ARIEL?

And even the light of the sun will fade at the last,
And the leaves will fall, and the birds will hasten away,
And I will be left in the snow of a flowerless day
To think on the glories of Spring, and the joys of a youth long past.

—Magdalen Walks.

Investigation is laborious and unexciting, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to picture a group of painstaking and solemn men some hundreds of years hence, vainly trying to reconstruct the Wilde figure. Indeed, it is not an altogether fanciful notion that there may, in far time to come, be those who, seeing the strangeness of the story, will set down the whole Wilde legend as a myth, a kind of sun myth perhaps, with the man in his glory and surrounded by his admiring satellites, conceived to be the sun at its zenith; the swift darkness that enfolded him in later life may appear as an eclipse; his brilliant conversation may be taken to typify the solar activity on sullen soil. Certainly, theories have been based on far less attractive foundations.

At any rate, looking through the bulky literature that has grown up about Oscar Wilde, reading and noting him here deified,

there denounced and blackened, his writings praised by this one as the *ne plus ultra* and treated as quite negligible by that; the widely differing estimates placed upon his art by Robert Ross on the one hand and by James Gibbons Huneker on the other, to take but two examples: the variance in the word pictures of him and the biographies that are poles apart —Ransome, Sherard, Douglas, Harris, Ingledy, Andre Gide: more than all, the startling differences in the pictorial representations of the man, for that item must certainly be considered—taking into consideration all these things, the students of some hundreds of years hence may well be imagined as standing puzzled and finding their work of investigation as I have said, both laborious and unexciting. Nor are the various estimates and images mutually exclusive and all may be to some extent true. None of them is complete. They are all aspects partly true and partly false, yet, as conceived by any individual, true as far as they go.

Take the pictorial representations, the photographs and engravings first. They are numerous, especially in the ten years of his heyday, for Wilde was a persistent self-advertiser. There is the well-known picture of Wilde the exquisite and dandy, the man in silk-lined frock coat and waved hair, with face of great beauty; the etching made by J. E. Kelley during Wilde's American tour, showing him with long, curling hair, shoulder length, and a profile like a Greek god; the Sphinx face as on the tomb with heavy lidded eyes and sensual

mouth; the comparatively rare picture of Wilde as a child of striking feminine aspect; Wilde as a youth, rather goggle eyed and certainly asymmetrical about the upper part of the face, the eyes especially; Wilde glorious in the Ellis and Wallery picture, a man beautiful as Apollo and full of spirituality; Wilde at the age of twenty-seven all becloaked like a brigand in an Italian opera; Wilde with Lord Alfred Douglas taken when the moral fibre of the man had grown weak, Wilde fat, and posing with foot on chair, cigarette in hand and hand on hip, bowler hat well displayed, with Douglas in white trousers, a youth with a most decidedly effeminate cast of countenance. But most startling in its truth, it seems to me, is the sketch of Oscar Wilde as made by Aubrey Beardsley. It is very like the recorded impression as given by that outspoken diarist, Wilfred Scawen Blunt: "physically he (Wilde) was repellant, though with a certain sort of fat good looks. There was a kind of freckled coarseness in his coloring."

In the Beardsley sketch there is both cruelty and truth, and of all the pictures it best brings to mind the man as I saw him. It was at the opening of an Arts and Crafts exhibition in 1889, a notable gathering where were many of brilliant wit, and many of national fame. There was William Morris in his plain blue serge suit looking like some grand sea captain in fine spirit; George Bernard Shaw swift and direct, his companion on the occasion being E. Belfort Bax; Walter Crane active and slim as a harrier; John Burns

black-bearded and swarthy, swaggering a little, his speech harsh and nasal; Prince Kropotkine quietly observant; Arthur Balfour, all amiability. That king of men was there too, R. B. Cunninghame Grahame, tall and athletic, and Hyndman and Frederic Harrison. As I remember, the subject of conversation most in men's mouths at the time was Wilfred Scawen Blunt's new book of poems, *In Vinculis*. Mr. Blunt had suffered imprisonment for his activities on behalf of Irish independence and the book was a result. Oscar Wilde reviewed it for W. T. Stead in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, looking back, it seems a little curious that he somewhat dwelt upon the effect of imprisonment upon the high spirited Englishman, quoting this: "Imprisonment is a reality of discipline most useful to the modern soul, lapped as it is in physical sloth and self indulgence. Like a sickness or a spiritual retreat it purifies and ennobles; and the soul emerges from it stronger and more self contained." The words were Blunt's, but in the quotation of them by Wilde, there seems a certain foreshadowing of something to be found later in *De Profundis*.

My companion, Henry Somerfield, artist and student, pointed out Oscar Wilde to me, and, catching sight of him as he came through a low doorway, he loomed almost gigantic. He was with two men, one of them Halliday Sparling, but stopped suddenly when he noticed, hanging on the wall to his right, a piece of embroidered silk. To that he turned and fell to stroking it as a woman might a child's

hair. There may have been a prejudice in me, for my *beau ideal* was a man of the physical type of Morris, rugged and strong, but it struck me that the pictures I had seen of Wilde grossly flattered him. His mouth seemed large and loose and his teeth too prominent, and there was indubitably an air of self-assertion about him. His cheeks were flabby and his eyes heavy lidded, and tired looking, too bagged for health. And, certainly, there was a marked suspicion of a double chin.

So, it seems to me, that so far as my recollection goes, a composite picture made from the caricatures of Aubrey Beardsley and of Max Beerbohm would give a portrait more accurate by far than any to be gathered from the touched up photographs. He was neither Caliban nor Ariel. That he, in some sort, created a kind of ideal Wilde, for public consumption, is not to be wondered at. He was a public character connected with the theatre and in that capacity the public, the American and English public at any rate, looks for a something not as it is, but as the public imagines it should be. "Nature must follow Art," Wilde once said.

But the appearance of Oscar Wilde did not strike me as forcibly as did that woman-like caress of the silken fabric. It was decidedly a fondling touch, that careful down stroking of the silk with extreme finger tips, and, because of that, I have been convinced that Sherard was right when he wrote that Wilde possessed the feminine soul. And it is, I should think, quite indisputable that being possessed of the

feminine soul, his whole character was influenced. That would account for much—for his neurotic restiveness and all that hung thereon. But read the Sherard passage carefully. It is worth the reading, Sherard being not only a careful observer but, in addition, a close friend of Wilde's:

"Oscar Wilde possessed the feminine soul. This was the ghost that haunted his house of life, that sat beside him at the feast and sustained him in the day of famine; the secret influence that weighed down his manhood and enervated his hope; the knowledge that he possessed the feminine soul; that he was a slave to the capricious, critical, feminine temperament, the feminine vanity and feminine weakness to temptation; the feminine instinct of adaptability; the feminine impulse of the wanton's soul, gave him the lust for strange, forbidden pleasures, and imparted to his final repentance the sublime abnegation of the Magdalene. And yet that feminine soul endowed him with the supreme love and appreciation of beauty in every form, the music of words, the subtle harmonies of color, imagery in language, the coquetry of thought that veiled itself in paradoxes and the fine and delicate vision that created in him the instinct of the poet; the keen sense of feminine intuition in the analysis of character that made him the wit and dramatist of his day, and the feminine quality of vanity and appetite for flattery and praise that made him the first dandy of his day." And, seeking an example

of that "feminine . . repentance," read what follows, marking the closing lines:

TÆDIUM VITÆ.

To stab my youth with desperate knives, to wear
This paltry age's gaudy livery,
To let each base hand filch my treasury,
To mesh my soul within a woman's hair,
And by mere Fortune's lackeyed groom—I swear
I love it not! these things are less to me
Than the thin foam that frets upon the sea,
Less than the thistledown of summer air
Which hath no seed: better to stand aloof
Far from these slanderous fools who mock my life
Knowing me not, better the lowliest roof
Fit for the meanest kind to sojourn in,
Than to go back to that hoarse cave of strife
Where my white soul first kissed the mouth of sin.

Again, leaving for the present *Dorian Gray*, which I will write of later, consider the femininity of this, a speech he puts into the mouth of Vivian, in *Intentions*: "Nature is so uncomfortable. Grass is hard and lumpy and damp, and full of dreadful black insects." Obviously that is the language of what you and I would call a "sissy," and of a sort not to be used by the man masculine.

Another similar instance follows which I take from *The Critic as Artist*:

Ernest. No; I don't want music just at present . . . No; Gilbert, don't play any more. Turn round and talk to me. Talk to me till the white horned day comes into the room. There is something in your voice that is wonderful.

Gilbert (rising from the piano). I am not in a mood for talking tonight. How horrid of you

to smile? I really am not. Where are the cigarettes? Thanks. How exquisite these single daffodils are! They seem to be made of amber and cool ivory . . . After playing Chopin, I feel as if I had been weeping over sins I had never committed. . . .

It is a legitimate deduction that the writer who puts that kind of language into his puppets' mouths delighted in the femininization of character, had, indeed, himself a feminine streak in his composition. If you change the names of the characters supposed to be talking to read Alice and Louise, instead of Ernest and Gilbert, the passage reads convincingly. For men talking, it does not ring true. I could not imagine William Morris telling Wilfred Scawen Blunt that it was horrid of him to smile, nor can I imagine Cunninghame Grahame complaining that the grass was hard and lumpy and damp and full of dreadful black insects. But Wilde's fictional men are, all of them, tame house animals; none are as men should be, fond of adventures, thrilling experiences, striving for mastery over themselves and over circumstances.

That feminine soul of Wilde's was a something for which he was not responsible, a something that became part of him when he was yet in his mother's womb, doubtless. Nature had set a mark upon him. So, thinking of Wilde, I remember the words of old Burton, the anatomist of melancholy: "So many several ways are we plagued and punished for our father's defaults."

II.

GOLDEN DAYS.

His full name was Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, and, like a wise man, finding that his parents had christened him unsatisfactorily, he retained but the head and tail of the name. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, on October 14th, 1854, and, later, objecting to the ruthless march of the years, shifted his age a little with a kind of feminine capriciousness. His mother had desired a daughter, her first child having been a boy, and kept the young Oscar in girl's clothes as long as was decently possible. At the age of nine he entered the Portora Royal School at Enniskillen where he stayed until the year 1871, when he went to Trinity College, Dublin. As a school boy he was ordinary, taking no interests in sports and showing no particular brilliancy. That means nothing, for, like many others, he had not found the path of his genius. It was so with Goldsmith, Balzac, Dumas *pere*, Humboldt, Walter Scott. In his arithmetic he was positively backward, a trait not uncommon among literary men.

At Dublin he won the Berkeley Gold Medal for Greek, went to Oxford, taking a scholar ship and matriculating at Magdalen. He had found his path happily, took a First Class in Classical Moderations in 1876, and, two years later, a First Class in Literae Humaniores. There was a year's travel in Italy and Greece

with Professor Mahaffy and returning to England he read the Newdigate Prize Poem in the Sheldonian Theatre in 1878. That completes the tale of his scholastic education. The remainder of his public life up to the time of his cloud of trouble may be succinctly summed up in his own words spoken in answer to a question put by Sir Edward Clarke, when Wilde was in the witness box as prosecutor against Queensberry: "From 1878 I have devoted myself to literature and art. In 1881 I published a volume of poems and afterwards lectured in England and America. In 1884 I married Miss Lloyd. I have two sons, the elder of whom will be ten in June and the second nine in November."

Wilde's training then for the battle of life was in some respects a bad, and in some an excellent one. Bad because he grew up pampered, treated like a flower in a hot house, learning neither to obey nor to command, viewing life not as a serious adventure but rather as an aesthetic spectacle; excellent in that he had all bookish culture that the world could give, but bad again because it was that culture which lures to a world in which one has but to dream, or listen to dreams. Bad again was his training because it enabled him to shirk the responsibilities of life and left him ignorant of duty and discipline.

If little things about his ordinary life are set down, there is nothing to distinguish him from any one of a million. He lived joyously and drank too much on occasion, he joined the order of Freemasons and he had an affair of

two of gallantry. As a boy he was what Roosevelt would have called a mollycoddle, though Roosevelt's boyhood life reveals no especial tendency to strenuousness. But the boy Wilde never played games, never climbed a tree, never had any boyish adventure. The truth of it is that his unfortunate physical characteristics were against that. He was too big, too unwieldy, too bulky, and "used to flop about ponderously."

Naturally, such a youth would be thrown in on himself. He would, if intellectually alert, become an observer and a critic of life. Without a sense of cosmic humor such a one would be apt to become a pessimist like Schopenhauer. But Wilde had the saving sense of humor and the habit of framing his observations in words. Hence the "Oscariana." You can imagine him as a youth, or a young man in society, the lion-worshipping women flocking about him because he had written his first book of poems. There would be silly requests for this and for that, for autographs and verses for albums and all the rest of the nonsense. Out comes Wilde then with a truth straight from the shoulder. Carlyle could not have bettered it. "Being adored is a nuisance. Women treat us just as Humanity treats its gods. They worship us, and are always bothering us to do something for them."

Here is another, a something most men have thought, but few had the wit to say: "A woman will flirt with anybody in the world as long as other people are looking on."

Or this: "Pleasure is nature's test, her sign

of approval. When we are happy we are always good; but when we are good we are not always happy."

Nor was Oscar Wilde blind to the follies of Main Street. Indeed, those who mistakenly believe that there is something new and strange in the latter day novel with its portrayal of American life, might go with advantage to the pages of Wilde. You will search far before you get a cameo like this: "The subjects discussed were mainly such as form the ordinary conversation of cultured Americans of the better class, such as the immense superiority of Miss Fanny Davenport over Sarah Bernhardt as an actress; the difficulty of obtaining green corn, buckwheat cakes and hominy, even in the best English houses; the importance of Boston in the development of the world soul; the advantages of the baggage check system in railway traveling; and the sweetness of the New York accent as compared to the London drawl."

A few more rapier thrusts of the same kind each of which pricks sorely:

"There are three kinds of despots. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the body. There is the despot who tyrranizes over the soul. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the soul and body alike. The first is called the Prince. The second is called the Pope. The third is called the People."

"In America the President reigns for four years, and Journalism governs forever and ever. Fortunately, in America, Journalism has carried its authority to the grossest and most

brutal extreme. It is no longer seriously treated."

"Only the shallow know themselves."

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars."

"A sentimentalist is a man who sees an absurd value in everything and doesn't know the market price of a single thing."

There is more than verbal cleverness in each of those, and the man who said, or penned them, was one who walked the world with open eyes. In every case, packed in a few words is a world of thought. Consider, for instance, the four lines given to a criticism of American journalism and how Wilde has packed in three dozen words material for an essay. There is the thought for you and if you fail to find infinite merit in it, the loss is yours. In the final half dozen words is the observation that the once considerable influence of the press has so waned that its boasts of power excite only the derision of the well informed, and no one any longer places reliance in the editorial's pretended statements of fact.

We have, then, a young man of education and some travel, a keen observer not to be deceived with outward glitter and show, who, partly because of a certain isolation in youth, has a trick of words. Brought up in comfort, if not in moderate luxury, he finds himself thrown on his own resources, compelled to make his own living, his father having died. So to London he went, where his brother was already engaged in journalistic work.

Frank Harris holds that Oscar Wilde had well assimilated Bacon's advice that a man, to be successful, must sound his own trumpet. At any rate, there was a great deal of vast self advertising. To a bored society he was a godsend with his gift of conversation, his impudence and subtle flattery. He was a latter day Beau Brummel, his mother was the well known "Speranza" and his brother was a writer for a fashionable journal. "A thaumaturg," Ernest La Jeunesse calls him, who deliberately set himself to fool the public, choosing his material where he found it, making his way so that he might not fall into a pit of poverty, by a thousand inventions, tricks, words, and touches of heaven and of hell. He invented a fad and his name was on every lip. Some derided him and he marched the swifter to victory because of the derision. He became the leader of the Aesthetes and foolish dowagers and giddy girls were at his feet. He walked the streets carrying a sunflower, and thousands followed his example. Soon there were Wilde collars and Wilde ties, and Wilde hats in the shop windows, and photographs of Wilde elbowed photographs of such notabilities as Lillie Langtry, Ellen Terry, Lord Salisbury and W. E. Gladstone. Greatly daring, he played the clown, essayed the part of a public fool indeed, and, strangely enough, made the public his dupe. In cap and bells and motley he was accepted as serious. In a way, he became a very liar of liars, and as a liar, charmed and delighted, thus running true to form. "Lying," said he, "the telling of beautiful untrue

things, is the proper aim of Art." And, "The aim of the liar is simply to charm, to delight, to give pleasure. He is the very basis of civilized pleasure."

All was grist that came to his mill. Satirists, critics, solemn and pompous editors, caricaturists—the pages of Punch, Gilbert and Sullivan, makers of common street songs, all helped to furnish the wind to speed his bark to harbor. The doors of society were open to him and the charm of his conversation did the rest. When he talked, others were silent and if he could not shine alone, Gide tells us, he withdrew into the shadow. He was, too, a true dandy, that is, an artist whose material was his own body.

Looking at him across the gulf of time, we see him as a young man assuming a vast air of superiority, of infallibility, one most decidedly insolent. His doctrine that art is independent of morality seemed at the time to have meant one thing, and, in the view of later developments in his own life, to have meant something altogether different. If, by it, he meant that art should go its way independent of moral purpose, then, of course, he was saying something by no means new or strange, but yet something that it is well should be said with frequency. To put it plainly, a work of art need carry no lesson—a picture may have no ethical tag to it—it is not necessary, nor is it desirable that a book or a story should have a moral. But to say that art must be independent of morality may also have another and occult meaning, in

which case the doctrine is a monstrosity. For art must bear a relation to ethical values if it is not to become a refined cult for those of specialized sensitiveness.

There was another side to Oscar Wilde; he had another string to his bow. He made of himself a kind of John the Baptist for Baudelaire. In England Charles Baudelaire then was almost unknown, his poetry neglected, Swinburne alone having recognized him. The Miltonic, the Biblical sonority of his music had never delighted the English ear. Wilde proclaimed himself the herald of the French poet, then, and there was a new and fascinating toy for the public. Such a *role* was delightful for a young man of Wilde's temperament. The Baudelairean teaching that "*Le Dandy doit aspirer a etre sublime sans interruption. Il doit vivre et dormir devant un miroir*" was meat and drink for the nineteenth century Brummel. None was more eager to be a hero to himself than Wilde: none more willing to live before a mirror. As for impassiveness before a society he despised, that pose certainly suited Wilde to a T.

Then there was the strange Baudelairean gesture, the "*On n'est jamais excusable d'être méchant, mais il y a quelque mérite de savior qu' on l'est; et le plus irréparable des vices est de faire le mal par bêtise.*" For Wilde was quite ready to play with the dangerous idea that a man should be thoroughly sincere in his wickedness—sincere and deliberate, and that knowingly. What strange use Wilde made of that idea may be seen in his essay on Thomas

Griffith Wainwright the poisoner. There are odd passages in that literary gem. "He sought to find expression by pen and poison:" "His crimes seem to have had an important effect upon his art:" "There is no sin except stupidity." There are other similar passages, similar because dangerous, or at least capable of bearing a dangerous construction, in *Dorian Gray*. I say dangerous, but I might as well say delightful, for they are delightful in their truth. Consider this: "Young men want to be faithful and are not, old men want to be faithless and cannot." Here again: "One should never make one's debut with a scandal, one should reserve that to give interest to one's old age." And this: "People who love once in their lives are really shallow people. What they call their loyalty and their fidelity is either the lethargy of custom or lack of imagination. Faithlessness is to the emotional life what constancy is to the intellectual life, simply a confession of failure." "Anybody can be good in the country. There are no temptations there. That is the reason why people who live out of town are so uncivilized. There are only two ways of becoming civilized. One is by being cultured, the other is by being corrupt. Country people have no opportunity of being either, so they stagnate." "The one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception necessary for both parties." "Nothing makes one so vain as being told that one is a sinner." "Good resolutions are a useless attempt to interfere with scientific laws; their origin pure vanity, their results absolutely

nil." "The costume of the nineteenth century is detestable. Sin is the only real color-element left in modern life." "One can never pay too high a price for one's sensations." "The only difference between a caprice and a life-long passion is that caprice lasts a little longer."

Much of that which I have quoted, and more, returned to plague him, as we shall see later. All and sundry went as evidence against him, much of it being little more than poetic gesture; some, fantastic naughtiness. Baudelaire, like many another romantic intellectual, held himself to be one of the greatest of sinners, and, therefore, marked out for special and extraordinary forgiveness. That kind of thing is a childish trait, I think, for every thoughtful man can remember when, under the influence of religious emotion, he believed himself to be too black of soul for salvation. But, in spite of all sensationalism, most men and women lead comparatively spotless lives.

However, just as your sudden convert at a revivalist meeting will be moved to confess to wild sins of which he is guiltless, hiding those that are mean and despicable, so with poetic exaggeration did Baudelaire ecstatically sing of his *ame damnee*—sing of himself as one who had sold his soul to a puissant though affable kind of devil. That kind of thing is poetic ecstasy, a kind of a game of intellectual entanglement, and names spring to mind of other players—Sainte-Beuve with his novel Volupté and his altar to sexual pleasure, Cat-

ulle Mendes, Verlaine, Theophile Gautier. And it would be hypocritical to deny that there is, in most of us, a marked disposition to be vastly interested in crime and evil and the underworld.

Wilde, then, became the forerunner of Baudelaire in England and, quite naturally, mirrored his master. What wonder then that there was a flourish and a Baudelairean-Verlain gesture? an aspect of fantastic naughtiness? That would seem to account for the poem Helas which introduced his book of poetry to the English public. Any discerning reader may crudely analyze it for himself.

HELAS!

To drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play.
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay,
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.
Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God:
Is that time dead? lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance—
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

It was his first book and appeared in June, 1881, 250 copies being used for the first edition and 500 equally divided between the third and second editions. Now mark the business man in Wilde, the man with an eye to the main chance. Not by any means would he let the book fall flat from the press. There were reviews, to be sure, in the leading society jour-

nals, in the *Athenaeum*, the *Academy* and in the *Saturday Review*, with a highly laudatory one in the *World* by his brother, but that was not enough. Wilde ever marched with banners and music and the greatest must be called upon to herald him. So there was a letter to Robert Browning, poet whose songs were never echoes of other songs, man of subtle and nimble intellect.

Keats House,
Tite Street, Chelsea.

My Dear Browning:

If you get the opportunity, and would care for it, I wish you would review my first volume of poems just about to appear; books so often fall into stupid and illiterate hands that I am anxious to be really criticised; ignorant praise or ignorant blame is so insulting.

Truly yours,
OSCAR WILDE.

We know according to the agreement between publisher and poet, that all charges in relation to the work were paid by Wilde, in three installments. He had ventured, and would not let his venture die. Punch's Almanack for 1882 helped to make it a success with a clever parody of the poem Les Silhouettes called

MORE IMPRESSIONS,
(By Oscuro Wildgoose.)
Des Sornettes.

My little fancy's clogged with gush,
My little lyre is false in tone,
And when I lyrically moan,
I hear the impatient critic's "Tush!"

But I've "Impressions!" These are grand!
Mere dabs of words, mere blobs of tint,

Displayed on canvas or in print,
Men laud and think they understand.
A smudge of brown, a smear of yellow,
No tale, no subject—there you are!
Impressions!—and the strangest far
Is that the bard's a clever fellow.

I quote that by way of showing that at the time of the appearance of the book there was no apparent suspicion of shameful conduct—of amusing eccentricity, yes, but the other, no. Those were the days when Wilde was a busy pilot heading his craft into the wind, and the gesture of confession of fantastic sins is but a gesture and nothing more. Like all of us, in his time Wilde had to play many parts, and his role just then was business man, performer, and impresario, and very well he played his triple part. As an instance, we see him as his own advertiser, inspiring a society note in his brother's paper to the effect that the success of his book of poems had resulted in an invitation to visit the United States. So he sailed for New York and here, his first *bon mot*, a statement to the custom house men that he had "nothing to declare but his genius," tickled the public fancy.

His subject was, in the main, an advocacy of beautiful furniture but the tour was only a moderate success. What is of real value lies in his witty observations and salutary criticism of American ways and manners. Many a rap over the knuckles he gave to those over zealous advocates of a "new" literature, of an art literally emancipated from old world tyrannies, and all that kind of nonsense. Nor would he be backward in saying what he

thought to be true anent the sham aristocracies of wealth and social position won by smartness, nor the spirit of sensationalism that leads to the exploitation of every sort of mental vagary that covers itself with the lamb's skin of "science," nor to the incredible inanities of puritanical editors, nor the pinchbeck orators whose flamboyant boastings of national superiority were heard in every corner of the land. So there came of the tour brilliant flashes of criticism. I choose one or two examples.

"The youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for three hundred years. To hear them talk one would imagine they were in their first childhood. As far as civilization goes they are in their second."

"America is a paradise for women—that is why, like Eve, the American women are extremely anxious to get out of it."

"All Americans dress well—they get their clothes in Paris."

"It is absurd to say that there are neither ruins nor curiosities in America when they have their mothers and their manners."

Of course Wilde did not say those things while on tour. So quick an observer as he could not fail to see that the American public is an ass that loves to be tickled, that delights in flattery; expects to be told that America stands on star crowned heights, that it is the hope of the world and heir of the ages. Wilde knew, quite as well as Victor Hugo knew, that the mob is an old Narcissus. He

knew that to win an American audience there had to be the appearance of a stout hearted conviction that democracy is the only rational form of government and that art could flourish under no "effete monarchy." Every man knows how the Chautauquan lecturer gets away with his ineptitudes. Hear Oscar Wilde then, when he talked to American audiences. I copy an extract:

"It is rather, perhaps, to you that we would turn to complete and perfect this great movement of ours, for there is something Hellenic in your air and world, something that has a quicker breath of the joy and power of Elizabeth's England about it than our ancient civilization can give us. For you, at least, are young; no hungry generations tread you down, and the past does not mock you with the ruins of a beauty the secret of whose creation you have lost. That very absence of tradition which Ruskin thought would rob your rivers of their laughter and your flowers of their light may be rather the source of your freedom and strength. To speak in literature with the perfect rectitude of the movement of animals, and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees and the grass by the wayside, has been defined by one of your poets as the flawless triumph of art; it is a triumph which you above all other nations may be destined to achieve. For the voices that have their dwelling in sea and mountain are not the chosen music of liberty only. Other messages are there, if you will but listen to them—may yield you the splendor of some new imagination, the marvel of some new liberty."

Wilde, as I have said, was a good business man and knew his market. The passage as given will pay the re-reading, and, by way of seeing the man with his tongue in his cheek, remember that he also wrote this: "Good

Americans when they die go to Paris: bad Americans when they die go to America."

America disposed of, Oscar Wilde flung aside his shirts with laced sleeves, his velveteen knickerbockers with buckles, his black silk stockings and his biretta. Both lily and sunflower went to the scrap heap and he had his hair cut. His name was world known, he had the public ear and he could afford to change his manner of advertisement. He was back in England in April, 1883. There was a lively passage of arms between Whistler and Wilde which makes mighty good reading in Whistler's *Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, and Wilde was accused of building a reputation on borrowed *bons mots*. An idea may be gained of the liveliness of the argument from a passage or two, quoting saliencies on both sides.

Whistler: "Costume is not dress. And the wearers of wardrobes may not be doctors of taste. . . . " And further: "What has Oscar in common with Art except that he dines at our tables and picks from our platters the plums for the pudding that he peddles in the provinces? Oscar—the amiable, irresponsible, escurient Oscar—with no more sense of a picture than he has of the fit of a coat—has the courage of the opinions—of others!"

Wilde: ". . . with our James vulgarity begins at home and should be allowed to stay there."

Both men, be it observed, were persistent and clever advertisers, and both men had the gift of instant repartee. The quarrel was highly enjoyed by, and profitable to, both men. Indeed, it was more of a game of conversational entanglements than a disagreement, a kind of

"joshing" on a high plane. Moreover, it was good advertising, and Wilde was lecturing in English towns on "Personal Impressions of America." Reports of the Wilde-Whistler affair reached New York too where they were seized upon as publicity, for his play *Vera* was billed for production at the Union Square Theatre. Wilde crossed the Atlantic to be on hand at the first performance but it was a failure and he returned to England, September, 1883, and resumed lecturing. That, indeed, seemed to be the shortest cut to gain ready money which he needed, to give him time in which to write. The rose dawn of his literary activity tinged his world.

III.

FAME, AND GOLD, AND PLEASURE.

There were ten years in which Oscar Wilde was Lord of Life, to use his own phrase. On his return from New York, he went to Paris, worked hard, wrote his *The Duchess of Padua* and commenced *The Sphinx*. Discussion of his literary work must be reserved for another place. Andre Gide, his French friend, tells us that the name of Wilde traveled from lip to lip and the most absurd anecdotes were told about him. "Wilde was pictured as everlastingly smoking gold-tipped cigarettes and strolling about with a sunflower in his hand. For Wilde had always the gift of playing up to those who nowadays fashion fame, and he made for himself an amusing mask that covered his actual countenance."

His immediate task ended, he returned to England and in 1884 married Constance Lloyd and they made their home at 16 Tite Street, Chelsea. For two years he edited the Woman's World, and, also, did much work for periodicals, reviewing for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Queen*, the *Speaker* and other leading journals. There is some excellent stuff buried in those reviews. His literary output was great and accounts for the golden stream that poured in upon him, unhappily, to overcome him. The man was full of vitality and the rising sap overflowed. The list of his works follows.

1885. Shakespeare and Stage Costume, (XIX Century Magazine).
1887. Lord Arthur Savile's Crime.
The Canterville Ghost.
The Sphinx without a Secret.
The Model Millionaire.
1888. The Happy Prince and Other Tales.
1889. The Portrait of Mr. W. H.
Pen, Pencil and Poison.
Decay of the Art of Lying.
1890. The Critic as Artist.
1891. A House of Pomegranates.
Intentions.
The Soul of Man under Socialism.
The Picture of Dorian Gray.
Salome.
1892. Lady Windermere's Fan.
1893. A Woman of No Importance.
1895. An Ideal Husband.
The Importance of Being Earnest.
(Then came the crash, and in prison he wrote or planned the following:)
De Profundis.
The Ballad of Reading Gaol.
Two letters on Prison abuses which were published in the Daily Chronicle of May 28th, 1897, and March, 24th, 1898.

He fell into the hands of Circe the enchantress in 1886. That seems to have been established at the trial, for, certainly there were no loose gestures or foul talk about the man in society, nor is there evidence in his literary work of anything untoward. If there was defilement in the inward parts, to use a Miltonism, the world did not know it. Somehow, he got into a wrong environment, something went wrong within him and the sorcery of habit completed the work. Even affection drew him down, down to a secret hell vast and vague as the hell of Milton, a hall of torture darker than Dante's. It sickens one to read the record of the trial and to think of the effect of the hereditary curse upon the scholar; to read of the lads with whom he consorted; of secret voluptuous rooms; of shameless kissing of waiters and stable boys; of expensive gifts flying about,—gold cigarette cases, cameo rings, purses of gold, gorgeous walking canes. And, on the other side of the scene, Wilde entertained by the proud and dignified, friend of fine and simple ladies and maidens, welcomed in heroic company. It is all a maddening mystery. One thinks of the fatal potency of demoniac powers—of men changed to stone by the glance of Medusa, of the tress of Lilith, the cup of Circe. It ill serves to dwell on it all.

There is a fine picture of another side of the man—Sherard's picture, where he tells of the home in Tite Street. "It was a very temple of lettered ease, exquisitely decorated and appointed with solid comfort. A study had been fitted up for him at the top of the house, but I

do not believe that he ever wrote a line there and what writing he did do in Tite Street was done on Carlyle's writing table, in the little room on the right of the entrance passage. It was in reference to his idleness, in spite of all the inducements that his abode held out to industry, that he said to me, 'I am not doing what I ought to do; I ought to be putting black on white—black on white.'"

His income, just before the storm broke was more than $40,000 a year and he had lived up to the money. What that means may be guessed. There came a time when he feasted too liberally and drank too much. "I would have backed him to eat the head off a brewer's drayman three times a day, and his capacity for whiskey and soda knew no bounds," records Lord Alfred Douglas in his *Oscar Wilde and Myself*. Robert Ross too has something to say about his tremendous appetite. "He lived *en prince*," writes Sherard, "and was so reckoned by the hotel servants and restaurant waiters." Imagine all that kind of thing then and the coming of the day when whispering tongues began to wag, when there were polite intimations at this hotel and at that to the effect that the presence of Oscar Wilde as a guest was not welcomed, when tales were told behind raised hands of strange circumstances, when Wilde entering this semi-public place, and that, found backs turned on him. Then came *The Green Carnation*, in which Wilde was sketchily portrayed and strange forbidden indulgences hinted at. And so the storm broke and then darkness, deep and profound.

IV.

WILDE'S STRENGTH.

In that period of ten golden years, Wilde and Nietzsche came very close together in spirit. Both teachers were given to the worship of Dionysus and Aphrodite, were opponents of asceticism, were standing with faces turned towards worldly power, worldly success. Both men were self-assertive and both violently attacked established morality. At heart, Wilde was an anarchist as was Nietzsche. In some ways, Wilde lived the life that Nietzsche advocated, living full and abundantly, feeling every thrill and ecstasy, aiming at fulness and intensity of life. It is none of our business to stand with an eye at a peep hole looking into his inner self, and I am not writing now of his psychological life. Doubtless when he reflected, he was very sorry for parts of his life and wished that things had been better, just as you do, and as I do, and as all of us do, or should, if there is any health in us.

You see, one can imagine Oscar Wilde being taken to pieces as it were, dismantled as workmen in a railroad shop dismantle a locomotive to find this part in excellent order, that doubtful, another overworked, another unsafe to the point of rejection, and yet another part fit for nothing but the scrap heap. And yet, with all the imperfections, the locomotive gave excellent service and with certain repairs and renewals would, for years, give more and better

service still. But a man cannot be dismantled and repaired as a machine can—perhaps it would be most excellent if such were possible. Still, we are not fools to condemn or to overlook the performances of a locomotive simply because the flues were caked with sediment or the firebox found with leaky staybolts. It is only in regard to men that we act thus idiotically.

As far as the world is concerned, Wilde functioned, not normally, but splendidly, during those ten years. It is not possible in this essay to say the interesting and exciting things that could, and should, be said about his writings, that must be left for another place. And, be it said, there remains much to say and to discover, for Wilde has been written of by many men who were articulate, shown to be much better than he was by this one, much blacker than he was by that. But this is certain. He was a keen observer and wrote of English society with great accuracy; he was a satirist of the petty side of human nature; he wrote in an admirably lucid, unpretentious style and was always interesting; he cultivated notoriety with assiduity; his humor was always subtle and delicate and odd—though some have declared it unoriginal. As a critic his rank is high.

But what is possible to show in limited compass, I think, is that like Thoreau, he spoke truths with bullet-like directness, embodying much wisdom in few words. He took time to pick and choose, arrange and rearrange—took time to eliminate the unnecessary. Obviously,

it is far easier to write a two column editorial than it is to write an epigram of the length of a couple of dozen words. I have picked out a few specimen gems—a book or two could be filled with others equally witty—and the reader will be hard set to it to show that Wilde's theoretical morality was other than excellent. Indeed, nine out of ten will find themselves saying: "That is very true: I, myself, have felt it to be so, but could not express it." Here then:

"There is always a certain amount of danger in any attempt to cultivate impossible virtues." (In other words, don't try to wind yourself too high for mortal man beneath the sky, as the poet put it. Or Thoreau, you may recall, spoke of those men who gathered their material to build a bridge to the moon, and wound up by making a wood shed of the material.)

"Lounging in the open air is not a bad school for poets, but it largely depends on the lounger."

"There seems to be some curious connection between piety and poor rhymes."

"It is always a pleasure to come across an American poet who is not national, and who tries to give expression to the literature that he loves rather than to the land in which he lives. The Muses care so little for geography!"

"Most modern novels are more remarkable for their crime than for their culture."

"In art, as in life, the law of heredity holds good. On est toujours fils de quelqu'un." (One is always the son of someone.)

"No one survives being over-estimated."

"With an evening coat and a white tie, even a stock broker can gain a reputation for being civilized."

"The fatality of good resolution is that they are always too late."

"In modern life nothing produces such an effect as a good platitude. It makes the whole world kin."

"Society is entirely composed of beautiful idiots and brilliant lunatics."

"No man is rich enough to buy back his past."

"Fashion is what one wears oneself. What is unfashionable is what other people wear."

"Modern women understand everything except their husbands."

"Fathers should be neither seen nor heard. That is the only proper basis for family life."

"We are all of us so hard up nowadays that the only pleasant things to pay are compliments. They're the only things we can pay."

"Women only call each other sister after they have called each other a lot of other things first."

"To get into the best society nowadays, one has either to feed people, amuse people, or shock people."

"Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation."

A smiling Swift was Oscar Wilde, a smiling Swift and a gentle Hogarth, very authentic, very precise. There is delicacy, as you see, in the way in which he tells us about ourselves, shows us our own deceits, fooleries, vulgarities. It is easy to imagine him in society keeping up the conversation with a wealth of stories and sparkling brilliancies drawn from memory and imagination, the fascination of the freedom of his opinions. No abstract verbiage, no pitiless sarcasm, nothing coarse or vicious —in the years of his strength he might have walked with the charming Sir Philip Sidney, most gracious of scholars and gentlemen.

V.

WILDE'S WEAKNESS.

Without pandering to idle, or prurient curiosity, it is, I think, eminently desirable that something very plain should be said regarding the misdemeanor of which Wilde was found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment. Frank Harris, in his *Oscar Wilde; His Life and Confessions*, (New York, 1918), has a stirring passage in which he says that Wilde was "punished for his popularity and pre-eminence, for the superiority of his mind and wit; he was punished by the envy of journalists, and by the malignant pedantry of half civilized judges." That, of course, cannot be taken seriously. England and the English had, on the contrary, accepted Wilde, had loaded him with honors, had placed him on a pedestal, and all this while Wilde was young. In fact, many greater artists than Wilde had found their path to recognition far more thorny than he. The Frank Harris flourish does but obfuscate the issue in part.

In a word, Wilde's crime was that of the homo-sexualist and he was punished according to the laws of England as a sexual pervert, and not persecuted because he was an artist. His chief partner in his land of purple pleasure was his friend, Lord Alfred Douglas, also a poet.

The blunt speaking Mencken sweeps Wilde into the gutter with a single sweep of the arm.

"Wilde was a bounder and a swine," he writes, somewhere, and many are equally condemnatory with him. So, on one end of the scale there is the Harris viewpoint, on the other, the Mencken, and truth and fairness is in neither. Wilde suffers as much from the one as from the other. I will show you why I think so.

While to me, homo-sexuality is a something to be regarded with a shudder, I being of the lucky ones with a normal constitution, so also do I shudder at other unpleasant things—tuberculosis, for instance, or insanity, or gross ignorance, or sordid poverty. But while shuddering, I realize that there are underlying causes for each and every one of these ills, and feel that those who suffer from any one of them are subjects for pity and not for condemnation. Mumble as I will words about being a master of my fate and captain of my soul, I cannot dismiss from my mind the remembrance of the Jukes family for instance, and that drunkard Max Jukes from whom descended in seventy-five years 200 thieves and murderers, 280 who were idiots, or blind, or tubercular, 90 who were prostitutes and 300 children who, fortunately we must think, died prematurely. I cannot set aside what I know to be true, that even habitually sober parents who, at the moment of conception, are in a temporary state of drunkenness, may beget children who are epileptic, or paralytic, or idiotic, or insane, or microcephalic.

Now in the case of Oscar Wilde there is cause to believe that he sprang from a defec-

tive line of ancestors. That he was a man of intellect, a poet and a critic of high achievement by no means prevents him from being also a moral degenerate, and that I hold him to have been. As Dr. Talbot has shown in his study of Degeneracy, a degenerate may be a scientist, an able lawyer, a great artist, a poet, a mathematician and for all that present, from a moral standpoint, profound defects, strange peculiarities and surprising lapses of conduct. Remember Paul Verlaine, ignoring all received codes of morality, a social outcast, yet writer of verses of a penetrating beauty. Or there is Francois Villon, accomplice of thieves and rogues and prostitutes whose poetry was of the highest order. There is Baudelaire, too, certainly one who takes his place, without effort, among the lesser of the world's great poets, yet experiencing morbid passions in love, craving ugly and horrible women, negresses, dwarfs.

When the fathers have eaten sour grapes, says the old proverb, the teeth of the children are set on edge, which is only another way of stating the fact that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. The writers of the old Mosaic books seem to have known a great deal of what we call latter day results of scientific research. The difference between us and them comes in that while we say much with our lips, we are too stupid or bull headed to confess in our hearts. Certainly in the veins of Oscar Wilde flowed a tainted stream. His mother suffered from a modified form of giant-

ism and Bernard Shaw has told us of her great hands and the half darkness in which she lived. Her son Oscar was a great bodied fellow who gave no impression of muscularity or of strength. "A great, flabby fellow," said my friend to me when first we saw him at the Arts and Crafts exhibition. And flabby he was, with heavy, flabby cheeks, which looked as if they belonged to a much bigger man.

Wilde's father, Dr. Sir William Wilde, had a reputation for gallantries and was defendant in a charge of rape, later changed to one of the seduction of a patient in his charge. A certain ape-like characteristic about him was noted by one who knew him well. "A pithecoid person of extreme sensuality," said Professor R. T. Tyrrell. So, Oscar Wilde had a bad start. Hereditary influence must have very strongly disposed him. There was a taint in him just as there were taints in the case of Beethoven with his drunken father; Byron with his half-mad mother; Schopenhauer with his morbid father; Renan with his insane grandfather. And the taints had their evidences so that Beethoven had his melancholia and his syphilitic disease, Byron his half mad passionate rage, Schopenhauer his deep despondencies, and Renan his neurosis. It all helps to throw light on the ugly part of the Wilde life, that part which yahoos delight to mull over.

Worse, as like seeks like, Wilde came into close contact with one in whose veins ran streams equally tainted. For his friend, Lord Alfred Douglas, came from no clean stock. His father, the Marquis of Queensberry, was a

fellow who, in theaters and public places, on occasion acted more like an hysterical virago in liquor than as a rational civilized being. There were scenes in which he knocked down and sometimes was knocked down by men in altercations, in which he stood up in theater boxes and pitched carrots at the actors, or hissed plays when he did not like the sentiment, and all that kind of thing. His sister, Lady Florence Dixie, was no less erratic. In Ireland, at the time of the Fenian trouble when Parnell was wrongly accused of complicity in murder, she came out with a wonderful tale of having been attacked by masked men. Investigation showed the whole to be without foundation. I remember the time when she touched Patagonia, her companion being Prince somebody of Battenburg, and the tales that she afterwards told of her adventures bespoke a lively imagination very averse to letting a story die for the sake of local coloring. So the family had its skeleton and the scion of the house was no safe friend for Wilde.

It must not be supposed that Wilde leaped into the whirlpool of wilfulness with Lord Alfred Douglas and his friends as a man leaps into business or matrimony. There was a time when Wilde and Douglas were as David and Jonathan, as Orestes and Pylades—a pair between whom there existed a peerless friendship. But along the downward path the black poison in their veins urged them, slowly at first but ever increasing in speed, and as they went, weaker grew their wills, coarser their

moral fiber until both became the slaves of the genii they had unbottled.

Oscar Wilde, like Walter Pater and many others, had thoroughly assimilated the Platonic idea of Love as the safeguard of states, meaning by the word love, not by any means the love between the sexes, but what we might call romantic friendship, for the love of women, in the Platonic viewpoint, is mere sensuality. In our occidental civilization where the dollar and the dollar only counts, romantic friendship between men is almost unknown, and, indeed, it would be no untruth to say that man no longer has friends, but merely chance acquaintances. So very true is that in England, when Tennyson's *In Memoriam* appeared, a poem giving superb expression to the poet's love for his lost friend, Arthur Hallam, the Times newspaper solemnly rebuked the poet's language as unfitted for any but amatory tenderness. Tennyson himself made mention of the number of shameful letters of abuse he had received about it. (see Memoir by his son, page 800) Walt Whitman, too, has been accused of morbidity because of a passage or two from his *Leaves of Grass* which extolled "threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and lifelong." I quote from the edition of 1890, on page 102:

> Whose happiest days were far away through fields, in woods, on hills, he and another wandering hand in hand, they twain apart from other men.
> Who oft as he saunter'd the streets, curv'd with his arm the shoulder of his friend, while the arm of his friend rested upon him also.

And another passage:

That night while all was still I heard the waters
roll slowly continuously up the shores,
I heard the hissing rustle of the liquid and
sands as directed to me whispering to con-
gratulate me,
For the one I love most lay sleeping by me
under the same cover in the cool night,
In the stillness in the autumn moonbeams his
face was inclined toward me,
And his arm lay lightly around my breast—and
that night I was happy.

Clearly there is something of great beauty in both passages and certainly nothing to offend. But there are people who would have lascivious notions if they saw a six-months-old baby in its bath, people who see filth because it hangs forever like a film before their eyes. To such, friendship as is here pictured, or as it is extolled by Tennyson in his *In Memoriam*, is quite inconceivable. They hunt for indecencies, for debaucheries, for lewdnesses and they clothe cleanness in filthy rags. And yet there are indubitable evidences of such friendships. One remembers Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languey, Queen Anne and the Duchess of Churchill, Richard Wagner and the king of Bavaria, Sir Thomas Browne of the *Religio Medici* whose devotion to his man friend altogether replaced the love of the opposite sex.

Still, these are exceptional cases, and it is a fact that men who form romantic attachments are not to be considered altogether normal. Such as do so may almost be considered as a race apart, and as a race apart we must consider them. An Austrian writer, K. H. Ul-

richs, has given to them the name of Urnings, the word being taken from Uranos, heaven; the contention of such people being that their love and affection was of a higher order than the ordinary attachment. Neuropathic physicians have made estimates that are startling as to the frequency with which such subnormal people are to be found, Dr. Grabowsky quoting as high as one man in every twenty-two, and Dr. Moll (*Die Contrare Sexual-empfinding*, chap. 3,) estimating from one in fifty to as low as one in every five hundred men, the ratio varying in different countries and in different classes in the same country. At any rate, there are, apparently, enough affected to make it clear that to draw a veil of silence over the subject is crassly stupid, while to pretend that it is an undiscussable thing is stupider still.

Edward Carpenter, with no reference to the sexual aspect of the phenomenon, has held that the presence of so strangely disposed a people in human society is a necessity from a psychical point of view, in that it brings about a kind of *rapprochment* between the sexes. "The sexes do not, or should not normally form two groups hopelessly isolated in habit and feeling from each other, but rather represent the two poles of one group—which is the human race; so while certainly the extreme specimens at either pole are vastly divergent, there are great numbers in the middle region who (though differing corporeally as men and women) are by emotion and temperament very near to each other....Nature, it might ap-

pear, in mixing the elements which go to compose each individual, does not always keep her two groups of ingredients—which represent the two sexes—properly apart, but often throws them crosswise in a somewhat baffling manner, now this way and now that; yet wisely, we must think—for if the normal distinction of elements were obdurately maintained, the two sexes would drift into far latitudes and absolutely cease to understand each other. As it is, there are some remarkable and (we think) indispensable types of character, in whom there is such a union or balance of the feminine and masculine qualities that these people become to a great extent the interpreters of men and women to each other."

Examining the salient characteristics of men of the Wilde type, referring of course to their abnormal side, Otto de Joux sketches them as an ornithologist would sketch a bird. The passage follows, and, while he certainly did not have Wilde in mind, it will be seen that the description fits as a glove fits the hand. "They are enthusiastic for poetry and music, are often eminently skilful in the fine arts, and are overcome with emotion and sympathy at the least sad occurrence. Their sensitiveness, their endless tenderness for children, their love of flowers, their great pity for beggars and crippled folk are truly womanly." That fits, not only Wilde, but equally well others with a strong suspicion of a similar temperament: Shakespeare for instance, and Paul Verlaine, and Kit Marlowe, and Michelangelo.

In similar connection hear also what Edward Carpenter has said (An Unknown People, The Reformer, Lond., 1897.):

"Emotionally they are extremely complex, tender, sensitive, pitiful and loving, full of storm and stress, of ferment and fluctuation of the heart; the logical faculty may or may not, in their case, be well developed, but intuition is always strong. . . . Such an one is often a dreamer, of brooding, reserved habits, often a musician, or a man of culture, courted in society, which nevertheless does not understand him—though sometimes a child of the people, without any culture, but almost always with a peculiar inborn refinement."

But enough. Putting two and two together, the man physical and the man psychical and temperamental, taking into account his ancestry, my position is that Oscar Wilde could no more help being what he was than I can help being what I am, a quarrelsome, obstinate, muscular fellow obsessed with a love for things literary, irritable under restraint, passionately fond of horses and of birds, a yearner for the open air and the sea, and an instinctive hater of all men in authority. That he held the Greek view of friendship and love was well, but it was by no means well that he did not adopt other Greek virtues. Had he done so, had he been a true Greek pagan as he wished to be thought, there would have been more of sturdy self-discipline and less of gluttony and of sloth and self indulgence. There would have been a rigid insistence upon the Greek virtues of moderation and of temperance and of reverence. But the springs of his own self-

control were impotent and that which might have been a man, turned instead into a pale ghost.

VI.

THE STORM AND NIGHT.

I repeat, the springs of his own self control were impotent. To put the matter in simple language, something went wrong in his brain just as something may go wrong in my brain or in yours. A tiny bubble of air no larger than a pin head blocks the way in some capillary, we will say, and the gentle mother becomes on an instant a murderess. Sanity hangs on a hair. We style ourselves civilized Christians, but are we more than pagans under a veneer? We pride ourselves on our self possession, our philosophic calm, and, as by the touch of a magician's wand, something happens, and we become vandals, barbarians, worse than swine rooting among skulls. Nor is this a mere figure of speech. Medical records abound with such cases. Read Trelat, (*Recherches historiques sur la folie*, page 81) and ponder on the case of a woman who after an accident sang Latin hymns and poems utterly unknown to her. There were, in her case, unsuspected childish memories and with a jolt, the flood gates were opened. In the same book there is recorded another case, that of a child who, wounded in the head, constructed syllogisms in German though, when again in health, she was no longer able to utter a single sentence in that language. Forbes Winslow the alienist tells of a gentleman of his ac-

quaintance who, incapable of doing an ordinary multiplication sum, yet became an excellent mathematician during an attack of mania. Something went suddenly wrong and the gifted Casanova stained his life and became a swindler; Muret the humanist was condemned by a French court for sodomy; Bulwer Lytton beat and bit his wife on their honeymoon and his brutishness grew so marked that the courier who accompanied them refused to continue the journey; Benvenuto Cellini passed from the highest idealism to apeish rage, beating his models, slashing to pieces the bed linen of an inn keeper because pay was asked in advance, leaving his work to stab a man who had annoyed him; fits of insanity came upon Swift, Southey, Cowper, Gounod, Poe, Collins, MacDowell, Verdi, and many are those who have forced open the gates of death for themselves. The catalogue is both wearisome and saddening. But mark this, nor deem it exaggeration. Just as the merest fraction of a change in the plane of a cone changes an ellipse to a path that cannot be charted because it sweeps into infinity, so in the mind of man an imperceptible change in a tissue causes a veering from sanity to insanity. We see how dread the outlook when applied to ourselves, but we are prone to condemn others. We forget that tranquil moderation and chastened calm may not always be ours, and well it is that we should forget, for else we would be as frightened children gazing at an unfathomable abyss.

So there came a day when, for Oscar Wilde,

the sky was blotted out and the light became darkness. Constance Wilde, his beautiful wife, realized that for some years before the storm broke he had been far from normal. Others knew it too. His very indifference to the comfort of others told a tale. There was the strange incident when he arrived very late at a luncheon party and the gentle hostess mildly bade him look at the clock. "Oh madam," he answered, "what can that little clock know of what the great golden sun is doing?" Some have suggested that his tardiness was due to the fact that he wished to make his *bon mot.* If so, that alone would be suspicious. Then there were eccentricities of dress, the modelling and dressing of his hair after the fashion of Nero, and certain imitations of Heliogabalus. You must imagine the pain that all that kind of thing undoubtedly caused his wife and his two young sons, and his friends, and you must picture his unnatural callousness if he realized that pain and his singular inhuman detachment if he did not. In either case there is subnormality. I think that it is not necessary to be an alienist to suspect his partial insanity, result, doubtless, of that black drop of blood coursing his veins inherited from a failing stock. But you get the pain to others, I think, as the salient feature. That is the real tragedy. The letter from his wife when the crash came carries a note of real terror. Judge for yourself:

My Dear Mr. Sherard:

It was indeed awful, more so than I had any conception it could be. I could not see him, and I could not touch him, and I scarcely spoke.

Come and see me before you go to him on Monday. At any time after two I can see you. When I go again, I am to get at the Home Secretary through Mr. ——— and try and get a room to see him in and touch him again. He has been mad the last three years, and he says that if he saw ——— he would kill him. So he had better keep away, and be satisfied with having marred a fine life. Few people can boast of so much.

I thank you for your kindness to a fallen friend; you are so kind and gentle to him, and you are, I think, the only person he can bear to see.

Yours most truly,
CONSTANCE WILDE.

The bare record of the trials runs as follows, as set down for posterity in the Dictionary of Dates:

The Marquis of Queensberry charged with publishing a libel against Mr. Oscar Wilde, author; acquitted, the case being withdrawn. 3-5 April, 1895. Mr. Oscar Wilde and Alfred Taylor tried for misdemeanours, 19 April; partial acquittal; jury disagree; new trial ordered, 1 May; Mr. Wilde bailed, 7 May; Alfred Taylor convicted, 21 May, and Oscar Wilde, 25 May; both sentenced to 2 years imprisonment with hard labour, 25 May, 1895.

The full report of the trial (Three Times Tried, Famous Old Bailey Trials of the XIX Century) is painful reading with its misinterpretation of high idealism and its dragging into prominence suggestions of bestiality. One imagines a mighty net swept across the city of London, catching all kinds of things clean and unclean. Blackmailers, panderers, poets, detectives, fast sporting characters were there as interested persons. There were grooms, valets, servants male and female, and morons and de-

generates who had figured in court in a vice raid the year before. A most unsavory business indeed and a festival of libidinosity. But, assuming that Wilde was actually guilty of the bestiality charged to him, and that justice made no mistake, the daring of the man astounds. Astounds, for it was not the daring of the world-wise man. Reading of that act of folly in instituting proceedings against the Marquis of Queensberry, of that other folly in making a superb gesture when the blackmailer was at his door with the incriminating letter; the intense egotism of the man in his extravagant attitude is more like the bravado of a highwayman on the scaffold than anything else.

Consider the matter a moment assuming that Wilde was quite cognizant that at the first flash of publicity dangerous and damaging incidents would point at him like sharp swords. There was Queensberry, a man about town well enough known for his disregard of conventionalities and his habit of brawling, a fellow with none of the finer instincts, who wrote on a visiting card an accusation against Wilde and handed it to the doorkeeper of a well known club, the Albermarle, with instructions that it be given to Wilde. Now mark what follows. Wilde's actions have all the appearance of outraged virtue and none of discovered vice. As soon as the law could move, the Marquis of Queensberry was arrested on a warrant charging him with publishing a libel concerning Wilde. Wilde drove to the court of justice in a carriage with a couple

of dashing horses, his companion being Lord Alfred Douglas, son of the Marquis of Queensberry, suspected partner in guilt with Wilde, according to the general supposition. Indeed, the documents in the first trial were letters which Wilde had written to Douglas, of which more later. So the first trial went on, and took a strange turn, the writings of Wilde being introduced in the endeavor to show that they were immoral and obscene.

It is a picture to visualize, that court of law with its eminent articulate men, the solicitors Carson and Sir Edward Clarke, brilliant men both; Wilde in the witness box leaning over the rail in confident manner, toying with his gloves as he answers the questions, dressed like a dandy in tight fitting frock coat, white collar and black flowing tie; Queensberry, short of stature, rugged, defiant, wearing his blue hunting stock instead of collar and tie, frowning, muttering, sometimes threatening. For a time things went very well, but letters were introduced, letters for which Wilde had been blackmailed, and, later, names were mentioned, names of doubtful characters not at all in the Wilde social world and presently Wilde's calm fell from him at a question and "raising his voice, and bringing down his hand on the rail of the witness box, Wilde declared that what had been said was an infamous lie." A little later the seriousness of the situation seems to have suddenly dawned on the man and to another question "with livid face and glaring eyes, he shouted 'No!'" Other letters were read and hideous things were dragged

from the slime, Wilde's frequent association with characters whose reputations were unsavory, certain ugly entertainments, odd presents given here and there, letters from the old Marquis to his son that were strange tangles of pathos and passion, and the upshot of it was that the Marquis was released and Oscar Wilde retired from the case, his mass attack a failure. But the sequel came swiftly. At the Cadogan Hotel, where Wilde was staying, the arrest was made, and Oscar Wilde was taken a prisoner to Bow Street charged with acts of gross indecency and on Saturday, April 6th, 1895, the poet, the playwright, the critic, the friend of the most fashionable and learned stood in the criminal dock. A youth named Alfred Taylor was charged with him and the magistrate committed both for trial, the Grand Jury finding true bills against both.

Like a flower wilting under the desert wind, Wilde had drooped. The court record speaks of his dejected air, his pallor, his dishevelled hair and his continual sighing. But there was one flash of the better Wilde, the Wilde whose faith was once pure and high. A poem, "Two Loves" was read, a poem by Lord Alfred Douglas.

"SWEET YOUTH,

Tell me why, sad and sighing, dost thou rove
These pleasant realms? I pray thee tell me, sooth,
What is thy name?" He said, "My name is Love,"
Thus straight the first did turn himself to me,
And cried, "He lieth, for his name is Shame.
But I am Love, and I was wont to be

Alone in this fair garden, till he came
Unasked by night; I am true Love. I fill
The hearts of boy and girl with mutual flame."
Then sighing said the other, "Have thy will,
I am the Love that dare not speak its name."

And the question was put by Mr. Gill, the Counsel to Wilde, "What is the Love that dare not speak its name?"

Then the better Wilde arose and said: "The 'Love that dare not speak its name' in this century is such a great affection of an elder for a younger man as there was between David and Jonathan, such as Plato made the very basis of his philosophy, and such as you find in the sonnets of Michelangelo and Shakespeare. It is that deep, spiritual affection that is as pure as it is perfect. It dictates and pervades great works of art like those of Shakespeare and Michelangelo, and those two letters of mine such as they are. It is in this century misunderstood, so much misunderstood that it may be described as the 'Love that dares not speak its name,' and on account of it I am placed where I am now. It is beautiful, it is fine, it is the noblest form of affection. There is nothing unnatural about it, and it repeatedly exists between an elder and a younger man, when the elder man has intellect, and the younger man has all the joy, hope and glamor of life before him. That it should be so the world does not understand. The world mocks at it and sometimes puts one in the pillory for it."

That was the high note of the trial, I think. I see at that moment the man in the wither-

ing atmosphere, the man with his vital powers depressed and enfeebled, gazing up to the heights where he once knew pure air and golden sunshine. I see the man thrust from paradise looking back through the open gates, fixing his eye for a last look on the delectable land knowing that henceforth he was to know naught of happiness, his sunset years to be spent with dark demoniac powers. Henceforth for him the sky was blotted out and the light had become darkness.

But hear the cry of the man himself. You may find the passage in *De Profundis*, the book he wrote when in prison:

"We are the zanies of sorrow. We are clowns whose hearts are broken. We are specially designed to appeal to the sense of humour. On November thirteenth, 1895, I was brought down here from London. From two o'clock till half past two on that day I had to stand on the center platform of Clapham Junction in convict dress, and handcuffed for the world to look at. I had been taken out of the hospital ward without a moment's notice being given me. Of all possible objects I was the most grotesque. When people saw me they laughed. Each train as it came up swelled the audience. Nothing could exceed their amusement. That was, of course, before they knew who I was. As soon as they had been informed they laughed still more. For half an hour I stood there in the grey November rain surrounded by a jeering mob.

"For a year after that was done to me I wept every day at the same hour and for the same space of time. That is not such a tragic thing as possibly it sounds to you. To those who are in prison tears are a part of every day's experience. A day in prison on which one does not weep is a day on which one's heart is hard, not a day on which one's heart is happy."

And again, the closing words in the same book run:

"All trials are trials for one's life, just as all sentences are sentences of death; and three times have I been tried. The first time I left the box to be arrested, the second time to be led back to the house of detention, the third time to pass into prison for two years. Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole."

That last was the hope of the man, a hope to be soon cruelly torn from him. For the springs of his own self were impotent and his was a strange incongruity between faith and conduct. Vainly he struggled with the spell coiling fatally around him for the fatal potency and weight of that inherited black drop of blood cruelly debased both heart and mind. For him there was to be no liberation but the liberation of death, and until that liberation came, between him and his fellows were set stone walls of separation, mountain barriers, chasms. Nor was there one to defy these and come near enough to deliver his soul from the depths of its own loneliness.

VII.

"SEBASTIAN MELMOTH."

The real Oscar Wilde died, I think, in the storm. It was but a pale ghost that was in prison and the ghost became Sebastian Melmoth, an exile in France. For that was the name he took to himself when he left England after his imprisonment. All that Nietzschean self-assertion of which we spoke vanished into thin air. The life he had once known seemed quite without solidity—a thing that suddenly vanished. It was as if he had been a creature living on a thin surface over a hollow void. He who had been King of Life, surrounded by applauding crowds, had become but as a dreaming beggar. I do not think that he wished to dream again.

In France, Ernest La Jeunesse met him and has left a picture of the changed man with his face furrowed by tears, his eyes hollow caverns, his heavy lips all compact of sobs and sometimes oozing blood. "An unwieldly ghost," he says, "an enormous caricature, he cowered over a cocktail, always improvising for the curious, for the known, and for the unknown—for anyone—his tired and tainted paradoxes. But mostly it was for himself he improvised; he must assure himself that he still could, still would, still knew." "He could talk as a stripling talks, smiling sometimes his smile that was of purgatory, and laughing—laughing at nothing, shaking his paunch, his jowls, and the gold in his poor teeth. . . . Slowly, word

for word, he would invent in his feverish, stumbling agony of art, curious, fleeting parables. . . . Words fail to paint properly the chaos of hope, of words and laughter, the mad sequence of half concluded sentences, into which this poet plunged, proving to himself his still inextinguished fancy, his battling against surrender, his smiling at fate; or to suggest the grim dark into which he always must turn, daily fearing death, in the narrow chamber of a sordid inn."

Like Napoleon, like Cola di Rienzi, like a hundred others with whom the Fates played. Wilde had drank a deep draft from the cup of glory, had known the intoxication of world admiration and, the debauch ended, had fallen into a mood of gloomy despair. Whoso warms himself at a conflagration must weep alone amid the ashes in the cold of night.

Andre Gide met him first in France, the friend to whom Wilde had once said that his error was that he had given his genius to his life, to his work only his talent. The place of meeting was a village near Dieppe. When Gide arrived, Wilde was absent, was not expected to arrive until midnight.

"Night came, and I went to the hotel, the only one in the place, where Melmoth, too, lodged. It was eleven, and I had begun to despair of my waiting, when I heard wheels. Sebastian Melmoth had returned.

"He was numb with cold. On the way he had lost his overcoat. A peacock's feather that his servant had brought him the day before may have given him a foreboding of ill-luck; he expresses himself as fortunate to have got off with only the loss of his overcoat. He shakes

with the cold and the whole hotel is astir to make him a hot grog. He scarcely has a greeting for me. He does not wish to show his emotion before the others. And my own excited expectation quiets down as I find in Sebastian Melmoth so completely the Oscar Wilde—not the hard, strained, forceful Wilde of Algiers, but the soft pliable Wilde of before the crisis. . . . We sat at table by lamplight, and Wilde sipped his grog. Now, in the better light, I note how the skin of his face has roughened and coarsened, and his hands still more, those hands with their fingers still covered with the same rings, even the lapis lazuli in its pendant setting, to which he was so much attached. His teeth are horribly decayed. . . . "

Of course, Melmoth drifted to Paris and to what Blunt called his "dog's vomit." He had the intention to finish a play commenced, a play of Pharaoh, but there was no longer will in him. His laughter had become funereal, his wit mere painful grotesqueness. He was a blasted thing much as Swift became a blasted thing, a tree not only dead at the top, but rotted throughout. He lived alone, gloomy, often drunk, with occasional flashes of the old Wilde that made his situation the more terrible. Gide tells how he met him in Paris:

"I heard myself called by name. It was Wilde. How changed he was! 'If I should reappear before I have written my play, the world will see in me only the convict,' he had said. He had returned without his play, and when some doors closed against him he sought entry nowhere else; he turned vagabond. Friends often tried to save him; one tried to think what was to be done for him; one took him to Italy. Wilde soon escaped, slipped back. Of those who had remained longest faithful to him, some had several times told me that Wilde had disappeared. Hence I was

I admit, a trifle embarrassed to see him again like that, in that place. Wilde was sitting on the terrace of a cafe. He ordered cocktails. I sat down facing him, so that my back was to those passing. Wilde noticed that and ascribed it to an absurd shame on my part, and not altogether, I regret to say, with injustice. 'Oh!' said he, 'sit down here, next to me,' and pointed to a chair by his side. 'I am utterly alone now.'

". . . A few days later I saw him again for the last time. Let me mention but one thing of those we talked of; he bewailed his inability to undertake his art once more. I reminded him of his promise, that he had made to himself, not to return to Paris without a completed play.

"He interrupted me, laid his hand on mine, and looked at me quite sadly: 'One must ask nothing of one who has failed.'"

And there the salient part of the Gide tale ends except for a few words about the funeral and the only floral piece laid on the coffin which bore an inscription, one from his landlord which read: "A mon locataire." It is not pleasant to think of the Lord of Life in that mad menagerie of the Paris underworld where are gross debaucheries, brutalities, hatreds, diseases and deformities. At the last, Sebastian Melmoth moved where the vile poison of the vilest human passions distilled and it is not well to think of it.

VIII.

THE SPITE OF THE GODS.

There was nothing at all silver gray and placid about Oscar Wilde's end although sentimentalists have tried to make it appear otherwise, talking about his submission to the yoke and his acceptance of the consolations of re-

ligion. Such talk is but chaff. There would be more truth in the saying that Wilde, in the days of sunshine, like Tantalus shared in the banquets of Olympus and wasted the ambrosia and nectar; could not endure his great prosperity and was swept by the gods to the everlasting shadow of the overhanging rock of sorrow; from the day of his release from prison he was wrapped in darkness and sat among the husks. True, his intentions were otherwise, his hopes doubtless were, for there is a ring of truth in that passage quoted from *De Profundis* voicing a yearning for some cleft in a rock in which he might hide, some secret valley in which to weep undisturbed. Free again, for him there was no windy, out-of-door life where brotherhood might be natural. He was the victim of the wrath of the gods. "If he had then begun a decent life," writes Wilfred Scawen Blunt in his diary, "people would have forgiven him, but he returned to Paris and to his dog's vomit." Harsh words, but truth is always harsh and Wilfred Blunt always truthful.

Sherard has a picture of the last days as told of by the landlord of the house in which Wilde lived. The man who had known the sunshine and honey of life, who had spent his days as a pampered pet of brilliant London society lived alone in his leaden sunset, his room a mean one, giving on a damp courtyard, his horizon a dank and dripping wall. A rickety table and a shabby couch and furniture faded and thread-bare were his all. "There he lay," said the landlord, "with ice on his

head, and in his delirium he swore at the pain. He kept raising his hands to his head to try and ease the torture. The doctors said that they ought to cut into the head but there was no sign to guide them where to cut, and so no operation could be tried. He must have suffered greatly for he swore and swore. And there he died—in my arms. It was two o'clock in the afternoon."

There were other things that the landlord told, as how Wilde, towards the end, used to work all night, beginning at one o'clock in the morning. "I have earned a hundred francs," he quoted Wilde as having said, but much of the money went for cognac and little for food. As for exercise, he took none, sleeping until noon, then breakfasting, to throw himself on the bed and sleep again until five or six in the evening. As I have said, the man had become a pale ghost.

So came the end and that final scene when he was received into the Catholic Church. In spite of the sentimentalists, there is no evidence that there was, for Oscar Wilde, any moment of that blessedness which is the supreme degree of happiness, any chimerical something better than happiness, any of that "perfect gladness" which Francis of Assissi calls the quintessence of happiness. Robert Ross, Oscar Wilde's most faithful friend, knew most of that last scene, so let him speak. The tale has been recorded by Blunt in his diary, an entry made on November 16th, 1905. Here it is:

"Yesterday I saw Ross, Oscar Wilde's friend, who was with him in his last hours. I was curious to know about these, and he told me everything. Ross is a good, honest fellow as far as I can judge, and stood by Oscar when all had abandoned him. He used to go to him in prison, being admitted on an excuse of legal business, for Ross managed some of Mrs. Wilde's affairs while her husband was shut up. He told me Oscar was very hardly treated during his first year, as he was a man of prodigious appetite and required more food than the prison allowance gave him, also he suffered from an outbreak of old symptoms and was treated as a malingerer when he complained of it. Ross's representation got attention paid to these things, and in the last eight months of his imprisonment Wilde had books and writing materials in abundance and so was able to write his *De Profundis*. I asked him how much of this was sincere. He said, 'As much as possible in a man of Oscar's artificial temperament. While he was writing, he was probably sincere, but his "style" was always in his mind. It was difficult to be sure about him. Sometimes when I called he was hysterical, at other times laughing.' When Oscar came out of prison he had the idea of becoming a Catholic, and he consulted me about it, for you know I am a Catholic. I did not believe in his sincerity and told him if he really meant it, to go to a priest, and I discouraged him from anything hasty in the matter. As a fact, he had forgotten all about it in a week, only from time to time he used to chaff me as one standing in the way of his salvation. I would willingly have helped him if I had thought him in earnest, but I did not fancy religion being made ridiculous by him. I used to say that if it came to his dying, I would bring a priest to him, not before. I am not at all a moral man, but I had my feeling on this point and so the matter remained between us. After he had been nearly a year out of prison he took altogether to drink, and the last two years of his life were sad to witness. I was at Rome when

I heard that he was dying and returned at once to Paris and found him in the last stages of meningitis. It is a terrible disease for the bystanders, though they say the sufferer himself is unconscious. He had only a short time to live, and I remembered my promise and got a priest to come to him. I asked him if he would consent to see him, and he held up his hand, for he could not speak. When the priest, an Englishman, Cuthbert Dunn, came to him, he asked him whether he wished to be received and put the usual questions, and again Oscar held up his hand, but he was in no condition to make a confession nor could he say a word. On this sign, however, Dunn, allowing him the benefit of the doubt gave him conditional baptism, and afterwards extreme unction but not communion. He was never able to speak and we do not know whether he was altogether conscious. I did this for the sake of my own conscience and the promise I had made."

There is another entry of interest:

"Wilde's wife died a year after he left prison. She would have gone to see him at Paris but he had already taken to drink and Ross did not encourage her to do so. Ross made 800 pounds by the *De Profundis*. He had intended to pay off Oscar's Paris debts with 400 pounds of it and devote the rest to the use of the boys, but just as he was going to do this the whole sum was claimed by the bankruptcy court."

I think you see in this last scene something like the paroxysms and wild graspings of a man who, in dim moments of consciousness sees the billows that go over him; you see in that upraised hand a reaching from the depths for a grasp to rescue him from his distress, from the quick closing darkness that filled his heaven and his earth. Seeing that, you will realize the strange haunting cry in that stanza of poem to L. L.:

But strange that I was not told
That the brain can hold
In a tiny ivory cell
God's heaven and hell.

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The books listed below are in cloth binding and can be secured from Haldeman-Julius Company, Clothbound Book Department, Girard, Kansas. The prices quoted include carriage charges.

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HEROD ANTIPAS, *Tetrarch of Judaea.*
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TIGELLINUS, *a Young Roman.*
A Cappadocian.
A Nubian.
First Soldier.
Second Soldier.
The Page of Herodias.
Jews, Nazarenes, etc.
A Slave.
NAAMAN, *the Executioner.*
HERODIAS, *Wife of the Tetrarch.*
SALOME, *Daughter of Herodias.*
The Slaves of Salome.

SALOME

SCENE.—*A great terrace in the Palace of Herod, set above the banqueting-hall. Some soldiers are leaning over the balcony. To the right there is a gigantic staircase, to the left, at the back, an old cistern surrounded by a wall of green bronze. The moon is shining very brightly.*

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. How beautiful is the Princess Salome tonight!

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. Look at the moon. How strange the moon seems! She is like a woman rising from a tomb. She is like a dead woman. One might fancy she was looking for dead things.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. She has a strange look. She is like a little princess who wears a yellow veil, and whose feet are of silver. She is like a princess who has little white doves for feet. One might fancy she was dancing.

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. She is like a woman who is dead. She moves very slowly. (*Noise in the banqueting-hall.*)

FIRST SOLDIER. What an uproar! Who are those wild beasts howling?

SECOND SOLDIER. The Jews. They are al-

ways like that. They are disputing about their religion.

FIRST SOLDIER. Why do they dispute about their religion?

SECOND SOLDIER. I cannot tell. They are always doing it. The Pharisees, for instance, say that there are angels, and the Sadduces declare that angels do not exist.

FIRST SOLDIER. I think it is ridiculous to dispute about such things.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. How beautiful is the Princess Salome to-night!

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. You are always looking at her. You look at her too much. It is dangerous to look at people in such fashion. Something terrible may happen.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. She is very beautiful to-night.

FIRST SOLDIER. The Tetrarch has a sombre aspect.

SECOND SOLDIER. Yes; he has a sombre aspect.

FIRST SOLDIER. He is looking at something.

SECOND SOLDIER. He is looking at some one.

FIRST SOLDIER. At whom is he looking?

SECOND SOLDIER. I cannot tell.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. How pale the Prin-

cess is! Never have I seen her so pale. She is like the shadow of a white rose in a mirror of silver.

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. You must not look at her. You look too much at her.

FIRST SOLDIER. Herodias has filled the cup of the Tetrarch.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. Is that the Queen Herodias, she who wears a black mitre sewed with pearls, and whose hair is powdered with blue dust?

FIRST SOLDIER. Yes; that is Herodias, the Tetrarch's wife.

SECOND SOLDIER. The Tetrarch is very fond of wine. He has wine of three sorts. One which is brought from the Island of Samothrace, and is pure like the cloak of Cæsar.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. I have never seen Cæsar.

SECOND SOLDIER. Another that comes from a town called Cyprus, and is as yellow as gold.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. I love gold.

SECOND SOLDIER. And the third is a wine of Sicily. That wine is as red as blood.

THE NUBIAN. The gods of my country are very fond of blood. Twice in the year we sacrifice to them young men and maidens; fifty young men and a hundred maidens.

But I am afraid that we never give them quite enough, for they are very harsh to us.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. In my country there are no gods left. The Romans have driven them out. There are some who say that they have hidden themselves in the mountains, but I do not believe it. Three nights I have been on the mountains seeking them everywhere. I did not find them, and at last I called them by their names, and they did not come. I think they are dead.

FIRST SOLDIER. The Jews worship a God that one cannot see.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. I cannot understand that.

FIRST SOLDIER. In fact they only believe in things that one cannot see.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. That seems to me altogether ridiculous.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. After me shall come another mightier than I. I am not worthy so much as to unloose the latchet of his shoes. When he cometh the solitary places shall be glad. They shall blossom like the rose. The eyes of the blind shall see the day, and the ears of the deaf shall be opened. The sucking child shall lead the lions by their manes.

SECOND SOLDIER. Make him be silent. He is always saying ridiculous things.

FIRST SOLDIER. No, no. He is a holy man. He is very gentle, too. Every day when I give him to eat he thanks me.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. Who is he?

FIRST SOLDIER. A prophet.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. What is his name?

FIRST SOLDIER. Iokanaan.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. Whence comes he?

FIRST SOLDIER. From the desert, where he fed on locusts and wild honey. He was clothed in camel's hair, and round his loins he had a leathern belt. He was very terrible to look upon. A great multitude used to follow him. He even had disciples.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. What is he talking of?

FIRST SOLDIER. We can never tell. Sometimes he says things that affright one, but it is impossible to understand what he says.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. May one see him?

FIRST SOLDIER. No. The Tetrarch has forbidden it.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. The Princess has hidden her face behind her fan! Her little white hands are fluttering like doves that fly to their dove-cots. They are like white butterflies. They are just like white butterflies.

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. What is that to you? Why do you look at her? You must not look at her. Something terrible may happen.

THE CAPPADOCIAN (*pointing to the cistern*). What a strange prison!

SECOND SOLDIER. It is an old cistern.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. An old cistern! That must be a poisonous place in which to dwell!

SECOND SOLDIER. Oh, no! For instance, the Tetrarch's brother, his elder brother, the first husband of Herodias, the Queen, was imprisoned there for twelve years. It did not kill him. At the end of the twelve years he had to be strangled.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. Strangled? Who dared to do that?

SECOND SOLDIER (*pointing to the executioner, a huge negro*). That man yonder, Naaman.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. He was not afraid?

SECOND SOLDIER. Oh, no! The Tetrarch sent him the ring.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. What ring?

SECOND SOLDIER. The death ring. So he was not afraid.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. Yet it is a terrible thing to strangle a king.

FIRST SOLDIER. Why? Kings have but one neck, like other folk.

THE CAPPADOCIAN. I think it terrible.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. The Princess is getting up! She is leaving the table! She looks very troubled. Ah, she is coming this way. Yes, she is coming towards us. How pale she is! Never have I seen her so pale.

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. Do not look at her. I pray you not to look at her.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. She is like a dove that has strayed. She is like a narcissus trembling in the wind. She is like a silver flower. (*Enters Salome.*)

SALOME. I will not stay. I cannot stay. Why does the Tetrarch look at me all the while with his mole's eyes under his shaking eyelids? It is strange that the husband of my mother looks at me like that. I know what it means. Of a truth, I know it too well.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. You have left the feast, Princess?

SALOME. How sweet is the air here! I can breathe here! Within there are Jews from Jerusalem who are tearing each other in pieces over their foolish ceremonies, and barbarians who drink and drink, and spill their wine on the pavement, and Greeks from Smyrna with painted eyes and painted cheeks, and frizzled hair curled in columns, and

Egyptians silent and subtle, with long nails of jade and russet cloaks, and Romans brutal and coarse, with their uncouth jargon. Ah! how I loathe the Romans! They are rough and common, and they give themselves the airs of noble lords.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Will you be seated, Princess?

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. Why do you speak to her? Oh! something terrible will happen. Why do you look at her?

SALOME. How good to see the moon! She is like a little piece of money, a little silver flower. She is cold and chaste. I am sure she is a virgin. She has the beauty of a virgin. Yes, she is a virgin. She has never defiled herself. She has never abandoned herself to men, like the other goddesses.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. Behold! the Lord hath come. The Son of Man is at hand. The centaurs have hidden themselves in the rivers, and the nymphs have left the rivers, and are lying beneath the leaves in the forests.

SALOME. Who was that who cried out?

SECOND SOLDIER. The prophet, Princess.

SALOME. Ah, the prophet! He of whom the Tetrarch is afraid?

SECOND SOLDIER. We know nothing of

that, Princess. It was the prophet Iokanaan who cried out.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Is it your pleasure that I bid them bring your litter, Princess? The night is fair in the garden.

SALOME. He says terrible things about my mother, does he not?

SECOND SOLDIER. We never understand what he says, Princess.

SALOME. Yes; he says terrible things about her. (*Enter a slave.*)

THE SLAVE. Princess, the Tetrarch prays you to return to the feast.

SALOME. I will not return.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Pardon me, Princess, but if you return not some misfortune may happen.

SALOME. Is he an old man, this prophet?

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Princess, it were better to return. Suffer me to lead you in.

SALOME. This prophet, is he an old man?

FIRST SOLDIER. No, Princess, he is quite young.

SECOND SOLDIER. One cannot be sure. There are those who say he is Elias.

SALOME. Who is Elias?

SECOND SOLDIER. A prophet of this country in bygone days, Princess.

THE SLAVE. What answer may I give the Tetrarch from the Princess?

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. Rejoice not, O land of Palestine, because the rod of him who smote thee is broken. For from the seed of the serpent shall come a basilisk, and that which is born of it shall devour the birds.

SALOME. What a strange voice! I would speak with him.

FIRST SOLDIER. I fear it may not be, Princess. The Tetrarch does not suffer any one to speak with him. He has even forbidden the high priest to speak with him.

SALOME. I desire to speak with him.

FIRST SOLDIER. It is impossible, Princess.

SALOME. I will speak with him.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Would it not be better to return to the banquet?

SALOME. Bring forth this prophet. (*Exit the slave.*)

FIRST SOLDIER. We dare not, Princess.

SALOME (*approaching the cistern and looking down into it*). How black it is down there! It must be terrible to be in so black a hole! It is like a tomb. (*To the soldiers.*) Did you not hear me? Bring out the prophet. I would look on him.

SECOND SOLDIER. Princess, I beg of you, do not require this of us.

SALOME. You are making me wait upon your pleasure.

FIRST SOLDIER. Princess, our lives belong to you, but we cannot do what you have asked of us. And indeed, it is not of us that you should ask this thing.

SALOME (*looking at the young Syrian*). Ah!

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. Oh, what is going to happen? I am sure that something terrible will happen.

SALOME (*going up to the young Syrian*). Thou wilt do this thing for me, wilt thou not, Narraboth? Thou wilt do this thing for me. I have ever been kind towards thee. Thou wilt do it for me. I would but look at him, this strange prophet. Men have talked so much of him. Often I have heard the Tetrarch talk of him. I think he is afraid of him, the Tetrarch. Art thou, even thou, also afraid of him, Narraboth?

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. I fear him not, Princess: there is no man I fear. But the Tetrarch has formally forbidden that any man should raise the cover of this well.

SALOME. Thou wilt do this thing for me,

Narraboth, and tomorrow when I pass in my litter beneath the gateway of the idol-sellers I will let fall for thee a little flower, a little green flower.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Princess, I cannot, I cannot.

SALOME (*smiling*). Thou wilt do this thing for me, Narraboth. Thou knowest that thou wilt do this thing for me. And on the morrow when I shall pass in my litter by the bridge of the idol-buyers, I will look at thee through the muslin veils; I will look at thee, Narraboth; it may be I will smile at thee. Look at me, Narraboth; look at me. Ah! thou knowest that thou wilt do what I ask thee. Thou knowest it. I know that thou wilt do this thing.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN (*signing to the third soldier*). Let the prophet come forth. The Princess Salome desires to see him.

SALOME. Ah!

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. Oh! How strange the moon looks! Like the hand of a dead woman who is seeking to cover herself with a shroud.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. She has a strange aspect! She is like a little Princess, whose eyes are eyes of amber. Through the clouds of

muslin she is smiling like a little Princess. (*The prophet comes out of the cistern. Salome looks at him and steps slowly back.*)

IOKANAAN. Where is he whose cup of abominations is now full? Where is he, who in a robe of silver shall one day die in the face of all the people? Bid him come forth, that he may hear the voice of him who hath cried in the waste places and in the houses of kings.

SALOME. Of whom is he speaking?

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. No one can tell, Princess.

IOKANAAN. Where is she who saw the images of men painted on the walls, even the images of the Chaldæns painted with colors, and gave herself up unto the lust of her eyes, and sent ambassadors into the land of the Chaldæa?

SALOME. It is of my mother that he is speaking.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Oh, no, Princess.

SALOME. Yes; it is of my mother that he is speaking.

IOKANAAN. Where is she who gave herself unto the Captains of Assyria, who have baldricks on their loins, and crowns of many colors on their heads? Where is she who hath

given herself to the young men of the Egyptians, who are clothed in fine linen and hyacinth, whose shields are of gold, whose helmets are of silver, whose bodies are mighty? Go, bid her to rise up from the bed of her abominations, from the bed of her incestuousness, that she may hear the words of him who prepareth the way of the Lord, that she may repent of her iniquities. Though she will not repent, but will stick fast in her abominations, go bid her come, for the fan of the Lord is in His hand.

SALOME. Ah, but he is terrible, he is terrible!

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Do not stay here Princess, I beseech you.

SALOME. It is his eyes above all that are terrible. They are like black holes burned by torches in the tapestry of Tyre. They are like the black cavern where the dragons live, the black caverns of Egypt, in which the dragons make their lairs. They are like black lakes troubled by fantastic moons. Do you think he will speak again?

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Do not stay here Princess. I pray you do not stay here.

SALOME. How wasted he is! He is like a thin ivory statue. He is like an image of sil

ver. I am sure he is chaste, as the moon is. He is like a moonbeam, like a shaft of silver. His flesh must be very cold, cold as ivory. I would look closer at him.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. No, no, Princess!

SALOME. I must look at him closer.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Princess! Princess!

IOKANAAN. Who is this woman who is looking at me? I will not have her look at me. Wherefore doth she look at me with her golden eyes under her gilded eyelids? I know not who she is. I do not desire to know who she is. Bid her begone. It is not to her that I would speak.

SALOME. I am Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa.

IOKANAAN. Back! daughter of Babylon! Come not near the chosen of the Lord. Thy mother hath filled the earth with the wine of her iniquities, and the cry of her sinning hath come up even to the ears of God.

SALOME. Speak again, Iokanaan. Thy voice is as music to mine ear.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Princess! Princess! Princess!

SALOME. Speak again! Speak again, Iokanaan, and tell me what I must do.

IOKANAAN. Daughter of Sodom, come not

near me! But cover thy face with a veil, a scatter ashes upon thine head, and get thee the desert, and seek out the Son of Man.

SALOME. Who is he, the Son of Man? he as beautiful as thou art, Iokanaan?

IOKANAAN. Get thee behind me! I hear the palace the beating of the wings of the gel of death.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Princess, I bese thee to go within.

IOKANAAN. Angel of the Lord God, w dost thou here with thy sword? Whom se est thou in the palace? The day of him w shall die in a robe of silver has not yet co

SALOME. Iokanaan!

IOKANAAN. Who speaketh?

SALOME. I am amorous of thy body, Io naan! Thy body is white, like the lilies of field that the mower hath never mowed. body is white like the snows that lie on mountains of Judæa, and come down into valleys. The roses in the gardens of the Qu of Arabia are not so white as thy bo Neither the roses in the garden of the Qu of Arabia, the garden of spices of the Qu of Arabia, nor the feet of the dawn when t light on the leaves, nor the breast of moon when she lies on the breast of the

There is nothing in this world so white as thy body. Suffer me to touch thy body.

IOKANAAN. Back! Daughter of Babylon! By woman came evil into the world. Speak not to me. I will not listen to thee. I listen but to the voice of the Lord God.

SALOME. Thy body is hideous. It is like the body of a leper. It is like a plastered wall, where vipers have crawled; like a plastered wall where the scorpions have made their nest. It is like a whited sepulchre, full of loathsome things. It is horrible; thy body is horrible. It is of thy hair I am enamoured, Iokanaan. Thy hair is like clusters of grapes, like the clusters of black grapes that hang from the vine-trees of Edom in the land of the Edomites. Thy hair is like the cedars of Lebanon, like the great cedars of Lebanon that give their shade to the lions and to the robbers who would hide them by day. The long black nights, when the moon hides her face, when the stars are afraid, are not so black as thy hair. The silence that dwells in the forest is not so black. There is nothing in the world that is so black as thy hair. Suffer me to touch thy hair.

IOKANAAN. Back, daughter of Sodom!

Touch me not. Profane not the temple of the Lord God.

SALOME. Thy hair is horrible. It is covered with mire and dust. It is like a crown of thorns placed on thy head. It is like a knot of serpents coiled round thy neck. I love not thy hair. It is thy mouth that I desire, Iokanaan. Thy mouth is like a band of scarlet on a tower of ivory. It is like a pomegranate cut in twain with a knife of ivory. The pomegranate flowers that blossom in the gardens of Tyre, and are redder than roses, are not so red. The red blasts of trumpets that herald the approach of kings, and make afraid the enemy, are not so red. Thy mouth is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press. It is redder than the feet of the doves who inhabit the temples and are fed by the priests. It is redder than the feet of him who cometh from a forest where he hath slain a lion, and seen gilded tigers. Thy mouth is like a branch of coral that fishers have found in the twilight of the sea, the coral that they keep for the kings! It is like the vermilion that the Moabites find in the mines of Moab, the vermilion that the kings take from them. It is like the bow of the King of the Persians, that is tinted with ver-

milion, and is tipped with coral. There is nothing in the world so red as thy mouth. Suffer me to kiss thy mouth!

IOKANAAN. Never! daughter of Babylon! Daughter of Sodom! never!

SALOME. I will kiss thy mouth Iokanaan. I will kiss thy mouth.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Princess, Princess, thou who art like a garden of myrrh, thou who art the dove of all doves, look not at this man, look not at him! Do not speak such words to him. I cannot endure it. Princess, do not speak these things.

SALOME. I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN. Ah! (*He kills himself, and falls between Salome and Iokanaan.*)

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. The young Syrian has slain himself! The young captain has slain himself! He has slain himself who was my friend! I gave him a little box of perfumes and ear-rings wrought in silver, and now he has killed himself! Ah, did he not say that some misfortune would happen? I, too, said it, and it has come to pass. Well I knew that the moon was seeking a dead thing, but I knew not that it was he whom she sought. Ah! why did I not hide him from

the moon? If I had hidden him in a cavern she would not have seen him.

FIRST SOLDIER. Princess, the young captain has just slain himself.

SALOME. Suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

IOKANAAN. Art thou not afraid, daughter of Herodias? Did I not tell thee that I heard in the palace the beating of the wings of the angel of death, and hath he not come, the angel of death?

SALOME. Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

IOKANAAN. Daughter of adultery, there is but one who can save thee. It is He of whom I spake. Go seek Him. He is in a boat on the sea of Galilee, and He talketh with His disciples. Kneel down on the shore of the sea, and call unto Him by His name. When He cometh to thee, and to all who call on Him He cometh, bow thyself at His feet and ask of Him the remission of thy sins.

SALOME. Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

IOKANAAN. Cursed be thou! Daughter of an incestuous mother, be thou accursed!

SALOME. I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

IOKANAAN. I will not look at thee. Thou art accursed, Salome; thou art accursed. (*He goes down into the cistern.*)

SALOME. I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. I will kiss thy mouth.

FIRST SOLDIER. We must bear away the body to another place. The Tetrarch does not care to see dead bodies, save the bodies of those whom he himself has slain.

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS. He was my brother, and nearer to me than a brother. I gave him a little box of perfumes, and a ring of agate that he wore always on his hand. In the evening we were wont to walk by the river, and among the almond-trees, and he used to tell me of the things of his country. He spake ever very low. The sound of his voice was like the sound of the flute, of one who playeth upon the flute. Also he had much joy to gaze at himself in the river. I used to reproach him for that.

SECOND SOLDIER. You are right; we must hide the body. The Tetrarch must not see it.

FIRST SOLDIER. The Tetrarch will not come to this place. He never comes on the terrace. He is too much afraid of the prophet. (*Enter Herod, Herodias, and all the Court.*)

HEROD. Where is Salome? Where is the Princess? Why did she not return to the banquet as I commanded her? Ah! there she is!

HERODIAS. You must not look at her! You are always looking at her!

HEROD. The moon has a strange look to-night. Has she not a strange look? She is like a mad woman, and a mad woman who is seeking everywhere for lovers. She is naked, too. She is quite naked. The clouds are seeking to clothe her nakedness, but she will not let them. She shows herself naked in the sky. She reels through the clouds like a drunken woman. I am sure she is looking for lovers. Does she not reel like a drunken woman? She is like a mad woman, is she not?

HERODIAS. No; the moon is like the moon, that is all. Let us go within. We have nothing to do here.

HEROD. I will stay here! Manasseh, lay carpets there. Light torches. Bring forth the ivory tables, and the tables of jasper. The air here is sweet. I will drink more wine with my guests. We must show all honor to the ambassadors of Cæsar.

HERODIAS. It is not because of them that you remain.

HEROD. Yes; the air is very sweet. Come, Herodias, our guests await us. Ah! I have slipped! I have slipped in blood! It is an ill

omen. It is a very ill omen. Wherefore is there blood here? And this body, what does this body here? Think you I am like the King of Egypt, who gives no feast to his guests but that he shows them a corpse? Whose is it? I will not look on it.

FIRST SOLDIER. It is our captain, sire. It is the young Syrian whom you made captain of the guard but three days gone.

HEROD. I issued no order that he should be slain.

SECOND SOLDIER. He slew himself, sire.

HEROD. For what reason? I had made him captain of my guard!

SECOND SOLDIER. We do not know, sire. But with his own hand he slew himself.

HEROD. That seems strange to me. I had thought it was but the Roman philosophers who slew themselves. Is it not true, Tigellinus, that the philosophers at Rome slay themselves?

TIGELLINUS. There be some who slay themselves, sire. They are the Stoics. The Stoics are people of no cultivation. They are ridiculous people. I myself regard them as being perfectly ridiculous.

HEROD. I also. It is ridiculous to kill one's self.

TIGELLINUS. Everybody at Rome laughs at them. The Emperor has written a satire against them. It is recited everywhere.

HEROD. Ah! he has written a satire against them? Cæsar is wonderful. He can do everything. It is strange that the young Syrian has slain himself. I am sorry he has slain himself. I am very sorry. For he was fair to look upon. He was even very fair. He had very languorous eyes. I remember that I saw that he looked languorously at Salome. Truly, I thought he looked too much at her.

HERODIAS. There are others who look too much at her.

HEROD. His father was a king. I drove him from his kingdom. And his mother, who was a queen, you made a slave, Herodias. So he was here as my guest, as it were, and for that reason I made him my captain. I am sorry he is dead. Ho! why have you left the body here? It must be taken to some other place. I will not look at it—away with it! (*They take away the body*). It is cold here. There is a wind blowing. Is there not a wind blowing?

HERODIAS. No; there is no wind.

HEROD. I tell you there is a wind that blows. And I hear in the air something that

is like the beating of wings, like the beating

HERODIAS. I hear nothing.

of vast wings. Do you not hear it?

HEROD. I hear it no longer. But I heard it. It was the blowing of the wind. It has passed away. But no, I hear it again. Do you not hear it? It is just like a beating of wings.

HERODIAS. I tell you there is nothing. You are ill. Let us go within.

HEROD. I am not ill. It is your daughter who is sick to death. Never have I seen her so pale.

HERODIAS. I have told you not to look at her.

HEROD. Pour me forth wine. (*Wine is brought*). Salome, come drink a little wine with me. I have here a wine that is exquisite. Cæsar himself sent it me. Dip into it thy red lips, that I may drain the cup.

SALOME. I am not thirsty, Tetrarch.

HEROD. You hear how she answers me, this daughter of yours?

HERODIAS. She does right. Why are you always gazing at her?

HEROD. Bring me ripe fruits. (*Fruits are brought*). Salome, come and eat fruits with me. I love to see in a fruit the mark of thy

little teeth. Bite but a little of this fruit, that I may eat what is left.

SALOME. I am not hungry, Tetrarch.

HEROD. (*to Herodias*). You see how you have brought up this daughter of yours.

HERODIAS. My daughter and I come of a royal race. As for thee, thy father was a camel driver! He was a thief and a robber to boot!

HEROD. Thou liest!

HERODIAS. Thou knowest well that it is true.

HEROD. Salome, come and sit next to me. I will give thee the throne of thy mother.

SALOME. I am not tired, Tetrarch.

HERODIAS. You see in what regard she holds you.

HEROD. Bring me—What is it that I desire? I forget. Ah! ah! I remember.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. Behold, the time is come! That which I foretold has come to pass. The day I spake of is at hand.

HERODIAS. Bid him be silent. I will not listen to his voice. This man is forever hurling insults against me.

HEROD. He has said nothing against you. Besides, he is a very great prophet.

HERODIAS. I do not believe in prophets.

Can a man tell what will come to pass? No man knows it. Also, he is forever insulting me. But I think you are afraid of him. I know well that you are afraid of him.

HEROD. I am not afraid of him. I am afraid of no man.

HERODIAS. I tell you you are afraid of him. If you are not afraid of him, why do you not deliver him to the Jews, who for these six months past have been clamoring for him?

A JEW. Truly, my lord, it were better to deliver him into our hands.

HEROD. Enough on this subject. I have already given you my answer. I will not deliver him into your hands. He is a holy man. He is a man who has seen God.

A JEW. That cannot be. There is no man who hath seen God since the prophet Elias. He is the last man who saw God face to face. In these days God doth not show Himself. God hideth Himself. Therefore great evils have come upon the land.

ANOTHER JEW. Verily, no man knoweth if Elias the prophet did indeed see God. Peradventure it was but the shadow of God that he saw.

A THIRD JEW. God is at no time hidden. He showeth Himself at all times and in all

places. God is in what is evil even as He is in what is good.

A FOURTH JEW. Thou shouldst not say that. It is a very dangerous doctrine. It is a doctrine that cometh from Alexandria, where men teach the philosophy of the Greeks. And the Greeks are Gentiles. They are not even circumcised.

A FIFTH JEW. No man can tell how God worketh. His ways are very dark. It may be that the things which we call evil are good, and the things which we call good are evil. There is no knowledge of anything. We can but bow our heads to His will, for God is very strong. He breaketh in pieces the strong together with the weak, for He regardeth not any man.

FIRST JEW. Thou speakest truly. Verily, God is terrible. He breaketh in pieces the strong and the weak as men break corn in a mortar. But as for this man, he hath never seen God. No man hath seen God since the prophet Elias.

HERODIAS. Make them be silent. They worry me.

HEROD. But I have heard it said that Iokanaan is in very truth your prophet Elias.

THE JEW. That cannot be. It is more than

three hundred years since the days of the prophet Elias.

HEROD. There are some who say that this man is Elias the prophet.

A NAZARENE. I am sure that he is Elias the prophet.

THE JEW. Nay, but he is not Elias the prophet.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. Behold the day is at hand, the day of the Lord, and I hear upon the mountains the feet of Him who shall be the Saviour of the world.

HEROD. What does that mean? The Saviour of the world?

TIGELLINUS. It is a title that Cæsar adopts.

HEROD. But Cæsar is not coming into Judæa. Only yesterday I received letters from Rome. They contained nothing concerning this matter. And you, Tigellinus, who were at Rome during the winter, you heard nothing concerning this matter, did you?

TIGELLINUS. Sire, I heard nothing concerning the matter. I was but explaining the title. It is one of Cæsar's titles.

HEROD. But Cæsar cannot come. He is too gouty. They say that his feet are like the feet of an elephant. Also there are reasons of state. He who leaves Rome loses Rome.

He will not come. Howbeit, Cæsar is lord, he will come if such be his pleasure. Nevertheless, I think he will not come.

FIRST NAZARENE. It was not concerning Cæsar that the prophet spake these words, sire.

HEROD. How?—it was not concerning Cæsar?

FIRST NAZARENE. No, my lord.

HEROD. Concerning whom then did he speak?

FIRST NAZARENE. Concerning Messias, who hath come.

A JEW. Messias hath not come.

FIRST NAZARENE. He hath come, and everywhere He worketh miracles!

HERODIAS. Ho! ho! miracles! I do not believe in miracles. I have seen too many. (*To the Page*). My fan.

FIRST NAZARENE. This Man worketh true miracles. Thus, at a marriage which took place in a little town of Galilee, a town of some importance, He changed water into wine. Certain persons who were present related it to me. Also He healed two lepers that were seated before the Gate of Capernaum simply by touching them.

SECOND NAZARENE. Nay; it was two blind men that He healed at Capernaum.

FIRST NAZARENE. Nay; they were lepers. But He hath healed blind people also, and He was seen on a mountain talking with angels.

A SADDUCEE. Angels do not exist.

A PHARISEE. Angels exist, but I do not believe that this Man talked with them.

FIRST NAZARENE. He was seen by a great multitude of people talking with angels.

HERODIAS. How these men worry me! They are ridiculous! They are altogether ridiculous! (*To the Page*). Well! my fan? (*The Page gives her the fan*). You have a dreamer's look. You must not dream. It is only sick people who dream. (*She strikes the Page with her fan*).

SECOND NAZARENE. There is also the miracle of the daughter of Jairus.

FIRST NAZARENE. Yea, that is sure. No man can gainsay it.

HERODIAS. These men are mad. They have looked too long on the moon. Command them to be silent.

HEROD. What is this miracle of the daughter of Jairus?

FIRST NAZARENE. The daughter of Jairus

was dead. This Man raised her from the dead.

HEROD. How! He raises people from the dead?

FIRST NAZARENE. Yea, sire; He raiseth the dead.

HEROD. I do not wish Him to do that. I forbid Him to do that. I suffer no man to raise the dead. This Man must be found and told that I forbid Him to raise the dead Where is this Man at present?

SECOND NAZARENE. He is in every place, my lord, but it is hard to find Him.

FIRST NAZARENE. It is said that He is now in Samaria.

A JEW. It is easy to see that this is not Messias, if He is in Samaria. It is not to the Samaritans that Messias shall come. The Samaritans are accursed. They bring no offerings to the Temple.

SECOND NAZARENE. He left Samaria a few days since. I think that at the present moment He is in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

FIRST NAZARENE. No; He is not there. I have just come from Jerusalem. For two months they have had no tidings of Him.

HEROD. No matter! But let them find Him,

and tell Him, thus saith Herod the King, "I will not suffer Thee to raise the dead." To change water into wine, to heal the lepers and the blind. He may do these things if He will. I say nothing against these things. In truth I hold it a kindly deed to heal a leper. But no man shall raise the dead. It would be terrible if the dead came back.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. Ah! The wanton one! The harlot! Ah! the daughter of Babylon with her golden eyes and her gilded eyelids! Thus saith the Lord God, Let there come up against her a multitude of men. Let the people take stones and stone her.

HERODIAS. Command him to be silent.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. Let the captains of the hosts pierce her with their swords, let them crush her beneath their shields.

HERODIAS. Nay, but it is infamous.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. It is thus that I will wipe out all wickedness from the earth, and that all women shall learn not to imitate her abominations.

HERODIAS. You hear what he says against me? You suffer him to revile her who is your wife!

HEROD. He did not speak your name.

HERODIAS. What does that matter? You

know well that it is I whom he seeks to revile. And I am your wife, am I not?

HEROD. Of a truth, dear and noble Herodias, you are my wife, and before that you were the wife of my brother.

HERODIAS. It was thou didst snatch me from his arms.

HEROD. Of a truth I was stronger than he was. But let us not talk of that matter. I do not desire to talk of it. It is the cause of the terrible words that the prophet has spoken. Peradventure on account of it a misfortune will come. Let us not speak of this matter. Noble Herodias, we are not mindful of our guests. Fill thou my cup, my well-beloved. Ho! fill with wine the great goblets of silver, and the great goblets of glass. I will drink to Cæsar. There are Romans here, we must drink to Cæsar.

ALL. Cæsar! Cæsar!

HEROD. Do you not see your daughter, how pale she is?

HERODIAS. What is it to you if she be pale or not?

HEROD. Never have I seen her so pale.

HERODIAS. You must not look at her.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. In that day the sun shall become black like sackcloth of hair,

and the moon shall become like blood, and the stars of the heaven shall fall upon the earth like unripe figs that fall from the fig-tree, and the kings of the earth shall be afraid.

HERODIAS. Ah! ah! I should like to see that day of which he speaks, when the moon shall become like blood, and when the stars shall fall on earth like unripe figs. This prophet talks like a drunken man, but I cannot suffer the sound of his voice. I hate his voice. Command him to be silent.

HEROD. I will not. I cannot understand what it is that he saith, but it may be an omen.

HERODIAS. I do not believe in omens. He speaks like a drunken man.

HEROD. It may be he is drunk with the wine of God.

HERODIAS. What wine is that, the wine of God? From what vineyard is it gathered? In what winepress may one find it?

HEROD. (*From this point he looks all the while at Salome*). Tigellinus, when you were at Rome of late, did the Emperor speak with you on the subject of—?

TIGELLINUS. On what subject, my lord?

HEROD. On what subject? Ah! I asked you

a question, did I not? I have forgotten what I would have asked you.

HERODIAS. You are looking again at my daughter. You must not look at her. I have already said so.

HEROD. You say nothing else.

HERODIAS. I say it again.

HEROD. And that restoration of the Temple about which they have talked so much, will anything be done? They say that the veil of the Sanctuary has disappeared, do they not?

HERODIAS. It was thyself didst steal it. Thou speakest at random and without wit. I will not stay here. Let us go within.

HEROD. Dance for me, Salome.

HERODIAS. I will not have her dance.

SALOME. I have no desire to dance, Tetrarch.

HEROD. Salome, daughter of Herodias, dance for me.

HERODIAS. Peace. Let her alone.

HEROD. I command thee to dance, Salome.

SALOME. I will not dance, Tetrarch.

HERODIAS (*laughing*). You see how she obeys you.

HEROD. What is it to me whether she dance or not? It is nought to me. Tonight I am

happy. I am exceeding happy. Never have I been so happy.

FIRST SOLDIER. The Tetrarch has a sombre look. Has he not a sombre look?

SECOND SOLDIER. Yes, he has a sombre look.

HEROD. Wherefore should I not be happy? Cæsar, who is lord of the world, Cæsar, who is lord of all things, loves me well. He has just sent me most precious gifts. Also, he has promised me to summon to Rome the King of Cappadocia, who is mine enemy. It may be that at Rome he will crucify him, for he is able to do all things that he has a mind to do. Verily Cæsar is lord. Therefore I do well to be happy. I am very happy; never have I been so happy. There is nothing in the world that can mar my happiness.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. He shall be seated on his throne. He shall be clothed in scarlet and purple. In his hand he shall bear a golden cup full of his blasphemies. And the angel of the Lord shall smite him. He shall be eaten of worms.

HERODIAS. You hear what he says about you. He says that you shall be eaten of worms.

HEROD. It is not of me that he speaks. He

speaks never against me. It is of the King of Cappadocia that he speaks; the King of Cappadocia, who is mine enemy. It is he who shall be eaten of worms. It is not I. Never has he spoken word against me, this prophet, save that I sinned in taking to wife the wife of my brother. It may be he is right. For, of truth, you are sterile.

HERODIAS. I am sterile, I? You say that, you that are ever looking at my daughter, you that would have her dance for your pleasure? You speak as a fool. I have borne a child. You have gotten no child, no, not on one of your slaves. It is you who are sterile, not I.

HEROD. Peace! woman! I say that you are sterile. You have borne me no child, and the prophet says that our marriage is not a true marriage. He says that it is a marriage of incest, a marriage that will bring evils. I fear he is right. I am sure that he is right. But it is not the hour to speak of these things. I would be happy at this moment. Of a truth, I am happy. There is nothing I lack.

HERODIAS. I am glad you are of so fair a humor tonight. It is not your custom. But it is late. Let us go within. Do not forget that we hunt at sunrise. All honors must be

shown to Cæsar's ambassadors, must they not?

SECOND SOLDIER. The Tetrarch has a sombre look.

FIRST SOLDIER. Yes, he has a sombre look.

HEROD. Salome, Salome, dance for me. I pray thee dance for me. I am sad tonight. Yes, I am passing sad tonight. When I came hither I slipped in blood, which is an ill omen; also I heard in the air a beating of wings, a beating of giant wings. I cannot tell what that may mean. I am sad tonight. Therefore dance for me. Dance for me, Salome, I beseech thee. If thou dancest for me thou mayest ask of me what thou wilt, and I will give it thee. Yes, dance for me, Salome, and whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, even unto the half of my kingdom.

SALOME (*rising*). Will you indeed give me whatsoever I shall ask of you, Tetrarch?

HERODIAS. Do not dance, daughter.

HEROD. Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, even unto the half of my kingdom.

SALOME. You swear it, Tetrarch?

HEROD. I swear it, Salome.

HERODIAS. Do not dance, my daughter.

SALOME. By what will you swear this thing, Tetrarch?

HEROD. By my life, by my crown, by my gods. Whatsoever thou shalt desire I will give it thee, even to the half of my kingdom, if thou wilt but dance for me. O Salome, Salome, dance for me!

SALOME. You have sworn an oath, Tetrarch.

HEROD. I have sworn an oath.

HERODIAS. My daughter, do not dance.

HEROD. Even to the half of my kingdom. Thou wilt be passing fair as a queen, Salome, if it please thee to ask for the half of my kingdom. Will she not be fair as a queen? Ah! it is cold here! There is an icy wind, and I hear—wherefore do I hear in the air this beating of wings? Ah! one might fancy a huge black bird that hovers over the terrace. Why can I not see it, this bird? The beat of its wings are terrible. It is a chill wind. Nay, but it is not cold, it is hot. I am choking. Pour water on my hands. Give me snow to eat. Loosen my mantle. Quick! quick! loosen my mantle. Nay, but leave it. It is my garland that hurts me, my garland of roses. The flowers are like fire. They have burned my forehead. (*He tears the wreath from his*

head, and throws it on the table). Ah! I ca breathe now. How red those petals are! The are like stains of blood on the cloth. Tha does not matter. It is not wise to find symbol in everything that one sees. It makes life to full of terrors. It were better to say tha stains of blood are as lovely as rose-petals. I were better far to say that—But we will n speak of this. Now I am happy; I am passin happy. Have I not the right to be happy Your daughter is going to dance for me. Wi thou not dance for me, Salome? Thou ha promised to dance for me.

HERODIAS. I will not have her dance.

SALOME. I will dance for you, Tetrarch.

HEROD. You hear what your daughter say She is going to dance for me. Thou doest we to dance for me, Salome. And when th hast danced for me. forget not to ask of n whatsoever thou hast a mind to ask. Whats ever thou shalt desire I will give it thee, ev to the half of my kingdom. I have sworn have I not?

SALOME. Thou hast sworn it, Tetrarch.

HEROD. And I have never failed of r word. I am not of those who break th oaths. I know not how to lie. I am the sla of my word, and my word is the word of

king. The King of Cappadocia has ever a lying tongue, but he is no true king. He is a coward. Also he owes me money that he will not repay. He has even insulted my ambassadors. He has spoken words that are wounding. But Cæsar will crucify him when he comes to Rome. I know that Cæsar will crucify him. And if he crucify him not, yet will he die, being eaten of worms. The prophet has prophesied it. Well! Wherefore dost thou tarry, Salome?

SALOME. I am waiting until my slaves bring perfumes to me and the seven veils, and take from off my feet my sandles. (*Slaves bring perfumes and the seven veils, and take off the sandles of Salome*).

HEROD. Ah, thou art to dance with naked feet! 'Tis well! 'Tis well! Thy little feet will be like white doves. They will be little white flowers that dance upon the trees. No, no, she is going to dance on blood! There is blood spilt on the ground. She must not dance on blood. It were an evil omen.

HERODIAS. What is it to thee if she dance on blood? Thou hast waded deep enough in it.

HEROD. What is it to me? Ah! look at the moon! She has become red. She has become

red as blood. Ah! the prophet prophesied truly. He prophesied that the moon would become as blood. Did he not prophesy it? All of ye heard him prophesying it. And now the moon has become as blood. Do ye not see it?

HERODIAS. Oh, yes, I see it well, and the stars are falling like unripe figs, are they not? And the sun is becoming black like sackcloth of hair, and the kings of the earth are afraid. That, at least, one can see. The prophet is justified of his words in that at least, for truly the kings of the earth are afraid. Let us go within. You are sick. They will say at Rome that you are mad. Let us go within, I tell you.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN. Who is this who cometh from Edom, who is this who cometh from Bozra, whose raiment is dyed with purple, who shineth in the beauty of his garments, who walketh mighty in his greatness? Wherefore is thy raiment stained with scarlet?

HERODIAS. Let us go within. The voice of that man maddens me. I will not have my daughter dance while he is continually crying out. I will not have her dance while you look at her in this fashion. In a word, I will not have her dance.

HEROD. Do not rise, my wife, my queen; it will avail thee nothing. I will not go within till she hath danced. Dance, Salome, dance for me.

HERODIAS. Do not dance, my daughter.

SALOME. I am ready, Tetrarch. (*Salome dances the dance of the seven veils*).

HEROD. Ah! wonderful! wonderful! You see that she has danced for me, your daughter. Come near, Salome, come near, that I may give thee thy fee. Ah! I pay a royal price to those who dance for my pleasure. I will pay thee royally. I will give thee whatsoever thy soul desireth. What wouldst thou have? Speak.

SALOME (*kneeling*). I would that they presently bring me in a silver charger—

HEROD (*laughing*). In a silver charger? Surely yes, in a silver charger. She is charming, is she not? What is it that thou wouldst have in a silver charger, O sweet and fair Salome, thou that are fairer than all the daughters of Judæa? What wouldst thou have them bring thee in a silver charger? Tell me. Whatsoever it may be, thou shalt receive it. My treasures belong to thee. What is that thou wouldst have, Salome?

SALOME (*rising*). The head of Iokanaan.

HERODIAS. Ah! that is well said, my daughter.

HEROD. No, no!

HERODIAS. That is well said, my daughter.

HEROD. No, no, Salome. It is not that thou desirest. Do not listen to thy mother's voice. She is ever giving thee evil counsel. Do not heed her.

SALOME. It is not my mother's voice that I heed. It is for mine own pleasure that I ask the head of Iokanaan in a silver charger. You have sworn an oath, Herod. Forget not that you have sworn an oath.

HEROD. I know it. I have sworn an oath by my gods. I know it well. But I pray thee, Salome, ask for something else. Ask of me the half of my kingdom, and I will give it thee. But ask not of me what thy lips have asked.

SALOME. I ask of you the head of Iokanaan.

HEROD. No, no; I will not give it thee.

SALOME. You have sworn an oath, Herod.

HERODIAS. Yes, you have sworn an oath. Everybody heard you. You swore it before everybody.

HEROD. Peace, woman! It is not to you I speak.

HERODIAS. My daughter has done well to ask the head of Iokanaan. He has covered me with insults. He has said unspeakable things against me. One can see that she loves her mother well. Do not yield, my daughter. He has sworn an oath; he has sworn an oath.

HEROD. Peace! Speak not to me! Salome, I pray thee be not stubborn. I have ever been kind toward thee. I have ever loved thee. It may be that I have loved thee too much. Therefore ask not this thing of me. This is a terrible thing, an awful thing to ask of me. Surely, I think thou art jesting. The head of a man that is cut from his body is ill to look upon, is it not? It is not meet that the eyes of a virgin should look upon such a thing. What pleasure couldst thou have in it? There is no pleasure that thou couldst have in it. No, no! it is not that thou desirest. Hearken to me. I have an emerald, a great emerald and round, that the minion of Cæsar has sent unto me. When thou lookest through this emerald thou canst see that which passeth afar off. Cæsar himself carries such an emerald when he goes to the circus. But my emerald is the larger. I know well that it is the larger. It is the largest emerald in the whole world. Thou wilt take that, wilt thou

not? Ask it of me and I will give it thee.

SALOME. I demand the head of Iokanaan.

HEROD. Thou art not listening. Thou art not listening. Suffer me to speak, Salome.

SALOME. The head of Iokanaan!

HEROD. No, no, thou wouldst not have that. Thou sayest that but to trouble me, because that I have looked at thee and ceased not this night. It is true, I have looked at thee and ceased not this night. Thy beauty has troubled me. Thy beauty has grievously troubled me, and I have looked at thee overmuch. Nay, but I will look at thee no more. One should not look at anything. Neither at things, nor at people should one look. Only in mirrors is it well to look, for mirrors do but show us masks. Oh! oh! bring wine! I thirst! Salome, Salome, let us be friends. Bethink thee—— Ah! what would I say? What was't? Ah! I remember it! Salome—nay, but come nearer to me; I fear thou wilt not hear my words—Salome, thou knowest my white peacocks, my beautiful white peacocks that walk in the garden between the myrtles and the tall cypress-trees. Their beaks are golden with gold, and the grains that they eat are smeared with gold, and their feet are stained with purple. When they cry out the

rain comes, and the moon shows herself in the heavens when they spread their tails. Two by two, they walk between the cypress-trees and the black myrtles, and each has a slave to tend it. Sometimes they fly across the trees, and anon they couch in the grass, and around the pools of the water. There are not in all the world birds so wonderful. I know that Cæsar himself has no birds so fair as my birds. I will give thee fifty of my peacocks. They will follow thee whithersoever thou goest, and in the midst of them thou wilt be like unto the moon in the midst of a great white cloud. I will give them to thee, all. I have but a hundred, and in the whole world there is no king who has peacocks like unto my peacocks. But I will give them all to thee. Only thou must loose me from my oath, and must not ask of me that which thy lips have asked of me. (*He empties the cup of wine*).

SALOME. Give me the head of Iokanaan.

HERODIAS. Well said, my daughter. As for you, you are ridiculous with your peacocks.

HEROD. Peace! you are always crying out. You cry out like a beast of prey. You must not cry in such fashion. Your voice wearies me. Peace, I tell you! Salome, think on what thou art doing. It may be that this man comes

from God. He is a holy man. The finger of God has touched him. God has put terrible words into his mouth. In the palace, as in the desert, God is ever with him. It may be that He is, at least. One cannot tell, but it is possible that God is with him and for him. If he die also, peradventure some evil may befall me. Verily, he has said that evil will befall someone on the day whereon he dies. On whom should it fall if it fall not on me? Remember, I slipped in blood when I came hither. Also did I not hear the beating of wings in the air, a beating of vast wings? These are ill omens. And there were other things. I am sure there were other things, though I saw them not. Thou wouldst not that some evil should befall me, Salome? Listen to me again.

SALOME. Give me the head of Iokanaan!

HEROD. Ah! thou art not listening to me. Be calm. As for me, am I not calm? I am altogether calm. Listen. I have jewels hidden in this place—jewels that thy mother even has not seen; jewels that are marvelous to look at. I have a collar of pearls, set in four rows. They are like unto moons chained with rays of silver. They are even as half a hundred moons caught in a golden net. On

the ivory breast of a queen they have rested. Thou shalt be as fair as a queen when thou wearest them. I have amethysts of two kinds; one that is black like wine, and one that is red like wine that one has colored with water. I have topazes that are pink as the eyes of a wood pigeon, and green topazes that are as the eyes of cats. I have opals that burn always, with a flame that is cold as ice, opals that make sad men's minds, and are afraid of the shadows. I have onyxes like the eyeballs of a dead woman. I have moonstones that change when the moon changes, and are wan when they see the sun. I have sapphires big like eggs, and as blue as blue flowers. The sea wanders within them, and the moon comes never to trouble the blue of their waves. I have chrysolites and beryls, and chrysoprases and rubies; I have sardonyx and hyacinth stones, and stones of chalcedony, and I will give them all unto thee, all, and other things will I add to them. The king of the Indies has but even now sent me four fans fashioned from the feathers of parrots, and the King of Numidia a garment of ostrich feathers. I have a crystal, into which it is not lawful for a woman to look, nor may men behold it until they have been beaten with rods. In a coffer

of nacre I have three wondrous turquoises. He who wears them on his forehead can imagine things which are not, and he who carries them in his hand can turn the fruitful woman into a woman that is barren. These are great treasures. They are treasures above all price. But this is not all. In an ebony coffer I have two cups of amber that are like apples of pure gold. If an enemy pour poison into these cups they become like apples of silver. In a coffer incrusted with amber I have sandles incrusted with glass. I have mantles that have been brought from the land of the Seres, and bracelets flecked about with carbuncles and with jade that come from the city of Euphrates. What desirest thou more than this, Salome? Tell me the thing that thou desirest, and I will give it thee. All that thou askest I will give thee, save one thing only. I will give thee all that is mine, save only the life of one man. I will give thee the mantle of the high priest. I will give thee the veil of the sanctuary.

THE JEWS. Oh! oh!

SALOME. Give me the head of Iokanaan!

HEROD (*sinking back in his chair*). Let her be given what she asks! Of a truth she is her mother's child! (*The first soldier ap-*

proaches. Herodias draws from the hand of the Tetrarch the ring of death, and gives it to the soldier, who straightway bears it to the executioner. The executioner looks scared). Who has taken my ring? There was a ring on my right hand. Who has drunk my wine? There was wine in my cup. It was full of wine. Some one has drunk it! Oh! surely some evil will befall some one. (*The executioner goes down into the cistern*). Ah! wherefore did I give my oath? Hereafter let no king swear an oath. If he keep it not, it is terrible, and if he keep it, it is terrible also.

HERODIAS. My daughter has done well.

HEROD. I am sure that some misfortune will happen.

SALOME (*she leans over the cistern and listens*). There is no sound. I hear nothing. Why does he not cry out, this man? Ah! if any man sought to kill me, I would cry out, I would struggle, I would not suffer. Strike, strike, Naaman, strike, I tell you! No, I hear nothing. There is a silence, a terrible silence. Ah! something has fallen upon the ground. I heard something fall. It was the sword of the executioner. He is afraid, this slave. He has dropped his sword. He dares not kill

him. He is a coward, this slave! Let soldiers be sent. (*She sees the page of Herodias and addresses him*). Come hither. Thou wert the friend of him who is dead, wert thou not? Well, I tell thee, there are not dead men enough. Go to the soldiers and bid them go down and bring me the thing I ask, the thing the Tetrarch has promised me, the thing that is mine. (*The page recoils. She turns to the soldiers*).

Hither, ye soldiers. Get ye down into this cistern and bring me the head of this man. Tetrarch, Tetrarch, command your soldiers that they bring me the head of Iokanaan. (*A huge black arm, the arm of the executioner, comes forth from the cistern, bearing on a silver shield the head of Iokanaan. Salome seizes it. Herod hides his face with his cloak. Herodias smiles and fans herself. The Nazarenes fall on their knees and begin to pray*). Ah; thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. Well! I will kiss it now. I will bite it with my teeth as one bites a ripe fruit. Yes, I will kiss thy mouth Iokanaan. I said it; did I not say it? I said it. Ah; I will kiss it now. But wherefore dost thou not look at me, Iokanaan? Thine eyes that were so terrible, so full of rage and scorn, are

shut now. Wherefore are they shut? Open thine eyes! Lift up thine eyelids, Iokanaan! Wherefore dost thou not look at me? Art thou afraid of me, Iokanaan, that thou wilt not look at me? And thy tongue, that was like a red snake darting poison, it moves no more, it speaks no words, Iokanaan, that scarlet viper that spat its venom upon me. It is strange, is it not? How is it that the red viper stirs no longer? Thou wouldst have none of me, Iokanaan. Thou rejectedest me. Thou didst speak evil words against me. Thou didst bear thyself toward me as to a harlot, as to a woman that is a wanton, to me, Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa! Well, I still live, but thou art dead, and thy head belongs to me. I can do with it what I will. I can throw it to the dogs and to the birds of the air. That which the dogs leave, the birds of the air shall devour. Ah, Iokanaan, Iokanaan, thou wert the man that I loved alone among men! All other men were hateful to me. But thou wert beautiful! Thy body was a column of ivory set upon feet of silver. It was a tower of silver decked with shields of ivory. There was nothing in the world so white as thy body. There was nothing in the world so black as

thy hair. In the whole world there was nothing so red as thy mouth. Thy voice was a censer that scattered strange perfumes, and when I looked on thee I heard a strange music. Ah! wherefore didst thou not look at me, Iokanaan? With the cloak of thine hands, and with the cloak of thy blasphemies thou didst hide thy face. Thou didst put upon thine eyes the covering of him who would see God. Well, thou hast seen thy God, Iokanaan, but me, me, thou didst never see. If thou hadst seen me thou hadst loved me. I saw thee, and I loved thee. Oh, how I loved thee! I love thee yet, Iokanaan. I love only thee. I am thirsty for thy beauty; I am hungry for thy body; and neither wine nor apples can appease my desire. What shall I do now, Iokanaan? Neither the floods nor the great waters can quench my passion. I was a princess, and thou didst scorn me. I was a virgin, and thou didst take my virginity from me. I was chaste, and thou didst fill my veins with fire. Ah! ah! wherefore didst thou not look at me? If thou hadst looked at me thou hadst loved me. Well I know that thou wouldst have loved me, and the mystery of Love is greater than the mystery of Death.

HEROD. She is monstrous, thy daughter;

I tell thee she is monstrous. In truth, what she has done is a great crime. I am sure that it is a crime against some unknown God.

HERODIAS. I am well pleased with my daughter. She has done well. And I would stay here now.

HEROD (*rising*). Ah! There speaks my brother's wife! Come! I will not stay in this place. Come, I tell thee. Surely some terrible thing will befall. Manasseh, Issachar, Ozias, put out the torches. I will not look at things, I will not suffer things to look at me. Put out the torches! Hide the moon! Hide the stars! Let us hide ourselves in our palace, Herodias. I begin to be afraid. (*The slaves put out the torches. The stars disappear. A great cloud crosses the moon and conceals it completely. The stage becomes quite dark. The Tetrarch begins to climb the staircase*).

THE VOICE OF SALOME. Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth. There was a bitter taste on thy lips. Was it the taste of blood? Nay; but perchance it was the taste of love. They say that love hath a bitter taste. But what matter? what matter? I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth. (*A ray of moon-*

light falls on Salome and illumines her).

HEROD (*turning round and seeing Salome*). Kill that woman! (*The soldiers rush forward and crush beneath their shields, Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judaea*).

CURTAIN.

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 1404
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There is, perhaps, no more striking example of the credulity of man than the wide-spread belief in immortality. This idea includes not only the belief that death is not the end of what we call life, but that personal identity involving memory persists beyond the grave. So determined is the ordinary individual to hold fast to this belief that, as a rule, he refuses to read or to think upon the subject lest it cast doubt upon his cherished dream. Of those who may chance to look at this contribution, many will do so with the determination not to be convinced, and will refuse even to consider the manifold reasons that might weaken their faith. I know that this is true, for I know the reluctance with which I long approached the subject and my firm determination not to give up my hope. Thus the myth will stand in the way of a sensible adjustment to facts.

Even many of those who claim to believe in immortality still tell themselves and others that neither side of the question is susceptible of proof. Just what can these hopeful ones believe that the word "proof" involves? The evi-

dence against the persistence of personal consciousness is as strong as the evidence of gravitation, and much more obvious. It is as convincing and unassailable as the proof of the destruction of wood or coal by fire. If it is not certain that death ends personal identity and memory, then almost nothing that man accepts as true is susceptible of proof.

The beliefs of the race and its individuals are relics of the past. Without careful examination no one can begin to understand how many of man's cherished opinions have no foundation in fact. The common experience of all men should teach them how easy it is to believe what they wish to accept. Experienced psychologists know perfectly well that if they desire to convince a man of some idea, they must first make him *want* to believe it. There are so many hopes, so many strong yearnings and desires attached to the doctrine of immortality that it is practically impossible to create in any mind the wish to be mortal. Still, in spite of strong desires, millions of people are filled with doubts and fears that will not down. After all, is it not better to look the question squarely in the face and find out whether we are harboring a delusion?

It is customary to speak of a "belief in im-

mortality." First, then, let us see what is meant by the word "belief." If I take a train in Chicago at noon, bound for New York, I believe I will reach that city the next morning. I believe it because I have been to New York. I have read about the city, I have known many other people who have been there, and their stories are not inconsistent with any known facts in my own experience. I have even examined the time tables and I know just how I will go and how long the trip will take. In other words, when I board the train for New York, I believe I will reach that city because I have *reason* to believe it.

If, instead, I wanted to see Timbuktu or some other point on the globe where I had never been, or of which I had only heard, I still know something about geography, and if I did not I could find out about the place I wished to visit. Through the encyclopedia and other means of information, I could get a fair idea of the location and character of the country or city, the kind of people who lived there and almost anything I wished to know, including the means of transportation and the time it would take to go and return. I already am satisfied that the earth is round. I know about its size. I know the extent of its land

and water. I know the names of its countries; I know perfectly well that there are many places on its surface that I have never seen. I can easily satisfy myself as to whether there is any such place and how to get there, and what I shall do when I arrive.

But if I am told that next week I shall start on a trip to Goofville; that I shall not take my body with me; that I shall stay for all eternity: can I find a single fact connected with my journey—the way I shall go, the time of the journey, the country I shall reach, its location in space, the way I shall live there—or anything that would lead to a rational belief that I shall really make the trip? Have I ever known anyone who has made the journey and returned? If I am really to believe, I must try to get some information about all these important facts.

But people hesitate to ask questions about life after death. They do not ask, for they know that only silence comes out of the eternal darkness of endless space. If people really believed in a beautiful, happy, glorious land waiting to receive them when they died; if they believed that their friends would be waiting to meet them; if they believed that all pain and suffering would be left behind: why should

they live through weeks, months, and even years of pain and torture while a cancer eats its way to the vital parts of the body? Why should one fight off death? Because he does *not* believe in any real sense: he only hopes. Everyone knows that there is no real evidence of any such state of bliss; so we are told not to search for proof. We are to accept through faith alone. But every thinking person knows that faith can only come through belief. Belief implies a condition of mind that accepts a certain idea. This condition can be brought about only by evidence. True, the evidence may be simply the unsupported statement of your grandmother; it may be wholly insufficient for reasoning men; but, good or bad, it must be enough for the believer or he could not believe.

Upon what evidence, then, are we asked to believe in immortality? There is no evidence. One is told to rely on faith, and no doubt this serves the purpose so long as one can believe blindly whatever he is told. But if there is no evidence upon which to build a positive belief in immortality, let us examine the other side of the question. Perhaps evidence can be found to support a positive conviction that immortality is a delusion.

The belief in immortality expresses itself in two different forms. On the one hand, there is a belief in the immortality of the "soul." This is sometimes interpreted to mean simply that the identity, the consciousness, the memory of the individual persists after death. On the other hand, many religious creeds formulated a belief in "the resurrection of the body" —which is something else again. It will be necessary to examine both forms of this belief in turn.

The idea of continued life after death is very old. It doubtless had its roots back in the childhood of the race. In view of the limited knowledge of primitive man, it was not unreasonable. His dead friends and relatives visited him in dreams and visions and were present in his feeling and imagination until they were forgotten. Therefore the lifeless body did not raise the question of dissolution, but rather of duality. It was thought that man was a dual being possessing a body and a soul as separate entities, and that when a man died, his soul was released from his body to continue its life apart. Consequently, food and drink were placed upon the graves of the dead to be used in the long journey into the unknown. In modified forms, this belief in the

duality of man persists to the present day. But primitive man had no conception of life as having a beginning and an end. In this he was like the rest of the animals. Today, everyone of ordinary intelligence knows how life begins, and to examine the beginnings of life leads to inevitable conclusions about the way life ends. If man has a soul, it must creep in somewhere during the period of gestation and growth.

All the higher forms of animal life grow from a single cell. Before the individual life can begin its development, it must be fertilized by union with another cell; then the cell divides and multiplies until it takes the form and pattern of its kind. At a certain regular time the being emerges into the world. During its term of life millions of cells in its body are born, die, and are replaced until, through age, disease, or some catastrophe, the cells fall apart and the individual life is ended.

It is obvious that but for the fertilization of the cell under right conditions, the being would not have lived. It is idle to say that the initial cell has a soul. In one sense it has life; but even that is precarious and depends for its continued life upon union with another cell of the proper kind. The human mother is the bearer of probably ten thousand of one kind of cell,

and the human father of countless billions of the other kind. Only a very small fraction of these result in human life. If the unfertilized cells of the female and the unused cells of the male are human beings possessed of souls, then the population of the world is infinitely greater than has ever been dreamed. Of course no such idea as belief in the immortality of the germ cells could satisfy the yearnings of the individual for a survival of life after death.

If that which is called a "soul" is a separate entity apart from the body, when, then, and where and how was this soul placed in the human structure? The individual began with the union of two cells, neither of which had a soul. How could these two soulless cells produce a soul? I must leave this search to the metaphysicians. When they have found the answer, I hope they will tell me, for I should really like to know.

We know that a baby may live and fully develop in its mother's womb and then, through some shock at birth, may be born without life. In the past, these babies were promptly buried. But now we know that in many such cases, where the bodily structure is complete, the machine may be set to work by artificial respiration or electricity. Then it will run like

any other human body through its allotted term of years. We also know that in many cases of drowning, or when some mishap virtually destroys life without hopelessly impairing the body, artificial means may set it in motion once more, so that it will complete its term of existence until the final catastrophe comes. Are we to believe that somewhere around the stillborn child and somewhere in the vicinity of the drowned man there hovers a detached soul waiting to be summoned back into the body by a pulmotor? This, too, must be left to the metaphysicians.

The beginnings of life yield no evidence of the beginnings of a soul. It is idle to say that the something in the human being which we call "life" is the soul itself, for the soul is generally taken to distinguish human beings from other forms of life. There is life in all animals and plants, and at least potential life in inorganic matter. This potential life is simply unreleased force and matter—the great storehouse from which all forms of life emerge and are constantly replenished. It is impossible to draw the line between inorganic matter and the simpler forms of plant life, and equally impossible to draw the line between plant life and animal life, or between other forms of animal life and what we human beings are pleased

to call the highest form. If the thing which we call "life" is itself the soul, then cows have souls; and, in the very nature of things, we must allow souls to all forms of life and to inorganic matter as well.

Life itself is something very real, as distinguished from the soul. Every man knows that his life had a beginning. Can one imagine an organism that has a beginning and no end? If I did not exist in the infinite past, why should I, or could I, exist in the infinite future? "But," say some, "your consciousness, your memory may exist even after you are dead. This is what we mean by the soul." Let us examine this point a little.

I have no remembrance of the months that I lay in my mother's womb. I cannot recall the day of my birth nor the time when I first opened my eyes to the light of the sun. I cannot remember when I was an infant, or when I began to creep on the floor, or when I was taught to walk, or anything before I was five or six years old. Still, all of these events were important, wonderful, and strange in a new life. What I call my "consciousness," for lack of a better word and a better understanding, developed with my growth and the crowding experiences I met at every turn. I have a hazy recollection of the burial of a boy soldier who

was shot toward the end of the Civil War. He was buried near the schoolhouse when I was seven years old. But I have no remembrance of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, although I must then have been eight years old. I must have known about it at the time, for my family and my community idolized Lincoln, and all America was in mourning at his death. Why do I remember the dead boy soldier who was buried a year before? Perhaps because I knew him well. Perhaps because his family was close to my childish life. Possibly because it came to me as my first knowledge of death. At all events, it made so deep an impression that I recall it now.

"Ah, yes," say the believers in the soul, "what you say confirms our own belief. You certainly existed when these early experiences took place. You were conscious of them at the time, even though you are not aware of it now. In the same way, may not your consciousness persist after you die, even though you are not aware of the fact?"

On the contrary, my fading memory of the events that filled the early years of my life leads me to the opposite conclusion. So far as these incidents are concerned, the mind and consciousness of the boy are already dead. Even now, am I fully alive? I am seventy-one

years old. I often fail to recollect the names of some of those I knew full well. Many events do not make the lasting impression that they once did. I know that it will be only a few years, even if my body still survives decay, when few important matters will even register in my mind. I know how it is with the old. I know that physical life can persist beyond the time when the mind can fully function. I know that if I live to an extreme old age, my mind will fail. I shall eat and drink and go to my bed in an automatic way. Memory—which is all that binds me to the past—will already be dead. All that will remain will be a vegetative existence; I shall sit and doze in the chimney corner, and my body will function in a measure even though the ego will already be practically dead. I am sure that if I die of what is called "old age," my consciousness will gradually slip away with my failing emotions! I shall no more be aware of the near approach of final dissolution than is the dying tree.

I am aware that now and then at long intervals there is a man who preserves his faculties until a late period of his life. I know that these cases are very, very rare. No superstition needs to be called into service to account for the unusual things that are incident to life. There may be those who retain,

in a measurable degree, consciousness and mental activity beyond the time of the ordinary mortal. Still, everyone with the least information knows that it is almost a universal rule that the body declines with age, and that those who live a long life gradually yield their intellectual activity until they reach the period of senility and unconsciousness.

In primitive times, before men knew anything about the human body or the universe of which it is a part, it was not unreasonable to believe in spirits, ghosts, and the duality of man. For one thing, celestial geography was much simpler then. Just above the earth was a firmament in which the stars were set, and above the firmament was heaven. The place was easy of access and in dreams the angels were seen going up and coming down on a ladder. But now we have a slightly more adequate conception of space and the infinite universe of which we are so small a part. Our great telescopes reveal countless worlds and planetary systems which make our own sink into utter insignificance in comparison. We have every reason to think that beyond our sight there is endless space filled with still more planets, so infinite in size and number that no brain has the smallest conception of their extent. Is there any reason to think that in this universe,

with its myriads of worlds, there is no other life so important as our own? Is it possible that the inhabitants of the earth have been signaled out for special favor and endowed with souls and immortal life? Is it at all reasonable to suppose that any special account is taken of the human atoms that forever come and go upon this planet?

If man has a soul that persists after death, that goes to a heaven of the blessed or to a hell of the damned, where are these places? It is not so easily imagined as it once was. How does the soul make its journey? What does immortal man find when he gets there, and how will he live after he reaches the end of endless space? We know that the atmosphere will be absent; that there will be no light, no heat—only the infinite reaches of darkness and frigidity.

If there is a future place for the abode of the spirits of the dead, where is this place? Trusting people have made pictures and mental images of this abode of the dead. The revelation of St. John treats rather specifically of this far-off land, but it is evident that St. John was a psychopath and his case would be plainly recognized today. True, this picture of St. John's is not very alluring to intelligent men.

Still, trusting and confiding mortals have visioned in words, at least, a land where families would be re-united and neighbors and friends come together once more. In this smug little place, fashioned upon experiences of life upon this mundane sphere husbands and wives, long parted, will be united. Parents and children, and grandparents and grandchildren, too, will assemble in families in that land of the blessed and the dead.

These conceptions were formed early in the history of man, in fact, it has only been in recent years that we have had any knowledge or vision of the immensity of space and of the impossibility of any such place as is visioned by the credulous and trusting. We know now that the earth revolves upon its axis at a terrific speed. This motion makes a complete revolution in twenty-four hours. We know down to the second of time that no spot bears the same relation to space as it did before. If one who dies at midnight has a soul and starts on his trip to Heaven, he goes in an opposite direction from one who dies at noon, and the chances to meet under any circumstances which can be conceived would grow less as they traveled on. Besides this revolution on its axis, the earth is traveling at an inconceivable speed around the sun, which, at all times, is

about ninety-three million miles away. This complete journey is made once a year. In its orbit around the sun it travels more than a thousand miles a minute. This constant appalling speed would evidently add to the confusion of two mortals locating themselves in the same spot in space, even though they had souls. The atmosphere, even in its most attenuated form, does not reach over five hundred miles away from the earth, and for only a small fraction of that space could life as we conceive it exist. And when the earth leaves a given spot in space the atmosphere is carried along with it. In addition to the motion of the earth on its axis and its unthinkable speed in its circuit around the sun, the whole solar system is traveling around the pole star, accompanied no doubt by many other systems like our own; no one can tell how fast it goes or how far it goes, in what seems endless space. And these systems travel in turn around some other central point in the far-off Milky Way, and no one knows how many other apparently central points somewhere off amongst the stars and worlds and suns furnish foci around which the earth and all the systems constantly revolve. What possible means of locomotion could be furnished for mortals to find a place of rest. and what possible unimaginable guide

could pilot individuals going in different directions at all times of the day and night and all portions of the year and century, and other greater periods of time, to this haven of the blessed? All of these conceptions beggar any sort of imagination and make and substitute the wildest unthinkable dreams in place of real beliefs.

There are those who base their hope of a future life upon the resurrection of the body. This is a purely religious doctrine. It is safe to say that few intelligent men who are willing to look obvious facts in the face hold any such belief. Yet we are seriously told that Elijah was carried bodily to heaven in a chariot of fire, and that Jesus arose from the dead and ascended into heaven. The New Testament abounds in passages that support this doctrine. St. Paul states the tenet over and over again. In the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians he says: "If Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? . . . And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain . . . For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised." The Apostles' Creed says: "I believe in the resurrection of the body." This has been carried into substantially all the orthodox creeds; and while it is more or less

minimized by neglect and omission, it is still a cardinal doctrine of the orthodox churches.

Two thousand years ago, in Palestine, little was known of man, of the earth, or of the universe. It was then currently believed that the earth was only four thousand years old, that life had begun anew after the deluge about two thousand years before, and that the entire earth was soon to be destroyed. Today it is fairly well established that man has been upon the earth for a million years. During that long stretch of time the world has changed many times; it is changing every moment. At least three or four ice ages have swept across continents, driving death before them, carrying human beings into the sea or burying them deep in the earth. Animals have fed on man and on eash other. Every dead body, no matter whether consumed by fire or buried in the earth, has been resolved into its elements, so that the matter and energy that once formed human beings has fed animals and plants and other men. As the great naturalist, Fabre, has said: "At the banquet of life each is in turn a guest and a dish." Thus the body of every man now living is in part made from the bodies of those who have been dead for ages.

Yet we are still asked to believe in the resurrection of the body. By what alchemy, then,

are the individual bodies that have successfully fed the generations of men to be separated and restored to their former identities? And if I am to be resurrected, what particular *I* shall be called from the grave, from the animals and plants and the bodies of other men who shall inherit this body I now call my own? My body has been made over and over, piece by piece, as the days went by, and will continue to be so made until the end. It has changed so slowly that each new cell is fitted into the living part, and will go on changing until the final crisis comes. Is it the child in the mother's womb or the tottering frame of the old man that shall be brought back? The mere thought of such a resurrection beggars reason, ignores facts, and enthrones blind faith, wild dreams, hopeless hopes, and cowardly fears as sovereign of the human mind.

Some of those who profess to believe in the immortality of man—whether it be of his soul or his body—have drawn what comfort they could from the modern scientific doctrine of the indestructibility of matter and force. This doctrine, they say, only confirms in scientific language what they have always believed. This, however, is pure sophistry. It is probably true that no matter or force has ever been or ever

can be destroyed. But it is likewise true that there is no connection whatever between the notion that personal consciousness and memory persist after death and the scientific theory that matter and force are indestructible. For the scientific theory carries with it a corollary, that the forms of matter and energy are constantly changing through an endless cycle of new combinations. Of what possible use would it be, then, to have a consciousness that was immortal, but which, from the moment of death, was dispersed into new combinations, so that no two parts of the original identity could ever be reunited again?

These natural processes of change, which in the human being take the forms of growth, disease, senility, death, and decay, are essentially the same as the processes by which a lump of coal is disintegrated in burning. One may watch the lump of coal burning in the grate until nothing but ashes remains. Part of the coal goes up the chimney in the form of smoke; part of it radiates through the house as heat; the residue lies in the ashes on the hearth. So it is with human life. In all forms of life nature is engaged in combining, breaking down, and recombining her store of energy and matter into new forms. The thing we call

"life" is nothing other than a state of equilibrium which endures for a short span of years between the two opposing tendencies of nature —the one that builds up, and the one that tears down. In old age, the tearing-down process has already gained the ascendency, and when death intervenes, the equilibrium is finally upset by the complete stoppage of the building-up process, so that nothing remains but complete disintegration. The energy thus released may be converted into grass or trees or animal life; or it may lie dormant until caught up again in the crucible of nature's laboratory. But whatever happens, the man—the *You* and the *I*—like the lump of coal that has been burned, is gone—irrevocably dispersed. All the King's horses and all the King's men cannot restore it to its former unity.

The idea that man is a being set apart, distinct from all the rest of nature, is born of man's emotions, of his loves and hates, of his hopes and fears, and of the primitive conceptions of undeveloped minds. The *You* and the *I* which is known to our friends does not consist of an immaterial something called a "soul" which cannot be conceived. We know perfectly well what we mean when talk about this *You* and this *Me*: and it is equally plain that

the whole fabric that makes up our separate personalities is destroyed, dispersed, disintegrated beyond repair by what we call "death."

As a matter of fact, does *anyone* really believe in a future life? The faith does not simply involve the persistence of activity, but it has been stretched and magnified to mean a future world infinitely better than the earth. In this far-off land no troubles will harass the body or the soul. Eternity will be an eternity of bliss. Heaven, a land made much more delightful because of the union with those who have gone before. This doctrine has been taught so persistently through the years that men and women of strong faith in their dying moments have seen relatives and friends, long since dead, who have come to lead them to their heavenly home.

Does the conduct of the intense disciple show that he really believes that death is a glad deliverance? Why do men and women who are suffering torture on earth seek to prolong their days of agony? Why do victims of cancer being slowly eaten alive for months and years prefer enduring such pain rather than going to a land of bliss? Why will the afflicted travel all over the world and be cut to pieces by inches that they may stay a few weeks longer, in agony

and torture? The one answer that is made to this query is that the afflicted struggle to live because it is their duty to hang fast to mortal life, no matter what the pain or the expected joy in heaven. The answer is not true. The afflicted cling to life because they doubt their faith, and do not wish to let go of what they have, terrible as it is.

Those who refuse to give up the idea of immortality declare that nature never creates a desire without providing the means for its satisfaction. They likewise insist that all people, from the rudest to the most civilized yearn for another life. As a matter of fact, nature creates many desires which she does not satisfy; most of the wishes of men meet no fruition. But nature does not create any emotion demanding a future life. The only yearning that the individual has is to keep on living—which is a very different thing. This urge is found in every animal, in every plant. It is simply the momentum of a living structure: or, as Schopenhauer put it, "the will to live." What we long for is a continuation of our present state of existence, not an uncertain reincarnation in a mysterious world of which we know nothing. The idea of another life is created after men are convinced that this life ends.

I am not unmindful of those who base their hope of a future life on what they claim are the evidences furnished by the investigation of spiritualism. So far as having any prejudice against this doctrine, I have no more desire to disbelieve than I have as to any other theories of a future life. In fact, for many years, I have searched here for evidence that man still lives after all our senses show that he is dead. For more than fifty years until almost ten years past, I have given some attention to Spiritualism. I have read most of the important books of scientists: Alfred Russel Wallace, Crooks, Oliver Lodge, and the books of many other men of ability and integrity who believed that they had found their dead friends who had come back to them. Likewise, I have for years investigated what are called spiritual phenomena. I am satisfied that if any intelligent man, in possession of his senses, thoroughly investigates Spiritualism, he will find that there is no evidence to support his faith. At least nine-tenths of the phenomena can be set down as pure fraud and imposition. The evidence comes in the main from mediums who are ignorant, and whose tricks are clumsy in the extreme. Perhaps one-tenth of the manifestations are not the result of fraud but the evidence is entirely inadequate to prove the cause of the phenomena.

It is possible that there are phenomena which no one can explain. I have many times seen what are called manifestations of spirit-return that I could not explain, but all of these failed utterly to convince me of the communication of disembodied spirits. It does not follow that because the manifestations are strange and weird, and for the present unexplainable, that those phenomena show that life persists after death. In the realm of these manifestations, the evidence of scientists is worth no more than the evidence of other men. Most likely it is worth much less. The truth is that real scientists, outside of their special field, are more helpless than other men in detecting frauds and tricks. It is likewise true that most of the men of science, like Sir Oliver Lodge, have come to their conviction late in life, and under some great stress, which is calculated to unsettle the mind, in the particular field to which they appeal.

Sir Oliver Lodge lost his son in the great war. This was a sore bereavement to this eminent scientist. When one considers the greatness of Lodge, the clearness with which he discusses every scientific theory with which he deals, and then reads his book called "Raymond," in which he tells of his meetings with his beloved son, it is not difficult to see that

as to this bereavement his mind was unsettled and he is reaching out in the darkness to find what he so strongly wants.

Is it possible that any sort of proof could prove the existence of an individual after his decay? Suppose that some good fairy, distressed at my unbelief, should come to me with the offer to produce any evidence that I desired to satisfy me that I would see my loved ones after death; suppose I should tell this fairy that my father had been dead for twenty years; that I followed his lifeless body to the crematory where he was converted into ashes; that I desired to have him brought back to me as a living entity, and to stay in my house for a year, that I might not be deceived. Assume that when the year had passed I should go out and tell my neighbors and friends that my father had been living in my house, although he died two score years ago; suppose that they believed implicitly in my integrity and my judgment; even then, could I convince one person that my statement was true? Would they be right in doubting my word? After all, which is the more reasonable, that the dead have come back to life, or that I have become insane? All of my friends would say: "Poor fellow, I am sorry he has lost his mind." Against the universal experience of mankind

and nature, the dementia or the insanity of one man, or a thousand men, could count as nothing. The insane asylums of the world are filled with men who have these dreams and visions which are realities to them, but which no one else believes, because they are entirely at variance with well-known facts.

All men recognize the hopelessness of finding any evidence that the individual will persist beyond the grave. As a last resort, we are told that it is better that the doctrine be believed even if it is not true. We are assured that without this faith, life is only desolation and despair. However that may be, it remains that many of the conclusions of logic are not pleasant to contemplate; still, so long as men think and feel, at least some of them will use their faculties as best they can. For if we are to believe things that are not true, who is to write our creed? Is it safe to leave it to any man or organization to pick out the errors that we must accept? The whole history of the world has answered this question in a way that cannot be mistaken.

And after all, is the belief in immortality necessary or even desirable for man? Millions of men and women have no such faith; they go on with their daily tasks and feel joy and sorrow without the lure of immortal life. The

things that really affect the happiness of the individual are the matters of daily living. They are the companionship of friends, the games and contemplations. They are misunderstandings and cruel judgments, false friends and debts, poverty and disease. They are our joys in our living companions and our sorrows over those who die. Whatever our faith, we mainly live in the present—in the here and now. Those who hold the view that man is mortal are never troubled by metaphysical problems. At the end of the day's labor we are glad to lose our consciousness in sleep; and intellectually, at least, we look forward to the long rest from the stresses and storms that are always incidental to existence.

When we fully understand the brevity of life, its fleeting joys and unavoidable pains; when we accept the facts that all men and women are approaching an inevitable doom: the consciousness of it should make us more kindly and considerate of each other. This feeling should make men and women use their best efforts to help their fellow travelers on the road, to make the path brighter and easier as we journey on. It should bring a closer kinship, a better understanding, and a deeper sympathy for the wayfarers who must live a common life and die a common death.

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Ambrose Bierce

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ICONOCLASTIC MEMORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR

ON A MOUNTAIN

They say that the lumberman has looked upon the Cheat Mountain country and seen that it is good, and I hear that some wealthy gentlemen have been there and made a game preserve. There must be lumber and, I suppose, sport, but some things one could wish were ordered otherwise. Looking back upon it through the haze of near half a century, I see that region as a veritable realm of enchantment; the Alleghanies as the Delectable Mountains. I note again their dim, blue billows, ridge after ridge interminable, beyond purple valleys full of sleep, "in which it seemed always afternoon." Miles and miles away, where the lift of earth meets the stoop of sky, I discern an imperfection in the tint, a faint graying of the blue above the main range—the smoke of an enemy's camp.

It was in the autumn of that "most immemorial year," the 1861st of our Lord, and of our Heroic Age the first, that a small brigade of raw troops—troops were all raw in those days—had been pushed in across the Ohio border and after various vicissitudes of fortune and mismanagement found itself, greatly to its own surprise, at Cheat Mountain Pass, holding a road that ran from Nowhere to the southeast. Some of us had served through the summer in the "three-months' regiments," which responded to the President's first call for troops.

We were regarded by the others with profound respect as "old soldiers." (Our ages, if equalized, would, I fancy, have given about twenty years to each man.) We gave ourselves, this aristocracy of service, no end of military airs; some of us even going to the extreme of keeping our jackets buttoned and our hair combed. We had been in action, too; had shot off a Confederate leg at Philippi, "the first battle of the war," and had lost as many as a dozen men at Laurel Hill and Carrick's Ford, whither the enemy had fled in trying, Heaven knows why, to get away from us. We now "brought to the task" of subduing the Rebellion a patriotism which never for a moment doubted that a rebel was a fiend accursed of God and the angels—one for whose extirpation by force and arms each youth of us considered himself specially "raised up."

It was a strange country. Nine in ten of us had never seen a mountain, nor a hill as high as a church spire, until we had crossed the Ohio River. In power upon the emotions nothing, I think, is comparable to a first sight of mountains. To a member of a plains-tribe, born and reared on the flats of Ohio or Indiana, a mountain region was a perpetual miracle. Space seemed to have taken on a new dimension; areas to have not only length and breadth, but thickness.

Modern literature is full of evidence that our great grandfathers looked upon mountains with aversion and horror. The poets of even the seventeenth century never tire of damning them in good, set terms. If they had had the unhap-

piness to read the opening lines of "The Pleasures of Hope," they would assuredly have thought Master Campbell had gone funny and should be shut up lest he do himself an injury.

The flatlanders who invaded the Cheat Mountain country had been suckled in another creed, and to them western Virginia—there was, as yet, no West Virginia—was an enchanted land. How we reveled in its savage beauties! With what pure delight we inhaled its fragrances of spruce and pine! How we stared with something like awe at its clumps of laurel!—real laurel, as we understood the matter, whose foliage had been once accounted excellent for the heads of illustrious Romans and such—mayhap to reduce the swelling. We carved its roots into finger-rings and pipes. We gathered spruce-gum and sent it to our sweethearts in letters. We ascended every hill within our picket-lines and called it a "peak."

And, by the way, during those halcyon days (the halcyon was there, too, chattering above every creek, as he is all over the world) we fought another battle. It has not got into history, but it had a real objective existence, although by a felicitous afterthought called by us who were defeated a "reconnaissance in force." Its short and simple annals are that we marched a long way and lay down before a fortified camp of the enemy at the farther edge of the valley. Our commander had the forethought to see that we lay well out of range of the small-arms of the period. A disadvantage of this arrangement was that the enemy was out of reach of us as well, for our

rifles were no better than his. Unfortunately —one might almost say unfairly—he had a few pieces of artillery very well protected, and with those he mauled us to the eminent satisfaction of his mind and heart. So we parted from him in anger and returned to our own place, leaving our dead—not many.

Among them was a chap belonging to my company, named Abbott; it is not odd that I recollect it, for there was something unusual in the manner of Abbott's taking off. He was lying flat upon his stomach and was killed by being struck in the side by a nearly spent cannon-shot that came rolling in among us. The shot remained in him until removed. It was a solid round-shot, evidently cast in some private foundry, whose proprietor, setting the laws of thrift above those of ballistics, had put his "imprint" upon it: it bore, in slightly sunken letters, the name "Abbott." That is what I was told—I was not present.

It was after this, when the nights had acquired a trick of biting and the morning sun appeared to shiver with cold, that we moved up to the summit of Cheat Mountain to guard the pass through which nobody wanted to go. Here we slew the forest and builded us giant habitations (astride the road from Nowhere to the southeast) commodious to lodge an army and fitly loopholed for discomfiture of the adversary. The long logs that it was our pride to cut and carry! The accuracy with which we laid them one upon another, hewn to the line and bullet-proof! The Cyclopean doors that we hung, with sliding bolts fit to

be "the mast of some great admiral!" And when we had "made the pile complete" some marplot of the Regular Army came that way and chatted a few moments with our commander, and we made an earthwork away off on one side of the road (leaving the other side to take care of itself) and camped outside it in tents! But the Regular Army fellow had not the heart to suggest the demolition of our Towers of Babel, and the foundations remain to this day to attest the genius of the American volunteer soldiery.

We were the original game-preservers of the Cheat Mountain region, for although we hunted in season and out of season over as wide an area as we dared to cover we took less game, probably, than would have been taken by a certain single hunter of disloyal views whom we scared away. There were bear galore and deer in quantity, and many a winter day, in snow up to his knees, did the writer of this pass in tracking bruin to his den, where, I am bound to say, I commonly left him. I agreed with my lamented friend, the late Robert Weeks, poet:

> Pursuit may be, it seems to me,
> Perfect without possession.

There can be no doubt that the wealthy sportsmen who have made a preserve of the Cheat Mountain region will find plenty of game if it has not died since 1861. We left it there.

Yet hunting and idling were not the whole of life's programme up there on that wild ridge

with its shaggy pelt of spruce and firs, and in the riparian lowlands that it parted. We had a bit of war now and again. There was an occasional "affair of outposts"; sometimes a hazardous scout into the enemy's country, ordered, I fear, more to keep up the appearance of doing something than with a hope of accomplishing a military result. But one day it was bruited about that a movement in force was to be made on the enemy's position miles away, at the summit of the main ridge of the Alleghanies—the camp whose faint blue smoke we had watched for weary days. The movement was made, as was the fashion in those 'prentice days of warfare, in two columns, which were to pounce upon the foeman from opposite sides at the same moment. Led over unknown roads by untrusty guides, encountering obstacles not foreseen—miles apart and without communication, the two columns invariably failed to execute the movement with requisite secrecy and precision. The enemy, in enjoyment of that inestimable military advantage known in civilian speech as being "surrounded," always beat the attacking columns one at a time or, turning red-handed from the wreck of the first, frightened the other away.

All one bright wintry day we marched down from our eyrie; all one bright wintry night we climbed the great wooded ridge opposite. How romantic it all was; the sunset valleys full of visible sleep; the glades suffused and interpenetrated with moonlight; the long valley of the Greenbrier stretching away to we knew not what silent cities; the river itself unseen

under its "astral body" of mist! Then there was the "spice of danger."

Once we heard shots in front; then there was a long wait. As we trudged on we passed something—some things—lying by the wayside. During another wait we examined them, curiously lifting the blankets from their yellow-clay faces. How repulsive they looked with their blood-smears, their blank, staring eyes, their teeth uncovered by contraction of the lips! The frost had begun already to whiten their deranged clothing. We were as patriotic as ever, but we did not wish to be that way. For an hour afterward the injunction of silence in the ranks was needless.

. . . . .

Repassing the spot the next day, a beaten, dispirited and exhausted force, feeble from fatigue and savage from defeat, some of us had life enough left, such as it was, to observe that these bodies had altered their positions. They appeared also to have thrown off some of their clothing, which lay near by, in disorder. Their expression, too, had an added blankness—they had no faces.

As soon as the head of our straggling column had reached the spot a desultory firing had begun. One might have thought the living paid honors to the dead. No; the firing was a military execution; the condemned, a herd of galloping swine. They had eaten our fallen, but—touching magnanimity!—we did not eat theirs.

The shooting of several kinds was very good in the Cheat Mountain country, even in 1861.

A LITTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA

The history of that awful struggle is well known—I have not the intention to record it here, but only to relate some part of what I saw of it; my purpose not instruction, but entertainment.

I was an officer of the staff of a Federal brigade. Chickamauga was not my first battle by many, for although hardly more than a boy in years, I had served at the front from the beginning of the trouble, and had seen enough of war to give me a fair understanding of it. We knew well enough that there was to be a fight: the fact that we did not want one would have told us that, for Bragg always retired when we wanted to fight and fought when we most desired peace. We had maneuvered him out of Chattanooga, but had not maneuvered our entire army into it, and he fell back so sullenly that those of us who followed, keeping him actually in sight, were a good deal more concerned about effecting a junction with the rest of our army than to push the pursuit. By the time that Rosecrans had got his three scattered corps together we were a long way from Chattanooga, with our line of communication with it so exposed that Bragg turned to seize it. Chickamauga was a fight for possession of a road.

Back along this road raced Crittenden's corps, with those of Thomas and McCook, which had not before traversed it. The whole army was moving by its left.

There was sharp fighting all along and all day, for the forest was so dense that the hostile lines came almost into contact before fighting was possible. One instance was particularly horrible. After some hours of close engagement my brigade, with foul pieces and exhausted cartridge boxes, was relieved and withdrawn to the road to protect several batteries of artillery—probably two dozen pieces—which commanded an open field in the rear of our line. Before our weary and virtually disarmed men had actually reached the guns the line in front gave way, fell back behind the guns and went on, the Lord knows whither. A moment later the field was gray with Confederates in pursuit. Then the guns opened fire with grape and canister and for perhaps five minutes—it seemed an hour—nothing could be heard that the infernal din of their discharge and nothing seen through the smoke but a great ascension of dust from the smitten soil. When all was over, and the dust cloud had lifted, the spectacle was too dreadful to describe. The Confederates were still there—all of them, it seemed—some almost under the muzzles of the guns. But not a man of all these brave fellows was on his feet, and so thickly were all covered with dust that they looked as if they had been reclothed in yellow.

"We bury our dead," said a gunner, grimly, though doubtless all were afterward dug out, for some were partly alive.

To a "day of danger" succeeded a "night of waking." The enemy, everywhere held back from the road, continued to stretch his line

northward in the hope to overlap us and put himself between us and Chattanooga. We neither saw nor heard his movement, but any man with half a head would have known that he was making it, and we met by a parallel movement to our left. By morning we had edged along a good way and thrown up rude intrenchments at a little distance from the road, on the threatened side. The day was not very far advanced when we were attacked furiously all along the line, beginning at the left. When repulsed, the enemy came again and again—his persistence was dispiriting. He seemed to be using against us the law of probabilities: for so many efforts one would eventually succeed.

One did, and it was my luck to see it win. I had been sent by my chief, General Hazen, to order up some artillery ammunition and rode away to the right and rear in search of it. Finding an ordnance train I obtained from the officer in charge a few wagons loaded with what I wanted, but he seemed in doubt as to our occupancy of the region across which I proposed to guide them. Although assured that I had just traversed it, and that it lay immediately behind Wood's division, he insisted on riding to the top of the ridge behind which his train lay and overlooking the ground. We did so, when to my astonishment I saw the entire country in front swarming with Confederates: the very earth seemed to be moving toward us! They came on in thousands, and so rapidly that we had barely time to turn tail and gallop down the hill and away, leaving them

in possession of the train, many of the wagons being upset by frantic efforts to put them about. By what miracle that officer had sensed the situation I did not learn, for we parted company then and there and I never again saw him.

By a misunderstanding Wood's division had been withdrawn from our line of battle just as the enemy was making an assault. Through the gap of half a mile the Confederates charged without opposition, cutting our army clean in two. The right divisions were broken up and with General Rosecrans in their midst fled how they could across the country, eventually bringing up in Chattanooga, whence Rosecrans telegraphed to Washington the destruction of the rest of his army. The rest of his army was standing its ground.

A good deal of nonsense used to be talked about the heroism of General Garfield, who, caught in the rout of the right, nevertheless went back and joined the undefeated left under General Thomas. There was no great heroism in it; that is what every man should have done, including the commander of the army. We could hear Thomas's guns going—those of us who had ears for them—and all that was needful was to make a sufficiently wide detour and then move toward the sound. I did so myself, and have never felt that it ought to make me President. Moreover, on my way I met General Negley, and my duties as topographical engineer having given me some knowledge of the lay of the land offered to pilot him back to glory or the grave. I am

sorry to say my good offices were rejected a little uncivilly, which I charitably attributed to the general's obvious absence of mind. His mind, I think, was in Nashville, behind a breastwork.

Unable to find my brigade, I reported to General Thomas, who directed me to remain with him. He had assumed command of all the forces still intact and was pretty closely beset. The battle was fierce and continuous, the enemy extending his lines farther and farther around our right, toward our line of retreat. We could not meet the extension otherwise than by "refusing" our right flank and letting him inclose us; which but for gallant Gordon Granger he would inevitably have done.

This was the way of it. Looking across the fields in our rear (rather longingly) I had the happy distinction of a discoverer. What I saw was the shimmer of sunlight on metal: lines of troops were coming in behind us! The distance was too great, the atmosphere too hazy to distinguish the color of their uniform, even with a glass. Reporting my momentous "find" I was directed by the general to go and see who they were. Galloping toward them until near enough to see that they were of our kidney I hastened back with the glad tidings and was sent again, to guide them to the general's position.

It was General Granger with two strong brigades of the reserve, moving soldier-like toward the sound of heavy firing. Meeting him and his staff I directed him to Thomas, and unable to think of anything better to do

decided to go visiting. I knew I had a brother in that gang—an officer of an Ohio battery. I soon found him near the head of a column, and as we moved forward we had a comfortable chat amongst such of the enemy's bullets as had inconsiderately been fired too high. The incident was a trifle marred by one of them unhorsing another officer of the battery, whom we propped against a tree and left. A few moments later Granger's force was put in on the right and the fighting was terrific!

By accident I now found Hazen's brigade —or what remained of it—which had made a half-mile march to add itself to the unrouted at the memorable Snodgrass Hill. Hazen's first remark to me was an inquiry about that artillery ammunition that he had sent me for.

It was needed badly enough, as were other kinds: for the last hour or two of that interminable day Granger's were the only men that had enough ammunition to make a five minutes' fight. Had the Confederates made one more general attack we should have had to meet them with the bayonet alone. I don't know why they did not; probably they were short of ammunition. I know, though, that while the sun was taking its own time to set we lived through the agony of at least one death each, waiting for them to come on.

At last it grew too dark to fight. Then away to our left and rear some of Bragg's people set up "the rebel yell." It was taken up successively and passed round to our front, along our right and in behind us again, until it seemed almost to have got to the point whence it started. It

was the ugliest sound that any mortal ever heard—even a mortal exhausted and unnerved by two days of hard fighting, without sleep, without rest, without food and without hope. There was, however, a space somewhere at the back of us across which that horrible yell did not prolong itself; and through that we finally retired in profound silence and dejection, unmolested.

To those of us who have survived the attacks of both Bragg and Time, and who keep in memory the dear dead comrades whom we left upon that fateful field, the place means much. May it mean something less to the younger men whose tents are now pitched where, with bended heads and clasped hands, God's great angels stood invisible among the heroes in blue and the heroes in gray, sleeping their last sleep in the woods of Chickamauga.

A CRIME AT PICKETT'S MILL

There is a class of events which by their very nature, and despite any intrinsic interest that they may possess, are foredoomed to oblivion. They are merged in the general story of those greater events of which they were a part, as the thunder of a billow breaking on a distant beach is unnoted in the continuous roar. To how many having knowledge of the battles of our Civil War does the name Pickett's Mill suggest acts of heroism and devotion performed in scenes of awful carnage to accomplish the impossible? Buried in the official reports of the victors there are indeed imperfect accounts of the engagement: the vanquished have not thought it expedient to relate it. It is ignored by General Sherman in his memoirs, yet Sherman ordered it. General Howard wrote an account of the campaign of which it was an incident, and dismissed it in a single sentence; yet General Howard planned it, and it was fought as an isolated and independent action under his eye. Whether it was so trifling an affair as to justify this inattention let the reader judge.

The fight occurred on the 27th of May, 1864, while the armies of Generals Sherman and Johnston confronted each other near Dallas, Georgia, during the memorable "Atlanta campaign." For three weeks we had been pushing the Confederates southward, partly by manoeuvring, partly by fighting, out of Dalton,

out of Resaca, through Adairsville, Kingston and Cassville. Each army offered battle everywhere, but would accept it only on its own terms. At Dallas Johnston made another stand and Sherman, facing the hostile line, began his customary manoeuvring for an advantage. General Wood's division of Howard's corps occupied a position opposite the Confederate right. Johnston finding himself on the 26th overlapped by Schofield, still farther to Wood's left, retired his right (Polk) across a creek, whither we followed him into the woods with a deal of desultory bickering, and at nightfall had established the new lines at nearly a right angle with the old—Schofield reaching well around and threatening the Confederate rear.

The civilian reader must not suppose when he reads accounts of military operations in which relative position of the forces are defined, as in the foregoing passages, that these were matters of general knowledge to those engaged. Such statements are commonly made, even by those high in command, in the light of later disclosures, such as the enemy's official reports. It is seldom, indeed, that a subordinate officer knows anything about the disposition of the enemy's forces—except that it is unamiable—or precisely whom he is fighting. As to the rank and file, they can know nothing more of the matter than the arms they carry. They hardly know what troops are upon their own right or left the length of a regiment away. If it is a cloudy day they are ignorant even of the points of the compass. It may be said, generally, that a soldier's knowledge of what

is going on about him is coterminous with his official relation to it and his personal connection with it; what is going on in front of him he does not know at all until he learns it afterward.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 27th Wood's division was withdrawn and replaced by Stanley's. Supported by Johnson's division, it moved at ten o'clock to the left, in the rear of Schofield, a distance of four miles through a forest, and at two o'clock in the afternoon had reached a position where General Howard believed himself free to move in behind the enemy's forces and attack them in the rear, or at least, striking them in the flank, crush his way along their line in the direction of its length, throw them into confusion and prepare an easy victory for a supporting attack in front. In selecting General Howard for this bold adventure General Sherman was doubtless not unmindful of Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson had executed a similar manoeuvre for Howard's instruction. Experience is a normal school: it teaches how to teach.

There are some differences to be noted. At Chancellorsville it was Jackson who attacked; at Pickett's Mill, Howard. At Chancellorsville it was Howard who was assailed; at Pickett's Mill, Hood. The significance of the first distinction is doubled by that of the second.

The attack, it was understood, was to be made in column of brigades, Hazen's brigade of Wood's division leading. That such was at least Hazen's understanding I learned from his own lips during the movement, as I was an

officer of his staff. But after a march of less than a mile an hour and a further delay of three hours at the end of it to acquaint the enemy of our intention to surprise him, our single shrunken brigade of fifteen hundred men was sent forward without support to double up the army of General Johnston. "We will put in Hazen and see what success he has." In these words of General Wood to General Howard we were first apprised of the true nature of the distinction about to be conferred upon us.

General W. B. Hazen, a born fighter, an educated soldier, after the war Chief Signal Officer of the Army and now long dead, was the best hated man that I ever knew, and his very memory is a terror to every unworthy soul in the service. His was a stormy life: he was in trouble all around. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and a countless multitude of the less eminent luckless had the misfortune, at one time and another, to incur his disfavor, and he tried to punish them all. He was always—after the war—the central figure of a court martial or a Congressional inquiry, was accused of everything, from stealing to cowardice, was banished to obscure posts, "jumped on" by the press, traduced in public and in private, and always emerged triumphant. While Signal Officer, he went up against the Secretary of War and put him to the controversial sword. He convicted Sheridan of falsehood, Sherman of barbarism, Grant of inefficiency. He was aggressive, arrogant, tyrannical, honorable, truthful, courageous—a skillful soldier, a faithful friend and one of the most exasperating of men. Duty was

his religion, and like the Moslem he proselyted with the sword. His missionary efforts were directed chiefly against the spiritual darkness of his superiors in rank, though he would turn aside from pursuit of his erring commander to set a chicken-thieving orderly astride a wooden horse, with a heavy stone attached to each foot. "Hazen," said a brother brigadier, "is a synonym of insubordination." For my commander and my friend, my master in the art of war, now unable to answer for himself, let this fact answer: when he heard Wood say they would put him in and see what success he would have in defeating an army—when he saw Howard assent—he uttered never a word, rode to the head of his feeble brigade and patiently awaited the command to go. Only by a look which I knew how to read did he betray his sense of the criminal blunder.

The enemy had now had seven hours in which to learn of the movement and prepare to meet it. General Johnston says:

"The Federal troops extended their intrenched line [we did not intrench] so rapidly to their left that it was found necessary to transfer Cleburne's division to Hardee's corps to our right, where it was formed on the prolongation of Polk's line."

General Hood, commanding the enemy's right corps, says:

"On the morning of the 27th the enemy were known to be rapidly extending their left, attempting to turn my right as they extended Cleburne was deployed to meet them, and at half-past five p. m., a very stubborn attack was

made on this division, extending to the right, where Major-General Wheeler with his cavalry division was engaging them. The assault was continued with great determination upon both Cleburne and Wheeler."

That, then, was the situation: a weak brigade of fifteen hundred men, with masses of idle troops behind in the character of audience, waiting for the word to march a quarter-mile uphill through impassable tangles of underwood, along and across precipitous ravines, and attack breastworks constructed at leisure and manned with two divisions of troops as good as themselves. True, we did not know all this, but if any man on that ground besides Wood and Howard expected a "walkover" his must have been a singularly hopeful disposition. As topographical engineer it had been my duty to make a hasty examination of the ground in front. In doing so I had pushed far enough forward through the forest to hear distinctly the murmur of the enemy awaiting us, and this had been duly reported; but from our lines nothing could be heard but the wind among the trees and the songs of birds. Some one said it was a pity to frighten them, but there would necessarily be more or less noise. We laughed at that: men awaiting death on the battlefield laugh easily, though not infectiously.

The brigade was formed in four battalions, two in front and two in rear. This gave us a front of about two hundred yards. The right front battalion was commanded by Colonel R. L. Kimberly of the 41st Ohio, the left by Colonel O. H. Payne of the 124th Ohio, the rear bat-

talions by Colonel J. C. Foy, 23d Kentucky, and Colonel W. W. Berry, 5th Kentucky—all brave and skillful officers, tested by experience on many fields. The whole command (known as the Second Brigade, Third Division, Fourth Corps) consisted of no fewer than nine regiments, reduced by long service to an average of less than two hundred men each. With full ranks and only the necessary details for special duty we should have had some eight thousand rifles in line.

We moved forward. In less than one minute the trim battalions had become simply a swarm of men struggling through the undergrowth of the forest, pushing and crowding. The front was irregularly serrated, the strongest and bravest in advance, the others following in fan-like formations, variable and inconstant, ever defining themselves anew. For the first two hundred yards our course lay along the left bank of a small creek in a deep ravine, our left battalions sweeping along its steep slope. Then we came to the fork of the ravine. A part of us crossed below, the rest above, passing over both branches, the regiments inextricably intermingled, rendering all military formation impossible. The color-bearers kept well to the front with their flags, closely furled, aslant backward over their shoulders. Displayed, they would have been torn to rags by the boughs of the trees. Horses were all sent to the rear; the general and staff and all the field officers toiled along on foot as best they could. "We shall halt and form when we get out of this," said an aide-de-camp.

Suddenly there came a ringing rattle of musketry, the familiar hissing of bullets, and before us the interspaces of the forest were all blue with smoke. Hoarse, fierce yells broke out of a thousand throats. The forward fringe of brave and hardy assailants was arrested in its mutable extensions; the edge of our swarm grew dense and clearly defined as the foremost halted, and the rest pressed forward to align themselves beside them, all firing. The uproar was deafening; the air was sibilant with streams and sheets of missiles. In the steady, unvarying roar of small-arms the frequent shock of the cannon was rather felt than heard, but the gusts of grape which they blew into that populous wood were audible enough, screaming among the trees and cracking their stems and branches. We had, of course, no artillery to reply.

Our brave color-bearers were now all in the forefront of battle in the open, for the enemy had cleared a space in front of his breastworks. They held the colors erect, shook out their glories, waved them forward and back to keep them spread, for there was no wind. From where I stood, at the right of the line—we had "halted and formed," indeed—I could see six of our flags at one time. Occasionally one would go down, only to be instantly lifted by other hands.

I must here quote again from General Johnston's account of this engagement, for nothing could more truly indicate the resolute nature of the attack than the Confederate belief

that it was made by the whole Fourth Corps, instead of one weak brigade:

"The Fourth Corps came on in deep order and assailed the Texans with great vigor, receiving their close and accurate fire with the fortitude always exhibited by General Sherman's troops in the actions of this campaign. . . . The Federal troops approached within a few yards of the Confederates, but at last were forced to give way by their storm of well-directed bullets, and fell back to the shelter of a hollow near and behind them. They left hundreds of corpses within twenty paces of the Confederate line. When the United States troops paused in their advance within fifteen paces of the Texan front rank one of their color-bearers planted his colors eight or ten feet in front of his regiment, and was instantly shot dead. A soldier sprang forward to his place and fell also as he grasped the color-staff. A second and third followed successively, and each received death as speedily as his predecessors. A fourth, however, seized and bore back the object of soldierly devotion."

Such incidents have occurred in battle from time to time since men began to venerate the symbols of their cause, but they are not commonly related by the enemy. If General Johnston had known that his veteran divisions were throwing their successive lines against fewer than fifteen hundred men his glowing tribute to his enemy's valor could hardly have been more generously expressed. I can attest the truth of his soldierly praise: I saw the occurrence that he relates and regret that I am un-

able to recall even the name of the regiment whose colors were so gallantly saved.

Early in my military experience I used to ask myself how it was that brave troops could retreat while still their courage was high. As long as a man is not disabled he can go forward; can it be anything but fear that makes him stop and finally retire? Are there signs by which he can infallibly know the struggle to be hopeless? In this engagement, as in others, my doubts were answered as to the fact; the explanation is still obscure. In many instances which have come under my observation, when hostile lines of infantry engage at close range and the assailants afterward retire, there was a "dead-line" beyond which no man advanced but to fall. Not a soul of them ever reached the enemy's front to be bayoneted or captured. It was a matter of the difference of three or four paces—too small a distance to affect the accuracy of aim. In these affairs no aim is taken at individual antagonists; the soldier delivers his fire at the thickest mass in his front. The fire is, of course, as deadly at twenty paces as at fifteen; at fifteen as at ten. Nevertheless, there is the "dead-line," with its well-defined edge of corpses—those of the bravest. Where both lines are fighting without cover—as in a charge met by a counter-charge—each has its "dead-line," and between the two is a clear space—neutral ground, devoid of dead, for the living cannot reach it to fall there.

I observed this phenomenon at Pickett's Mill. Standing at the right of the line I had an unobstructed view of the narrow, open space

across which the two lines fought. It was dim with smoke, but not greatly obscured: the smoke rose and spread in sheets among the branches of the trees. Most of our men fought kneeling as they fired, many of them behind trees, stones and whatever cover they could get, but there were considerable groups that stood. Occasionally one of these groups, which had endured the storm of missiles for moments without perceptible reduction, would push forward, moved by a common despair, and wholly detach itself from the line. In a second every man of the group would be down. There had been no visible movement of the enemy, no audible change in the awful, even roar of the firing—yet all were down. Frequently the dim figure of an individual soldier would be seen to spring away from his comrades, advancing alone toward that fateful interspace, with leveled bayonet. He got no farther than the farthest of his predecessors. Of the "hundreds of corpses within twenty paces of the Confederate line," I venture to say that a third were within fifteen paces, and not one within ten.

It is the perception—perhaps unconscious—of this inexplicable phenomenon that causes the still unharmed, still vigorous and still courageous soldier to retire without having come into actual contact with his foe. He sees, or feels, that he *cannot*. His bayonet is a useless weapon for slaughter; its purpose is a moral one. Its mandate exhausted, he sheathes it and trusts to the bullet. That failing, he re

treats. He has done all that he could do with such appliances as he has.

No command to fall back was given, none could have been heard. Man by man, the survivors withdrew at will, sifting through the trees into the cover of the ravines, among the wounded who could draw themselves back; among the skulkers whom nothing could have dragged forward. The left of our short line had fought at the corner of a cornfield, the fence along the right side of which was parallel to the direction of our retreat. As the disorganized groups fell back along this fence on the wooded side, they were attacked by a flanking force of the enemy moving through the field in a direction nearly parallel with what had been our front. This force, I infer from General Johnston's account, consisted of the brigade of General Lowry, or two Arkansas regiments under Colonel Baucum. I had been sent by General Hazen to that point and arrived in time to witness this formidable movement. But already our retreating men, in obedience to their officers, their courage and their instinct of self-preservation, had formed along the fence and opened fire. The apparently slight advantage of the imperfect cover and the open range worked its customary miracle: the assault, a singularly spiritless one, considering the advantages it promised and that it was made by an organized and victorious force against a broken and retreating one, was checked. The assailants actually retired, and if they afterward renewed the movement they encountered none but our dead and wounded.

The battle, as a battle, was at an end, but there was still some slaughtering that it was possible to incur before nightfall; and as the wreck of our brigade drifted back through the forest we met the brigade (Gibson's) which, had the attack been made in column, as it should have been, would have been but five minutes behind our heels, with another five minutes behind its own. As it was, just forty-five minutes had elapsed, during which the enemy had destroyed us and was now ready to perform the same kindly office for our successors. Neither Gibson nor the brigade which was sent to his "relief" as tardily as he to ours accomplished, or could have hoped to accomplish, anything whatever. I did not note their movements, having other duties, but Hazen in his "Narrative of Military Service" says:

"I witnessed the attack of the two brigades following my own, and none of these (troops) advanced nearer than one hundred yards of the enemy's works. They went in at a run, and as organizations were broken in less than a minute."

Nevertheless their losses were considerable, including several hundred prisoners taken from a sheltered place whence they did not care to rise and run. The entire loss was about fourteen hundred men, of whom nearly one-half fell killed and wounded in Hazen's brigade in less than thirty minutes of actual fighting.

General Johnston says:

"The Federal dead lying near our line were counted by many persons, officers and soldiers.

According to these counts there were seven hundred of them."

This is obviously erroneous, though I have not the means at hand to ascertain the true number. I remember that we were all astonished at the uncommonly large proportion of dead to wounded—a consequence of the uncommonly close range at which most of the fighting was done.

The action took its name from a water-power mill near by. This was on a branch of a stream having, I am sorry to say, the prosaic name of Pumpkin Vine Creek. I have my own reasons for suggesting that the name of that water-course be altered to Sunday-School Run.

WHAT I SAW OF SHILOH

It was plain that the enemy had retreated to Corinth. The arrival of our fresh troops and their successful passage of the river had disheartened him. Three or four of his gray cavalry videttes moving amongst the trees on the crest of a hill in our front, and galloping out of sight at the crack of our skirmishers' rifles, confirmed us in the belief; an army face to face with its enemy does not employ cavalry to watch its front. True, they might be a general and his staff. Crowning this rise we found a level field, a quarter of a mile in width; beyond it a gentle acclivity, covered with an undergrowth of young oaks, impervious to sight. We pushed on into the open, but the division halted at the edge. Having orders to conform to its movements, we halted too; but that did not suit; we received an intimation to proceed. I had performed this sort of service before, and in the exercise of my discretion deployed my platoon, pushing it forward at a run, with trailed arms, to strengthen the skirmish line, which I overtook some thirty or forty yards from the wood. Then—I can't describe it—the forest seemed all at once to flame up and disappear with a crash like that of a great wave upon the beach—a crash that expired in hot hissings, and the sickening "spat" of lead against flesh. A dozen of my brave fellows tumbled over like ten-pins. Some struggled to their feet, only to go down again, and yet again. Those

who stood fired into the smoking brush and doggedly retired. We had expected to find, at most, a line of skirmishers similar to our own; it was with a view to overcoming them by a sudden *coup* at the moment of collision that I had thrown forward my little reserve. What we had found was a line of battle, coolly holding its fire till it could count our teeth. There was no more to be done but get back across the open ground, every superficial yard of which was throwing up its little jet of mud provoked by an impinging bullet. We got back, most of us, and I shall never forget the ludicrous incident of a young officer who had taken part in the affair walking up to his colonel, who had been a calm and apparently impartial spectator, and gravely reporting: "The enemy is in force just beyond this field, sir."

II

In subordination to the design of this narrative, as defined by its title, the incidents related necessarily group themselves about my own personality as a center; and, as this center, during the few terrible hours of the engagement, maintained a variably constant relation to the open field already mentioned, it is important that the reader should bear in mind the topographical and tactical features of the local situation. The hither side of the field was occupied by the front of my brigade —a length of two regiments in line, with proper intervals for field batteries. During the entire fight the enemy held the slight wooded acclivity beyond. The debatable

ground to the right and left of the open was broken and thickly wooded for miles, in some places quite inaccessible to artillery and at very few points offering opportunities for its successful employment. As a consequence of this the two sides of the field were soon studded thickly with confronting guns, which flamed away at one another with amazing zeal and rather startling effect. Of course, an infantry attack delivered from either side was not to be thought of when the covered flanks offered inducements so unquestionably superior; and I believe the riddled bodies of my poor skirmishers were the only ones left on this "neutral ground" that day. But there was a very pretty line of dead continually growing in our rear, and doubtless the enemy had at his back a similar encouragement.

The configuration of the ground offered us no protection. By lying flat on our faces between the guns we were screened from view by a straggling row of brambles, which marked the course of an obsolete fence; but the enemy's grape was sharper than his eyes, and it was poor consolation to know that his gunners could not see what they were doing, so long as they did it. The shock of our own pieces nearly deafened us, but in the brief intervals we could hear the battle roaring and stammering in the dark reaches of the forest to the right and left, where our other divisions were dashing themselves again and again into the smoking jungle. What would we not have given to join them in their brave, hopeless task! But to lie inglorious beneath

showers of shrapnel darting divergent from the unassailable sky—meekly to be blown out of life by level gusts of grape—to clench our teeth and shrink helpless before big shot pushing noisily through the consenting air—this was horrible! "Lie down, there!" a captain would shout, and then get up himself to see that his order was obeyed. "Captain, take cover, sir!" the lieutenant-colonel would shriek, pacing up and down in the most exposed position that he could find.

O those cursed guns—not the enemy's, but our own. Had it not been for them, we might have died like men. They must be supported, forsooth, the feeble, boasting bullies! It was impossible to conceive that these pieces were doing the enemy as excellent a mischief as his were doing us; they seemed to raise their "cloud by day" solely to direct aright the streaming procession of Confederate missiles. They no longer inspired confidence, but begot apprehension; and it was with grim satisfaction that I saw the carriage of one and another smashed into matchwood by a whooping shot and bundled out of the line.

III

The dense forests wholly or partly in which were fought so many battles of the Civil War, lay upon the earth in each autumn a thick deposit of dead leaves and stems, the decay of which forms a soil of surprising depth and richness. In dry weather the upper stratum is as inflammable as tinder. A fire once kin-

dled in it will spread with a slow, persistent advance as far as local conditions permit, leaving a bed of light ashes beneath which the less combustible accretions of previous years will smolder until extinguished by rains. In many of the engagements of the war the fallen leaves took fire and roasted the fallen men. At Shiloh, during the first day's fighting, wide tracts of woodland were burned over in this way and scores of wounded who might have recovered perished in slow torture. I remember a deep ravine a little to the left and rear of the field I have described, in which, by some mad freak of heroic incompetence, a part of an Illinois regiment had been surrounded, and refusing to surrender was destroyed, as it very well deserved. My regiment having at last been relieved at the guns and moved over to the heights above this ravine for no obvious purpose, I obtained leave to go down into the valley of death and gratify a reprehensible curiosity.

Forbidding enough it was in every way. The fire had swept every superficial foot of it, and at every step I sank into ashes to the ankle. It had contained a thick undergrowth of young saplings, every one of which had been severed by a bullet, the foliage of the prostrate tops being afterward burnt and the stumps charred. Death had put his sickle into this thicket and fire had gleaned the field. Along a line which was not that of extreme depression, but was at every point significantly equidistant from the heights on either hand, lay the bodies, half buried in ashes; some in the unlovely loose-

ness of attitude denoting sudden death by the bullet, but by far the greater number in postures of agony that told of the tormenting flame. Their clothing was half burnt away—their hair and beard entirely; the rain had come too late to save their nails. Some were swollen to double girth; others shriveled to manikins. According to degree of exposure, their faces were bloated and black or yellow and shrunken. The contraction of muscles which had given them claws for hands had cursed each countenance with a hideous grin. Faugh! I cannot catalogue the charms of these gallant gentlemen who had got what they enlisted for.

IV

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and raining. For fifteen hours we had been wet to the skin. Chilled, sleepy, hungry and disappointed — profoundly disgusted with the inglorious part to which they had been condemned—the men of my regiment did everything doggedly. The spirit had gone quite out of them. Blue sheets of powder smoke, drifting amongst the trees, settling against the hillsides and beaten into nothingness by the falling rain, filled the air with their peculiar pungent odor, but it no longer stimulated. For miles on either hand could be heard the hoarse murmur of the battle, breaking out nearby with frightful distinctness, or sinking to a murmur in the distance; and the one sound aroused no more attention than the other.

We had been placed again in rear of those

guns, but even they and their iron antagonists seemed to have tired of their feud, pounding away at one another with amiable infrequency. The right of the regiment extended a little beyond the field. On the prolongation of the line in that direction were some regiments of another division, with one in reserve. A third of a mile back lay the remnant of somebody's brigade looking to its wounds. The line of forest bounding this end of the field stretched as straight as a wall from the right of my regiment to Heaven knows what regiment of the enemy. There suddenly appeared, marching down along this wall, not more than two hundred yards in our front, a dozen files of gray-clad men with rifles on the right shoulder. At an interval of fifty yards they were followed by perhaps half as many more; and in fair supporting distance of these stalked with confident mien a single man! There seemed to me something indescribably ludicrous in the advance of this handful of men upon an army, albeit with their left flank protected by a forest. It does not so impress me now. They were the exposed flanks of three lines of infantry, each half a mile in length. In a moment our gunners had grappled with the nearest pieces, swung them half round, and were pouring streams of canister into the invaded wood. The infantry rose in masses, springing into line. Our threatened regiments stood like a wall, their loaded rifles at "ready," their bayonets hanging quietly in the scabbards. The right wing of my own regiment was thrown slightly backward to threaten the flank of the

assault. The battered brigade away to the rear pulled itself together.

Then the storm burst. A great gray cloud seemed to spring out of the forest into the faces of the waiting battalions. It was received with a crash that made the very trees turn up their leaves. For one instant the assailants paused above their dead, then struggled forwards, their bayonets glittering in the eyes that shone behind the smoke. One moment, and those unmoved men in blue would be impaled. What were they about? Why did they not fix bayonets? Were they stunned by their own volley? Their inaction was maddening! Another tremendous crash!—the rear rank had fired! Humanity, thank Heaven! is not made for this, and the shattered gray mass drew back a score of paces, opening a feeble fire. Lead had scored its old-time victory over steel; the heroic had broken its great heart against the commonplace. There are those who say that it is sometimes otherwise.

All this had taken but a minute of time, and now the second Confederate line swept down and poured in its fire. The line of blue staggered and gave way; in those two terrific volleys it seemed to have quite poured out its spirit. To this deadly work our reserve regiment now came up with a run. It was surprising to see it spitting fire with never a sound, for such was the infernal din that the ear could take in no more. This fearful scene was enacted within fifty paces of our toes, but we were rooted to the ground as if we had grown there. But now our commanding offi-

cer rode from behind us to the front, waved his hand with the courteous gesture that says *apres vous*, and with a barely audible cheer we sprang into the fight. Again the smoking front of gray receded, and again, as the enemy's third line emerged from its leafy covert, it pushed forward across the piles of dead and wounded to threaten with protruded steel. Never was seen so striking a proof of the paramount importance of numbers. Within an area of three hundred yards by fifty there struggled for front places no fewer than six regiments; and the accession of each, after the first collision, had it not been immediately counterpoised, would have turned the scale.

As matters stood, we were now very evenly matched, and how long we might have held out God only knows. But all at once something appeared to have gone wrong with the enemy's left; our men had somewhere pierced his line. A moment later his whole front gave way, and springing forward with fixed bayonets we pushed him in utter confusion back to his original line. Here, among the tents from which Grant's people had been expelled the day before, our broken and disordered regiments inextricably intermingled, and drunken with the wine of triumph, dashed confidently against a pair of trim battalions, provoking a tempest of hissing lead that made us stagger under its very weight. The sharp onset of another against our flank sent us whirling back with fire at our heels and fresh foes in merciless pursuit—who in their turn were broken upon the front of the invalided brigade

previously mentioned, which had moved up from the rear to assist in this lively work.

As we rallied to reform behind our beloved guns and noted the ridiculous brevity of our line—as we sank from sheer fatigue, and tried to moderate the terrific thumping of our hearts—as we caught our breath to ask who had seen such-and-such a comrade, and laughed hysterically at the reply—there swept past us and over us into the open field a long regiment with fixed bayonets and rifles on the right shoulder. Another followed, and another; two—three—four! Heavens! where do all these men come from, and why did they not come before? How grandly and confidently they go sweeping on like long blue waves of ocean chasing one another to the cruel rocks! Involuntarily we draw in our weary feet beneath us as we sit, ready to spring up and interpose our breasts when these gallant lines shall come back to us across the terrible field, and sift brokenly through among the trees with spouting fires at their backs. We still our breathing to catch the full grandeur of the volleys that are to tear them to shreds. Minute after minute passes and the sound does not come. Then for the first time we note that the silence of the whole region is not comparative, but absolute. Have we become stone deaf? See; here comes a stretcher-bearer, and there a surgeon! Good heavens! a chaplain!

The battle was indeed at an end.

FOUR DAYS IN DIXIE

During a part of the month of October, 1864, the Federal and Confederate armies of Sherman and Hood respectively, having performed a surprising and resultless series of marches and countermarches since the fall of Atlanta, confronted each other along the separating line of the Coosa River in the vicinity of Gaylesville, Alabama. Here for several days they remained at rest—at least most of the infantry and artillery did; what the cavalry was doing nobody but itself ever knew or greatly cared. It was an interregnum of expectancy between two régimes of activity.

I was on the staff of Colonel McConnell, who commanded an infantry brigade in the absence of its regular commander. McConnell was a good man, but he did not keep a very tight rein upon the half dozen restless and reckless young fellows who (for his sins) constituted his "military family." In most matters we followed the trend of our desires, which commonly ran in the direction of adventure—it did not greatly matter what kind. In pursuance of this policy of escapades, one bright Sunday morning Lieutenant Cobb, an aide-de-camp, and I mounted and set out to "seek our fortunes," as the story books have it. Striking into a road of which we knew nothing except that it led toward the river, we followed it for a mile or such a matter, when we found our advance interrupted by a considerable creek, which we must ford or go back. We consulted a moment and then

rode at it as hard as we could, possibly in the belief that a high momentum would act as it does in the instance of a skater passing over thin ice. Cobb was fortunate enough to get across comparatively dry, but his hapless companion was utterly submerged. The disaster was all the greater from my having on a resplendent new uniform, of which I had been pardonably vain. Ah, what a gorgeous new uniform it never was again!

A half-hour devoted to wringing my clothing and dry-charging my revolver, and we were away. A brisk canter of a half-hour under the arches of the trees brought us to the river, where it was our ill luck to find a boat and three soldiers of our brigade. These men had been for several hours concealed in the brush patiently watching the opposite bank in the amiable hope of getting a shot at some unwary Confederate, but had seen none. For a great distance up and down the stream on the other side, and for at least a mile back from it, extended cornfields. Beyond the cornfields, on slightly higher ground, was a thin forest, with breaks here and there in its continuity, denoting plantations, probably. No houses were in sight, and no camps. We knew that it was the enemy's ground, but whether his forces were disposed along the slightly higher country bordering the bottom lands, or at strategic points miles back, as ours were, we knew no more than the least curious private in our army. In any case the river line would naturally be picketed or patrolled. But the charm of the unknown was upon us: the mysterious

exerted its old-time fascination, beckoning to us from that silent shore so peaceful and dreamy in the beauty of the quiet Sunday morning. The temptation was strong and we fell. The soldiers were as eager for the hazard as we, and readily volunteered for the madmen's enterprise. Concealing our horses in a cane-brake, we unmoored the boat and rowed across unmolested.

Arrived at a kind of "landing" on the other side, our first care was so to secure the boat under the bank as to favor a hasty re-embarking in case we should be so unfortunate as to incur the natural consequence of our act; then, following an old road through the ranks of standing corn, we moved in force upon the Confederate position, five strong, with an armament of three Springfield rifles and two Colt's revolvers. We had not the further advantage of music and banners. One thing favored the expedition, giving it an apparent assurance of success: it was well officered—an officer to each man and a half.

After marching about a mile we came into a neck of woods and crossed an intersecting road which showed no wheel-tracks, but was rich in hoof-prints. We observed them and kept right on about our business, whatever that may have been. A few hundred yards farther brought us to a plantation bordering our road upon the right. The fields, as was the Southern fashion at that period of the war, were uncultivated and overgrown with brambles. A large white house stood at some little distance from the road; we saw women and children

and a few Negroes there. On our left ran the thin forest, pervious to cavalry. Directly ahead an ascent in the road formed a crest beyond which we could see nothing.

On this crest suddenly appeared two horsemen in gray, sharply outlined against the sky —men and animals looking gigantic. At the same instant a jingling and tramping were audible behind us, and turning in that direction I saw a score of mounted men moving forward at a trot. In the meantime the giants on the crest had multiplied surprisingly. Our invasion of the Gulf States had apparently failed.

There was lively work in the next few seconds. The shots were thick and fast—and uncommonly loud; none, I think, from our side. Cobb was on the extreme left of our advance, I on the right—about two paces apart. He instantly dived into the wood. The three men and I climbed across the fence somehow and struck out across the field—actuated, doubtless, by an intelligent forethought: men on horseback could not immediately follow. Passing near the house, now swarming like a hive of bees, we made for a swamp two or three hundred yards away, where I concealed myself in a jungle, the others continuing—as a defeated commander would put it—to fall back. In my cover, where I lay panting like a hare, I could hear a deal of shouting and hard riding and an occasional shot. I heard some one calling dogs, and the thought of bloodhounds added its fine suggestiveness to the other fancies appropriate to the occasion.

Finding myself unpursued after the lapse of

what seemed an hour, but was probably a few minutes, I cautiously sought a place where, still concealed, I could obtain a view of the field of glory. The only enemy in sight was a group of horsemen on a hill a quarter of a mile away. Toward this group a woman was running, followed by the eyes of everybody about the house. I thought she had discovered my hiding-place and was going to "give me away." Taking to my hands and knees I crept as rapidly as possible among the clumps of brambles directly back toward the point in the road where we had met the enemy and failed to make him ours. There I dragged myself into a patch of briars within ten feet of the road, where I lay undiscovered during the remainder of the day, listening to a variety of disparaging remarks upon Yankee valor and to dispiriting declarations of intention conditional on my capture, as members of the Opposition passed and repassed and paused in the road to discuss the morning's events. In this way I learned that the three privates had been headed off and caught within ten minutes. Their destination would naturally be Andersonville; what further became of them God knows. Their captors passed the day making a careful canvass of the swamp for me.

When night had fallen I cautiously left my place of concealment, dodged across the road into the woods and made for the river through the mile of corn. Such corn! It towered above me like a forest, shutting out all the starlight except what came from directly overhead. Many of the ears were a yard out of reach.

One who has never seen an Alabama river-bottom cornfield has not exhausted nature's surprises; nor will he know what solitude is until he explores one in a moonless night.

I came at last to the river bank with its fringe of trees and willows and canes. My intention was to swim across, but the current was swift, the water forbiddingly dark and cold. A mist obscured the other bank. I could not, indeed, see the water more than a few yards out. It was a hazardous and horrible undertaking, and I gave it up, following cautiously along the bank in search of the spot where we had moored the boat. True, it was hardly likely that the landing was now unguarded, or, if so, that the boat was still there. Cobb had undoubtedly made for it, having an even more urgent need than I; but hope springs eternal in the human breast, and there was a chance that he had been killed before reaching it. I came at last into the road that we had taken and consumed half the night in cautiously approaching the landing, pistol in hand and heart in mouth. The boat was gone! I continued my journey along the stream—in search of another.

My clothing was still damp from my morning bath, my teeth rattled with cold, but I kept on along the stream until I reached the limit of the cornfields and entered a dense wood. Through this I groped my way, inch by inch, when, suddenly emerging from a thicket into a space slightly more open, I came upon a smouldering camp-fire surrounded by prostrate figures of men, upon one of whom I had almost

trodden. A sentinel, who ought to have been shot, sat by the embers, his carbine across his lap, his chin upon his breast. Just beyond was a group of unsaddled horses. The men were asleep; the sentinel was asleep; the horses were asleep. There was something indescribably uncanny about it all. For a moment I believed them all lifeless, and O'Hara's familiar line, "The bivouac of the dead," quoted itself in my consciousness. The emotion that I felt was that inspired by a sense of the supernatural; of the actual and imminent peril of my position I had no thought. When at last it occurred to me I felt it as a welcome relief, and stepping silently back into the shadow retraced my course without having awakened a soul. The vividness with which I can now recall that scene is to me one of the marvels of memory.

Getting my bearings again with some difficulty, I now made a wide detour to the left, in the hope of passing around this outpost and striking the river beyond. In this mad attempt I ran upon a more vigilant sentinel, posted in the heart of a thicket, who fired at me without challenging. To a soldier an unexpected shot ringing out at dead of night is fraught with an awful significance. In my circumstances—cut off from my comrades, groping about an unknown country, surrounded by invisible perils which such a signal would call into eager activity—the flash and shock of that firearm were unspeakably dreadful! In any case I should and ought to have fled, and did so; but how much or little of conscious prudence there

was in the prompting I do not care to discover by analysis of memory. I went back into the corn, found the river, followed it back a long way and mounted into the fork of a low tree. There I perched until the dawn, a most uncomfortable bird.

In the gray light of the morning I discovered that I was opposite an island of considerable length, separated from the mainland by a narrow and shallow channel, which I promptly waded. The island was low and flat, covered with an almost impenetrable cane-brake interlaced with vines. Working my way through these to the other side, I obtained another look at God's country—Shermany, so to speak. There were no visible inhabitants. The forest and the water met. This did not deter me. For the chill of the water I had no further care, and laying off my boots and outer clothing I prepared to swim. A strange thing now occurred—more accurately, a familiar thing occurred at a strange moment. A black cloud seemed to pass before my eyes—the water, the trees, the sky, all vanished in a profound darkness. I heard the roaring of a great cataract, felt the earth sinking from beneath my feet. Then I heard and felt no more.

At the battle of Kennesaw Mountain in the previous June I had been badly wounded in the head, and for three months was incapacitated for service. In truth, I had done no actual duty since, being then, as for many years afterward, subject to fits of fainting, sometimes without assignable immediate cause, but mostly when suffering from exposure, excitement or

excessive fatigue. This combination of them all had broken me down—most opportunely, it would seem.

When I regained my consciousness the sun was high. I was still giddy and half blind. To have taken to the water would have been madness; I must have a raft. Exploring my island, I found a pen of slender logs: an old structure without roof or rafters, built for what purpose I do not know. Several of these logs I managed with patient toil to detach and convey to the water, where I floated them, lashing them together with vines. Just before sunset my raft was complete and freighted with my outer clothing, boots and pistol. Having shipped the last article, I returned into the brake, seeking something from which to improvise a paddle. While peering about I heard a sharp metallic click—the cocking of a rifle! I was a prisoner.

The history of this great disaster to the Union arms is brief and simple. A Confederate "home guard," hearing something going on upon the island, rode across, concealed his horse and still-hunted me. And, reader, when you are "held up" in the same way may it be by as fine a fellow. He not only spared my life. but even overlooked a feeble and ungrateful after-attempt upon his own (the particulars of which I shall not relate), merely exacting my word of honor that I would not again try to escape while in his custody. Escape! I could not have escaped a new-born babe.

At my captor's house that evening there was a reception, attended by the élite of the whole

vicinity. A Yankee officer in full fig—minus only the boots, which could not be got on to his swollen feet—was something worth seeing, and those who came to scoff remained to stare. What most entertained them, I think, was my eating—an entertainment that was prolonged to a late hour. They were a trifle disappointed by the absence of horns, hoof and tail, but bore their chagrin with good-natured fortitude. Among my visitors was a charming young woman from the plantation where we had met the foe the day before—the same lady whom I had suspected of an intention to reveal my hiding-place. She had had no such design; she had run over to the group of horsemen to learn if her father had been hurt—by whom, I should like to know. No restraint was put upon me; my captor even left me with the women and children and went off for instructions as to what disposition he should make of me. Altogether the reception was "a pronounced success," though it is to be regretted that the guest of the evening had the incivility to fall dead asleep in the midst of the festivities, and was put to bed by sympathetic and, he has reason to believe, fair hands.

The next morning I was started off to the rear in custody of two mounted men, heavily armed. They had another prisoner, picked up in some raid beyond the river. He was a most offensive brute—a foreigner of some mongrel sort, with just sufficient command of our tongue to show that he could not control his own. We traveled all day, meeting occasional small bodies of cavalrymen, by whom, with one

exception—a Texan officer—I was civilly treated. My guards said, however, that if we should chance to meet Jeff Gatewood he would probably take me from them and hang me to the nearest tree; and once or twice, hearing horsemen approach, they directed me to stand aside, concealed in the brush, one of them remaining near by to keep an eye on me, the other going forward with my fellow-prisoner, for whose neck they seemed to have less tenderness, and whom I heartily wished well hanged.

Jeff Gatewood was a "guerrilla" chief of local notoriety, who was a greater terror to his friends than to his other foes. My guards related almost incredible tales of his cruelties and infamies. By their account it was into his camp that I had blundered on Sunday night.

We put up for the night at a farmhouse, having gone not more than fifteen miles, owing to the condition of my feet. Here we got a bite of supper and were permitted to lie before the fire. My fellow-prisoner took off his boots and was soon sound asleep. I took off nothing and, despite exhaustion, remained equally sound awake. One of the guards also removed his footgear and outer clothing, placed his weapons under his neck and slept the sleep of innocence; the other sat in the chimney corner on watch. The house was a double log cabin, with an open space between the two parts, roofed over—a common type of habitation in that region. The room we were in had its entrance in this open space, the fireplace opposite, at the end. Beside the door was a bed,

occupied by the old man of the house and his wife. It was partly curtained off from the room.

In an hour or two the chap on watch began to yawn, then to nod. Pretty soon he stretched himself on the floor, facing us, pistol in hand. For a while he supported himself on his elbow, then laid his head on his arm, blinking like an owl. I performed an occasional snore, watching him narrowly between my eyelashes from the shadow of my arm. The inevitable occurred —he slept audibly.

A half-hour later I rose quietly to my feet, particularly careful not to disturb the blackguard at my side, and moved as silently as possible. Despite my care the latch clicked. The old lady sat bolt upright in bed and stared at me. She was too late. I sprang through the door and struck out for the nearest point of woods, in a direction previously selected, vaulting fences like an accomplished gymnast and followed by a multitude of dogs. It is said that the State of Alabama has more dogs than school-children, and that they cost more for their upkeep. The estimate of cost is probably too high.

Looking backward as I ran, I saw and heard the place in a turmoil and uproar; and to my joy the old man, evidently oblivious to the facts of the situation, was lifting up his voice and calling his dogs. They were good dogs: they went back; otherwise the malicious old rascal would have had my skeleton. Again the traditional bloodhound did not materialize. Other pursuit there was no reason to fear; my

foreign gentleman would occupy the attention of one of the soldiers, and in the darkness of the forest I could easily elude the other, or, if need be, get him at a disadvantage. In point of fact there was no pursuit.

I now took my course by the north star (which I can never sufficiently bless), avoiding all roads and open places about houses, laboriously boring my way through forests, driving myself like a wedge into brush and bramble, swimming every stream I came to (some of them more than once, probably), and pulling myself out of the water by boughs and briars —whatever could be grasped. Let any one try to go a little way across even the most familiar country on a moonless night, and he will have an experience to remember. By dawn I had probably not made three miles. My clothing and skin were alike in rags.

During the day I was compelled to make wide detours to avoid even the fields, unless they were of corn; but in other respects the going was distinctly better. A light breakfast of raw sweet potatoes and persimmons cheered the inner man; a good part of the outer was decorating the several thorns, boughs and sharp rocks along my sylvan wake.

Late in the afternoon I found the river, at what point it was impossible to say. After a half-hour's rest, concluding with a fervent prayer that I might go to the bottom, I swam across. Creeping up the bank and holding my course still northward through a dense undergrowth, I suddenly reeled into a dusty highway and saw a more heavenly vision than ever

the eyes of a dying saint were blessed withal —two patriots in blue carrying a stolen pig slung upon a pole!

Late that evening Colonel McConnell and his staff were chatting by a camp-fire in front of his headquarters. They were in a pleasant humor: someone had just finished a funny story about a man cut in two by a cannon-shot. Suddenly something staggered in among them from the outer darkness and fell into the fire. Somebody dragged it out by what seemed to be a leg. They turned the animal on its back and examined it—they were no cowards.

"What is it, Cobb" said the chief, who had not taken the trouble to rise.

"I don't know, Colonel, but thank God it is dead!"

It was not.

WHAT OCCURRED AT FRANKLIN

For several days, in snow and rain, General Schofield's little army had crouched in its hastily constructed defenses at Columbia, Tennessee. It had retreated in hot haste from Pulaski, thirty miles to the south, arriving just in time to foil Hood, who, marching from Florence, Alabama, by another road, with a force of more than double our strength, had hoped to intercept us. Had he succeeded, he would indubitably have bagged the whole bunch of us. As it was, he simply took position in front of us and gave us plenty of employment, but did not attack; he knew a trick worth two of that.

Duck River was directly in our rear; I suppose both our flanks rested on it. The town was between them. One night—that of November 27, 1864—we pulled up stakes and crossed to the north bank to continue our retreat to Nashville, where Thomas and safety lay—such safety as is known in war. It was high time, too, for before noon of the next day Forrest's cavalry forded the river a few miles above us and began pushing back our own horse toward Spring Hill, ten miles in our rear, on our only road. Why our infantry was not immediately put in motion toward the threatened point, so vital to our safety, General Schofield could have told better than I. Howbeit, we lay there inactive all day.

The next morning—a bright and beautiful one—the brigade of Colonel P. Sidney Post

was thrown out, up the river four or five miles, to see what it could see. What it saw was Hood's head-of-column coming over on a pontoon bridge, and a right pretty spectacle it would have been to one whom it did not concern. It concerned us rather keenly.

As a member of Colonel Post's staff, I was naturally favored with a good view of the performance. We formed in line of battle at a distance of perhaps a half-mile from the bridge-head, but that unending column of gray and steel gave us no more attention than if we had been a crowd of farmer-folk. Why should it? It had only to face to the left to be itself a line of battle. Meantime it had more urgent business on hand than brushing away a small brigade whose only offense was curiosity; it was making for Spring Hill with all its legs and wheels. Hour after hour we watched that unceasing flow of infantry and artillery toward the rear of our army. It was an unnerving spectacle, yet we never for a moment doubted that, acting on the intelligence supplied by our succession of couriers, our entire force was moving rapidly to the point of contact. The battle of Spring Hill was obviously decreed. Obviously, too, our brigade of observation would be among the last to have a hand in it. The thought annoyed us, made us restless and resentful. Our mounted men rode forward and back behind the line, nervous and distressed; the men in the ranks sought relief in frequent changes of posture, in shifting their weight from one leg to the other, in needless inspection of their weapons and in that unfailing

resource of the discontented soldier, audible damning of those in the saddles of authority. But never for more than a moment at a time did anyone remove his eyes from that fascinating and portentous pageant.

Toward evening we were recalled, to learn that of our five divisions of infantry, with their batteries, numbering twenty-three thousand men, only one—Stanley's, four thousand weak—had been sent to Spring Hill to meet that formidable movement of Hood's three veteran corps! Why Stanley was not immediately effaced is still a matter of controversy. Hood, who was early on the ground, declared that he gave the needful orders and tried vainly to enforce them; Cheatham, in command of his leading corps, declared that he did not. Doubtless the dispute is still being carried on between these chieftains from their beds of asphodel and moly in Elysium. So much is certain: Stanley drove away Forrest and successfully held the junction of the roads against Cleburne's division, the only infantry that attacked him.

That night the entire Confederate army lay within a half mile of our road, while we all sneaked by, infantry, artillery, and trains. The enemy's camp-fires shone redly—miles of them—seeming only a stone's throw from our hurrying column. His men were plainly visible about them, cooking their suppers—a sight so incredible that many of our own, thinking them friends, strayed over to them and did not return. At intervals of a few hundred yards we passed dim figures on horseback by

the roadside, enjoining silence. Needless precaution; we could not have spoken if we had tried, for our hearts were in our throats. But fools are God's peculiar care, and one of his protective methods is the stupidity of other fools. By daybreak our last man and last wagon had passed the fateful spot unchallenged, and our first were entering Franklin, ten miles away. Despite spirited cavalry attacks on trains and rear-guard, all were in Franklin by noon and such of the men as could be kept awake were throwing up a slight line of defense, inclosing the town.

Franklin lies—or at that time did lie; I know not what exploration might now disclose—on the south bank of a small river, the Harpeth by name. For two miles southward was a nearly flat, open plain, extending to a range of low hills through which passed the turnpike by which we had come. From some bluffs on the precipitous north bank of the river was a commanding overlook of all this open ground, which, although more than a mile away, seemed almost at one's feet. On this elevated ground the wagon-train had been parked and General Schofield had stationed himself—the former for security, the latter for outlook. Both were guarded by General Wood's infantry division, of which my brigade was a part. "We are in beautiful luck," said a member of the division staff. With some prevision of what was to come and a lively recollection of the nervous strain of helpless observation, I did not think it luck. In the activity of battle

one does not feel one's hair going gray with vicissitudes of emotion.

For some reason to the writer unknown General Schofield had brought along with him General D. S. Stanley, who commanded two of his divisions—ours and another, which was not "in luck." In the ensuing battle, when this excellent officer could stand the strain no longer, he bolted across the bridge like a shot and found relief in the hell below, where he was promptly tumbled out of the saddle by a bullet.

Our line, with its reserve brigades, was about a mile and a half long, both flanks on the river, above and below the town—a mere bridge-head. It did not look a very formidable obstacle to the march of an army of more than forty thousand men. In a more tranquil temper than his failure at Spring Hill had put him into Hood would probably have passed around our left and turned us out with ease—which would justly have entitled him to the Humane Society's great gold medal. Apparently that was not his day for saving life.

About the middle of the afternoon our field-glasses picked up the Confederate head-of-column emerging from the range of hills previously mentioned, where it is cut by the Columbia road. But—ominous circumstance!—it did not come on. It turned to its left, at a right angle, moving along the base of the hills, parallel to our line. Other heads-of-column came through other gaps and over the crests farther along, impudently deploying on the level ground with a spectacular display of flags

and glitter of arms. I do not remember that they were molested, even by the guns of General Wagner, who had been foolishly posted with two small brigades across the turnpike, a half-mile in our front, where he was needless for apprisal and powerless for resistance. My recollection is that our fellows down there in their shallow trenches noted these portentous dispositions without the least manifestation of incivility. As a matter of fact, many of them were permitted by their compassionate officers to sleep. And truly it was good weather for that: sleep was in the very atmosphere. The sun burned crimson in a gray-blue sky through a delicate Indian-summer haze, as beautiful as a day-dream in paradise. If one had been given to moralizing one might have found material a-plenty for homilies in the contrast between that peaceful autumn afternoon and the bloody business that it had in hand. If any good chaplain failed to "improve the occasion" let us hope that he lived to lament in sack-cloth-of-gold and ashes-of-roses his intellectual unthrift.

The putting of that army into battle shape —its change from columns into lines—could not have occupied more than an hour or two, yet it seemed an eternity. Its leisurely evolutions were irritating, but at last it moved forward with atoning rapidity and the fight was on. First, the storm struck Wagner's isolated brigades, which, vanishing in fire and smoke, instantly reappeared as a confused mass of fugitives inextricably intermingled with their pursuers. They had not stayed the

advance a moment, and as might have been foreseen were now a peril to the main line, which could protect itself only by the slaughter of its friends. To the right and left, however, our guns got into play, and simultaneously a furious infantry fire broke out along the entire front, the paralyzed center excepted. But nothing could stay those gallant rebels from a hand-to-hand encounter with bayonet and butt, and it was accorded to them with hearty good-will.

Meantime Wagner's conquerors were pouring across the breastwork like water over a dam. The guns that had spared the fugitives had now no time to fire; their infantry supports gave way and for a space of more than two hundred yards in the very center of our line the assailants, mad with exultation, had everything their own way. From the right and the left their gray masses converged into the gap, pushed through, and then, spreading, turned our men out of the works so hardly held against the attack in their front. From our viewpoint on the bluff we could mark the constant widening of the gap, the steady encroachment of that blazing and smoking mass against its disordered opposition.

"It is all up with us," said Captain Dawson, of Wood's staff; "I am going to have a quiet smoke."

I do not doubt that he supposed himself to have borne the heat and burden of the strife. In the midst of his preparations for a smoke he paused and looked again—a new tumult of musketry had broken loose. Colonel Emer-

son Opdycke had rushed his reserve brigade into the *melee* and was bitterly disputing the Confederate advantage. Other fresh regiments joined in the countercharge, commanderless groups of retreating men returned to their work, and there ensued a hand-to-hand contest of incredible fury. Two long, irregular, mutable and tumultuous blurs of color were consuming each other's edge along the line of contact. Such devil's work does not last long, and we had the great joy to see it ending, not as it began, but "more nearly to the heart's desire." Slowly the mobile blur moved away from the town, and presently the gray half of it dissolved into its elemental units, all in slow recession. The retaken guns in the embrasures pushed up towering clouds of white smoke; to east and to west along the reoccupied parapet ran a line of misty red till the spitfire crest was without a break from flank to flank. Probably there was some Yankee cheering, as doubtless there had been the "rebel yell," but my memory recalls neither. There are many battles in a war, and many incidents in a battle: one does not recollect everything. Possibly I have not a retentive ear.

While this lively work had been doing in the center, there had been no lack of diligence elsewhere, and now all were as busy as bees. I have read of many "successive attacks"—"charge after charge"—but I think the only assaults after the first were those of the second Confederate lines and possibly some of the reserves; certainly there were no visible abatement and renewal of effort anywhere except

where the men who had been pushed out of the works backward tried to re-enter. And all the time there was fighting.

After resetting their line the victors could not clear their front, for the baffled assailants would not desist. All over the open country in their rear, clear back to the base of the hills, drifted the wreck of battle, the wounded that were able to walk; and through the receding throng pushed forward, here and there, horsemen with orders and footmen whom we knew to be bearing ammunition. There were no wagons, no caissons: the enemy was not using, and could not use, his artillery. Along the line of fire we could see, dimly in the smoke, mounted officers, singly and in small groups, attempting to force their horses across the slight parapet, but all went down. Of this devoted band was the gallant General Adams, whose body was found upon the slope, and whose animal's forefeet were actually inside the crest. General Cleburne lay a few paces farther out, and five or six other general officers sprawled elsewhere. It was a great day for Confederates in the line of promotion.

For many minutes at a time broad spaces of battle were veiled in smoke. Of what might be occurring there conjecture gave a terrifying report. In a visible peril observation is a kind of defense; against the unseen we lift a trembling hand. Always from these regions of obscurity we expected the worst, but always the lifted cloud revealed an unaltered situation.

The assailants began to give way. There was no general retreat; at many points the

fight continued, with lessening ferocity and lengthening range, well into the night. It became an affair of twinkling musketry and broad flares of artillery; then it sank to silence in the dark.

Under orders to continue his retreat, Schofield could now do so unmolested: Hood had suffered so terrible a loss in life and *morale* that he was in no condition for effective pursuit. As at Spring Hill, daybreak found us on the road with all our impedimenta except some of our wounded, and that night we encamped under the protecting guns of Thomas, at Nashville. Our gallant enemy audaciously followed, and fortified himself within rifle-reach, where he remained for two weeks without firing a gun and was then destroyed.

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THE FIRST HUNDRED MILLION

by

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

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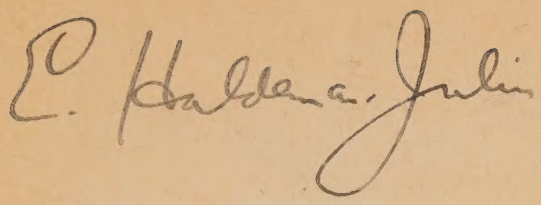

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THE FIRST HUNDRED MILLION

BY

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

NEW YORK
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
1928

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To

MARCET HALDEMAN-JULIUS

Foreword

In November, 1927, in the course of a business trip to Chicago I met Emanuel Haldeman-Julius at the Palmer House. No sooner had we ordered our orange juice (at breakfast) or chicken gumbo soup (at dinner) than we began talking shop. In the publishing business this is inevitable. I have talked shop to book publishers, magazine and newspaper publishers, but have never heard anything quite as unusual—to me—as the stories Haldeman-Julius told of his career among the Little Blue Books.

From the mass-production, big-business point of view I was intensely interested to hear how it was possible to manufacture and market a book (even a little blue one) for five cents. From the advertiser's standpoint I was charmed with his candor in giving the exact figures of his results in advertising in the New York *Times, Liberty* and the *Nation.* I was as astonished with the results some of these publications produced as I was amused at the magazines refusing to run his advertising—a list which has now dwindled down to three.

But most interesting of all was the psychology of Haldeman-Julius's customers, the American people. In a country where *The Saturday Evening Post* has the greatest mass appeal I was surprised to hear that sex seems to interest the public more than any other one subject. Secondly, the

public wanted self help: how to order chicken à la King, how to learn Spanish, how to play the saxophone, how to spell correctly. I learned that in California books on the occult have a tremendous vogue, that love interest in literature is most profitable in the solid south.

Here, then, was a man who has sold a hundred million five cent books—not via wholesalers and retailers but direct to the American public. He has corresponded directly with his customers, manufactured their books, accepted their nickels, shipped them packages; he has heard their complaints and knows what they want and how they want it. It seemed to me that if any one man had conducted a laboratory of American intellectual taste, Haldeman-Julius was it.

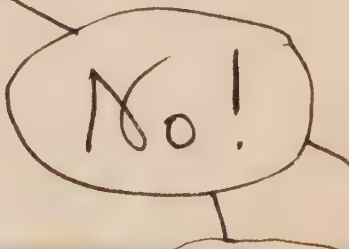
At our fourth luncheon, therefore, I said to Haldeman-Julius: "Why not tell the story of these first hundred million?" He agreed to the suggestion, but wondered whether a story which would necessarily be extremely personal and commercial—in the sense that it would be the story of building up a business enterprise—might not be regarded as propaganda rather than a book on the anatomy of American taste such as I had in mind. To which I replied: "Tell the whole story anyway. Tell how you edit the books, change their titles to appeal to the public, manufacture them, ship them, advertise them, and even why you say: 'No more copies sold after Midnight May 31!' "

So here is the story. To me it is as enthralling an account as it was in Chicago. If it seems commercial, remember, reader, that his publishers asked him to tell the whole

story, to omit no details. And to answer Mr. Haldeman-Julius's query about whether this book might be regarded as an ad for the Little Blue Books:—if, after considering that this is a $2.50 book "advertising a five cent one", the impression still exists that this book is an ad, then so be it: another phenomenon of public psychology!

R. L. S.

New York, June 19th, 1928.



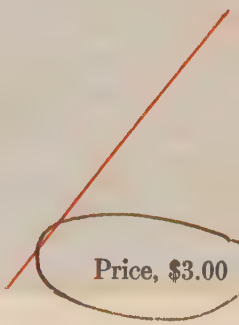
THE FIRST HUNDRED MILLION

NINE years ago E. Haldeman-Julius began a publishing career with a reprint of *The Rubaiyat*. Today this series includes 1260 titles, and over 100,000,000 of these Little Blue Books have been sold.

Here is the story behind The Little Blue Books. It is more than a chronicle of the success of an idea. It is a commentary on the intellectual and emotional anatomy of the American people en masse.

What do people read when they have their choice for a nickel? What is their attitude toward sex? Do they want to be debunked? How popular are books on free thought? Self-education? Occultism?

The people of America have recorded their answers to these questions and many others in the form of 100,000,000 book-ballots. Haldeman-Julius' story of a vast publishing venture chronicles their startling replies.



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THE FIRST HUNDRED MILLION

CHAPTER I

WHAT AMERICA WANTS TO READ

Why the Little Blue Books Tell a Vital Story

My nine years of publishing the series known throughout the world as the Little Blue Books would be, perhaps, interesting as a publishing achievement—but to a limited group, assuredly. It is, after all, more marvelous to manufacture a watch than it is to print a five-cent book; it is even more marvelous to make a fine watch than it is to print and bind an expensive book. It is not that I have produced books in mass quantities at a standardized low price which makes my Little Blue Books of vital significance. That is business, and mechanics, and salesmanship—but the world is full of more spectacular business, more complicated mechanics, and more dynamic salesmanship.

The business side of my Little Blue Book experience, and the mechanical and selling side are interesting because the Little Blue Books are really of vital meaning. They tell a story which no other series of books, or no other books published anywhere, can tell. They tell what America wants to read.

There would be no reason for my telling the story of the Little Blue Books if it were not because of this realiza-

tion of the idea which brought the series into existence. I thought that it might be possible to put books within the reach of everyone, rich or poor, though mostly poor and grading up to those not so poor but by no means wealthy—books that they would want, and which they could choose for the sake of the books alone. By that I mean that I dreamed of publishing books in such quantities that I could sell them at a price which would put all books on the same level. No book would be chosen instead of another, that is to say, because of any difference in the price. And the price would be so low that no books besides mine would be chosen because of any lower price.

To be more explicit, the Little Blue Books, as they now exist, represent a democracy of literature. All Little Blue Books are born equal, and all have an equal chance to succeed and remain permanently in the series. No single Little Blue Book is given more advertising than any other book; every endeavor is made to sell each Little Blue Book if it is at all possible to make its title attractive or to classify it where the title may catch the eye of a reader. There can never be any favoritism shown any Little Blue Book because of more attractive binding or more desirable size—all are uniformly bound, and all are exactly the same size (3½ x 5 inches). One Little Blue Book fits as easily into the pocket as any other. The type in all is the same (eight point), with the exception of such special texts as dictionaries.

No Little Blue Book can be said to have any special advantage, then. No Little Blue Book suffers any handicap

peculiar to itself—unless it be the reading matter in it, which is what I am getting to in my statement that the Little Blue Books tell a vital and astonishingly important story about American readers and their tastes. To be sure, Little Blue Books do vary in length—from 32 up to 128 pages, with most of them running to 64 pages—but the number of pages is not given for any Little Blue Book in any advertisement or catalogue, so even this cannot prejudice any bargain buyer for or against any book in the list. This length is governed entirely by the nature of the text—one of Shakespeare's plays may require 128 pages, while a collection of Poe's tales may take only 64 pages.

My contention is that Little Blue Books are bought for one reason only, and that this reason is what makes the story of the Little Blue Books a commentary on the psychology of American readers in general. This reason is that the book is wanted because the buyer wishes to read it. You may see nothing startling or revolutionary in this assertion, and you may even insist that all books are bought to be read. I cannot agree, however, to so sweeping a generalization as this last. All books are not bought to be read, though possibly most of them are. Some—and you will have to admit it—are bought because it is considered élite to own them, or because they match the parlor decoration scheme, or as gifts for friends or relatives, especially at Christmas. All publishers play heavily for Christmas business—when there is no satisfactory assurance that books bought for gifts ever will be read. No one buys Little Blue

Books for Christmas gifts—or perhaps I had better say few do—because they are.

But people have no objection to buying five-cent books for themselves, since they want them for only one thing—to read. I can reasonably state that more than 99% of the Little Blue Books sold direct to the purchaser are sold to him because he wants to read them. There cannot be any fraction of error worth considering in my statistics of what American readers buy when they have a wide range of choice with no inducement except the titles and authors of the books.

But, some may object, is there not a thrill, or an inner sense of satisfaction, in being able to buy books at such a low price as five cents each? Perhaps, but this is in addition to the desire to read the books bought. Of course, it is an important part of Little Blue Book advertising to stress the five-cent price, and to indicate that a Little Blue Book is a fat nickel's worth—average 64 pages, 15,000 words of accurate, authentic text, and so on. It sounds compelling to say that you can have your pick of 1,260 different titles—any 20 books for a dollar, sent postpaid to any address in the world. But this serves to attract attention to the advertisement—to the books themselves. If the reader whose attention was attracted in this way found no titles listed that interested him—he would not buy any books, even at five cents apiece, simply to get a thrill or to satisfy an inner craving for taking advantage of a bargain offer.

People do not buy books because they are bargains—unless they have some hope that they will find time to read

them. On the contrary, booklovers and collectors with spare funds often buy books because they are expensive—and not necessarily because they want to read them.

There is far less inducement for people to buy Little Blue Books to preserve them, in fact, than there is for them to buy them to read. In this respect Little Blue Books are like newspapers and magazines. A man does not mind losing or mislaying a Little Blue Book, because it is readily replaceable at almost no expense. Or I'll put the matter another way—since there is no need, and no special inducement, to be very careful of a Little Blue Book, the man who buys one reads it almost at once—before it is, indeed, mislaid or lost.

On January 1, 1928, which is the date on which the facts in this book are based, there were 1,260 different titles in the Little Blue Books—all offered, irrespective of their nature or length, at the same price. A purchaser's choice is limited only to 20 books, the minimum he must order at one time. He can order as many more than 20 as he may care to, all at the same price.

From 1,260 books anyone could select 20 or more that he would like to read. This series comprises probably the most representative literary assembly ever published at a standardized price in a uniform format. Not only works of literature, not only standard classics, not only the recognized forms of literary stock in trade such as biography, history, and the like—but the Bible and books against the Bible, books of self-education, love and passion, medical works—in short, something of everything. If there is any

craving the American reader has for a particular kind of book, he is practically certain to find a way to express it in making his selection of Little Blue Books.

There is nothing that can compare with the Little Blue Books as a test of reading tastes and desires. I use "desires" deliberately in this discussion, because it is evident that some readers of certain Little Blue Books are not satisfied by them. Their purchase of them indicates a desire, a craving, even perhaps a need; some of the Little Blue Books, probably most of them, will satisfy the desire that brings about their purchase. Some—such as *Modern Aspects of Birth Control*—cannot satisfy all of the desire, or the need, that makes the buyer order them. Obviously, the large sale of books with "birth control" in the title indicates both a desire and a need for "birth control information," something which is not included in the title and which most certainly is not in the books, for it is, unfortunately, against the law to mail such information. I am of the opinion that this widespread interest in contraception—even in discussions of it pro and con, as the sales of the *Debate on Birth Control* indicate—will eventually bring about a revision of the law in this matter. For it is a healthy sign—and that the sign is expressed by orders for Little Blue Books shows once more the vital significance of this series as an epitome of public taste.

The Little Blue Books are a weathercock which shows which way the breezes of public taste are blowing; or they are a thermometer which registers the temperature of the American reader's blood—a virile and healthy tempera-

ture, I know. To a large extent the titles that are now in the Little Blue Book series are representative and indicative of American reading tastes—otherwise they would not be there; other titles would have replaced them ere this. If readers—as, for example, those of *Liberty*, as pointed out under "A Comparison of Advertising Mediums" (Chapter XVI)—express a decided interest in Passion, and buy all books listed under this classification almost regardless of title, that is not my fault. I publish both books that survey human passions artistically and present them in the world's best literature, and scientific books that discuss human passions calmly and sanely—because readers want them. I stop only at printing anything which misrepresents or falsifies human emotions—I do not tolerate "literature" which sensationalizes or sugar-coats passions for the sake of intoxicating gullible readers with inflamed imaginations. I do call passion by passion's name, and for that seeming offense I am sometimes accused of pandering to "low" desires. I scorn the accusation. If the world's best artists are wrong, then I am content to be wrong with them. But I stand by them—I believe they are nearer right than lesser men can be.

Whatever readers have expressed a desire for, I have given them—saving only what I consider trash. Perhaps there are readers who prefer such a palpably false and grossly exaggerated concoction as *Three Weeks* to a love story that is truly representative of human nature, such as one of the tales of Guy de Maupassant. Elinor Glyn, at any rate, has won a reputation as an authority on love.

But I hardly think that Madame Glyn or even Beatrice Fairfax, their popularity notwithstanding, can come so near telling the truth about love—not, indeed, what many people would like to believe about love, but what love *is*—as, for example, Montaigne, or Stendhal, or Balzac, or even Emerson.

It cannot be said that the Little Blue Books do not represent American reading tastes and desires on any supposed ground that they are filled with "propaganda." Such accusations have been aimed at the freethought books I have included in the series. People say I include such books because I am a hopelessly "lost" atheist, and that I want to make everyone else an atheist too. But I give my honest word that I would not publish such books if I could not sell them—as you will see by the statistics in Chapter V, "Religion Versus Freethought." More than this, if I publish a book called *The Truth About William Jennings Bryan*, I also publish Bryan's *Prince of Peace*, without critical modification or comment, in the same series and at the same price. People may have their choice; if they prefer skepticism and rationalism to sugary idealism or hypocritical superstition, I repeat that it is not my fault—though I am glad of it!

I have named only one example. It may be worth while to settle the question with two or three more. Take, then, Joseph McCabe's scathing arraignment of the Jesuits in his *The Jesuits: Religious Rogues*. Joseph McCabe is an apostate, I am reminded, and full of the rancor of rebellion; I disagree that this is a just objection to his work,

but suppose the viewpoint *is* that of a man free of religious influence? I give you the chance to compare McCabe's view of Loyola, who founded the Jesuits, with the view of a religionist, Henry C. Vedder, whose book entitled *Loyola: Founder of the Jesuits* is available to all Little Blue Book readers—at the same price as McCabe's book, and on the same terms. One need only take his choice; the statistics tell the story of this choice in Chapter V. Take even the Bible—I have the *Essence of the Bible*, Little Blue Book editions of Mark and of Luke, even the Sermon on the Mount. Here are four religious books entirely free from criticism—you can buy them if you want them. If you object to Joseph McCabe's *Did Jesus Ever Live?*—why, my friend, you can buy instead Renan's *Life of Jesus*, in the same form and at the same price.

It is the readers of America who make the final choice, not I. Though the Little Blue Books contained only 1,260 different titles the first of January, 1928, the actual number of different titles that have at one time or other been in print far exceeds this. Nearly 2,000 different books have been offered in this pocket series to the American reading public during the past nine years. If nearly 40% of these failed to find a sufficiently large audience, it is because people did not want to read them. The story of many of these failures is told in "The Morgue" (Chapter X). In fact, I have frequently not been content to let a book fail. I have done everything possible to make people want to read it—I have conducted a literary and editorial hospital expressly for the purpose of making the American

public want to read something they showed no signs of wanting to read. The story of this is in "The Hospital" (Chapter VIII).

You might liken a Little Blue Book order blank—one of those large blanks with all the numbers printed, so that buyers can circle the numbers of the books they want—to a voting sheet, a literary ballot. These ballots have been sent out from Girard by the million; thousands of them come back every week. On these ballots the people of America indicate with painstaking exactness the books they want most from the large list offered them. The ballots also show that the readers take the trouble to examine the catalogues and lists from beginning to end. I have never issued a catalogue containing any book which did not sell *some copies*. There never was a Little Blue Book completely overlooked. Every candidate gets at least a few votes.

There is no possibility that these ballots have been falsified. If I had sent out an actual ballot, with lists of 1,000 different books, and had said: "Here is a list of 1,000 books. I am curious to know the books you'd like most to read if you had the time and could afford to buy them. I want this information to put in a book about the reading tastes of the American public. Please check off the titles that appeal to you—select from 20 to 50 out of the 1,000—and mail the ballot back to me at once." If I had done this, and if readers of books had voted, as I asked them to, for the books they would like most to read, the results might be questioned. One could wonder, then, whether peo-

ple—as they often do—voted for the Bible merely because it was expected of them; whether they avoided "sex" because they did not wish to seem too naughty; whether they showed a profound interest in philosophy in order to make America stand high scholastically; and so on. One could wonder, indeed, if the figures had been obtained in such a way.

But nothing of this kind was done. Instead of offering a voting list, I offered the *books themselves.* I offered them *for sale.* The people have had to examine the list with care, and they have had to *pay for every vote they made.* No man could vote for a book just because he wanted to appear righteous and pure and all that—unless he was willing *to buy the book.* He knew, furthermore, that if he bought it, it would be of no use to him if he did not want to read it. Still further, no buyer of Little Blue Books knew that he was voting—he had no idea whatever that he was contributing to a set of statistics, and even if he had it would probably have made no difference. There is a vast gulf between having statistics drawn from voluntary acts, and compiling the statistics by securing them as such. Every Little Blue Book buyer has been uninfluenced by anything except his wish to read; he has not bothered about selecting books for appearance's sake, but has picked them out to satisfy his own curiosity and his own peculiar craving.

That is why the statistics of the sales of Little Blue Books are vital; that is why the Little Blue Books tell a story that no other publisher's list can tell. These figures,

with all the meaning that they hold, are the backbone of my story of the First Hundred Million. Without these figures there would be no Little Blue Books, and no story. But this analysis of the First Hundred Million shows some astonishing things about the American reading public—things which some people will want to shut their eyes to, perhaps, but facts which others will welcome gladly—and this analysis, which has cost me nine years of experimentation and constant endeavor, I am giving here freely and honestly, without evasion and without any concealment whatever.

The actual figures which tell the story of what Americans want to read will follow in the next five chapters. First it was necessary for me to show why these figures tell such a story, why it is a story that strikes deep down into the roots of American character and why all of the hope for a future American culture depends upon it. The story gives me new zest—it is a story that is most encouraging to any progressively-minded person, and it is a story so optimistic in its general trend that I am convinced none of our literary and critical sages has ever suspected the unquestionable truth of its conclusions.

CHAPTER II

ARE AMERICANS AFRAID OF SEX?

How the Little Blue Books Answer This Important Question

It is not new to ask the question which is the title of this chapter. We are told, on the one hand, by self-righteous guardians of the public morals, that sex is a fearsome—even a loathsome—thing. We are given to understand, if we are to believe what we are told, that sex is something to be afraid of, that it should be shrouded in obscurity and carefully rendered harmless by being kept locked in secrecy. We are told, on the other hand, by progressively-minded leaders, that sex needs more light thrown upon it, and that it is desirable for people not to be afraid to learn the truth about sex.

Are Americans afraid of sex? I have definite evidence that they are not afraid of it as a subject to read about in books, for the Little Blue Books contain authentic information on sexual hygiene, written by the best authorities, and they are sold far and wide in quantities ranging from 50,000 to 100,000 copies *per year*. This will hardly permit me to believe that American readers as a whole are afraid of the subject of sex.

In support of my contention that American readers are

strongly interested in sex I am going to give actual sales figures. But first I must explain what these figures represent, so that there will be a clear understanding as to their meaning. I know exactly how many copies of each of the 1,260 different Little Blue Books were sold during 1927, but I cannot use these figures, just as they are, for purposes of comparison. I cannot use them because some of these books were not on sale during all twelve months of 1927 —their sales figures, then, would perhaps be less than those for some of the books on sale throughout the year. Further, it would not be right to increase this figure by the right proportion to put it on a par with other figures, for the total would not indicate how the book compared with others when the entire list was advertised and how it may have been influenced by other similar titles placed in competition with it.

To be more specific, if I advertised a list of 100 selected books on sexual hygiene and pushed these 100 books ahead of all others, there would be a natural reason for these 100 titles to be excellent sellers. I could not contend, in such case, that the 100 sex books so advertised indicate a *preference* on the part of American readers. My data are of value only when I can show that *if given his choice* the average reader will pick out a book dealing with sex or love sooner than one on any other subject whatever. And my data become more significant than ever when I point out that the figures are based on an average choice of from 20 to 25 books selected by each person from an assortment of 1,260 different titles.

If a person picks out only 20 books from over 1,000 possible choices, it is fairly safe to assume that he picks out the 20 books he wants most. That is what Little Blue Book readers have done. The figures given in this and the immediately following four chapters are based only on returns from advertising or catalogues listing the complete series of 1,260 Little Blue Books as they were on January 1, 1928. These figures are 1927 sales totals. They were obtained from an analysis of 1,156 orders aggregating 25,000 books. These orders were selected at random, averaging about 30% women and 70% men, and were presumably from readers of all ages, from the teens to the eighties, with the majority in the twenties and thirties. Of the 1,156 orders analyzed, slightly over half were from readers of newspapers—readers, probably, who are only infrequently readers of *books*. The other half were orders from the complete catalogue of Little Blue Books used during 1927.

For these reasons, the figures I give represent accurately what American readers want to read if they have the chance. To make the figures more expressive, as well as impressive, and to make it unnecessary for the reader of this book to perform mental calculations in order to understand their significance, the totals have been converted into the corresponding *annual* sales figures which the distribution of the orders for 25,000 books would represent. By this I mean that book sales are usually thought of in terms of the number of copies sold annually. I base the success of a Little Blue Book on an annual sale of 10,000

copies or more. By converting these figures into round thousands per year, I make them more understandable, and make the comparison no less arithmetical if more idealistic.

The following example may help you to understand exactly how it has been done. Mrs. Margaret Sanger's *What Every Girl Should Know* sold 83 copies in the 1,156 orders for 25,000 books. This is very good, but it might not appear so to the average person unless I convert this figure into something intelligible. I know, from careful investigation, that if I had increased the orders analyzed to twice the number, or aggregating 50,000 books, this book of Mrs. Sanger's would have sold approximately twice as many in orders for 50,000 books as it did in orders for 25,000, or about 165 copies. The percentage of error is extremely small; and the percentage of variability is too slight to bother with, I have found. In orders for 100,000 books the number of copies of Mrs. Sanger's book would have been about four times as many, or 330. In orders for a million Little Blue Books, 3,300 copies of *What Every Girl Should Know* would be sold, if the orders were received from advertisements of the *complete* list, so that this book would maintain its ratio or relative popularity with regard to other titles advertised at the same time.

Since I sold 20,700,000 Little Blue Books during 1927, the annual figure for Mrs. Sanger's book, on the basis of 83 copies in every 25,000 books sold, is 66,000 copies. This annual figure would have been the actual sales total for this book for 1927 if my advertising had been confined

to complete lists only. But I frequently advertise selected lists of from 300 to 600 or 800 best sellers. That is why I am keeping these figures uniform by basing them on sales from the complete list only. Idealistically, the figures I give in this chapter and the four immediately following represent the annual popularity of these books when the readers are given their choice and pick freely from 1,260 different titles on a wide variety of subjects.

I have eight books of the "what you should know" class. By referring to sex information as what one should know, I am guilty of euphemism. I am well aware of this, but I recognize that there is still some embarrassment for many people when this subject touches them in any way. They are not to be blamed for it. If a young lady would rather buy *What Every Young Woman Should Know*, instead of a title like *Sex Facts for Girls*, I am content that she should. The facts are in the book, no matter what the title, and as long as the title indicates the nature of the book accurately, though it is a euphemism, it is all right. We can speak in riddles if the riddles are universally understood.

That these "what you should know" titles are thoroughly understood is shown by the sales of the books. Here are the eight titles with their annual figures:

What Married Women Should Know	112,000 copies
What Married Men Should Know	97,500 copies
What Every Young Man Should Know	95,000 copies
What Every Young Woman Should Know	90,500 copies
What Every Girl Should Know	66,000 copies
What Every Boy Should Know	37,500 copies

What Women Past Forty Should Know	34,000 copies
What Expectant Mothers Should Know	25,500 copies

This indicates, certainly, that there are over 100,000 potential readers, per year, of a book of authentic sex information available in the American public of today, for 112,000 readers were found for William J. Fielding's *What Married Women Should Know*. All of these were not women, however, and certainly not all of them were married women. That does not matter, however, though it seems to indicate that the usual purchaser of these books wants all the facts, and not only those which might be doled out to boys. The books, as a matter of record, contain almost the same information, if one is compared with another. The difference lies in their approach to the reader, based upon the supposed preference of the reader for information suited to him or her.

To express myself succinctly, I see no reason why a woman should wait until she is married to discover what a married woman should know about the facts of life. Apparently, the women who read the Little Blue Books agree with me; and the men, also. Similarly, there is ample justification for every healthy young man or woman to understand the facts that every expectant mother should know, long before the young man expects to be a father or the young woman looks forward to being a mother. This phase of sexual hygiene is not nearly so popular as the others, just because it is so particular or specialized; but many of those 25,500 books went to people who

sought the information because of a healthy and justifiable wish to know.

So much for the euphemistic titles. Let us see what the more specific—what some people would call bolder—titles show:

Woman's Sexual Life	97,000 copies
Man's Sexual Life	78,500 copies
The Physiology of Sex Life	65,500 copies
The Common Sense of Sex	63,000 copies
Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams	61,000 copies
Homosexual Life	54,500 copies
Womanhood: Facts of Life for Women	52,500 copies
Manhood: Facts of Life for Men	52,000 copies
Confidential Chats with Wives	47,000 copies
Confidential Chats with Husbands	29,500 copies
The Determination of Sex	27,500 copies
The Child's Sexual Life	21,500 copies

I think that the sales record for James Oppenheim's *Common Sense of Sex* (63,000) is clear evidence of the healthy attitude people are taking toward this subject. Surely no one would expect anything in a book of "common sense" except the facts! If it is sound information these people are after—and I am sure my figures indicate this —it is immensely encouraging. The outlook for future Americans, and for the much belied younger generation, looms considerably brighter in the light of these totals. The distribution of the list demonstrates beyond question a desire to have all the facts, and to understand the subject as a whole. American readers have reached the point where they are not interested in halfway measures; they want all

the facts, and they will get them if they are put within their reach.

Havelock Ellis has done more than any other single investigator to purge the modern atmosphere of the fog and mist that once hovered over sex. He is generously represented in the Little Blue Books, and the popularity of his work is gratifying, both to him and to me. Here are the figures:

Plain Talks with the Married	60,500 copies
The Love Rights of Women	39,000 copies
Four Essays on Sex	31,000 copies
Eugenics Explained	29,500 copies
Ellis and His Plea for Sane Sex Living	29,500 copies
Woman and the New Race	16,000 copies

The interest in eugenics is surprising, and encouraging. Half of these readers, remember, are the sometimes despised readers of daily newspapers. Yet they show a strong desire to find out about eugenics. This America of ours is not nearly so hopeless as some pessimists would have us believe.

Modern discussions of sexual problems are incomplete without the arguments for and against birth control. It is illegal to publish or distribute contraceptive information, so, generally speaking, the popularity of books which discuss birth control indicates not only a desire for the information could it be obtained, but also a desire to know the why and wherefore, to know why birth control is or is not desirable. Here are the figures that tell the story:

Modern Aspects of Birth Control	73,000 copies
Debate on Birth Control	27,000 copies

There is three times as much interest in a practical, unbiased discussion of the subject as there is in a debate on its morality. And yet the interest in a dispassionate debate is really amazing; it shows, at least, that there is a strong leaning toward threshing out the truth through open discussion pro and con.

The next phase of the question to be considered is the class of books which do not have the word "sex" in their titles, but which have to do with love. The word "love" may or may not be in the title, but the title implies that the book contains information about the subject. We are still in the realm of facts, remember; the books of fiction and poetry, which deal with sex and love in an imaginative way, are to be considered later.

Here are some of the more general titles which belong under the "love" classification, with their annual figures:

The Art of Kissing	60,500 copies
How to Love	52,500 copies
Psychology of Love and Hate	52,000 copies
What Is Love? (Montaigne)	28,500 copies
Hindu Book of Love (Kama Sutra)	28,000 copies
Psychology of the Affections	22,500 copies
The Art of Courtship	17,500 copies

It is to be observed that, with the exception of the last title listed above, the figures are still quite large, and compare favorably with the books in which the word "sex" is dominant in the titles. As long as the subject keeps to broad and universal lines, which is to say as long as it has wide appeal, it is in demand. Though it does seem that fewer people are interested in intelligent courtship than one would

expect; possibly the lower figure for this book is due to the fact that "courtship" is a word belonging largely to a bygone day, and it may suggest old-fashioned "Victorian" ideas. It might be a good idea to change that title to "How to Choose a Mate."

For purposes of comparison, and for the sake of making this discussion of sex books as complete and revealing as possible, I want to put in here the figures for the more specialized sex books. These are along more particular or more abstract lines than those already listed. These are the figures:

Catholicism and Sex	65,000 copies
Sex Crimes and American Law	39,000 copies
Facts about Sex Rejuvenation	37,500 copies
Phallic (Sex) Elements in Religion	36,000 copies
Sex Obsessions of Saints and Mystics	35,000 copies
Modern Sex Morality	34,500 copies
America and the Sex Impulse	28,000 copies
The Evolution of Sex	25,000 copies
Sex Symbolism	24,000 copies
Sex in Psycho-Analysis	21,500 copies
Genetics for Beginners	21,000 copies

There is clear evidence of a desire to survey the subject from all angles. But it is noticeable that the figures are becoming more uniform; the only sensational seller in this group is *Catholicism and Sex*, and that is undoubtedly because of the linking of Catholicism and sex. It becomes more and more evident that it will be difficult to find a poor seller if the book tells anything about love or sex. Yet I must point out that these books are thoroughly reliable, and state the facts as facts. There is no fringe of sensationalism

in the books, and the readers know it. All of these books were not sold to one reader at one time; he bought some, read them, and came back for more. Readers like publishers to print facts, without glamour and also without evasion.

For a moment, now, I want to turn to the historical aspect of sex. I refer particularly to the series of Little Blue Books giving the history of prostitution. This subject is frequently avoided by the avowedly moral because they seem to think that to mention it will increase its existence. But I am convinced that the subject, important as it unquestionably is, deserves as honest treatment as any other phase of the human or social scheme. It is a social problem, and has been for centuries, and it needs elucidation and discussion as much as religion, or prohibition, or capitalism. These figures tell their own story:

Prostitution in the Modern World	129,500 copies
Prostitution in the Ancient World	84,500 copies
Prostitution in the Medieval World	73,000 copies
Sex Life in Greece and Rome	56,000 copies
Mistresses of Today	52,500 copies
Women Who Have Lived for Love	24,000 copies
The Evolution of Marriage	20,000 copies

It is not surprising that more interest is shown in ancient times and in modern times than in medieval days. I am a little amused, because I think the interest in antiquity is due to the fact that people fancy the ancients were very wicked—much more wicked, indeed, than humanity ever was before or has been since. It will do them no harm, these readers of Little Blue Books, to find out the truth of the

matter. As Joseph McCabe relates, he was once asked to write a book called *The Empresses of Rome,* and the publisher was much disappointed to find that it contained so little real wickedness and such a small amount of flagrant immorality. The book discussing prostitution, from the modern standpoint, is one of the most popular titles in the list. It has some close competitors, so it is not quite permissible to say that it is *the* best.

What about marriage? Marriage is the social sanction the law gives to the existence of sex in human affairs. It is interesting to see how the people of America buy books that discuss the various aspects of marriage. The figures are significant:

Why I Believe in Companionate Marriage. (Marcet Haldeman-Julius)	64,000 copies
Judge Ben B. Lindsey on Companionate Marriage	60,500 copies
Beginning Married Life Right	52,000 copies
Marriage and Morals in Soviet Russia (Anna Louise Strong)	36,000 copies
How to Be Happy Though Married	35,000 copies
How to Avoid Marital Discords	27,000 copies
U. S. Marriage and Divorce Laws	18,500 copies
Marriage vs. Divorce (Debate)	9,000 copies

The emphasis is decidedly on finding out how to improve existing conditions. The interest in divorce as opposed to marriage is very slight. Note the strong desire to find out how to better the *status quo,* however, as shown by the wish to avoid marital discords and the desire to be happy even if married. There is no sound evidence that these people wish to abandon marriage or have any inclination to seek divorce. They want to find out how to

make marriage a more livable institution, if I may put it that way. The powerful attraction of the subject of companionate marriage bears this out; it is not a wish to enter a loose and uncertain relationship, but a sincere urge to discover, if possible, ways to support and bolster up the existing institution by making it more conducive to happiness than it now is. A large number of people, indeed a gratifying number, want to know the laws; not, I am sure, so that they may circumvent them, but so that they may understand them and learn how they may make towards general happiness and goodwill.

So far the question has been considered from a mutual point of view—men and women being the principals in the drama of love and sex. Tradition has always emphasized, however, that woman is the main attraction in matters of the heart, and, as I have already said, men are by about three-fourths the greater buyers of Little Blue Books. The titles that have to do with women, then, ought to be good sellers, approaching the figures for the books on sex and love in general. We shall soon see.

First, I want to mention that old stage property the novelists of an older day always had ready and waiting for suitable scenes—the mystery that used to be a woman. This "mystery" has been stereotyped and filed away for reference long enough. The men of the world—of America, anyhow—want to unveil the mystery of woman. Certainly they are strongly interested in finding out all they can learn about her, and they seem to believe that facts are available and worth investigating. Again this shows not an idle

curiosity, but a wish to know the facts of human psychology —of feminine psychology because it so strongly influences the happiness of the male—in order the better to understand and appreciate life as it is. I continually stress this point, because I believe and shall always contend that a universal interest in sex is natural, and far more healthy than morbid. I cannot accept for a moment the notion that anyone who wants to find out about sex and love, as they really are, is anything but normal.

Women are well represented among the Little Blue Books. Here are some of the more popular titles, with their annual totals:

How to Know Women (Maeterlinck)	49,000 copies
Mental Differences Between Men and Women (Leo Markun)	36,000 copies
The Degradation of Woman (Joseph McCabe) ..	27,000 copies
Woman, the Eternal Primitive (William J. Fielding)	20,000 copies
The Subjection of Women (John Stuart Mill) ..	18,500 copies
Great Women of Antiquity (Clement Wood) ...	13,500 copies

Go back a few paragraphs and compare the figures of *Women Who Have Lived for Love* and *Mistresses of Today;* also, with the discussion of Havelock Ellis, the figures for *Love Rights of Women* and *Women and the New Race.* There is a wide fluctuation in the figures, partly because the subjects, though all concerning women, are of a widely varying nature. There is an anxiety, still, about the mental differences between men and women, and there is beyond a doubt a strong desire to know women as they are. The interest is at its lowest ebb, you will notice, when

particular women of antiquity, are discussed; the preference is for the general, the quest being for a key to human psychology as a whole. This hardly supports the old idea that no two women are like.

There is, too, an influential trend toward health and hygiene in matters of sex. American readers assuredly are not flinching before the pathological phases of the subject. They want to know the facts about sexual disorders, even though those facts may be unpleasant. The older custom of blinding one's self to the evils of the world is passing away. The newer attitude is to find out the truth and face it. Note these figures:

Facts About Venereal Diseases	41,500 copies
Facts About Syphilis	36,000 copies

These books were written by physicians who have the endorsement of the American Medical Association; as a matter of fact, Dr. William Allen Pusey, who wrote the book on syphilis, is recognized as a national authority on the disease. These are facts. There is no mincing of words here. Some editors would contend, however, that the public is not interested in disease—they would call it morbid, pessimistic, and all that. I know they would and readers of this book know they would. But here is evidence that cannot be disputed. American readers do not evade these facts because they are not pretty. They would, I am sure, resent any attempt to make the facts any less unpleasant than they are. They much prefer to know the whole truth.

The interest in sexual hygiene is further evidence of a strong desire to get more happiness out of life. There is

an earnest endeavor to avoid disease and pain. Look back and notice, too, the interest in *Facts About Sex Rejuvenation,* a book in which Dr. Morris Fishbein has no hesitancy in branding charlatanism for what it is and in which no false lure is held out where there are no facts to support a method or a treatment which claims to prolong youth. Even *Genetics for Beginners* is much in demand, supporting my general assertion that readers are interested in the betterment of conditions, whatever may help them to bring it about.

So much for the phases of sex and love discussed as matters of fact. As we turn more to the imaginative treatment of love as an emotion and sex as a passion, perhaps the interval may be bridged by glancing for a moment at books of love letters that represent man's endeavor always to win the love of the woman he has chosen for his attentions. Here again, the perpetual quest for happiness shows itself. Always and forever it is a growing enthusiasm for finding out how to win love—how to realize felicity, fleeting though it may be. These figures are full of meaning:

Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun	46,000 copies
How to Write Love Letters.....	23,000 copies
Love Letters of a Parisian Actress (Sarah Bernhardt)	21,500 copies
Love Letters of People of Genius.....	12,000 copies
Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise.....	10,000 copies

The interest in Abelard and Heloise is slight, I fancy, because people do not know who they were. Mere names mean little to the great mass of readers. They respond to

subjects far more than to personalities behind the subject every time.

There are books, too, of comment on love—books of epigrams and maxims, and sententious remarks of one kind or other. These have their place, and they compel an interest because they deal with love:

Jokes About Married Life	45,500 copies
What Men Have Learned About Women	36,000 copies
Best Jokes About Lovers	35,000 copies
Jokes About Kissing	33,000 copies
What French Women Have Learned About Love	29,000 copies
What Women Have Learned About Men	21,500 copies
Love Code of a Parisian Actress (Bernhardt)	17,500 copies
Love from Many Angles	15,000 copies
Maxims of Love (Stendhal)	10,000 copies

Astonishing though it is, in some ways, the popularity of jokes about love, and especially about married life, is a good sign. A sense of humor will save many a serious situation from disaster. Then, too, the desire to laugh at ourselves is healthy—it will keep us sane, and at the same time promote the sum total of human happiness.

Before passing to the great love stories of the world's literature, I want to submit the totals for the books giving biographies of famous lovers:

Secret Memoirs of a French Royal Mistress (Pompadour)	37,500 copies
Cleopatra and Her Loves	35,000 copies
Casanova: History's Greatest Lover	31,000 copies
Pope Alexander VI and His Loves	25,500 copies
Madame du Barry: A King's Mistress	25,000 copies

Love-Life of a Frenchwoman (George Sand)	22,500 copies
Catherine the Great and Her Lovers.....	20,000 copies
Wagner's Great Love Affair.....	18,500 copies
Cellini: Swordsman, Lover, etc.....	18,000 copies
Eleonora Duse and D'Annunzio.....	17,000 copies
Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.....	16,000 copies
Shelley and His Loves.....	16,000 copies
Lord Byron and His Loves.....	15,500 copies
Aucassin and Nicolette, Lovers.....	13,000 copies
Romance That Balzac Lived.....	10,500 copies

The interest varies in direct proportion to the degree of notoriety, as is, after all, only natural. Though the superficial impulse is to read something racy—which is a sublimation of a wish to live fully—the result of reading about the world's great lovers must indirectly contribute to human welfare and contentment. It is conceivable that people subconsciously recognize that great loves resulted either in tragedy or a limited and transient bliss. They yearn to find out how it all happened; it is the same sort of lesson that Shakespeare gives in *Romeo and Juliet*, where he shows us the tragedy of two young people who loved not wisely but too well.

Great love stories have an appeal from which nothing—no scruples of morality—can detract. I make no apology for including in the Little Blue Books the greatest stories by the masters of fiction whose work will stand the test of time. I would not mention even the word "apology" here, if it were not for the fact that people still, in some degree, feel somewhat secretive and whisper in hushed tones about the wicked French stories and "the daring tales of that Italian writer, Boccaccio," and so on. I cannot regard these

masterpieces of the world's literature otherwise than as true pictures of life as these geniuses saw it. As such, they are incomparable. They deserve wide popularity, and these Little Blue Book figures show that they are getting it:

Illicit Love, etc. (Boccaccio)	81,000 copies
One of Cleopatra's Nights (Gautier)	60,000 copies
Tales from Boccaccio's Decameron	57,000 copies
26 Men and a Girl (Gorki)	57,000 copies
A French Prostitute's Sacrifice (Maupassant)	56,000 copies
French Tales of Passion and Cruelty	56,000 copies
Tales of Love and Life (Boccaccio)	47,000 copies
Amorous Tales of the Monks	45,000 copies
Quest for a Blonde Mistress (Gautier)	44,000 copies
A Bath, etc. (Zola)	42,500 copies
Lustful King Enjoys Himself (Hugo)	42,000 copies
Passion Stories of Many Hues (Gourmont)	41,500 copies
None Beneath the King Shall Enjoy This Woman (Zorrilla)	38,000 copies
Forbidden Love (Barry Pain)	34,500 copies
Queer Night in Paris (Maupassant)	34,500 copies
A Wife's Confession (Maupassant)	34,000 copies
Mme. Tellier's Establishment (Maupassant)	33,500 copies
Night in Whitechapel (Maupassant)	33,500 copies
Night Flirtation (Chekhov)	33,000 copies
Love's Redemption (Tolstoy)	32,000 copies
Love and Other Tales (Maupassant)	29,000 copies
Mlle. Fifi, etc. (Maupassant)	25,500 copies
A Study of a Woman (Balzac)	25,000 copies
Artist's Wife, etc. (Maupassant)	25,000 copies
The Falcon, etc. (Boccaccio)	17,500 copies
Romeo and Juliet (Shakespeare)	14,500 copies
Hedda Gabler (Ibsen)	12,000 copies

The general conclusions to be drawn from this rather abbreviated list are that the tales of Guy de Maupassant are consistently popular; those of Émile Zola are about

on a par, the one listed being the best of the Little Blue Books of Zola's work; Honoré de Balzac is less popular than other French writers, though his books all sell well. The sale of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, and the popularity of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, are both gratifying; they do not come up to the others, but they are quite popular nevertheless. All of Boccaccio sells well, *The Falcon and Other Tales* being carried along on the crest of the popularity of the more sensational titles. Allow me to insist once more, right here, that the titles may sound sensational, but the text is the best that the world's literature affords. I do not consider the titles misleading, either; I hasten to defend the labeling of a story by what is really its right name. In Chapter VII, "Rejuvenating the Classics." I discuss titles more at length, but here I find it necessary to repeat that these books are of the very best work that the greatest writers have been able to do.

What of poetry? Poetry in general is difficult to sell to American readers. This is one literary commodity that comes pretty close to being a drug on the market. But those books of poems which deal with love and passion are fairly good sellers. American readers want their poetry, as well as their other reading, to have the full pulse of life:

The Harlot's House and Other Poems (Wilde)	41,000 copies
A Nun's Desire and Other Poems (John Davidson)	14,500 copies
Passionate Poems (Swinburne)	14,500 copies
The Vampire and Other Poems (Kipling)	14,000 copies
Love Poems of John Keats	12,000 copies
Courtship of Miles Standish (Longfellow)	9,000 copies

When it is remembered that these books were bought in these proportionate quantities when they were advertised, each in competition with 1,259 other books, the showing is not a bad one at all. Of general anthologies, the poems of Walt Whitman, Robert Burns, and Edgar Allan Poe are the only ones that approach the best of these in popularity. Kipling's *Mandalay* and *Gunga Din*, being so famous, are the only poems that surpass them.

American readers, it seems, are not afraid of sex. They recognize it as a fact, and they want to know more facts about it. The Little Blue Books have been a medium to impart facts—I have had numerous letters from readers who tell me that one of their greatest debts will always be to the books of sexual information they selected from the series of Little Blue Books—for it is information which can be depended upon as authentic, and thoroughly matter of fact in its intimate accord with life.

A Note on Censorship

There is one thing that the "sex titles" in the Little Blue Book series have always done—they have inspired censorship and taboo in the advertising offices of some of the country's leading periodicals. All Little Blue Books, it must be remembered, are entirely within the United States Postal Laws. They have to be—otherwise they could not be printed and sold. Entirely aside from whether these laws and regulations are just, the Little Blue Books conform to them. I can send them through the mails to anyone who

cares to buy them—if I can reach that purchaser with a list of what I have to sell. But some censorship boards, advising the advertising departments of periodicals like *Collier's*, the *N. Y. Times Book Review*, *Popular Science*, etc., do not wish me to tell their readers—not, at least, through their columns—that I have certain "sex books" for sale.

Censorship would be less irksome if it were consistent—or, indeed, if it were logical and sensible. But one righteous censorship board will ban a certain half dozen or so Little Blue Books: another board, supposed to be looking at the thing from the same angle and supposed to be working toward the same general end, will censor a totally different dozen titles. Where is there logic or consistency in this?

A censorship board is not even consistent or fair with itself. It sees bugbears where there are none, and, in the hope of avoiding offense to the magazine's readers, it lets what someone else might regard as far more sensational-appearing titles slip by. Take, for example, Mr. Fielding's *What Every Boy Should Know*, *What Every Young Woman Should Know*, etc. These titles are euphemisms in themselves; they avoid the direct utterance and the bold phrase. Yet they are censored by one magazine. Why? Is it because they convey information that cannot do anything except aid morality; is it because they combat nothing except ignorance? This same magazine, however, has no objection to *Confidential Chats With Wives* and *Confidential Chats with Husbands*, which are near-euphemisms of a

similar kind. This is inconsistency beyond my understanding. This same magazine, further, lists quite complacently all the books with "prostitution" in the titles. Now why is "What Every Boy, Girl, Young Woman, etc., Should Know" more objectionable than "Prostitution in the Modern World"?

Please understand that I am not pleading the cause of the censors. I do not want those censors to read this note of mine and decide that they have been lax and blue-pencil a score more or so of my Little Blue Books from my next advertisement. I do not want that to happen at all. But I do think that censorship would be more intelligible if it were consistent. If the censors said, "All sex must be banned"—but they don't say any such thing. They hem and haw, and equivocate, and justify, and hestitate. They want to censor, and yet—they don't do it.

Censorship is always that way. It is subject to the fallibility of the human beings that sit on the boards. I put forth as my guess that censorship of this kind often comes about because some reader—perhaps only one, out of many thousand—writes to the editor protesting against a certain book or against a group of five or six books which have aroused his antagonism and his pious indignation. Without any regard for the rights of thousands of other readers the censors listen to the lone voice in the wilderness and thenceforth see to it that this one reader, magnified out of all proportion to his real importance, shall no more be offended.

CHAPTER III

THE QUEST FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT

The Great Demand for Little Blue Books of Self-Education

It is not hard to understand why many people object to the so-called "sex-titles" in the Little Blue books, and why they will deplore the great interest that American readers show in such titles. I do not agree with this attitude, but I understand it. I contend that the interest in sex is but one aspect of a widespread desire to find happiness; it is but another phase of that eternal pursuit of elusive happiness which the fathers of the United States regarded as an inalienable right. I heartily agree that it is an inalienable and thoroughly natural right, and I am glad that the Little Blue Books can help in any way whatever. But the fact remains that many people will not look at the matter in this way. They will always hold that it is an unfortunate circumstance, and many of them would even go so far as to prohibit providing such reading if they could.

If the interest in Little Blue Books of sex and love was so paramount as to eclipse everything else there might be some doubt as to my contention that it is part of a quest for self-improvement, though that self-betterment is along emotional rather than what might be called practical lines.

But that the interest in books of love and passion is not exclusive of numerous other interests is what I shall now demonstrate. In fact, placing book against book, there are a number of titles entirely free from any love appeal which are more popular than sex books. Taken as a class, and as might be expected, the popularity of books about love is greater than the popularity of any other single class. But this is not new; it is a fact which is self-evident among other books, in the daily press, on the stage, in the movies, and in everyday activities.

What is probably not so apparent, and what many of my readers may not know and will be surprised to learn, is that the quest for self-improvement along strictly educational and even academic lines is an outstanding aspect of Little Blue Book sales figures. The Little Blue Books prove that the desire for self-improvement on the part of American readers is not an idle dream. They prove that this desire is more than a wish to appear better than people perhaps really are; they demonstrate beyond any doubt that this desire is sincere, and that it is almost universal.

If a person goes to college and secures an academic degree there may be varying impulses behind this apparent wish for education. A degree is in some measure a fetish. A degree is sometimes thought of as an Open Sesame; it is wanted because merely by having it a man or woman may think that it will get him ahead in the world. College enrollments are no criterion of any desire for education for its own sake. Students in night schools are studying in the hope of making commercial progress, it is true, but these

are not so numerous as is sometimes supposed. Again, the night schools themselves and often those who employ the students emphasize constantly the benefits to be derived from such education. These students do not show any spontaneous desire for education until they are urged into it.

Even the national correspondence schools, which widely advertise the increased salaries and greater social prestige that can be secured if one studies by mail, cannot claim that their enrollments prove a sincere American desire for self-education. It is a fact that only a small percentage of the people who enroll for such courses complete them. In some cases this may be because the expense is prohibitive; in others, it is because the students lose interest rapidly, and possibly because the courses are not of a character to create and maintain interest in education as a fascinating adventure. There is still a schoolroom atmosphere—a tinge of compulsion—about taking lessons by mail.

But the Little Blue Books lack the usual drawbacks. They are not expensive; there is nothing of a formal "course" with required lessons about them; every purchaser may exercise his free choice. And it must be remembered that this choice is made in the face of the competition of other titles of all kinds—against the competition, indeed, of those very sex and love titles which I have already shown are so popular. As I have pointed out, the average purchaser of Little Blue Books has only a dollar or two to spend at a time. If in his selection of 20 or so

Little Blue Books he has the discrimination to buy only ten or twelve Little Blue Books of sex or love, and buys eight or ten books of self-improvement or self-education, this is highly commendable. He may even buy only a half dozen books of love interest, and scatter the rest of his order among books of humor, biography, puzzles, games, and self-education. This is hardly cause for alarm, or any reason to suppose that the American reading public is sex-mad.

The Little Blue Books have from the beginning emphasized education in their policy. The series is known far and wide as the University in Print. The strongest part of the editorial policy has been, especially in recent years, the endeavor to add to the series a greater number of educational works. These are especially written for the series, conforming to the established length of a Little Blue Book, and prepared especially so that the reader can educate himself without the aid of an instructor. I have said that I am a business man and not a philanthropist, and I explain in another chapter exactly what I mean by this. Therefore this educational phase of my editorial policy is not self-chosen. I do not print these educational books because I think the public ought to read them—but because there is a tremendous demand for them, and I find myself hard pushed to keep up with that demand.

Please bear in mind that the sales figures I am going to give represent the popularity of these books as people have picked them out from the entire list of 1,260 different titles. These figures have been based only upon orders from

advertisements or the catalogue listing the entire series. These figures are a direct indication of popular preference; these books have been selected in these proportionate quantities—in orders of from 20 to 30 books each—in spite of the competition of all other titles in the series. These figures, in other words, are in competition with the figures I have given for Little Blue Books of sex and love. They are not an independent set of statistics, but should be regarded as just another part of the data from those orders for 25,000 books (explained in the preceding chapter).

First of all, what of the general titles which discuss self-improvement in a somewhat abstract fashion? I refer to these titles:

Success Easier Than Failure (E. W. Howe)	38,000 copies
The Secret of Self-Improvement (John Cowper Powys)	36,000 copies
Hints on Self-Improvement	24,000 copies

The fact that a book setting forth the secret of self-improvement sells to the extent of 36,000 copies annually among American readers of today can mean only one thing—that there is a widespread desire for such improvement, that there is, indeed, a universal quest for self-education. Whether you call it self-improvement or success, it means the same thing. "Success" is open to varying interpretations, but the desire for betterment is certainly present.

Education through books must be by reading them. There are Little Blue Books which guide people toward a better reading method, or toward better books, or tell them

how to read to get the greatest benefit from it. These books also sell well:

100 Best Books to Read (Powys)	32,000 copies
Facts You Should Know About the Classics (Joseph McCabe)	25,500 copies
How to Get Most Out of Reading (Georg Brandes)	17,500 copies
How to Get a Liberal Education (Thomas Huxley)	15,000 copies
How to Enjoy Reading (Isaac Goldberg)	12,000 copies
Art of Reading Constructively (E. Haldeman-Julius)	10,500 copies
How to Choose Books (Thomas Carlyle)	10,000 copies

Another direct proof of my contention that the desire for self-improvement manifests itself more in the sales of self-teaching books than in the actual enrollment for formal university education is that a general guide on *How to Get a Liberal Education* sells 15,000 copies annually, while the Little Blue Book called *How to Work Your Way Through College* just about sells its required 10,000 copies per year. Few of these thousands of Little Blue Book readers could go to college even if they wanted to; of course, I do not mean that the colleges should be abandoned, or that it is a mistake to go to college. I mean that the desire for self-education is proven more soundly by the sales of these general books, and of the titles which I shall cite in the following paragraphs, than by any other statistics available.

All the Little Blue Books are educational, and by rights I should give the figures for all of the books if this chapter were to be really complete. A little book of biography or

of history is just as educational as one of chemistry or physics. Works of fiction by the masters, anthologies of the world's greatest poetry, and even books of humor, are educational all in their own particular way. But for the sake of brevity, and in order to emphasize more particularly those books which are definitely educational in a limited sense along special lines, I shall consider here only books which are usually classed under self-educational headings in the Little Blue Book advertising.

Probably the most outstanding phase of this passion for self-education is the immense popularity of the books which enable one to improve one's English. "Better English" is the classification used in the advertising. This phase of self-education is fundamental; from this readers can go on to other subjects. And here are the figures:

How to Improve Your Conversation.....	77,000 copies
How to Improve Your Vocabulary.....	76,000 copies
How to Write Letters.....	53,500 copies
Common Faults in English.....	47,000 copies
How to Talk and Debate.....	38,500 copies
How to Argue Logically.....	33,000 copies
Most Essential English Words.....	33,000 copies
Grammar Self Taught	31,000 copies
A Dictionary of American Slang.....	29,000 copies
Handbook of Useful Phrases.....	25,500 copies
Spelling Self Taught.....	24,000 copies
Punctuation Self Taught.....	23,000 copies
Rhetoric Self Taught.....	14,000 copies
English Composition Self Taught.....	12,000 copies
The Romance of Words.....	10,500 copies

The social influence can be plainly seen. The strongest desire is for improving conversation and the speaking or

writing vocabulary. People want to appear well among their fellows, and they do not want a false superiority—they are after the facts. These books do not pretend to give anyone any magic key to conversational brilliancy. But they do give the facts in an understandable way, and their popularity shows that there is genuine interest in maintaining our mother tongue in its best form. Even the popularity of the dictionary of slang does not lessen this, for slang is the laboratory in which new words are born and new uses for old words.

Pocket dictionaries which aid in bettering English are also very popular, as follows:

A Book of Synonyms.....	28,000 copies
Words Often Mispronounced.....	26,500 copies
Foreign Words and Phrases.....	24,500 copies
How to Pronounce Proper Names.....	24,000 copies

The Little Blue Book of synonyms, if viewed over the entire history of the series, has been inordinately popular. But this was due partly to the craze for crossword puzzling that swept the country. The figure given here is more exact, and shows more precisely the proper place of this book in the popular demand for books of this kind.

The logical next step in this discussion brings to mind the jest that everyone in America is trying to break into print with some screed or other. Harassed editors bemoan the fact that thousands of people are laboriously putting pen to paper in an endeavor to add to their income, or even, in a few instances, to win fame and fortune overnight by writing some best seller which will later be put into the

movies. Probably no definite figures have ever been available on this question. Even popular contests, in which attractive cash prizes are offered for manuscripts, cannot feel the popular pulse to the extent that the Little Blue Books which offer aid to these people can tell how much interest there is in writing for profit. Of course, too, many people who enter prize contests are under the illusion that writing takes no training, people who believe that writers just dash off their stuff in mad moments of frenzied inspiration. Such people would not spend even five cents for a book to tell them something of the technique of the craft they hope to enter. But here are the figures which indicate how many people there are who would like to write for money, and who are anxious to find out how to do it:

Hints on Public Speaking	46,500 copies
Short-Story Writing for Beginners	36,000 copies
Hints on Writing Short Stories	23,000 copies
How to Write Advertising	20,000 copies
How to Prepare Manuscripts	17,000 copies
Writing for the Market	14,500 copies
Hints on Writing Poetry	11,000 copies
Hints on News Reporting	10,500 copies
How to Write Movie Scenarios	10,000 copies
How to Write One-Act Plays	8,000 copies
How to Write Book Reviews	8,000 copies

In a general list like the Little Blue Books this is rather amazing—especially the popularity of the manual on *How to Prepare Manuscripts*. In fact, in view of the popularity of this book, I, as one of those same harassed editors, wonder why it is that so few people read the book and follow its plain instructions.

These books, I wish to explain, contain nothing but facts. No claims are made that short-story writing is a grand road to fame and fortune; there is no assertion that the movies are clamoring for the work of amateur scenario writers and offering fabulous sums for it; there is nothing to induce the tyro to enter the writing "game" except the unvarnished essentials of the craft. In fact, these Little Blue Books include warnings against fraudulent organizations which claim to train amateurs to produce manuscripts that will sell for extraordinary amounts.

Proceeding to other titles of self-improvement intent, a wide field opens up under the general heading of Psychology. This recent science, which has made such rapid strides in the past few years, is not yet at a point where it can diagnose all the ills that human flesh and behavior are heir to, but it can help. Again, as always, the Little Blue Books in this field give the facts. It has somehow reached the ears of the general reader that psychology is a panacea of some kind or other, and that if he can study up on psychology and psycho-analysis he will be able to find the secret of success that he believes must be latent within him. Unfortunately, psychology cannot work magic. But these Little Blue Books stay within the limits of scientific knowledge, and make no false pretensions whatever.

There is much bunk about human personality which readers can get from some sources. I mean the you-can-if-you-wish-to-hard-enough personality drivel. There are Little Blue Books which deal psychologically with personality, and I am sure they are helpful, but these books are not

sold because they make any extravagant promises. No lures are held out that these books will make the rosiest dreams come true, not to mention the host of wayward fancies perhaps less rosy but none the less desired. These books are offered only as facts, and as such they are very popular.

Here are the figures for some of the more general titles:

How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself.....	43,000 copies
Psycho-Analysis Explained.....	38,500 copies
Psychology for Beginners.....	35,000 copies
Behaviorism: Newest Psychology.....	25,500 copies
The Puzzle of Personality.....	21,000 copies
Auto-Suggestion: How It Works.....	18,500 copies
Psychology of Jung.....	13,000 copies
Auto-Suggestion and Health.....	12,000 copies

It is not quite true that any title containing the word "psychology" will sell well, but it is almost true. There are few exceptions, so widespread is the interest in this subject. That it is a quest for self-improvement or self-betterment, and part of that eternal pursuit of happiness, that makes psychology and psycho-analysis so popular can hardly be disputed. The entire emphasis of these sciences is on improvement of the individual by better understanding of his weaknesses and his potentialities.

These are some of the titles with a more direct emphasis on self-understanding:

How to Fight Nervous Troubles.....	39,000 copies
Facts About Will Power.....	38,500 copies
Your Memory and How to Improve It....	37,000 copies
Your Talent and How to Develop It.....	35,500 copies
Psychology of Leadership.....	32,000 copies

How to Think Logically.....	30,500 copies
Psychology of Character Building.....	29,000 copies
The Conquest of Fear.....	27,500 copies
Psychology of Laughter.....	14,000 copies
How I Psycho-Analyzed Myself.....	13,500 copies

The obvious conclusions are that people want to overcome their nervous disorders and acquire a steadied self-sufficiency; that they want to make the most of any talent they may have; that they would like to lead if it is possible for them to do so; that they want to improve their characters if there is such a thing as improving character; that they really want to know what will power is if there is any and how it may help them solve their problems. There is no doubt that these readers are after the facts, whether they are in accord with their hopes or not. This is most encouraging.

The tally to the credit of American readers as desirous of self-improvement mounts up. Throughout the range of self-improvement books there is an excellent showing. The modern search is for knowledge, and the thirst for information will be satisfied. It will take time for this passion for knowledge to adjust itself to the needs and capacities of the individual, but there is great hope that it will not spend itself in vain.

What would you say if I claimed that I could get 10,000 American people every year to admit that they are stupid? Not only to admit that they themselves are stupid, but to state further that they are anxious to become less stupid if they can? You would not believe me. You would laugh me

to scorn. You would remind me that everyone calls everyone else a moron, but never admits the possibility that he himself may be one.

Of course, I could not appear on a public platform and ask for a showing of hands on such a question. That would be ridiculous. The average American is a timid creature, and he hardly wants to parade his deficiencies, much as he may admit them in the privacy of his self-communion. Nor could I reasonably hope to secure any reliable statistics by asking for a ballot—unsigned votes—on the question. There would be insufficient inducement for honesty. But if I were to *sell* a possible aid toward reducing stupidity, I might reasonably assume that if 10,000 people bought the book they would be admitting at least some degree of stupidity in themselves.

There is such a book in the pocket series. It is called *How to Conquer Stupidity*. One reason why people do not hesitate to order Little Blue Books, and why they forget the inhibitions that personal vanity might set upon them, is that there is a soothing anonymity in the numbers of the Little Blue Books. People order by numbers instead of titles. They feel secure—the timid ones—in the apparent meaninglessness of a list of numbers. So if people think themselves stupid, and want to remedy it, they will not hesitate to order *How to Conquer Stupidity*—for it goes by the three digits 759 and there is no self-reproach in these figures!

To come to the climax of this digression on stupidity, this book sells—not merely 10,000, but 17,500 copies annually! If 17,500 people every year in these United

States are willing to admit that they have some measure of stupidity that needs overcoming, here is a nucleus around which to build something worth while.

These facts about a book dealing with stupidity bring to my mind again those vigilant censors that protect the delicate constitution of the Average American Man. This Average Man must not be led into temptation, and he must not, above all things, be the least bit offended. Indeed, one must not even risk offending him, if there seems the slightest possibility of such an affront. There are publishers who would not include in their list a book entitled *How to Conquer Stupidity*, objecting to it on the ground that their customers would be offended by such a suggestion—the suggestion that the publication of such a book would imply that book-buyers have among their number several stupid individuals who might buy such a book.

Perhaps you think this is fanciful, but I can quickly disillusion you. I have had a recent experience which excellently illustrates my point. Possibly you have seen some of my advertisements of a high school educational course, made up of fifty of the Little Blue Books which include high school subjects. This advertisement implies that there are many people who could benefit from study of these fifty books. A nationally known weekly periodical refused this advertisement, as worded in the original copy submitted, on the ground that they could not risk implying that any large number of their readers were lacking the essentials of a high school education! Yet this same advertisement, implying that a high school course of this kind

will be very welcome to many people, is very successful nearly everywhere it appears. I am sorry, but I cannot sympathize with this constant exaggerated effort to avoid stepping on people's toes. People wear shoes, and besides, their toes are not nearly so tender as some of the guardians of our public safety seem to think. It is preposterous to suppose that an American reader, however average, will give vent to hot and righteous indignation because someone suggests that a little more education may benefit him.

To get back to discussing improvement of personality and character, and such matters, I have another bit of interesting statistical news. Americans are being constantly condemned for their bad habits, and seldom praised, except in funeral panegyrics and political hypocrisy, for their good habits. I must admit that Americans as readers are not so interested in good habits as they are in bad habits. But do not leap to conclusions—the amazing fact is that American readers want to *overcome* bad habits to a greater extent by almost a half than they want to form good habits. Here are the actual figures:

How to Break Bad Habits.....	29,000 copies
How to Form Good Habits.....	20,000 copies

At that, there are 20,000 people annually interested in finding out how to form good habits. This is far from insignificant. And those 29,000 readers who are so earnest in their wish to break their bad habits—notice once again that they are ready to admit they have them and they eagerly demonstrate their wish to remedy such an appalling

state of affairs. I am heartily in accord with these people; much as I decry babbittism and all kinds of the usual success and personality bunk, and the readiness with which people fall for such illusions, the people who are in quest of facts which will really help them win my sympathy—and, yes, my applause. They are a promising multitude, these readers of Little Blue Books.

So much for mental and emotional health—if psychology may be so regarded. Logically, the next phase to be considered is bodily health: physical well-being. Sex has already been discussed (in "Are Americans Afraid of Sex?"). The question now is, are Americans interested in keeping themselves physically fit? The answer of the Little Blue Books is Yes. According to the figures:

Care of Skin and Hair	52,000 copies
Eating for Health (Vitamins)	36,000 copies
Latest Food and Diet Facts	27,000 copies
Everyday Health Rules	22,500 copies
Home Nursing (First Aid)	17,000 copies
Facts About Cancer	15,000 copies
X-Ray, Violet Ray, etc	13,500 copies
Tuberculosis: Causes and Cure	12,000 copies
Diabetes: Cause and Treatment	12,000 copies
Quacks of the Healing Cults	10,000 copies
Truth About "Patent" Medicines	10,000 copies
Childhood Diseases (Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Chicken Pox, etc.)	10,000 copies
How to Take Care of Your Mouth and Teeth	8,000 copies

The record is not all one of glory, as you see. It is clear that American readers are far more interested in externals (*Care of Skin and Hair*) than in arbitrary rules for general health (*Everyday Health Rules*)—in fact, they are twice

as interested in keeping an outside appearance of good looks than in mere health without emphasis on appearance. (As for teeth—the low figure for this manual may be because people read so much about teeth in advertisements of dentrifices.)

Vanity creeps into the figures, but it is rather a justifiable vanity. Yet I do not want it to seem that I am optimistic about this reading public we have in America today; though I fancy the facts I cite in my chapter called "The Morgue" will relieve me of appearing too confident of America's high intelligence in reading tastes. The point I want to make is simply that American readers as a class are not as hopelessly bogged in inconsequential choices of books as some critics would have us believe.

The fact that people are interested to the extent of 36,000 copies per year in eating for the sake of good health is true enough to human nature. Every wife knows how her husband likes to eat. That he should want to eat what is most healthful, however, she may not suspect—but the Little Blue Book record shows it. The book on food and diet is a close second.. The idea seems to be that if one can eat and contribute to health at the same time, why not do it?

As I have said before, men are the chief purchasers of these Little Blue Books. It is masculine vanity, then, which jumps up that total for *Care of Skin and Hair*. Feminine vanity may be just as great, but women are not buyers of these books to the same extent that men are. It shows up clearly in the sales figures for a distinctly feminine title: *Simple Beauty Hints*, with an annual total of 22,000 copies.

As a side remark, I may say that I have reason to believe that American women as a class prefer to buy their cosmetics; though they may invest in a book on how to use cosmetics intelligently, they buy a book on how to make their own cosmetics only about half as often—*How to Make Your Own Cosmetics* sells only 14,000 copies per year. As for a defense of cosmetics, none is wanted! Max Beerbohm's *Defense of Cosmetics* is a failing title, averaging less than 5,000 copies annually in 1927; if something is not done about this book it will go into The Morgue!

Contributory factors in gaining health are sports and other forms of recreation. The sports classification of the Little Blue Books is weak at the time this book is written; this will be remedied in 1928, and meanwhile the figures available must suffice. They are very revealing:

How to Teach Yourself to Swim.....	27,000 copies
How to Play Golf.....	17,000 copies
Baseball: How to Play and How to Watch it	15,000 copies
Camping, Woodcraft and Wildcraft.....	15,000 copies
Handbook of Golf Rules.....	12,000 copies
Helpful Hints for Hikers.....	10,500 copies
How to Get the Most Out of Recreation....	9,000 copies

Golf wins by a slight margin over baseball. This may be because every small boy learns baseball as part of his adolescence. But golf is more an individual game, and must be learned later. Further, golf is still somewhat an expensive game to play, and there is perhaps a great deal of curiosity, independent of any strong determination to play, about the game and about the fun that may be had playing it.

Coming back to more academic educational subjects, suppose we examine the records of some of the courses found in high school and college curricula:

Facts to Know About Music	37,000 copies
Psychology for Beginners	35,000 copies
Astronomy Self Taught	30,500 copies
Facts to Know About Painting	27,500 copies
Outline of U. S. History	25,000 copies
Chemistry Self Taught	25,000 copies
Facts to Know About Architecture	16,000 copies
Evolution Made Plain	16,000 copies
Physics Self Taught	14,500 copies
Outline of Economics	14,500 copies
The Weather (Meteorology)	14,000 copies
Botany Self Taught	13,000 copies
Zoology Self Taught	12,000 copies
Facts to Know About Sculpture	10,500 copies
Sociology for Beginners	8,000 copies

I am myself amazed at the popularity of the arts—music, painting, sculpture, and architecture. Who would have guessed that there are 27,500 people annually to be found in America interested in learning facts they ought to know about painting? Of the academic subjects, chemistry is more popular than physics, probably because it captivates the imagination to a greater extent. Chemists have been much in the press of late, what with their rayon and other wizardry with cellulose. But the stars win the most favor, with 30,500 people every year anxious to learn about astronomy. This is gratifying, especially when I glance at the record for *Facts You Should Know About Astrology* (really a debunking book), which sold 17,000 copies only. It pleases me to think that almost

twice as many people are interested in the science as in the pseudo-science, though I know that those who read the Little Blue Book on astrology will get nothing but a scientific appraisal and exposure of the subject.

People will have the facts about astronomy and the sciences whether they can reconcile them with their religious beliefs or not, it seems. Even evolution, in spite of all the opposition set up against it, finds 16,000 people annually who want to have it clearly explained to them. If given the chance, people will accept the facts gladly.

Foreign languages, one might think, would have a fairly limited appeal in so general a series as the Little Blue Books. But even here the popular demand for books of self-education shows itself strongly. For these are the indisputable figures:

Spanish Self Taught	47,000 copies
French Self Taught	46,500 copies
German Self Taught	27,500 copies
Italian Self Taught	21,500 copies
Esperanto Self Taught	17,000 copies
Latin Self Taught	10,500 copies

French and Spanish are about tied for first place. It is easy to understand this. Perhaps most surprising is the popularity of Esperanto, that proposed scientific international language which exists nowhere in fact. It is dead like Latin, for it has never come to life—yet 17,000 people a year seem to want to learn it. It may be partly that interest in puzzles and "brainteasers" which so fascinates a large portion of the human race; it may be partly just curiosity. Even the interest in Latin, when it is

remembered that this is a cross-section of the American reading public, is much larger than might have been supposed.

Business plays so large a part in contemporary life that the popularity of commercial subjects could be logically presupposed. These are the figures:

How to Write Business Letters	37,500 copies
Handbook of Useful Tables	33,000 copies
Typewriting Self Taught	29,000 copies
Handbook of Legal Forms	28,500 copies
Handbook of Commercial Law	27,000 copies
A Rapid Calculator	24,000 copies
How to Own Your Home	17,500 copies
First Aid for Investors	17,000 copies
How to Save Money	16,500 copies
How Wall Street Works	16,000 copies
Arithmetic Self Taught: Part 2	14,500 copies
Arithmetic Self Taught: Part 1	12,000 copies
U. S. Commercial Geography	10,000 copies
How to Budget Your Income	10,000 copies

Americans, it appears, show a disposition not only to learn more about business itself, but also to find out how to improve their personal financial affairs. Few care to go to the trouble to budget their income, apparently, but many want to know how to save and how to invest their savings. The popularity of the second part of the arithmetic is probably due to its being regarded as more advanced than the first part. Finally, the exceeding popularity of the book of useful tables is due, not only to its commerical utility, but to its handiness in everyday activities.

As civilization grows more complex there is an increasing need for books of reference, handy manuals in which

to look up a fact when it is wanted. Evidently people are not so afraid of such books of reference as the average professor thinks his students are. The pocket dictionaries to be found among the Little Blue Books are very popular:

Book of Familiar Quotations	34,500 copies
A Dictionary of Scientific Terms	25,000 copies
Pocket Rhyming Dictionary	23,000 copies
A Dictionary of Musical Terms	21,500 copies
Popular Shakespearian Quotations	17,000 copies
A Dictionary of Biblical Allusions	16,000 copies
International Dictionary of Authors	15,000 copies
A Dictionary of Classical Mythology	13,000 copies
A Dictionary of Geographical Names	10,500 copies
A Dictionary of Sea Terms	8,000 copies

Anent the Shakespearian quotations, who thinks that Shakespeare is not popular in America?

Farming, in spite of the prevalence of agricultural colleges and the journalistic apotheosis of the American farmer, is not popular, comparatively, as a subject for study. I have had to withdraw one of my agricultural titles, and may have to withdraw one or two more. For this is the record:

Hints on Soils and Fertilizers	12,500 copies
Poultry for Profit	11,000 copies
Hints on Animal Husbandry	10,500 copies
Home Vegetable Gardening	10,500 copies
Hints on Farming	7,500 copies
Beekeeping for Profit	7,000 copies
How to Grow Fruits	6,000 copies
How to Build Your Greenhouse	6,000 copies

Home mechanics, or books which tell a person how to do things for himself, do fairly well. This classification

is still in the experimental stage, so too much must not be assumed from the slight representation:

How to Tie All Kinds of Knots.....	27,500 copies
Principles of Electricity.....	23,000 copies
How to Paint and Finish Woodwork.....	19,000 copies
Practical Masonry: Brickwork.....	17,000 copies
How to Cane and Upholster Chairs.....	8,000 copies
Elements of Woodworking.....	8,000 copies
Bookbinding Self Taught.....	8,000 copies

Apparently the Boy Scouts are not alone in a wish to know how to tie knots! Such books as those above are rather popular, I think, because of the average person's inclination to putter around the home, the back yard, and to tinker with the family car. Human hands itch to experiment with a brush and a can of paint; and I have heard that they also like to wield a monkey-wrench, so one of these days I'll have a Little Blue Book on how to repair your own car.

Interior decoration is a special phase of home-improvement. I think some mention of it belongs here, because these Little Blue Books prove that Americans are weary of unattractive homes. Thousands of people are trying their best to beautify their houses and yards, and they want to do this according to the best tradition and in accord with the best artistic taste. I cite these figures to support my assertion:

Interior Decoration for Small Homes....	29,000 copies
Practical Hints on Interior Decoration....	27,000 copies
How to Make Your Home More Homelike	14,000 copies

Cooking, of course, is an indispensable art. The Little Blue Books have many collections of recipes, as follows:

How to Make All Kinds of Candy.....	45,000 copies
Simple Recipes for Home Cooking.....	33,000 copies
How to Make Pies and Pastries.....	29,000 copies
How to Cook Fish and Meats.....	21,500 copies
Better Meals for Less Money.....	17,500 copies
How to Make Ice Cream and Gelatine....	16,000 copies
French Cooking for Amateurs.....	9,500 copies

Thus, even the Little Blue Books contribute data to support the contention that America has a hungry sweet tooth—for the most popular book of recipes is that on how to make candy. Of specialized recipe books, that on making pies and pastries—more sweets—also surpasses the others.

Housekeepers, such of them as may be Little Blue Book readers, are anxious to be good hostesses. Among the men, all want to be socially correct quite as much as do the women. That is why *Hints on Etiquette* sells 72,000 copies per year. In fact, one reader wrote a letter saying that he had read this book and had assimilated all of it; he now felt ready for more particulars, and would like to obtain a much larger book of etiquette so that he might become really and truly cultured! Joking aside, however, American readers do want to conform to social strictures; they believe in social amenities because they serve in a large way the purposes of civilized intercourse. So *The Charming Hostess: How to Entertain* is also popular, selling at the rate of 32,000 copies annually. As part of the wish to entertain guests happily I should add that *Party Games for Grown-Ups* is in demand to the extent of 46,500 copies per year. I shall have more to say about this demand for fun and entertainment in another place.

The figures I have given in support of America's quest for self-improvement will perhaps suffice to show that the desire for knowledge and the yearning for education are much more than a passing fancy. The demand increases, if anything,with the years. I could go on to show that other books—books of poems, masterpieces of fiction, biographies of the great, philosophy, comparative religions, books of maxims and epigrams, and so on—bear out this widespread interest in self-betterment and advancement. In another chapter I explain how a classification called Cultural Helps has done much to sell certain "highbrow" titles in the series. The clamor everywhere is for education, culture, knowledge; surely these are signs of the times, and they point hopefully toward an ever brighter future.

The University in Print still has gaps. Some phases of self-education are still meagerly represented. For example, there is law. I have secured, so far, very little usable material to enlighten the general public in legal matters. But these gaps will be filled in as time goes on. The public wants the books, and I have no choice, in my capacity as editor of such a series, but to give them the books desired. I am optimistic about this demand for self-education, because it gratifies me to know that there is such a really general interest in acquiring knowledge. It must gratify anyone interested in the progress of modern civilization. For though it may take generations for this desire to take proper shape, and for this avid search for knowledge to

work any real benefits for the race, it cannot ever work for harm or drag us back into those dark ages from which we so recently emerged.

It was fear of knowledge that held humanity back during the Middle Ages, and before. There was fostered in people's minds a fear of the printed word. Reading was an accomplishment few dared to undertake. The invention of printing did much to dispel this popular fear; books were seen not to be very harmful, after all—except perhaps *some* books, which were kept carefully from the public lest the people be contaminated thereby. Censors still stalk among us, placing a taboo on this and another taboo on that. There are still books that moralists and reformers think *no one* should be permitted to read. But the individual's fear of the printed word has gone—probably that is why these self-appointed censors take their tasks so seriously. They know that people would read the books if they had the chance, and so they try to see to it that the public does not get the chance.

American readers are thorough in their quest for knowledge. I have demonstrated that. They place no taboos of their own on anything which may inform them, or help them to understand the world and themselves. One of these days Mr. Average Man may resent being deprived of a book he wants to read, just because some self-styled Superior Man says it won't be good for him. When that time comes, the desire for knowledge will at last have its way: its full, undenied, unhindered way.

A Note on Music

I cannot leave the subject of self-education and self-improvement without a word about music. So particular a phase of culture development seemed to have no place in this chapter, as I went along, so I put it here, as a kind of postscript, and a worthy postcript it is.

Music has been called the purest of the arts. Great music probably requires more education than any other single art to be appreciated to the fullest possible extent. But even the least educated may get something, however little, from great music. Music satisfies a hunger which none of the other arts can do so well or so universally.

Perhaps it is because I am myself so very fond of music that the Little Blue Books have such a generous sprinkling of musical titles. It was with deep regret that I found myself obliged to withdraw some of the operatic titles—the stories of famous operas, with excerpts from the scores. Several remain in the list, I am glad to say, but I still think sadly sometimes of those that had to go into The Morgue.

The popularity of music in America cannot be questioned. The generous support given to such artists as Galli-Curci, Rosa Ponselle, John McCormack, Ignace Paderewski, etc., proves this. Paderewski, indeed, is a name that even a street urchin will recognize as a great musician.

It will surprise no one to learn that Little Blue Books of a musical appeal are popular, except perhaps when one re-

members that there is a difference between the popularity of music itself and books *about* music. There is a vast gulf between, but it is not so wide that popularity cannot bridge it. For even liking music as they naturally do, American readers want to know more about it. They want to learn how to like it even more—they want to educate themselves into greater joy, and truer appreciation, of the greatest of all the arts.

Here are some of the titles, with their revealing sales figures:

Facts You Should Know About Music..	37,000 copies
Dictionary of Musical Terms.....	21,500 copies
How to Learn to Sing.....	19,000 copies
Story of Rigoletto.....	16,000 copies
Old Favorite Negro Songs.....	15,000 copies
Jazz: What It Is and How to Understand It	15,000 copies
Harmony Self Taught.....	14,500 copies
Story of Tannhäuser.....	14,500 copies
How to Teach Yourself to Play the Piano	14,000 copies
How to Enjoy Good Music.....	13,500 copies
Story of Das Rheingold.....	13,000 copies
Introduction to Wagner's Music.....	11,000 copies
How to Enjoy Orchestra Music.....	10,500 copies
Old English Songs.....	10,500 copies
Gilbert and Sullivan Guidebook.....	9,000 copies
Great Christian Hymns.....	3,000 copies

I assure you—for I will be accused of it—that I have not falsified the figures for *Great Christian Hymns.* Some of these hymns (if you leave the words out) are worthy of a place in the world's music; but the public in general has comparatively little interest in hymns. Indeed, they show three times as much interest in old English songs, and five times as much interest in Negro songs!

If to some of us the 15,000 annual purchasers who wish to learn about jazz are a little depressing, we can surely brighten up when we know that more than 10,000 people every year want to know how to get greater enjoyment from orchestra music.

CHAPTER IV

AMERICANS WANT FUN AND LAUGHTER

As shown by Little Blue Book Sales Statistics

EVERYONE likes a good laugh. Laughter is sociable—like good wine. We are told to laugh, for all the world will laugh with us. Fun and laughter are catching. A theater full of laughter contains more enjoyment than one of the laughers could get if he saw the same things or heard the same words in the privacy of his apartment. Humor is funnier if two can laugh at it together; funnier still if three can laugh at it, and make a party. Yet for all this sociability, there is fun to be had even if one has to laugh alone.

Readers are solitary persons, while they are reading. A reader may be actually alone in a room, or he may be mentally isolated in a subway train, a public park, or the waiting-room of the Grand Central station. Occasionally such a reader may be seen to smile, or he may so far forget himself as to give way to involuntary laughter. It may even be noisy laughter. For perhaps he is reading a Little Blue Book of jokes.

Humor has always been in the series of Little Blue Books —usually in the form of the work of Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, etc. Stephen Leacock is a

happy recent addition. But books of jokes came late, and their popularity was so immediately apparent that the group of collections grew promptly into a sizable classification. That there should be a demand for such books I did not for a long time suspect. I leaned toward the more lengthy humor, in the form of tales and essays, and let compilations of dialogue jokes wait until little more than a year ago.

Now there is hardly a form of wit or humor you cannot find represented in the series of Little Blue Books. The fun-and-laughter classification is well developed, and it is one of the strongest portions of the list. If there is fun to be found in the pages of a book, you are almost sure to be able to find it in the pages of some Little Blue Book or other. That is why the sales statistics for these fun-and-laughter books have such comparative value—why they tell just what kind of a sense of humor American readers have most of, and how they analyze the well-known desire for fun and laughter of all kinds.

The jokebooks began with a simple enough title, wholly unpretentious: *Popular Jokebook.* To show you how late it came in the series, comparatively speaking, I may add that it is No. 972 in the list—and at the time the book was added that number was indicative somewhat of its youth. High numbers are not always younger than the low ones, for there have been many recent substitutions, but high numbers are often quite young. Those over 1000 are all less than three years old.

This *Popular Jokebook* was a good seller from the start.

Its popularity made other jokebooks necessary, and yet, with a score or so of other books of jokes now competing with it for public favor, this first anthology of jokes still holds its own with an annual sales figure of 37,000 copies. Its title is what makes it so popular. The title insists that the book is popular, and so it is! American readers, you see, are in many ways a great deal like sheep—in buying books as well as in buying cigarettes or hosiery or theater tickets. If it is something they rather want anyway, and you point out that other people also want it—they clamor for it.

By way of contrast, this *Popular Jokebook* has a companion—a twin, born into the list at the same time, and given another title mostly for convenience and to avoid confusion. This twin's name is *A Book of Humorous Anecdotes*: its annual sales figure is—it rather appals me, for I had not noticed its low ebb before—only 8,000 copies, or less than a fourth of that of the *Popular Jokebook*.

Suppose we examine more closely some of the annual sales figures for miscellaneous jokebooks:

Toasts for All Occasions	55,000 copies
Best Jokes of 1926	50,500 copies
Popular Jokebook	37,000 copies
Broadway Wisecracks	29,000 copies
Best College Humor	17,000 copies
Masterpieces of American Humor	16,500 copies
Best Jokes of 1925	15,500 copies
Masterpieces of American Wit	9,000 copies
Humorous Anecdotes	8,000 copies

The best of them all is not jokes, but toasts! Is this, I wonder, because "toasts" suggest something said before

drinking—and drinking suggests, well, wine and possibly whiskey? In the imagination, of course—certainly all in the reader's imagination. But why should not drinking be as popular on the printed page as love? Then, people may think also that toasts are funnier than just jokes. Such may have been their experience, due possibly to the mellowing effects of good liquor.

Second best is the *Best Jokes of 1926;* in 1928, of course, it will be the new collection, *Best Jokes of 1927.* Again there is that tendency to choose something someone points out as best. Indeed, here is the reason for all the superlatives you see on billboards and in magazine advertisements—say it is the best long enough, and you may have thousands agreeing with you, provided you have a good product in the first place. Even the *Best Jokes of 1925* is not considered too out of date for 15,500 people every year, though this may drop a little in 1928.

Of particular interest are the jokes about various nationalities:

Best Jewish Jokes	43,000 copies
Best Negro Jokes	37,500 copies
Best Irish Jokes	37,000 copies
Best Scotch Jokes	34,500 copies
Best American Jokes	16,000 copies
Best Yankee Jokes	16,000 copies

There are also books of the best Russian, Spanish, Italian and German humor, but these struggle hard to keep up their required 10,000 yearly. It is the Irish and the Scotch, and, seemingly, the Jewish people who are credited with the best laugh-giving characteristics. Negroes, though a

race—like the Jews—instead of a nationality, speaking broadly, have their generous share of favor. It is a coincidence that American and Yankee jokes have equal popularity, but it is not a coincidence that they are less than half as popular as jokes about any other of the nationalities in the best-seller list. Americans, perhaps, are not quite ready yet to laugh at themselves so much as at others—the others being individuals with strongly marked racial or traditional idiosyncrasies.

What now of the professional jokes? These figures tell a story:

Best Jokes About Doctors.....	25,000 copies
Best Jokes About Preachers.....	23,000 copies
Best Jokes About Lawyers.....	21,000 copies

I daresay that the much looked down upon man in the street shakes with glee at any chance to laugh at a doctor, a lawyer, or a preacher. He is so often victimized, or induced by his imagination to stand in awe or fear of these professions, that laughter is a welcome relief. He laughs long and heartily at jests implying a doctor's brutality or ignorance or carelessness—of all of which he is afraid; he guffaws boisterously at funny cracks suggesting that lawyers are liars, and that they have many weaknesses and faults common to all of their profession; he smiles broadly and haw-haws gaily at gibes aimed at the preacher's sanctimoniousness and overdone righteousness. But it is healthy laughter, and of course it has its foundations in fact. Humor could not exist without a basis of common humanity, and by laughing at our superiors—at these pro-

fessional highbrows—we, as well as our inferiors, can recognize, whether consciously or not, a universal kinship.

Other jokebooks have wide favor, as follows:

Best Jokes About Married Life.....	45,500 copies
Best Jokes About Lovers.....	35,000 copies
Best Jokes About Kissing.....	33,000 copies
Best Hobo Jokes.....	23,000 copies
Best Ford Jokes.....	22,500 copies
Best Jokes About Drunks.....	18,500 copies
Best Rube Jokes.....	11,000 copies

Mr. Henry Ford's Model T died in 1927, but the jokes about it—see the figures immediately preceding—did not. If some 20,000 people or more continue to laugh at trials and tribulations incidental to owning a Ford, Model T may pass but will hardly be forgotten. Though the car may die, the jokes go rattling on. It is not every man who can invent the butt of an everlasting joke!

I gave the figures for the jokes about love and marriage in the chapter dealing with the popularity of sex books in America. I repeat them here for the sake of comparison. These figures are immensely significant, and they strike deeper into the real nature of humor than any psychological analysis can probe. The most popular jokebooks of all, taken as a trio (with the exception only of the *Best Jokes of 1926* and the *Toasts for all Occasions*), are about what human beings have most revered, most idealized, and most consecrated—love and its relationships. Love is human, however, and it is universal; that is why it is such good material for humor, and why we can all easily and gladly laugh about it. We laugh, partly at lovers and partly with

them; for if we have not been lovers yet, we have an inner voice that tells us we may soon be lovers, and it may be best for us to laugh while we may. For lovers themselves do not laugh—at love. Earlier or later they may; but not in the midst of the experience.

It is a good thing, too, this laughter, though it be laughter at love and loving, and all the affairs and circumstances that go with it. For it is not a world for long love, or continually and everlastingly blissful true love. Lovers may make fools of themselves in a harsh world like this. It is good that we know how to laugh at our own foibles, and our own humanity. And we laugh most at married life—at that attempt, as some wit (a Frenchman, wasn't he?) put it, to coördinate economics and emotion—in jokebooks as well as in the comic strips in the daily papers. We laugh loudest at what effects us most, provided we are given the graceful illusion of supposing the joke to be on the other fellow.

So much for jokes in general. What of humorists, those cynical observers of humanity who have turned to laughter for escape from thoughts which may perhaps have become too heavy to face seriously? I shall select a book or two by some of the outstanding names, so that the comparison of their popularity may be made readily. These will suffice:

Jerome K. Jerome: Funny Ghost Stories..	33,000 copies
Mark Twain: English As She is Spoke....	31,000 copies
Humor of Abraham Lincoln.....	15,000 copies
Stephen Leacock: Ridiculous Stories.....	14,500 copies
Charles Dickens: Pickwick Papers.....	14,000 copies

Jerome K. Jerome: Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow	13,000 copies
Bill Nye: Humorous Essays	12,000 copies
Josh Billings: Humorous Epigrams, etc.	11,000 copies
Petroleum V. Nasby: Let's Laugh	10,000 copies
Artemus Ward: Laugh Book	9,000 copies

Mark Twain is without doubt the most popular of the humorists; the rest have their followers, but none to equal his. The popularity of Jerome's *Funny Ghost Stories* is about half laughter and half shivers—the ghosts lure as many nickels as the chuckles in it. Of them all, Artemus Ward is the least popular; this is probably because Ward's was an older day, and he is not remembered because his humor is more superficial and not so well founded on those unchangeable qualities of human nature which make any creative effort enduring. The humor of Lincoln is, of course, traditional, like that of the Irish and the Scotch. It is none the less humor for all that, however.

Humorous verse, comic poems, and nonsense rimes have their place in the great category of humor and laughter. Books of this kind are varyingly popular:

Casey at the Bat, Face on the Barroom Floor, etc	25,500 copies
Book of Comic Poems	21,500 copies
Comic Dialect Poems	11,000 copies
Book of Humorous Verse	10,500 copies
Book of Funny Limericks	10,500 copies
Book of Nonsense Poems	10,000 copies
Laughable Lyrics: Edwin Lear	8,000 copies
Hunting of the Snark: Lewis Carroll	7,000 copies

It has been up to mighty Casey to support this list and maintain a residuum of popularity for the versifiers.

Mighty Casey, and that memorable face on the bygone barroom floor—this verse that is the most popular is, you should notice, verse in which tears mingle with the sounds of merriment. It is verse which, if you laugh at it at all, must impress you with a certain pathos; as humor, it is like the screen comedies of Charles Chaplin, so rightly called the pathetic comedian.

Edward Lear is all but forgotten; the limerick is passé; and even Lewis Carroll's reputation, sponsored by Alice, seems to be slipping. For *Alice in Wonderland*, too, sold only 8,000 copies per year. And the *Nonsense Stories and Pictures* of Edward Lear, though much better—at 16,000 copies annually—than any similar book, is not as popular as one would expect. His *Nonsense Alphabets*, also with his inimitable pictures, has not done as well as I had hoped; it is, I am sorry to say, really a failure, selling hardly more than 5,000 copies annually as compared with the others mentioned here.

What, by the way, of the much despised pun, that lowest form of wit, as all good critics call it? There is a book called *Interesting and Amusing Puns*, and I know all punsters will be eager to learn how the public has received it. Punsters, of course, would not condescend to buy the book; its influence might cramp their style. That is the very reason, I suspect, why the book does not sell well—for who is not, or who has not been at sometime, a punster? We have all been victims, of course; most of us, I daresay, have committed the crime itself. For this book sold only—I almost suppressed this shameful figure!—6,500 copies. That show-

ing is its very best. I suspect it is because American readers are too busy making their own puns to buy any ready-made. Viewed in a dispassionate light, however, 6,500 purchasers for this book are appallingly many—one must meet one or more of them sooner or later in this small world of ours.

"Let's have fun," cry our boys and girls, our Babbitts and Rotarians, our Ku Kluxers and Masons, our Sewing Circles and our Ladies' Aiders. It is the desire of the average American to have all the fun he can get—as witness the playgrounds provided at Atlantic City, in Florida, in California, and nearly everywhere else. Chorus girls, vaudeville performers, radio announcers, *et al.*, earn their livings providing fun—though it is often poor fun, unjust to the name and unworthy of fun-seekers. There are the movies, the basis of a gigantic industry. There are the grandstand and ringside seats at baseball games and prize fights. There are carnivals and fairs and circuses galore. And there are books—

Books of fun include games and other forms of recreation, but these I have already discussed, as a subdivision of health, in the chapter on self-improvement books. I shall not repeat those figures here. In this chapter I am more concerned with indoor sports—riddles, parlor games, puzzles, etc. In the Little Blue Book lists these books come under the general classification of Entertainment.

First of all, there is that recent "fad," intelligence, or rather, information quizzes—the question-and-answer game. In this there is mingled not only fun and entertain-

ment, as in playing a game, but some desire for self-improvement as well. It may not be admirable to get a "kick" out of parading one's superior knowledge by getting a higher "score" than one's fellows—or desperately trying to get it!—but it is human nature. Three Little Blue Books of questions and answers sell as follows:

What Do You Know?	45,500 copies
Who, When, Where, What?	30,500 copies
General Information Quizzes	14,500 copies

I strongly suspect that the *General Information Quizzes* does not appeal because of the matter-of-fact title. There is no suggestion of fun in such a title. The popularity of that first question-and-answer book which swept the country, and whose title became a slang phrase or was borrowed from a slang phrase—whichever was the hen and which the egg—owed much of its success, I am sure, to its title: *Ask Me Another!* Some such title is needed for this laggard Little Blue Book of mine.

Crossword puzzles were earlier in the popular favor for games with pencil and paper. There are two series in the Little Blue Books, and even now they sell like this:

Crossword Puzzles: Series 2	21,500 copies
Crossword Puzzles: Series 1	21,000 copies

At the height of the craze the influence of a populace madly seeking new words to conquer was felt in the Little Blue Book series by the phenomenal sale of *A Book of Synonyms.* It was found necessary to keep two sets of plates of this book constantly on one press four or five months.

I had supposed that riddles belonged to the past, with

square dances, the cat's cradle, and braiding rugs. But I learned that riddles were still popular, along with other puzzles:

Book of 500 Riddles	53,500 copies
Mathematical Oddities	37,500 copies
Curiosities of Mathematics	35,000 copies
Puzzles and Brainteasers	33,500 copies
Popular and Amusing Riddles	24,000 copies
Riddle Rimes	8,000 copies

It is impossible to prophesy what the reading public may prefer. That book called *Curiosities of Mathematics*, for example, leaped into sudden and lasting popularity. It surprised me. I did not expect it to sell many more than the required quota to keep it in the list. Mathematics, I naturally thought, would hardly appeal to many people. But the suggestion of possible fun—even with figures—is apparently too attractive to resist.

Indoor games are always popular. These are the totals:

Party Games for Grown-Ups	38,500 copies
How to Play Auction Bridge	37,500 copies
How to Play Contract Bridge	30,500 copies
How to Play Card Games	29,500 copies
How to Play Checkers	21,000 copies
Children's Games	18,500 copies
How to Play Chess	17,500 copies

There is, as you see, not a failure. Even chess, a game I thought was being forgotten, has some 17,000 devotees—and beginning players, at that—every year. And at last we have statistical evidence of the comparative popularity of chess and checkers; checkers leads by a margin of 3,500 annually.

Of amateur entertainment I have but a brief story to tell. My 1928 list will be expanded to include theatricals, ventriloquism, Hindu magic, sideshow tricks and all the rest. But there is one book on which I have figures, and these are the figures which determined me in an extensive enlargement of the list in this direction. I refer to *Amateur Magic Tricks*, which reached the total of 36,000 copies annually.

Perhaps, speaking of amateur entertainment, this is the best place to insert a paragraph on fortune-telling and character-reading books. I believe, of course, that these are merely playthings—these attempts to read the future or divine "character"—and so these Little Blue Books are careful to explain that though it may be fun, it is quite without foundation in fact to "read" palms, the cards, the stars, or the bumps on the head. The books are popular, nevertheless, as these figures show:

Facts About Fortune-Telling.....	44,000 copies
Facts About Palmistry.....	31,000 copies
Facts About Astrology.....	17,000 copies
Facts About Phrenology.....	12,000 copies

Palmistry, it appears, is either the best known or the best liked method of "looking into the future." It is a Halloween sport, and is but another bit of evidence of the fun-seeking tendency of American readers.

Hypnotism Made Plain, though as much a psychological treatise as a book of entertainment, owes its popularity, I feel certain, to a hope that there may be some fun in it. Its annual figure is 24,000 copies.

Photography is utilitarian and altogether practical, as a profession. But among amateurs it has all the lure of any other sport, and it becomes, like angling and the rest, just fun. It is not as popular as some of the other books of this class, but *Photography Self Taught* sells at the rate of 13,500 copies a year.

The popularity of radio goes without saying. For the sake of completeness, I tuck in here the statement that *The Simplicity of Radio* has an annual sales figure of 22,500 copies. Even *A Directory of Radio Stations*—which I abandoned because so difficult to keep up to date—sold 12,000 copies annually.

I feel on the verge of closing this chapter with a comedy note. For the last figure that meets my eye reminds me of the thousands of parlors along countless Main Streets where little Mary or tiny Bob is urged to stand up and "recite a piece for the gentleman," or "now say your little piece for the lady." This may be unkind, but I am sure the day of the recitation, whether from the center of the parlor carpet or from the front edge of the high school stage, is not past. There is still magic in talking about studying "elocution," and it is taken as seriously as piano lessons for the growing boy or girl whether there is any evidence of talent or not. It is, like Main Street itself, an American institution.

All of which has been inspired by the fact that *Popular Recitations* has an annual figure of 15,000 copies. I do not suppose that this means that very much uncomfortable reciting for the visiting lady or gentleman really goes on as a consequence of the sale of this book. I was merely reminded

of it, and I wondered if it did. I sincerely hope that the book contributes to real entertainment, instead. At any rate, I think that the desire for entertainment and amusement on the part of American readers is strong enough to account for the book's popularity.

CHAPTER V

RELIGION VERSUS FREETHOUGHT

Little Blue Book Sales Tell a Significant Story

BLINDERS are popular among some people, notably the incurable optimists, when by optimism they mean the triumph of their side of the question. That is, they like to think their side is on the way to victory, no matter what the facts may be. They fatuously blind themselves to the real situation, and refuse to admit any possibility of failure. Specifically, religious enthusiasts will not admit that there is any widespread tendency toward skepticism and freethought in America.

Yet recent developments in the world of books tell a different story. The trend is ever toward more progressive viewpoints, toward more free and unlimited thinking—toward what is popularly known as freethought. I could point to a dozen outstanding books of the past two years which tread ruthlessly upon religion's toes. Sinclair Lewis and his *Elmer Gantry*, for example—such a book would have been almost impossible a generation or two ago, where now it is a best seller.

Nine years ago books of skepticism, books against superstition and religion, were included in the pocket series. In

those days they were almost alone, those forward-looking books of rationalism and agnosticism. Even now the Little Blue Books, in the half a hundred titles by Joseph McCabe, contain more outspoken arguments against religious dogma, ritual, and any form of blind faith than any other books available today. The Little Blue Books are still in the vanguard, and it is because the readers want such books.

I have made no secret of my own heretical beliefs. For this reason I have been accused of saturating the Little Blue Book series with skeptical books because I wish to print propaganda that agreed with my own notions, and thus convert everyone to my own way of thinking. I have been called various uncomplimentary names on this account, and yet I may suggest mildly that even if this were true, it is only human that I should want others to see things my way.

However, aside from the fact that I am glad to publish books I agree with, the printing of freethought Little Blue Books is not a phase of my vanity. I do not do it because I think it should be done, even if no one would buy the books. I do it because I think it ought to be done, and also because thousands of people buy the books eagerly and readily.

If these skeptical Little Blue Books did not sell well, I would drop them. I have dropped many titles which I like immensely, for I am not forcing upon the public anything it will not read. There was Sir Richard Burton's *Kasidah. I* like that poem, and I put off as long as possible the inevitable fate of that book. It was finally consigned to my Little

Blue Book Morgue because American readers showed no interest in reading it. My great liking for it saved it for a time, but my business sense got the better of my personal preference and the book was withdrawn.

In fact, I am being more than fair in this question of religion. I am an avowed agnostic, or atheist, or rationalist, or whatever you wish to call me—for I subscribe to no religion (I use the word strictly in the dictionary sense, and have no sympathy with those backsliders who stretch out the definition to include anything whatever). I am against all religion—I think the Bible is a dull book. Yet I print the Bible, and in the face of an appallingly low annual sale I keep the book in the series. I do this out of stubbornness. I am determined, because I know I am prejudiced against the book, to give it more than a fair chance. Could supporters of the Bible ask any more of one who does not like it?

Take a specific case. Henry C. Vedder once prepared a two-volume work for the series called *The Words of Jesus*. He gathered all the words of Jesus from the Bible and did modern readers the service of putting the sayings of Jesus into the English of today. I offered this two-volume work in the Little Blue Books for two or three years. But I could not sell it; American readers did not care about it. I withdrew it, finally, at a substantial loss. But I did not quit. I would not admit having failed to sell the words of Jesus, even. I thought it might be possible to make the book more popular by giving it a famous title. So I had a new one-volume work compiled, using the language of the

King James version of the Bible, and called it *The Sermon on the Mount and Other Sayings of Jesus.*

This book of the sayings of Jesus is published without any adverse comment. There is no freethought propaganda in the book. It is offered for its own sake, on its own merits. Its title is a fair indication of what the book contains. It is what might be called a concentrated version of the New Testament. If Jesus uttered anything worth reading today, it is in this Little Blue Book. And by going to this trouble, which my religious enemies are hardly aware of, I saved Jesus for the Little Blue Book readers of America. This book, in its present form, sells about 12,500 copies every year.

Is it perhaps pertinent to ask if any Fundamentalist would have done as much for a book setting forth the tenets of an agnostic?

Other Little Blue Books from the Bible sold as follows:

The Essence of the Bible.....	8,000 copies
The Gospel of Luke.....	5,000 copies
The Gospel of Mark.....	4,000 copies

I suppose I will be accused of doctoring these figures, but I can only sigh in the full knowledge that they are only too true. Those books represent an investment in editorial labor, type-setting, electrotyping, and so on. They take up warehouse space, and each one—Luke as well as Mark—requires its own separate pigeon-hole in the order-filling booths. The plates have to be stored in my crowded fireproof vaults, in compartments which, if released, might hold the plates for two much better sellers. As I said, I can

only sigh and reflect that it is impossible to sell the Bible in five-cent doses, or in blue covers. The Bible must be black, and complete, and expensive. It cannot be sold for a nickel, and it cannot be given away even to the heathen.

Yet the figures I have just given would be meaningless if I could not make comparisons. What of the other great religious books? Here are their sales figures:

The Essence of the Koran	15,000 copies
The Essence of the Talmud	13,500 copies

These figures may alarm some people. It looks as though American readers were more devoted to Mohammedanism and Judaism than to Christianity. But the real reason for the popularity of these titles is curiosity. Readers want to find out what other religious books contain. They have been brought up on the Bible, perhaps, and they are curious to see whether the Koran and Talmud are anything like it. They are broadening their outlook, these curious readers, and learning lessons of tolerance. They are escaping from the cramped limits of bigotry into wider and freer opinions.

Suppose we go back and consider some other Little Blue Books which espouse Christianity or Christian principles, and see how popular they are as compared with books of other religions or beliefs:

The Wisdom of Confucius	21,000 copies
The Essence of Buddhism	16,000 copies
The Essence of Catholicism	14,500 copies
The Essence of Judaism	12,000 copies
Life of Martin Luther	12,000 copies
Life of Jesus (Renan)	11,000 copies
Life of Mahomet	9,000 copies

Life of St. Francis of Assisi	8,000 copies
History of the Modern Church	8,000 copies
Bryan's Prince of Peace	7,000 copies
History of the Ancient Christian Church	6,500 copies
Poems About Jesus	5,500 copies
History of the Medieval Christian Church	5,000 copies
Great Christian Hymns	3,000 copies

The evidence, again, seems to indicate a great curiosity on the part of American readers to learn what other faiths have been like. It comes to a climax in the interest shown in the sayings of Confucius (who was an agnostic), which is almost twice as great as that shown in the sayings of Jesus. Too, the life of the infidel Ingersoll is more than twice as popular as the life of Jesus.

Let us see whether this curiosity continues as we examine more skeptical titles, especially books which deal with the facts underlying Christian faith. These figures tell us a great deal:

Did Jesus Ever Live?	42,500 copies
Self-Contradictions of the Bible	33,000 copies
Reasons for Doubting the Bible	31,000 copies
Forgery of the Old Testament	30,000 copies
The Myth of the Resurrection	30,500 copies
Thomas Paine's Age of Reason	29,000 copies
Life of Robert G. Ingersoll	25,000 copies
Paine's Revolt Against the Bible	21,000 copies
How the Old Testament Was Made	16,000 copies
Sources of Bible Myths and Legends	10,500 copies

For every copy of the life of Jesus sold in the Little Blue Books, nearly four copies are sold of a book which suggests that perhaps he did not live at all. For every copy of *Essence of the Bible* sold every year, four copies of *Self-*

Contradictions of the Bible are sold. And Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*, it appears, continues its work of exposing superstition even in this twentieth century, when most of the religionists of Paine's day are all but forgotten and whose books are cherished only by collectors of rare examples of colonial publishing. I should not think, for example, of ever putting any of the work of Cotton Mather into the Little Blue Books!

We are living in an age of skepticism. It is an age when people are seeking the truth. Facts are being weighed against tradition, to the cost of the latter. Faith is no longer quite sufficient to substantiate belief in this or that dogma. But of course these manifestations of a healthy skepticism are true only of readers. People who do not read books are still slaves to the faiths of their fathers. That is why the leaders of religion have always regarded most books askance, and feared the literacy of their followers. One may be led astray by reading, they say.

The demand for Little Blue Books of freethought and skepticism is real. I was venturing into unknown harbors when I first published such books. But the venture was worth the gamble, as you are beginning to see by the sales figures for these books. Freethought is more profitable, from a publisher's point of view, than the most devout creed. The emancipation of American readers has begun. There can be no doubt of that. The day of any possible Index Expurgatorius is, I am sure, far in the past. You cannot say to the reader of today, "Here is a book you must not read because it is dangerous to accepted opinions," and

expect him to leave the book alone. On the contrary, he will probably read it all the sooner.

Take skeptical titles at random. Pick them out as you will. The figures all tell the same story:

Luther Burbank's Why I Am an Infidel....	64,000 copies
Voltaire's Skeptical Essays.....	25,000 copies
What Can a Free Man Worship? (Bertrand Russell)	24,000 copies
Controversy on Christianity (Debate; Ingersoll and Gladstone.....	22,500 copies
Rome or Reason? (Debate; Ingersoll and Cardinal Manning).....	19,000 copies
Rupert Hughes' Ghastly Purpose of the Parables	19,000 copies
What Atheism Means to Me.....	17,500 copies
Clarence Darrow's Voltaire Lecture.....	17,500 copies
Ingersoll's The Gods.....	17,000 copies
Wit and Wisdom of Voltaire.....	16,500 copies
Why I did not Enter the Ministry.....	14,500 copies
The Necessity of Atheism (Shelley).....	13,500 copies
Nature of Religion (Schopenhauer).....	12,000 copies
Anatole France on Life and Destiny.....	10,500 copies

The sensational sale of Luther Burbank's *Why I Am an Infidel* indicates a popular curiosity about the man, but this curiosity, it is only fair to explain, was aroused by the wide publicity given the horticulturist's declaration of agnosticism shortly before his death. Preachers, of course, made much of the death of an avowed agnostic; being thus reminded of it, I cannot help pointing out the vicious parallel of the death of William Jennings Bryan—not as divine punishment, of course, but because "his work on earth was done."

But even the curiosity about Burbank's reasons for being

an infidel is more than a hopeful sign of American reader-emancipation. The fear of reading heretical books is gone, now that the shadow of the rack has faded into nothing. People dare to doubt today; they dare to read to find out whether there are justifiable reasons for doubting. Perhaps some are strengthened in their faith, but I like to believe that for every such person there are a dozen others who are inclined toward the free and healthy atmosphere of modern skepticism and freethought.

It was the success of these scattered Little Blue Books of skeptical trend that set a great scholar to work turning out a complete history of religious controversy, written for the first time from the agnostic angle. The scholar was Joseph McCabe, and he did fifty-odd Little Blue Books in somewhat over a year, comprising "The Story of Religious Controversy." These fifty books represent a substantial investment. Is it fair to my business judgment to suspect me of putting Joseph McCabe at this task just because I wanted to flood America with anti-religious propaganda? And remember, please, that these Little Blue Books are not distributed gratis as are many religious tracts; they cost five cents apiece, you know, and just exactly as much as hundreds of other books offered in competition with them. American readers do not have to buy these books unless they really want them.

The reception of these Joseph McCabe Little Blue Books by the American reading public gratifies me. I do not deny that. It will gratify anyone interested in enlightenment and progress. It is only when there is a clash of ideas that

there can be any intellectual advance. Readers must be ready to peruse other men's views if they are to get out of the rut in which tradition has left them.

What is the verdict, in actual figures, of American readers when offered heretical works by Joseph McCabe? The verdict is as follows:

My Twelve Years in a Monastery.....	46,000 copies
Seven Infidel U. S. Presidents.....	43,000 copies
Horrors of the Inquisition.....	41,000 copies
Absurdities of Christian Science.....	36,000 copies
The Degradation of Woman.....	35,000 copies
The Jesuits: Religious Rogues.....	34,500 copies
Lies of Religious Literature.....	28,000 copies
Galileo and Medieval Science.....	27,000 copies
The Future of Religion.....	25,000 copies
Pagan Christs Before Jesus.....	25,000 copies
The Conflict Between Science and Religion	23,000 copies
The Beliefs of Scientists.....	23,000 copies
The Myth of Immortality.....	21,500 copies
Religion's Failure to Combat Crime.....	21,000 copies
The Futility of Belief in God.....	20,000 copies
The Churches and Modern Progress.....	20,000 copies
The Triumph of Materialism.....	17,500 copies
Failure of Christian Missions.....	17,000 copies
Myths of Religious Statistics.....	16,000 copies
The Fraud of Spiritualism.....	13,000 copies

I have, of course, not given the figures for the entire fifty-one or fifty-two books. But I have endeavored to select those titles which indicate most forcibly the interest in rationalistic books. I have listed all of the out-and-out agnostic titles. That these titles have not scared away thousands of readers is clearly evident. Bear in mind, too, that these are *annual* sales figures, and not the total

sales for the entire time these books have been in print.

Some people wonder if Little Blue Books of this kind do not make more enemies than friends. Probably they do make some enemies. I receive letters from religious devotees who get a package of Little Blue Books and then, happening to notice that the series contains such titles as those discussed in this chapter, they put the whole shipment into the stove. The passion for burning "dangerous" books still survives, even if this is the twentieth century. But these fanatics are the exception rather than the rule. American book readers as a group seem to be tolerant and ready to let everyone have a hearing.

In the chapter I have called "Business Man or Philanthropist?" I point out that, though I am strictly a business man when it comes to publishing these Little Blue Books, I am sincerely endeavoring to guide my editorial decisions by the dictates of my convictions. Obviously, had I been entirely mercenary, I might never have dared to offer Joseph McCabe the contract for writing fifty books or so of this nature. For I would not have printed any skeptical or freethought books in the first place, thinking that they might hinder a few sales here and there. But I did print the skeptical books, and they were successful, and I did employ McCabe, and his books have been successful too. If that is philanthropy, I am glad of it—though my part ended when the demands of the public began.

But what if the books based on the Bible and Christian traditions had been more popular than Ingersoll and Paine and Voltaire and McCabe? Would that, you ask me, have

made the story different? Perhaps. It is a supposition that can never be brought into the realm of workaday facts. If American readers had been so shackled still that they would not read Thomas Paine and his sympathizers, I might never have begun the Little Blue Books in the first place. I might have turned to the manufacture of chewing gum, or something equally free from intellectual dynamite.

It is clear that the genesis of the Little Blue Books is bound up closely with a belief in American readers of today. The whole aim of the series is false unless I believe, and you agree, that American readers will support a series of good books at a low cost price by the tens and hundreds of thousands of copies of each title annually. I had a suspicion, or a hope, that American readers would grab at five-cent books printing good material, free from the usual trash. It was a hunch, but it was the kind of a hunch which made the venturing into freethought and rationalism not only possible but inevitable.

If the Bible had sold by the hundred thousands, would I have quit? Again I cannot answer the question, because it is not in point. The Bible was already selling by the hundred thousand, as a piece of merchandise, thought desirable as a fetish if nothing more. I would hardly have hoped to sell the Bible, at a nickel a selection, as a fetish. I published it as literature—or as "entertainment"—just as I published all the other Little Blue Books. It failed, as compared with other more popular books. Had it been otherwise there would have been something wrong with American readers, or with my estimate of them. As I said,

the readers would have been different. The whole publishing field would have been different. I would not have had the idea of the Little Blue Books in the first place. This success of skeptical and heretical books is but one phase of the realization of a dream based upon a sound foundation in reality.

I did not start the Little Blue Books at some wild tangent. It was not a crazy notion unrelated to the world, without any connection with life as it is today. I thought I saw a demand—I did my best to fill it. Skepticism, rationalism, freethought—these were part of the bill of goods necessary to fill the demand. I interpreted the demand aright. If I myself had not been agnostic, of course I would not have seen it. That is all.

CHAPTER VI

SIDELIGHTS ON READING TASTES

Some Miscellaneous Facts About American Book Buyers

THERE is one book which I suppose will always be in the best seller class. It is justly popular, and yet it has become the bugbear of many a book lover, exactly as it has also been the constant inspiration of publishers of gift books, special editions, and such. I refer, of course, to *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,* as translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Yes, it is in the Little Blue Books—and it is No. 1! It is the oldest title in the series; it has never been crowded from its numerical first place, and I don't suppose it ever will be. For the Rubaiyat, in this edition, sells 50,000 copies annually—and in competition with 1,259 other titles!

If anyone had wanted to lay a wager, before I published this book, I might have been tempted to vote against it, on the grounds that nearly everyone must own a copy already. I have three in my own library: two are gifts. Someone is always giving a copy of the Rubaiyat to someone else. Gift editions are too plentiful, and too superficially attractive, to be resisted.

Not that the Rubaiyat is not a great poem. It is. I like it;

I even have admiration, mingled with some affection, for Omar Khayyam. He was a man after my own inclination, or perhaps I should say, after some of my inclinations. But the Rubaiyat has been done to death by so many unappreciative mouthers that many readers of books feel urged to hide when it is mentioned. Clarence Darrow quotes it often and effectively, and quite without affectation. But he is the only man of such high attainments who dares to do it.

My liking for the Rubaiyat is clear, because it was the first Little Blue Book I sent to the linotype. That my liking was shared by thousands of others accounts for the fact that it is still No. 1. The sale of the book during its nine years approached the half million mark.

A Word About Poetry

Poetry in general is hard to sell, even for five cents. I am sorry for this for a very practical reason—something like ninety different volumes of poetry were in the Little Blue Books at one time. Many have been withdrawn, and I explain all this in another chapter ("The Morgue").

Of popular poetry, Rudyard Kipling leads:

Gunga Din, and Other Poems.....	25,500 copies
Mandalay, and Other Poems.....	19,000 copies
The Vampire, and Other Poems.....	14,500 copies

The leadership of the first of the trio is accounted for, I expect, by the familiar phrase: "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!" The second is a favourite song, and the

third—ah, yes, the "rag, a bone, and a hank of hair." Phrases like these capture popular fancy, sometimes worthily and sometimes not, and they cling tenaciously. For I am, of course, under no illusions. These three little Blue Books of Kipling's poetry are sold because of three leading titles identifying each of them. If they had been called *The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling*, Vol. 1, Vol. 2 and Vol 3, respectively, they would not have sold nearly as well. For every man who knows the name Kipling, there are a dozen who will respond to "Mandalay."

The only immediate rival of Gunga Din is the mighty Casey—*Casey at the Bat, and Other Poems* also has an annual sales figure of 25,500 copies.

Humorous verse is popular, but not so popular as comic poems. I am not contradicting myself. This is the explanation:

A Book of Comic Poems.....	21,500 copies
A Book of Humorous Verse.....	10,500 copies

The psychology of this may be that "comic poems" is shorter and more to the point than "humorous verse." The word "comic" perhaps suggests something funnier than does the word "humorous." The contents of both books are quite similar. The only explanation of the fact that one is twice as popular as the other is that the title of one is twice as appealing as the title of the other.

Other books of comic poems are:

A Book of Comic Dialect Poems.....	11,000 copies
A Book of Nonsense Verse.....	10,000 copies

American poets can now be measured properly as regards their popularity, for here are the indisputable figures:

Poems of John Greenleaf Whittier.....	17,500 copies
Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.....	14,500 copies
Poems of William Cullen Bryant.....	14,500 copies
Poems of Walt Whitman.....	11,000 copies
Poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson.....	10,500 copies
American Poetry of Today (Anthology)..	9,000 copies
Courtship of Miles Standish (Longfellow)	8,000 copies
Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	7,000 copies
Vision of Sir Launfal (Lowell).....	6,000 copies
Poetry of the Southern States.....	5,500 copies

I have tried the manner of the Kipling titles—using some popular poem as the lead—with Poe ("The Raven"), Byrant ("Thanatopsis"), Holmes ("One Hoss Shay"), etc., with mild success. General anthologies do not go very well, as can be seen by the low figures for the last two books listed above. Whittier is first, and Poe and Bryant are tied for second place in the reading hearts of their countrymen, with Whitman and Emerson close thirds. Yet, if you had been asked, you might have guessed Longfellow as first. Now you have actual sales statistics to guide you.

British poets are in demand as follows:

Harlot's House, and Other Poems (Wilde)	40,000 copies
Poems of Robert Burns.....	21,000 copies
Poems of John Keats.....	13,500 copies
Tennyson's Enoch Arden.....	13,500 copies
Scott's Lady of the Lake.....	13,000 copies
Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley.....	12,500 copies
Alexander Pope's Essay on Man.....	12,500 copies
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.....	12,000 copies

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner	10,500 copies
Great English Poems	10,000 copies
Goldsmith's Deserted Village	9,000 copies
Ballad of Reading Gaol (Wilde)	9,000 copies
Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese	7,000 copies
Sonnets of William Shakespeare	7,000 copies
Poems of William Wordsworth	5,000 copies
Poems of Alfred Tennyson	5,000 copies
Poems of William Morris	4,000 copies
Robert Browning's Pippa Passes	4,000 copies
Robert Browning's Lyric Love	4,000 copies
Ballads of Sir Walter Scott	4,000 copies

Robert Burns wins first place without any argument. I leave out Oscar Wilde's book because of the title—it is *The Harlot's House* which jumps up the demand for that selection(see the chapter entitled "Are Americans Afraid of Sex?"). Keats and Shelley sell on the merits of their names alone. *The Ancient Mariner, Lays of Ancient Rome, Enoch Arden, The Deserted Village,* and *The Lady of the Lake* are famous titles. Pope's *Essay on Man* does not suggest verse, and sells so well largely because it implies a discussion of mankind—or so I interpret its popularity. Speaking of famous titles, Browning's *Pied Piper* and Whittier's *Snowbound,* in the same volume, together sell 11,000 copies every year.

Of "foreign" poets, Dante is by far the best with his *Inferno.* The Little Blue Book edition is in two volumes, and the sale runs to 20,000 sets annually. François Villon is next best, though he sells only 9,000 copies per year. *Famous German Poems* sells about 8,000 a year. *The Life and Poems of Catullus* is a book scheduled, one of these

days, to go into The Morgue—at this writing its annual sales total is only 3,000 copies.

The Bard of Avon

What of the popularity of William Shakespeare in this twentieth century? On the stage, if sympathetically presented, I can vouch for him—Otis Skinner as Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* can get as hearty laughs from a present-day audience as ever an actor did in Shakespeare's own time. Humor was the same to the sixteenth century Londoner in the pit as it is to the twentieth century American in the orchestra. But do Americans *read* Shakespeare?

The Little Blue Books devoted to Shakespeare's immortal plays are a portion of the series of which I have always been proud. The editions are complete and verbatim—though they often run to 96 and 128 pages each, which are almost prohibitively expensive in these days of a five-cent price uniformly postpaid to any address in the world. The plays sell as follows:

Romeo and Juliet	14,500 copies
Julius Cæsar	9,500 copies
The Merchant of Venice	9,500 copies
Hamlet	9,000 copies
Macbeth	9,000 copies
As You Like It	9,000 copies
The Taming of the Shrew	9,000 copies
A Midsummer Night's Dream	8,000 copies
The Comedy of Errors	6,500 copies
The Merry Wives of Windsor	6,500 copies

The Tempest	6,500 copies
Othello	6,000 copies
Twelfth Night	5,000 copies
Much Ado About Nothing	5,000 copies
King Lear	4,000 copies
Measure for Measure	2,500 copies

Romeo and Juliet is the only play which does the necessary minimum or better per year. I shall probably keep all his plays in print that sell 5,000 copies or more a year. All of the historical plays—the Richards, Henrys, and King John—will go into The Morgue, for they all do scarcely 1,000 copies a year. *Venus and Adonis,* the poem, sells about 7,000 copies annually.

Other Dramatists

Henrik Ibsen is probably the best-known name among more modern playwrights. I am also proud of offering his leading plays in Little Blue Book form. They are in demand, too, as can be seen from these figures:

Ghosts	22,500 copies
A Doll's House	15,000 copies
Hedda Gabler	12,000 copies
Pillars of Society	10,500 copies
The Master Builder	9,000 copies
The Wild Duck	7,000 copies
Rosmersholm	5,000 copies

The first three plays are the most famous, which undoubtedly accounts for their popularity. It is but another sign of the reader-curiosity in America about the most famous classics, when such titles are put readily within people's reach.

The dramatist with the next best representation in the series is Molière. His plays sell like this:

Ridiculous Women	11,500 copies
The Show-Off (The Nobody Who Apes Nobility)	10,000 copies
The Misanthrope	8,000 copies

Other miscellaneous plays reach these sales totals:

Love's Redemption (Leo Tolstoy)	29,500 copies
The God of Vengeance (Sholom Asch)	11,000 copies
Lady Windermere's Fan (Oscar Wilde)	11,000 copies
The Land of Heart's Desire (William Butler Yeats)	9,000 copies
Woman of No Importance (Wilde)	8,000 copies
One-Act Plays (August Strindberg)	7,000 copies
Importance of Being Earnest (Oscar Wilde)	6,000 copies

Plays are about on a par with poetry—they are rather hard to sell unless the titles are particularly appealing. They can scarcely be sold at all, as plays. The public likes to see drama on the stage, but apparently cares little about reading plays.

I had a terrible time with the ancient classical dramas of Greece and Rome. I tell the story elsewhere, when I recount my failures and shed tears over the books which had to be withdrawn. Of the plays remaining in the list, it may be apropos here to list some of the sales figures for them:

The Bacchantes (Euripides)	12,000 copies
Prometheus Bound (Aeschylus)	10,500 copies
King Oedipus (Sophocles)	9,000 copies
Electra (Sophocles)	9,000 copies
Antigone (Sophocles)	8,000 copies

Electra (Euripides)	7,000 copies
The Frogs (Aristophanes)	7,000 copies
Medea (Euripides)	6,000 copies
Hippolytus (Euripides)	5,000 copies

The *Prometheus Bound* was the earliest classical drama to be added to the series, and, from the indications of these figures, it looks very much as though it will be one of the last to be withdrawn—if it ever is. The *Bacchantes* of Euripides, undoubtedly because its title implies joyous dancers or some similar idea, is the most popular classical drama of all. It was the second to be added to the list. Basing hopes on the success of these two, many others were added; too many, as I tell in another place.

Other Ancient Classics

People are curious to know how Plato and his Socratic dialogues, and some of the other classical selections from antiquity, sell as compared with other books in the series. The figures, though often low when placed against the sales figures for more popular books, are still large enough to amaze many readers. For example, here are the sales totals (annual, remember) for some books frequently regarded as "dry," and thought destined to be read only by professors and other pedants:

Meditations (Golden Sayings) of Marcus Aurelius	22,500 copies
Trial and Death of Socrates	15,000 copies
Plato's Republic	13,500 copies
Decadent Rome As Seen by Tacitus and Juvenal	12,000 copies
Dialogues of Plato	8,000 copies

Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates.....	6,000 copies
Moral Discourses of Epictetus.....	6,000 copies
Morals of Seneca.....	5,000 copies
Cicero As Revealed in His Letters.....	4,000 copies

It certainly speaks well for American readers to buy 22,500 copies of a book of the thoughts of an ancient Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius, whose works, though remembered by the embellishment of a glittering title—*Golden Sayings*—one would think likely to be little read in modern circles. It is even hopeful that 4,000 people every year can be found who want to read about Marcus Tullius Cicero; and I wonder, too, if the poor showing of this isn't partly due to bad memories of the orator, hanging over from high school regimens. I'm afraid I shall have to withdraw Cicero, if his name is not in any more demand than this—but I'm letting him stay through 1928, as a special extension of life.

Some Famous Books

Do books survive because people want to read them, or because of some arbitrary decision on the part of college professors? The question, though it may sound foolish, is frequently in the minds of readers. Many famous books are compulsory reading in the schools. Some are read by conscientious readers for "background," or because of some petty notion of self-duty. But if such famous books sell for a nickel apiece, it is fair to assume that they are bought to be read only for two reasons: either to satisfy a natural curiosity, since it isn't costing much; or, finding

other classical titles unforbidding, additional ones are bought because they may prove to be good reading.

Selecting more or less at random, here are some interesting figures:

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (Stevenson)	29,500 copies
The Man Without a Country (Edward Everett Hale)	27,500 copies
Voyage to the Moon (Jules Verne)	19,000 copies
Autobiography of Cellini	18,500 copies
Confessions of an Opium-Eater (De Quincey)	17,500 copies
Diary of Samuel Pepys	17,500 copies
The Pilgrim's Progress (Bunyan)	17,000 copies
Aesop's Famous Fables	16,000 copies
Poor Richard's Almanac	14,500 copies
Andersen's Famous Fairy Tales	13,500 copies
Travels of Marco Polo	13,000 copies
Tales from Arabian Nights	12,000 copies
Rip Van Winkle (Washington Irving)	11,000 copies
She Stoops to Conquer (Goldsmith)	11,000 copies
Adventures of Baron Munchausen	10,500 copies
A Child's Garden of Verse (Stevenson)	10,000 copies
Thoughts on the Meaning of Life (Joseph Joubert)	9,500 copies
Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy	8,000 copies
Meditations on Man (Pascal)	7,000 copies
The Mikado (W. S. Gilbert)	7,000 copies
A Christmas Carol (Dickens)	6,500 copies
Robinson Crusoe (Defoe)	5,000 copies
Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson	5,000 copies
An Apology for Idlers (Stevenson)	4,000 copies
The Beggar's Opera (John Gay)	4,000 copies

A number of conclusions can be drawn from these miscellaneous totals. Here are valuable secrets—here, in short, are revelations of the right classics to issue in handsome editions. *Robinson Crusoe,* it can be seen clearly,

has been done to death; everyone has read this story, in childhood or later. There is little reader-curiosity about such a book, so constantly accessible to nearly everyone.

But Jules Verne still appeals to the adventurous imagination, even with his extraordinary *Voyage to the Moon.* Likewise the famous travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian who made his way to the great Kubla Khan in distant and marvelous Asia. The adventures of that greatest of liars, Baron Munchausen, still hold fair sway over modern readers. And the Arabian Nights—Sinbad, Aladdin, Ali Baba, and the rest—even today, in a twentieth century full of wonders, 12,000 people want to know more about the magical land of Bagdad and the mysterious East.

I have put in some of the failing titles deliberately. This chronicle is not entirely one of success. I tell in the chapter called "Rejuvenating the Classics" how it has been possible to resuscitate, as it were, many of these weaker titles by changing the listing in some way. I am disappointed, I assure you, with the poor showing of Boswell's biography of beloved old Sam Johnson. But something may yet be done with this book—I am thinking about it, and it may be saved from The Morgue, where it surely does not deserve to go.

At Stevenson's *Apology for Idlers* I am not so astonished. After all, America is certainly not a land of idlers, as the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs will hastily assure you. America has no hankering to read about excuses for "laziness"—yet the more's the pity, for what Stevenson is really talking about is leisure for cultural betterment. Ah, that

is perhaps *it*—the elusive title, the hope of a bad seller! I have happened upon it by chance, while the keys of my typewriter clatter busily away—something about leisure in which to cultivate the mind and pursue that elusive culture which modern Americans are so anxious to capture.

John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, though plainly listed as comic, does not do well either. Perhaps the word "beggar" is objectionable to busy Americans, who are ever at their work making progress in the world. Perhaps it is the word "opera," which suggests formality, highbrowism, white gloves, and the agony which so many husbands are dragged to endure. In an earlier section of this chapter, I have pointed out that plays—which include operas—do not sell well. Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* is one of the exceptions. Its title is excellent, and even if it is a play people are curious to find out what it is about.

Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac* still has its adherents, new ones every year, 14,500 of them. No one knows how many editions this book has gone through, in the hands of hundreds of publishers. No one can tell into how many languages it has been translated. Yet still it goes on, among the most popular of the famous books, a perennial, even an everlasting, favorite. Its maxims are American, strictly—"early to bed and early to rise will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise"—what Babbitt could ask for anything nearer the glorious One Hundred Percent? Franklin knew what he was talking about, and he had also a sense of humor—no wonder he is still popular.

The two best among the famous titles listed above are *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *The Man Without a Country*. In the first we have a story of dual personality—horror mingled with a liking for the occult and mysterious. The story is world famous. In Hale's story there is more than the appeal of a good yarn well told. There is that propagandistic note which Stephen Decatur strikes in his lines about his country, may she always be in the right, but his country right or wrong. Patriotism is the lure—and something deeper, too, for mere chauvinism could not make the story so enduring—something that is revealed in the lines which cause poor Nolan to fling a copy of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* into the sea: "Breathes there the man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land!" It is provincial, even primitive; it is the Home, Sweet Home chord; it is, in short, so much hokum—but it always has its appeal, and is therefore consistently popular.

In the eagerness to read Cellini's memoirs I detect something else. It is that lure which I discuss at some length in the chapter called "Are Americans Afraid of Sex?" For Cellini—and he is so described in the Little Blue Book catalogue and advertisements—was a notorious murderer, lover, and miscellaneous sinner. He took a great deal of joy in life, and he pursued his notions of happiness with much fervor and zest. He killed willingly, but he risked his own life with as little compunction as he took that of someone else. He tells us he was a hero, and he is not slow to make himself out a good one. Hence he is good reading.

Who Is Your Favorite Philosopher?

In the Little Blue Book poll of philosophers a genuine insight is given into reading preferences. There is no guesswork here, nor is there any need for analytical supposition based on the supposed character of American readers. These are facts, and from them I am in a position to state positively that America readers select (by preference) the following philosophers in the ratio of these figures:

Story of Friedrich Nietzsche's Philosophy.	45,000 copies
Story of Plato's Philosophy.....	39,000 copies
Story of Anatole France and His Philosophy	32,000 copies
Story of Aristotle's Philosophy.....	27,000 copies
Story of Arthur Schopenhauer's Philosophy	26,500 copies
Story of Baruch Spinoza's Philosophy.....	25,500 copies
Story of Francis Bacon's Philosophy.....	25,500 copies
Story of Immanuel Kant's Philosophy....	24,000 copies
Story of Voltaire's Philosophy.....	24,000 copies
Story of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy....	19,000 copies
Story of Mark Twain's Laughing Philosophy	10,500 copies
Story of Ralph Waldo Emerson's Philosophy	8,000 copies
Story of Henri Bergson's Philosophy.....	8,000 copies

There is no question about Nietzsche's taking first place. The book in the above list is the one by Will Durant. Emily Hamblen's *How to Understand the Philosophy of Nietzsche* does nearly half as well with an annual total of 20,000 copies. Even Nietzsche's epigrams, in a book by themselves, sell 13,000 copies per year.

Plato is second choice among American readers. His books of philosophy, apart from Will Durant's account of him, are also popular (see the figures in a preceding sec-

tion of this chapter). Third is the Frenchman, Anatole France. France's *Reflections on Life and Destiny* sells 10,500 copies annually; the total for his *Wisdom of the Ages and Other Stories* is 10,000 copies; and his *Epigrams of Love, Life and Laughter* does not do so well, aggregating hardly 6,000 copies yearly at this writing. (Books of epigrams are another group that is hard to sell in large quantities.) France's *The Human Tragedy,* however, vindicates him with a total of 16,000 copies.

Emerson and Mark Twain, two American philosophers, are low in the scale. Emerson is strongly represented in the series, however, and his books, if taken all together, mount up to a substantial total. Mark Twain is more usually thought of as a humorist than as a philosopher. Of the Europeans, Henri Bergson is least popular. Will Durant's *Contemporary European Philosophers* sells 19,000 copies annually, while his *Contemporary American Philosophers* reaches a yearly total of 28,000 copies. This is in direct contradiction to the figures for Emerson and Mark Twain, but the reason I have noted may help to explain it. Will Durant's name, also, is an inducement.

Books which have subject matter allied to philosophy are fair sellers as a whole. In general, those books which deal with life and mankind are in regular demand. For example, here are some comparative figures:

Is Life Worth Living? (Darrow Debate) . .	33,000 copies
The Art of Happiness (John Cowper Powys)	31,000 copies
Is the Human Race Getting Anywhere? (Darrow Debate)	30,000 copies
Facing the Plain Facts of Life (Maxims of	

La Rochefoucauld)	13,500 copies
Has Life Any Meaning? (Debate).....	13,000 copies
What Life Means to Me (Jack London)....	10,000 copies

The debates in which Clarence Darrow took part are, of course, so popular because of his name. But their popularity is also due to their subject matter. For example, his debate on prohibition sells only 15,000 copies, or only half as well as either of the two titles listed above. His debate on capital punishment jumps up to 28,000 copies. Again, his dry-law debate with Wheeler sells only 14,500 copies. Subject matter has its influence—and incidentally, prohibition is not so vital an issue to American readers as capital punishment.

Americans are clearly interested in how to secure happiness. The sale of Mr. Powys' book is exceeded only by his *Secret of Self-Development* and *One Hundred Best Books,* both discussed in the chapter entitled "The Quest for Self-Improvement."

E. W. Howe, the "sage of Potato Hill," has contributed several booklets of worldly wisdom which could come under the life-philosophy grouping, though I generally list them, for better effect, and quite as appropriately, under Humor. It is interesting here to compare the effect of the titles. For book against book, when the author is the same, is a competition of titles alone:

Success Easier Than Failure.....	77,000 copies
Sinner Sermons.....	20,000 copies
Preaching from the Audience.....	13,000 copies
Dying Like a Gentleman and Other Stories	11,000 copies
Notes for My Biographer.....	5,000 copies

Obviously, *Notes for My Biographer* is, as a title, responsible for the book's low sale. It is being changed to *Stepping Stones Up from Failure,* which really describes the book better. Mr. Howe wanted to call *Success Easier Than Failure*—which has a sensational sales figure, due to the American's everlasting quest for success—*Preaching of a Brother-in-Law of the Church,* which is much too literary and recondite. I am sure that, with these figures against him, Mr. Howe will be glad the change in title was made.

Comparisons of sales totals on philosophers, by the way, are also given in the chapter entitled "A Comparison of Advertising Mediums." I add here by way of an aside that the figures may differ, and pause only to call the attention of the reader to the fact that the figures in these chapters discussing what America wants to read are based on sales from the list as a whole and not from particular advertisements. The results necessarily vary, depending to some extent on the medium and whether the book is in competition with 1,259 or only 299 other titles.

Story Collections

Little Blue Book statistics are available, too, on various types or classifications of stories—adventure, mystery, and so on. These data are alike a commentary on and a revelation of American reading preference. You can get an inkling of it from the newsstand magazines which cater to such

specialized—and stereotyped—fiction as these groupings often imply. But here the result comes from offering good literature, some of it in classified groups for the sake of discrimination. Let the figures tell their own story:

Funny Ghost Stories (Jerome)	33,000 copies
Tales of Far North (Jack London)	25,500 copies
Great Ghost Stories	21,000 copies
Adventure Stories (Jack London)	17,500 copies
Great Sea Stories	17,000 copies
Tales of Big Snows (Jack London)	16,000 copies
Mystery Tales of the Sea	16,000 copies
Tales of Mystery (Poe)	14,500 copies
Ridiculous Stories (Stephen Leacock)	14,500 copies
Civil War Stories (Ambrose Bierce)	13,000 copies
Great Detective Stories	13,000 copies
Masterpieces of Mystery Stories	12,000 copies
Masterpieces of Adventure Stories	11,000 copies

The ghosts have it. The funny ghost stories, of course, have the additional attraction of humor. Adventure—including the sea and the far north—comes next, helped out to a good extent by the name of Jack London. War stories, at least not Bierce's iconoclastic glimpses of the Civil War, are not so popular as current whitewashed episodes appearing in certain periodicals. But the copies of the Bierce books will do more good than harm; they deserve to be read, for they tell of war as it is—or more nearly do that than much similar fiction.

The detective stories of Arthur Conan Doyle—featuring the ever popular Sherlock Holmes—do about as well as the general detective title given above. The average is about

14,000 copies annually, which is not so bad considering that there are seven different books of Sherlock Holmes tales in the list.

Foreign fiction, grouped by nationality, does not sell as well as might be expected. The well-known names—such as Guy de Maupassant, Émile Zola, Honoré de Balzac, Rémy de Gourmont, etc., for France; Anton Chekhov, Leo Tolstoy, Maxim Gorki, Leonid Andreyev, etc., for Russia —always do rather well. But I am referring more particularly to such collections as the following:

Famous Russian Stories	16,000 copies
Yiddish Short Stories	13,500 copies
African Negro Folk Tales	12,000 copies
Spanish Stories	11,000 copies
African Jungle Tales	9,000 copies
Irish Fairy Tales	8,000 copies
Brazilian Stories	5,000 copies
Costa Rican Tales	5,000 copies

Costa Rica and Brazil do not attract United States readers, it seems. French and Russian fiction are always the most popular of the European possibilities. I am rather amazed at the showing of the Yiddish stories; the success of this book pleases while it surprises me. Ireland is poorly represented here with fairy tales, which, as a class, are not as popular as more realistic fiction.

The Proverbs

A unique feature of the Little Blue Books has been the collections of national proverbs. I began, rather practi-

cally, with the English proverbs, and ranged far over the world, finally including even Persian proverbs, African Negro proverbs, and so on. The venture, as a whole, has been, I regret to say, a failure. I mention it again in "The Morgue," but here it may be well to give the actual sales figures of those books of proverbs still in the list January 1, 1928:

Irish Proverbs	11,000 copies
English Proverbs	8,000 copies
Chinese Proverbs	6,500 copies
Spanish Proverbs	5,500 copies
Turkish Proverbs	5,500 copies
Hindu Proverbs	5,000 copies
Scotch Proverbs	5,000 copies
Modern Greek Proverbs	5,000 copies
Japanese Proverbs	4,000 copies
French Proverbs	3,000 copies
Italian Proverbs	3,000 copies
Arabian Proverbs	2,500 copies
Persian Proverbs	2,500 copies
Russian Proverbs	2,000 copies

I should add here that I tried to save these books—which contain the epitome of national or racial wisdom—by calling each, instead of "Proverbs," the "Wit and Wisdom" of the English people, French people, and so on. These sales figures must be viewed in the light of the change in title, which increased them all somewhat. Many of them were near ciphers before the change. But keeping the change in mind, it appears that American book-buyers feel that Russians, Arabians, and Persians have the least propensity for "wit" or "wisdom" in their national prov-

erbs. The Irish, apparently, are credited with the most wit, and possibly also the most wisdom.

Maxims and Epigrams

Once upon a time I had a classification in the Little Blue Book catalogue named Maxims and Epigrams. It was not a success. Readers do not care for short, pithy sayings in too large doses. So now they are scattered about, and they sell better. However, as a venture in itself, epigrammatic collections are not exciting. Here are some of the figures:

Epigrams of Oscar Wilde	13,500 copies
Epigrams of Bernard Shaw	9,000 copies
Wit and Wisdom of Disraeli	8,000 copies
Wit and Wisdom of Thackeray	8,000 copies
Epigrams of Henry David Thoreau	7,000 copies
Wit and Wisdom of Dickens	7,000 copies
Epigrams of Rémy de Gourmont	6,500 copies
Wit and Wisdom of Charles Lamb	5,000 copies
Epigrams of Henrik Ibsen	4,000 copies
Maxims of Napoleon	3,000 copies
Epigrams of George Moore	2,500 copies

Oscar Wilde has a reputation as a wit, from the looks of the above figures, even in America.

Personalities

Whom most do Americans want to read about? Whose lives most appeal to American readers? What biographies should be the most successful in America?

I have some interesting statistics toward answering such questions. The Little Blue Books have a large list of short

biographies especially written for the series. The sales figures tell what personalities are of strongest appeal to American readers of today:

Thomas Paine	21,000 copies
Oscar Wilde	19,000 copies
Napoleon Bonaparte	17,500 copies
Abraham Lincoln	13,500 copies
Leo Tolstoy	12,000 copies
Jesus Christ	11,000 copies
Machiavelli	7,000 copies
Benjamin Disraeli	6,500 copies
Thomas Paine (a second biography)	6,000 copies
Michelangelo	5,000 copies
Frederick the Great	4,000 copies
Thomas Jefferson	4,000 copies

The list given here is small. I have selected it principally to show that biography as such does not sell widely enough to justify much of it in a series that must go into the tens of thousands annually. Some of the better titles are discussed elsewhere. A few of the better ones listed above are influenced as much by the title as anything—Oscar Wilde, for instance, whose life is characterized in the advertising as "tragic." The notoriety of Wilde's later years is probably recalled, which makes the story of his life take on a sensational aspect. Napoleon, Jesus, and Abraham Lincoln are the best so far as their names alone are concerned—three sharply divergent ideals of human character. In each of these three men, too, it is more the traditional or legendary character that appeals, than the real flesh-and-blood man.

In other chapters the differences made in sales by

changes in title, variations in placing titles first among one group and then another in the catalogue, and so on, are thoroughly discussed. Selling books by the ten thousand is not a simple matter of listing the books and announcing that you can take your pick for five cents. An American reader will not spend even five cents until he is quite sure what he is getting in exchange for his nickel.

CHAPTER VII

REJUVENATING THE CLASSICS

The Cause and Justification of Changing Titles of Books

First of all I want to ask and answer the old question, What is a classic? In schools and colleges a classic is a book which students may be allowed to read with safety—without damage to their moral integrity or to their patriotic zeal—because it has become a part of literary tradition and has ceased to be startling or new or interesting even. A classic, according to the students' idea of it, is a boresome and tiresome book that *must* be read just because it is a classic. A classic, in the usual acceptance of the term, is a work written some time in the past, probably by an author now dead, and which is still being read by those who are supposed to have literary discrimination. This is very arbitrary, but it gives the popular idea.

Now I have not the space to go deeply into the accusation against academic English departments that they spoil the classics for our younger readers. I will say, however, that there is no doubt that many a good book has been spoiled forever by this very academic poison for people who would otherwise read it with enjoyment. This poison is so insidious that it is seldom recognized for what it

is: it is poisonous because it suggests or implies that classics ought to be read simply because custom has accepted them and given them their very proper niches in the world's literature.

I have never argued for or against classics as such. To me, as to Oscar Wilde before me, a book is either well written and worth reading or badly written and not worth the trouble. Most classics, I am glad to agree, are well written and worth reading. The judgment of time is for the most part sound and trustworthy. But is it possible to offer such books—such classics—to the reading public with the bare assertion that they have stood the test of time and therefore should be read avidly? I contend that it is not possible to do any such thing.

You can sell the classics as classics, all dressed up in handsome bindings, with gold tops and all that sort of thing, as merchandise. But merchandise is not read. It is put on the library or parlor table for show, along with a china elephant, an amber-colored ash tray, Lincoln bookends, and a family photograph or two in gilded frames. These classics are bought not for what is inside but for how they look on the outside. The sales patter which puts such books into American homes is particular to stress the appearance of the books—their luxurious binding, their artistic distinction from a mechanical point of view, and so on. It is an old jest that such a set of books, such merchandise, never has the pages cut if they come uncut. I repeat, merchandise is all right as merchandise, but it is seldom if ever read.

It is another thing altogether if a book is sold strictly on the merit of its contents, to while away a spare quarter of an hour, or to educate one's self, or to satisfy a wholly legitimate literary curiosity. It is a practical certainty that a book bound in paper or card covers is not bought to fill a bookcase or to adorn a piece of furniture. I can reasonably make the statement that no purchaser of the Little Blue Books has ever bought his assortment out of any superficial vanity. He has always bought Little Blue Books because, for some reason or other, he wants to read them.

Nor do I mean to say that Little Blue Books are cheap or disreputable or need to be kept out of sight. It has been my experience, in so far as I have been able to find out about Little Blue Book owners, that readers of the Little Blue Books are rather proud of them. They prove the very point I have been making—they buy Little Blue Books for one reason only: to read them. Readers of books are always, and with sufficient excuse, proud of their reading. The Little Blue Books are neat, though inexpensive. There is nothing cheaply flamboyant or sensational about their appearance; the blue covers are quiet instead of some flaming color; the covers have only conventional type printed in black, for there are no startling jackets or flaunted pictures of blood or nudity or pageantry.

Little Blue Books are bought to be read, and now the question is, Do people buy classics in Little Blue Book form in order to read them? This is the nucleus of the whole discussion. This is the critical point. This is what I have been driving at all through the preceding paragraphs.

And the answer is that some people buy some of the classics in Little Blue Book form in order to read them.

When I began the series of pocket classics to become internationally famous as the Little Blue Books, I began it with the idea that I would print the classics in a form everyone could afford. From the first, in my advertising, I made the most of the word "classics." I subscribed to the notion that to call a book a classic was a sufficient endorsement of its worth—or at least that such an appellation would be a strong selling argument in offering the book to the reading public. I still think that the argument is in many ways a strong one, but, as I have already pointed out, it is also a kind of boomerang. Sometimes "classics" is a selling point; at other times it is a handicap, for people would rather read something they know will interest them, instead of gambling with something merely on a reputation fostered largely, they think, by old fogy college professors and bespectacled students of literature.

One of the first things I learned in my publishing experience is that the reading public is a critical audience. I mean this in more than one sense. I mean that readers are often skeptical of what is offered to them. They will by no means swallow a thing hook, line and sinker. They want to be told exactly what they are going to buy, and they prefer to decide for themselves whether they really want to read a particular book or not—classic or no classic.

If anyone will take the trouble to investigate the first two or three hundred Little Blue Books that were offered at ten cents apiece, he will learn that I carried my belief about

low-priced classics for every man into complete reality. I put out almost nothing but classics at first. That was the idea with which I started, and it was not a halfway plan that I had in mind. I selected classics that I had read and liked, and I also put in a number of classics that I had read and did not like. I had a conviction that any classic offered at ten cents a copy would sell by the tens of thousands.

The early experience in Little Blue Book publishing seemed to bear out my belief about low-priced classics. I ventured only so far, and then, finding that the idea was working out, I went farther. The whole expansion of the Little Blue Book series has proceeded by this simple principle—find out what the public wants and give it to them. I would do myself an injustice if I did not point out, at discreet intervals, that the field of dime or nickel books in America was an entirely unexplored one. Much of the progress was made in the dark, with only glimmers of light here and there.

But always, as with a constant hammering, one dominant precept was written down in the Little Blue Book editorial archives. Each rebuff repeated it; each success emphasized it anew. *Buyers of the Little Blue Books can be induced to purchase only what they earnestly desire to read.* This is not because they are afraid of wasting their money. The low price rules that objection out immediately. But it is because there is no other conceivable reason for buying a Little Blue Book. There is never any pictorial or luxury appeal whatever. There is no such thing as a Little Blue Book famous for being a Best Seller, and therefore bought

because it is the thing everyone else is buying and reading. In fact, it is not even because Little Blue Books are books, but just because they contain printed reading matter.

This last point needs a brief aside. One of the handicaps that the Little Blue Books have always had is that they are not substantially books in the mechanical sense of the word. Occasionally some aloof and hypercritical person will contemptuously call them "pamphlets." Of course, a booklet containing 15,000 words of text is not exactly a pamphlet, but the objection is there, nevertheless. For a surprisingly large number of book-buyers, upon whom American publishers depend for revenue, buy books because they are books. They would not think of reading the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam in a "pamphlet," but they would—having money to spare—spend five dollars to have it in a handsome library edition. Little Blue Books are not sold, as a usual thing, to a buyer of this class.

There are, naturally, some classics that large numbers of people want to read. These classics have been consistent good sellers in the Little Blue Book series. Edward Everett Hale's famous story, *The Man Without a Country*, is an excellent example. So is Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle*, and also Mark Twain's *English As She Is Spoke*. These titles are so well known that they arouse in the mind of a prospective reader what may be called a literary curiosity. He has heard about these books—heard about them rather favorably, probably—and so he wants to read them, and therefore buys them.

But when a survey is made and the results are tabulated,

it is found that the number of well-known classics which tens of thousands of people will buy just in order to read them is disappointingly limited. This number is an arbitrary one, of course; I could not venture to give an absolute figure, but I might say that it is certainly less than one hundred separate titles. This, obviously, could not long be a sound commercial basis on which to publish a series of classics the only appeal of which would be a desire to read on the part of the purchaser.

One way to help the sale of the less familiar classics is to educate the readers about them, and endeavor to create a compelling curiosity about them also. This can be done, to a small extent, with educational volumes, reading outlines, and such. It was not long before the Little Blue Books had such volumes, together with biographies and critical studies of leading literary personalities. But this phase of promoting the classics is also limited. There are strict boundaries beyond which it cannot go.

Keeping always in mind that a well-written book is much to be preferred to a poorly-written book, and remembering that if only a reader could be induced to start many a famous or at least established classic he would probably enjoy reading it, I saw only one course open to me. I refused to be discouraged in my project of publishing classics so that everyone not only could afford them, but so that everyone would read them. If the title of the classic, as it had come down through the ages, did not itself arouse sufficient curiosity in the reader, then it must be changed in such a way that it would arouse such curiosity.

Another important point, a thoroughly practical consideration from my point of view, must also be kept in mind. The larger the list of Little Blue Books grew, the more of a problem it became to advertise them. A product costing a tenth part of a dollar, or less, certainly could not be given individual and expensive advertising display. It is impossible, in other words, to give each Little Blue Book a persuasive blurb. The title, and perhaps the author, must sell the book or it is lost. When the total number of titles reached the thousand mark, the space allotted to each book in national advertising became approximately one agate line. Even at that it took a thousand agate lines to advertise the complete list. It is easily seen, then, why it became necessary for the title of every Little Blue Book to combine identification, blurb, and all the sales persuasion there could ever be.

This is the explanation of how the practice of altering titles came about. The changing of titles became an important part of Little Blue Book publishing. It was a fascinating gamble. It took on the glamour of laboratory experiment. Juggling words about was an editorial and commercial necessity, as well as a sort of amusing pastime. Sometimes it did not work; many times it did work.

A New Way to Treat Old Books

Tampering with the classics, in some aspects, is dangerously like playing with fire; but again, this notion of it is largely a myth. Conventional booklovers pose at throw-

ing their hands up in horror and crying out in anguish when any beloved classic is altered in any way whatever. To apply editorial shears to a master, to blue-pencil a literary tradition, to issue an editorial edict about some immortal book—all these, say the defenders of classics, are to court swift and sure disaster.

I remember that when I first scheduled for publication an abridged version of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake,* I had an agitated feeling about it. I likened the venture to carrying dynamite through a burning building. Readers might rebel against it. The precedent of publishing an abridgment of a narrative poem of such established fame might hurt the whole idea back of the Little Blue Books. It was a dare. It was a risk.

But nothing happened, except that the book was sold. Yes, it was sold and it continues to sell. Even schools buy it now and then and use it for a text. There has been no literary uprising; there have been no indignation meetings about it; the integrity of the Little Blue Book publishing idea was not jeopardized. As a matter of fact, people seemed rather to like the abridgment—the duller portions were taken out, and for him who runs as he reads the Little Blue Book version is ample. It is not a summary, for the best of the poem is there. It does Sir Walter Scott justice, and little if any harm.

Well, I breathed easier after that. I watched the first edition go with a little fluttering of the editorial pulse. But there was no shock. My causes for alarm vanished like dreams, bad dreams. I found that the public was receptive

to intelligent presentation of the classics along modern lines entirely removed from the academic and the traditional. To be sure, no change was made in the title in this instance—as it happens, Sir Walter Scott's own title is a very good one. It is much better, I may say, than the title of either *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* or *Marmion*. If I ever put either of these into the Little Blue Books I am sure the titles must be changed.

The title-changing had not come yet. I was still publishing classics under their accepted banners; or, at least, under the banners they had always carried. It began to be apparent that such banners were not always accepted by a large majority of today's readers.

But before the title-changing became an editorial privilege and duty thoroughly sanctioned by success, there was another experiment I should describe briefly here. I had always cherished the notion that the classics of antiquity, Greek and Roman classics, needed to be given a modern angle, or at least to be put into up-to-date language, and offered to modern readers. It has always seemed to me that a literal or even an approximately literal translation is of little merit for the needs of most readers. For scholars or prospective scholars such hairsplitting is all right. But ordinary readers, who are really avid for knowledge and an approach to wisdom, need something less precise and more interpretative.

If you have ever read a fairly literal translation of almost any one of the Socratic dialogues of Plato you will know exactly what I mean. In literal English such a dia-

logue is full of repetition and constant circumlocutions. Such distressing superfluities depress the ordinary reader and drive him away from classical literature in perhaps justified disgust. He refuses to wade through literary barbed-wire entanglements for the sake of empty words like Classics, Tradition, Antiquity, and all that. He wants healthful pabulum for a man in his senses or no food of that kind at all.

It is not the matter or text of the classics to which I object. The substance is exactly what it is desirable to preserve and perpetuate for readers of all time. But it is hard to make the modern reader, whether he has had what is called a classical education or not, perceive that there is anything in the literature of antiquity to interest or benefit him. It is precisely this difficulty which the professors of classical Greek and Latin run up against in handling their groups of high school and college students—or rather I should say pupils, since few are students in the real sense of the word.

Perhaps it is a mistake to have Latin high school curricula at all, when this difficulty looms up in its really prodigious proportions. It takes a mature individual with some knowledge of the world and the various phases and experiences of life to see clearly that classical literature can be really an esthetic pleasure if read in the original—and that there is even a large chance of carrying some of that esthetic essence, or whatever you want to call it, over into English if the translator has some really creative imagination in him. Certainly it is better to read some intelli-

gent English version and get something out of it than to memorize Latin and Greek vocabularies, conjugate verbs, and all that sort of thing, with never an inkling of what it is all about.

The whole objection is epitomized, too, in the old-fashioned idea that a classical education was safe because far removed from the hedonism and other satanic temptations of contemporary life. A classic that is like some empty husk—some transparent shell or chrysalis from which the living butterfly has flown—cannot be expected to interest anyone, least of all an adolescent. Translators have emphasized too much the togas and other paraphernalia of an older and departed day, forgetting that clothes are a costume quite empty when, without a human body in them, they are hung on a hook to droop lifelessly. We do not wear togas, and even though the Romans did, what is there in that except an indication of time? For the Romans certainly loved and hated, connived and condoned, and bled as red blood as any of us. Unfortunately, it is the loving and hating and the rest of life and human nature which most versions of the classics neglect to emphasize or surreptitiously suppress.

Too much effort cannot be expended in making it clear to modern readers that when Aristophanes and Sophocles and Euripides, for example, wrote their powerful dramas they appealed to their people not because they were writing "great plays," but because they depicted life in a manner that the Greeks of their day could recognize and understand. A man went to a good play—a convincing, realistic

play that intensified life—then, as now, to be loved and hated and conspired against and redeemed and so on vicariously. He went, let us say, because in the ordinary run of his daily activity life more or less passed him by. At the play he could, without endangering his profits or his domestic peace, get by proxy many a thrill and realize to some small extent some of the major experiences of human life. But we today are capable of the same feeling—and if we read the classics as they should be read we will find in them much that the Greeks of old found in them. Putting *Hamlet* on the New York stage in modern dress was not so asinine a thing as some people contend—and the classics as far back as ancient Greece certainly deserve to be put to some extent in modern language and dress.

If there is some way of telling modern readers, and making them believe it, that there is real life in any great piece of literature, no matter when it was written, I am all for it. A happy twist to the title may do it sometimes by suggestion. Or the substance of the book itself may be given new life by modern presentation—by the treatment which will make it clear that the characters in the piece are not puppets long dead, but living human beings just as we are, though playing their parts on a stage with rather different scenery and props from ours.

I think this latter treatment is particularly suitable for the classical literature of antiquity, because it is so far removed in time from our own day. I would not lay this precept down as an absolute to be applied to all classics—one must pick and choose, carefully deciding, so far as

possible, whether the audience is really widened by such treatment.

The way to put the dialogues of Plato, to take but one instance, into such a popular form did not immediately present itself. Every idea must for a time lie in the back of the mind, awaiting the manner of its realization in fact. I had experimented enough with some of the ancient classics to learn that there was a market for them. With proper treatment and presentation they could well be a permanent part of the Little Blue Book series. I was glad of this. It proved my original contention that the classics could be sold at a low price if they were published and advertised in the right way.

When I saw my way clearly outlined for presenting these classics of Greek and Roman antiquity in a popular form, the carrying out of this plan took three distinct directions through three differently equipped writers. These three contributors to the Little Blue Book series undertook their work at approximately the same time. It was at the opening of a new period in Little Blue Book publishing—just about at the beginning of the policy of having original manuscript provided especially for the series and its purposes.

One of these writers is by now known throughout the United States because of a best seller. His name and his book are household objects. It will amaze many people to learn that the contents of this book first appeared in the form of Little Blue Books. The writer to whom I refer is Dr. Will Durant, author of *The Story of Philosophy*, which

for so many months has been one of the best selling non-fiction book in America—at five dollars the copy. I do not mean to imply that the price of this clothbound book is anything against it. I merely wish to indicate that virtually the same material, though in altogether different dress, first came out in Little Blue Book form, and still is in Little Blue Book form. Dr. Durant helped along my popularization of Greek classics with his *Guide to Aristotle,* and *Guide to Plato.* Later, when the value of "story" in the title of a book of knowledge was demonstrated, these books were called *The Story of Aristotle's Philosophy* and *The Story of Plato's Philosophy,* respectively.

Another phase of popularization among ancient classics was new and vigorous translations of the dramas of Greece and Rome. I found in Alexander Harvey exactly the man to do this part of the work. He seemed to catch the spirit of the original and somehow carry it over into English. The zest was still there, though in a new tongue and in a new manner. This was the idea exactly. Alexander Harvey enabled me to offer *The Bacchantes* of Euripides, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Electra* of Sophocles and of Euripides, and so on.

Then there were the dialogues of Plato, the written record of the famous philosopher, Socrates, who walked the streets of Athens expounding his particular wisdom. All the translations I had ever seen of these had the same faults I have already mentioned. It did not seem that it was exactly a new translation that I needed. Rather I wanted a new version, an interpretative version. When Lloyd E.

Smith wanted to try the job I had my doubts. I was skeptical. I wanted to be shown. But in two books Mr. Smith did a good job. He gave the dialogues something they lacked before. He put them into language everyone could follow with interest and complete understanding. He performed a service for the Little Blue Book idea of rejuvenating the classics that was completely in accord with my plans. The two books, still in print, are *The Trial and Death of Socrates,* and *Dialogues of Plato.*

All of this experimenting and its successful exploitation steadily led the way to the title-changing policy—a policy that is probably the most drastic ever adopted by any publisher of established reprints, and in many ways, I feel confident in stating, one of the most daring departures from accepted custom. Only one thing could justify this tampering with the classics—and that is their wide distribution. If by altering a title here and there a good book would be more widely read, then the end certainly would justify the means. There could, if the policy succeeded, be no argument whatever about it.

Please understand me. I emphasize that in a large measure the changing of Little Blue Book titles has concerned what are loosely called "classics," and it is in this respect that a policy of title-alteration is unique. Usually, and in an altogether regular and accepted publishing etiquette, publishers of "popular classics," "the best classics," "famous books," "gems of the world's literature," and so on, keep the titles intact. For example, the novel *Beulah* by Augusta J. Evans keeps that title without change—the

blurb, very likely, gives the book a description that is made as persuasive as possible. But my immediate question, after my Little Blue Book experience, is: "What does the title *Beulah* tell? Is there any suggestion in the title itself of what the book is about—particularly if a person has never heard of either book or author before?" Certainly the title is as ambiguous as any title could be. It tells nothing whatever. But I have yet to see this book offered under any other name.

Changing the title of a book is a common occurrence in an editorial office. Authors are proverbially poor guessers when it comes to titles. They lack practical knowledge of how a book is presented to the public and how the public is likely to receive it. That is why a contemporary book is called one thing in America and another in England, as frequently happens. Editors also help authors—especially when the royalties are figured—by providing apt and striking titles for books. There is nothing new in this—but where is there an editor of *reprints* of fairly well-established classics, classics which have titles that were supplied, conceivably, to appeal to the audiences of an older and bygone day, where is there an editor, I say, who has had the courage to alter in the twentieth century the title of some book whose fame and worth were won in the eighteenth or nineteenth century? Frankly, I know of none.

You clamor for an example. I select the story that Guy de Maupassant chose to call *The Tallow Ball* (*Boule de Suif*). This story is famous, and deservedly well known and genuinely appreciated. That is why I put it in the

Little Blue Books. Certainly, *The Tallow Ball* is a thoroughly reserved, dignified, and assuredly proper title for any story. But what does it *say?* I answer my own question with a word—it says *nothing*. Even if the story is about a ball of tallow, who on earth cares to read a story about a ball of tallow? Indeed, in these modern times, even tallow as a substance has ceased to be of compelling importance. Tallow candles have gone the way of hoop-skirts and kerosene lamps. *The Tallow Ball*, as a title, serves only to identify the story to someone who has heard of it, or whets the appetite of a devoted admirer of Guy de Maupassant. It has no appeal whatever to anyone else.

But this story ought to be read. I wanted to keep it in the Little Blue Book series, and so I cast about for some way to remedy a bad situation. The record in 1925 of orders for *The Tallow Ball*, listed in my catalogue under that title, was 15,000 copies. This was good, but Guy de Maupassant's *Love and Other Stories* sold 37,000, and likewise his *Mademoiselle Fifi*. These last two have titles which suggest more of life—the first names love, and the second is obviously about a woman. As an experiment in titling, therefore, I gave *The Tallow Ball* a new and rather startling listing—I called the story *A French Prostitute's Sacrifice*. That, after all, is what the story is about. Behold, that when a similar sales record of orders was made in 1926, *A French Prostitute's Sacrifice* showed a total of 54,700, or more than three times the selling power of *The Tallow Ball!* Now it surpasses the other two mentioned Guy de Maupassant books.

As an example of the modern method of helping the author—which editors are doing all the time—I may cite the example of the Little Blue Book of poems by Arthur Davison Ficke. This was called at first *The Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter*. Under that title it was practically at a standstill as far as sales went. It was another indication that the public does not rise to the bait of painting unless some suggestion of the red blood of life is made also. I tried, as a substitute title, *The Love Sonnets of an Artist*. This helped a little—not nearly so much as the de Maupassant book just described, but from zero the book went up to about 6,000 copies annually. I remember that Mr. Ficke saw it advertised under the new title and objected strongly on the ground that the title vulgarized his poetry. When I told him the situation, however, he was appeased; even a poet prefers to have his poems read to not being read at all, though it mean the hint of life and love in his title!

Other figures are given in another place, but these will serve to show, at this early stage of the discussion, just what I mean by a drastic policy of title-changing, especially as applied to books which are known as classics. I mean more than editorial suggestion and improvement relating to contemporary work. I mean more than the difference in appeal between an American and an English audience. I mean more than a blurb which tells what a book is about. In short, I mean that it is possible to inject some of the modern zest for living into a book otherwise dead from a commercial point of view—provided only that the book is still readable if some new quirk or twist to

the title or even a new title altogether will induce in buyers of books a desire to read it. As I once metaphorically expressed it, if a book is sent into my editorial Hospital I seek to revive its sales record by pumping some of the life-juice of romance or adventure into it.

Naturally, an important consideration would be how the reading public would receive the innovation. But I had gone through my days of trepidation with Scott's *Lady of the Lake* in abridged form. That had told me that the public is receptive to new methods—that, in short, the public is not afraid of new things even when applied to what is already in a measure old and established, but on the contrary advances rather eagerly to meet them halfway. The first half of the battle therefore was won.

I decided, too, at the start, that there would be no tampering with such classics as had shown themselves to be successful sellers without alteration. I have already named some examples. But Shakespeare's works are probably the best examples of any. I would not think of tampering with Shakespeare—to change Shakespeare would not be sacrilege, for I don't regard things in that way, but it would make out of Shakespeare something else, and, as I have already pointed out, Shakespeare is still sufficiently in touch with life of today to make it worth while to read him unaltered. Shakespeare is more than a name—Shakespeare is Shakespeare, indeed.

Shakespeare has become such a noble part of our literature, in a sense so permanently his own, in a perfection unapproachable, that it would be folly to attempt any sort

of metamorphosis. Shakespeare I intended to offer for his own sake, unadorned, even without a suggestion of blurb—it is the only way Shakespeare should ever be offered to anyone, from the youngest up. *Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, The Taming of the Shrew, Julius Cæsar,* all of these are titles fully adequate in themselves. They have the advantage of a fame that nothing added can ever increase.

Saving, then, something less than a hundred titles, so well known as to need no change, I was launched on a definite policy of altering titles of classics to fulfill the requirements of identification and persuasive description. The title of any book should tell something about it. I am in favor of only those titles which tell something definite about the contents of a book. If an otherwise ambiguous title, such as Rudyard Kipling's *Gunga Din,* is in its way a tag for the thing it names, because known for so long as such, I consider that a descriptive title. But if the title is both ambiguous and comparatively unknown—then it has to be changed, or the book must be withdrawn.

Always, for obvious reasons, it has been necessary to keep the reader in mind. Any change in title must be validated by the actual contents of the book. The change must serve, not deception, but enlightenment; the change must advance some particular information as to exactly the book's contents. It would never do to retitle Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* for example, unless the title were also to indicate that the tales were still in archaic verse.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HOSPITAL

How Little Blue Books Are Given New Zest by New Titles

WHEN the Little Blue Books were approaching the thousand mark in number of different titles in print and on sale at the price of five cents per book there was a great deal of investigating and tabulating going on in Girard. Any number of influences were constantly being brought to bear on the selling totals of various books. A book that was a good seller in a list of 300 titles became a very poor one in a list of 800 titles. There must be reasons for such discrepancies. Figures were obtained. Inventories were scrutinized. And there grew up what I rather like to call The Hospital, an editorial sanctum sanctorum into which were sent those books which were not selling their quota.

In any scheme of mass production and a low-priced product a certain average distribution must be maintained. In the Little Blue Books it developed that any single book must be sold in a minimum quantity of at least 10,000 copies every year. This was not exactly a fixed figure, but was flexible to the extent that a book might sell 8,000 or 7,000 copies annually and still be kept in the list. But it meant chiefly that any book running consistently below

10,000 copies annually was sent to The Hospital for consideration of the selling points shown in its title-and-author listing in the catalogue and advertisements.

When The Hospital began it was overcrowded with book-patients. The list of Little Blue Books had grown with such leaps and bounds in the five years it had then been in existence that a number of titles had been passed along the way and left dying in a ditch behind us. That is, it was not noticed until very suddenly that some of the earlier books were losing their place—they were not selling, or, when they came to be investigated, it was found that they had never sold quite so many copies as they ought. The first thorough tabulation of figures sent a hundred or so books to The Hospital for a complete examination and going over.

A good title is a work of genius. I have no hesitancy in saying that, for it is genius whether it is the inspiration of a lucky moment or the painful elaboration of a faint idea through an hour of deep thought. I have always made the final decision as to the title of any Little Blue Book, but I have never confined the search for a new title entirely to my own efforts. An editor must have recourse to more than one method for achieving any desired result. Often a Little Blue Book sent to The Hospital would be read by two or three editorial assistants, and they would all comment on it, making suggestions. Out of that a new title would be born and given a trial.

Alice, my ten-year-old daughter, has even played her small though significant part in the birth of new titles.

Children are voracious readers, and they usually read with such directness of viewpoint that they have something definite to say about what they read. They approach books with freshness, and a book must be vital and alive to hold their interest. As any writer for children knows, children make the most critical audience in the world. For example, I gave Alice a copy of Captain Marryat's *Privateersman*, which had not been going well. Perhaps people did not know what a privateersman might be. Alice did not know. Yet it was a good story, and it is still in the list because Alice said, after reading it: "It's about a seaman and battles." It was rechristened *The Battles of a Seaman*, with a marked improvement. In 1925 it sold 7,500; in 1926, 8,000—and in 1927, with the change of title, it sold 10,000 copies.

One of the first books to go into The Hospital was Théophile Gautier's *Fleece of Gold*. This amazed me; in fact, it nearly floored me. There were two good reasons why this book should be a top-notch seller. First, the author was a Frenchman—American readers have a "weakness" for tales by French authors. Second, it is an excellent story, full of love interest and everything that should place it high among the stories of love and sex. But a moment's consideration of the book shows at once what is wrong. What could "fleece of gold" mean to anyone who had never heard of Gautier or his story before? Little, if anything. It suggests Greek mythology instead of modern France. Gautier's title is picturesque, even poetic, but it lacks informative value. It tells nothing whatever. A happy

thought brought this title to mind: *The Quest for a Blonde Mistress,* exactly the sort of story it is. The record is, in 1925, under the old title, only 6,000—in 1926, under its new banner, this jumped almost unbelievably to 50,000!

Some skeptics will raise the objection—I know, for I have already considered it—that such retitling cheapens a book. In refutation I offer an example or two from classical literature where authors showed more precision in titling their own works. Is there any great difference between the tone of *The Quest for a Blonde Mistress* and *The Taming of the Shrew?* The latter is by William Shakespeare, unaltered. And how about *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* an accepted Shakespearean title? Such an objection vanishes into thin air when parallel examples are cited. The reason that a new title such as I gave Gautier's story *seems* to cheapen the book is that it is, at first, rather startling. Again, consider Balzac's *A Study of a Woman,* or his *Splendors and Miseries of a Courtesan.* These titles could not be more apt. Even Gautier himself was particular and to the point in his titling of *One of Cleopatra's Nights,* a title that cannot be improved upon.

Then there was Molière's play, *Les Précieuses Ridicules.* For a long time this was in the Little Blue Books under the French title, with the name of Molière to recommend the book. The French title was bad for another reason —it intimated to some readers that the whole play was in French. By a happy chance the best possible English title was hit upon for this book: *Ridiculous Women.* This conveys the idea exactly: comedy and irony are both suggested.

I do not think this play has ever been given a better English title. Something like *The Highbrow Ladies* is usually used, but I don't like that. It is rather too pompous; it sounds "genteel." But *Ridiculous Women* connotes the whole spirit of the play—and it sells the book. Under the French title, as the list grew in variety, this book dropped to almost zero. The new title raised it to better than 10,000 annually.

Another Molière play, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, was also a problem. A lame attempt was made to make use of *The Nobody Who Apes Nobility*, but this was awkward and wholly inadequate. There is no real idea in this title that can be grasped at a glance. You can figure it out, to but sure, but what reader is going to regard titles as riddles? The right title for this book, in modern American slang, is *The Show-Off;* and that is what it is now being called. In yearly sales it has jumped from slightly above zero to almost 10,000.

At one time in the history of the Little Blue Books, as I have said, little attention was paid to titles. The enterprise was growing so fast that the most important thing was to get new books into print—the public demanded books, and before its choice was spread over so wide a range of subjects —before it had a real choice to make, in other words—the title did not matter so much so long as the book was a good one. But as soon as choice became paramount in making out an order for Little Blue Books, the title leaped into first-place significance. Now the title is considered from every possible angle before a Little Blue Book is put on sale.

In those early days two volumes of the collected essays of Llewelyn Powys were put into the series. I was glad to do this—the essays are eminently readable and I was sure Little Blue Book readers would enjoy them. And I let Mr. Powys give his own titles to the books. So the books appeared as *Honey and Gall,* and *Cupbearers of Wine and Hellebore.* This was very pretty, and appealed to a few readers—but only a few, in fact, almost none. Something had to be done to save these essays from an untimely death. They are now called, with fair success, *Studies in Mystic Materialism* and *A Book of Intellectual Rowdies.* The first sold 15,000 in 1926; the second 11,000. For those who may like them, the older and less informative titles are still on the covers of the books.

A similar poetic mistake was made when several volumes of Jack London's stories were put into the series. One book, because I fancied the phrase from one of the stories, was called *Tales of the White Silence.* This seemed to me particularly expressive. I really thought the book would go. Of course, the name of Jack London carried the book satisfactorily, but still it seemed to me that it should do better. At last I was forced to give up my fanciful preference for the "white silence," and now I think that the newer title is really the better. It is: *Tales of the Big Snows.* The difference in expressiveness is instantly apparent.

It is really amazing what the change of a word may do. The mere insertion of a word often works wonders with a book. Take the account of that European mystery of intrigue and political romance, which Theodore M. R. von

Keler did for me under the title of *The Mystery of the Iron Mask.* This title was fair. It certainly tells what the book is about. But there is something aloof about it. It may, says the reader to himself, be another one of those poetic titles. It may fool me, he thinks, and so he bewares. But I changed it to *The Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask,* and now there can be no question for the record is 30,000 against 11,000 copies per year. Two other "slight" additions come to mind. Victor Hugo's drama, *The King Enjoys Himself* (*Rigoletto;* translated by Maurice Samuel), and Zorilla's, the Spanish Shakespeare's, *None Beneath the King* (translated by Isaac Goldberg) were both rather sick—8,000 for the first and only 6,000 for the second. In 1927, lo and behold, the miraculous cure of title-changing brought 34,000 sales for *None Beneath the King Shall Enjoy This Woman,* and 38,000 for *The Lustful King Enjoys Himself!* Snatched from the grave!

Then there was Whistler's lecture, fairly well known under the title *Ten o'Clock.* But readers of Little Blue Books are numbered by at least ten thousand for each title yearly. Due to the concentrated interest shown in self-education and self-improvement this helpful lecture on art should be read widely—following this reasoning, the proper explanatory title evolved into *What Art Should Mean to You.* Readers are more interested in finding out what art should mean to them than in discovering what secret meaning may lie behind such a phrase as "ten o'clock." In 1925 the old title sold less than 2,000; in

1927, the sales, stimulated by The Hospital's service, mounted to 9,000.

Francis Bacon's *Apothegms,* under that name in the Little Blue Books, was one of my cripples. Here is a great book by a great philosopher. And yet, so listed, it was practically at a standstill—less than 2,000 copies yearly when I came to investigate it. What is wrong with it? The fault lies on its face—the average person, even many a person above the average, does not understand what the word "apothegm" means. I know I had to look it up in the dictionary the first time I came upon it. Many people do not like to go to the dictionary: they prefer to pick up their new words in conversation, where the relation of one word to another will indicate something of its meaning. This is not commendable, perhaps, but it happens to be true. Not one person in a thousand knows what "apothegm" means.

People are not afraid of meaty reading, of a substantial reading diet. I can prove that. But they fight shy of the utterly strange. A book by the same Francis Bacon entitled *The New Atlantis* was doing a little better than 7,000 yearly—not satisfactory, but on the brink of success, so to speak. There is hope when a book gets some distribution, even if it is less than one has hoped. But when it practically stands still the burden is unnecessarily heavy.

This collection of apothegms is a splendid book, in which a great philosopher gives several hundred brief sentences, many of them sparkling epigrams, about this

thing we call life. The sentences are interesting, because they tell us about what interests us most—life. What is an apothegm, then? Simply a terse truth. Look it up for yourself. So, taking the problem in hand, I remedied the situation by retitling the book: *Terse Truths About the Riddle of Life*. The following year (1926) this book climbed to a sales total of a few copies over 9,000—which is worth selling, I am happy to say.

Robert Louis Stevenson belongs, to a large extent, with those accepted literary giants—in the sense of world fame, for I do not propose to be critical here—who should not be altered. Certainly I have proved by the success of the pocket edition of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* that this is a title that cannot be altered with impunity or benefit. Even the movies kept this title, which is a good sign of its widespread effectiveness. But with *Will o' the Mill* and *Markheim* (both in one volume) a question arises. Are these two stories sufficiently familiar to make them desirable books to read? The sales record of this book indicated that they were not. The latter story is a psychological study of a murderer and his crime—yet the man's name alone does not convey this at all. It might be any sort of story from the title as Stevenson had it. I called it *Markheim's Murder*, which gives it a definite classification, and from practically a cipher the book leaped to 7,000 copies annually. It is still shaky, as you see! Perhaps something more drastic should be done to it.

Rudyard Kipling has several good titles of his own that I should not venture to touch. What could be better, for

example, than *Without Benefit of Clergy*? Certain of his poems, too, are so famous that they are clamored for as they are—*The Vampire, Mandalay*, and *Gunga Din*. Some of the stories, as *The Man Who Would Be King*, go very well also. But there is a lure in these stories that is not expressed in the title, and that I have no way of suggesting except by the title. By this I mean the fascinating adventures of the British soldiery in India—those unforgettable episodes of happy-go-lucky army life. So I am experimenting with some titles like *Tales of British Soldiers in India* and *Stories of Army Life*.

It seemed to me that there could be no reason why Oscar Wilde's *Pen, Pencil and Poison* should not sell. That title appeals to me. But it apparently does not appeal to the public at large, as the records of this book showed. And anyone can see, now that the change has been made, that *The Story of a Notorious Criminal* is much more likely to aid the wide distribution of the book. It is another good example of the change from the poetic to the practical, for from 5,000 annually the book rose in 1926 to 15,800 copies!

A number of definite tendencies in titling have come up in this experimenting with what banner a book shall go forth under. All of this is, of course, a revealing commentary on the reading tastes of the American public. There is, for example, the yearning for the truth about things. Americans want to know the truth, even if it hurts —and if you tell them that you are giving them the truth they will at least believe you long enough to read what

you offer them under that name. Take, for example, Dr. Arthur J. Cramp's *"Patent Medicine" and the Public Health.* This is a purely academic, professional-thesis sort of title. It indicates what the book is about, but it suggests nothing of controversy, nothing that anyone ought to know. Yet *The Truth About "Patent Medicine"* tells the reader that there is some sort of exposure here, something which he may owe it to himself to find out about. This book sold scarcely 3,000 copies in 1925; in 1926, being the "Truth," it did a trifle better than 10,000 copies. That is why *The Truth About New York's Chinatown* is a better title than simply *New York's Chinatown.* That is why, too, such a book as *The Truth About Los Angeles* is read throughout the United States.

There is another magical word in titles. It is Life. The American reading public of today is intensely interested in real life. Witness the success of the confession type of magazine, which tells in loud language that it is offering the truth about real lives. Witness the dominance of love and sex books over all others in the sales record of Little Blue Books as a whole; sex is undoubtedly the most intimately connected with everyday living of any subject you could name. The interest in life is clearly evidenced by the repeated selections of books which have that word in the title. There was Charles J. Finger's book entitled *Addison and His Times.* This title is too scholastic: it sounds too much like a thesis written before graduation from a university. But *London Life in Addison's Time* indicates that the book may be at least interesting. Before the change

I moved this book, as a matter of fact, only in complete sets; now it squeezes by with 7,000 per year.

Dan Hennessy's *On the Bum* never was a bad seller. As a matter of fact, it is one of the steadiest selling books in the entire list. But the addition of *Sketches of Tramp Life* to the more figurative title helped it even more. There is even one of my books, *The Color of Life*. My own books in the Little Blue Book series are on the whole poor sellers, as I have more than once candidly admitted. But this book, since it has so good a title—and its contents, I venture to hope, live up to it—is a very fair seller as compared with the others. And such combinations, of course, as *Love Tales of Italian Life, French Tales of Passion and Cruelty*, and Boccaccio's *Tales of Love and Life* cannot be beaten.

The ever-present tendency of the public toward self-improvement has naturally influenced many a title in the series. I have already mentioned one or two examples. People want to improve their conversation, their vocabulary, or they simply want general principles of self-improvement, as in John Cowper Powys' lecture, *The Secret of Self-Development*. Arthur Schopenhauer is a forbidding name to the uninitiated. His *Art of Controversy* never did go very well. But now it is called *How to Argue Logically* and has earned its permanent place in the list. This is another one of those "naughts" which leaped suddenly, through the magic of words, to 30,000 copies per year. The "how to" beginning for a title is still another magical catchphrase. Piano-playing is all right, but notice how much more dynamic and compelling *How to Play the Piano* is, or even,

if there is space to print it, *How to Teach Yourself to Play the Piano.*

The book on conversation has an interesting anecdote to be told about it—at first it was simply Thomas De Quincey's *Essay on Conversation.* When this book came into The Hospital past experience showed immediately that it ought to be called *How to Improve Your Conversation.* But De Quincey's essay is a bit too studied and scholarly to be offered to an unsuspecting public under that title, at least by itself. It is still in the book, but half of the book is now taken up with Lloyd E. Smith's portion, written especially to fit the title *How to Improve Your Conversation.* That is one of the inside stories of how one popular Little Blue Book was born! Arthur Schopenhauer's *Art of Controversy,* mentioned in the preceding paragraph, is more practical and did not need such a preamble.

An entirely separate field of title experimentation was opened in the general classification of biography. "Biography" seeming to be less colorful, I have been trying out "Personalities" as a catalogue division. My experience has been that names alone, even if world-famous, are not sufficient to sell Little Blue Books. It appears that the book-buyer is one of the laziest persons on earth when he examines a catalogue of books. He may know perfectly well that Leo Tolstoy is a Russian story-writer, but he refuses to identify that name for himself. I know that this is so because I used to offer Garnett's *Life of Tolstoy,* and I am able to compare it with the records of the book under its present title: *Tolstoy, Russian Novelist.* It is 2,500

against the present average of 6,500 copies per year. The book is not yet secure—but the change in sales is nevertheless significant.

The general rule in titling biographies has been to name the person and identify him. Fanciful titles will not do at all for five-cent accounts of the life and works of various prominent people. The prospective reader must be reminded, in so many words, of precisely whom the book is about; and, if possible, the title must also tell the book's particular bias or motivating thesis. Thus, Joseph McCabe's biography of Ingersoll is called *Robert G. Ingersoll, Benevolent Agnostic.* You can see at a glance that this is ever so much more effective than simply *Life of Ingersoll.*

There are cases where the simpler and more obvious title will sell a biography. This is usually true of only what may be called "standard" biographies, however. I refer to *Life of Jesus,* by Ernest Renan; *Life of Lincoln; Life of Napoleon,* etc.

Often the biographical titles require a great deal of experimenting. When the Little Blue Books were young I put in as No. 10 in the series that delightful essay by Francis Thompson on Percy Bysshe Shelley. That jewel of literature always seemed worthy of perpetuation to me, and I wanted to have it read by thousands of people. I cannot say that my hope for it has been fulfilled, although the book is still in print and available. But I am trying it under the title of *Shelley, Idealistic Dreamer.* If I called him a poet I hardly think that would help: few people are compellingly interested in the life of a poet.

But Shelley was more than a poet, and if I can only get people to buy Thompson's essay I'm confident each one will feel that it is five cents well spent. At any rate, the new title does four times as well as the old—8,000 against 2,000 copies annually.

A classic example of failure to comprehend the man a book is about is the *Life of Barnum*. When Charles J. Finger wrote this book for me he offered the forceful title: *Barnum, the Man Who Lured the Herd*. Unfortunately, viewing the matter in the light of my later experience, I am afraid the public thought that Barnum was either an eccentric cow-puncher or a rustler of cattle! Consequently, this book was sent to The Hospital, and it came forth with the brand-new appellation of *P. T. Barnum and His Circus*. This is not only much better, but it tells exactly what the book is about. It jumped the book from 4,000 copies in 1925, to 8,000 in 1926.

Martin Luther is another case in point. A life of Luther without any other recommendation did not appeal to readers anywhere near to the same extent as does *Martin Luther and Protestantism*. On the other hand, it might seem that a life of Benjamin Franklin could succeed very well with such a name alone. But of late years it has become desirable to accentuate the human qualities of our great men, and that is probably the reason that I have found *Benjamin Franklin, Printer and Statesman* slightly less popular than *Franklin, Lover of Life*.

I would have gambled a great deal on Clement Wood's

biography of Casanova, especially since it was deliberately entitled *Casanova and His Loves.* The universal popularity of the "sex books," so called, would seem to indicate that this book on Casanova should be automatically a best seller. It did not work out that way. The diagnosis of the failure was that people did not know the name Casanova, and so they did not care a nickel's worth about whom he loved or did not love. There was a mild revolution in the sales record of this book when it was advertised as *Casanova, History's Greatest Lover!* Witness the figures—8,000 before the change: a yearly sale of 22,000 after it! A similar example is Ralph Oppenheim's life of George Sand; it is now called, with a gain of 6,000 copies a year, *The Love-Life of a Frenchwoman.* Which proves, if anything, that the public would rather buy a book about an unknown Frenchwoman, when reminded that she is French, than one about someone whose name suggests neither nationality nor familiarity.

Scientific titles have also needed elucidation and popularization from time to time. Science has the reputation, with the general public, of being very dry reading. A few magazines, featuring the strange and bizarre, particularly in mechanical inventions, have managed to make science commercially popular as reading matter. But among books there is still great progress to be made. The "outlines" did a great deal to remove the stigma, and now the "stories" of this and that phase of knowledge are helping us all to progress in the humanizing of scientific knowledge. (I

might say, in passing, that the titles of the individual numbers of my *Key to Culture* series have been carefully chosen with this point in mind.)

There has always been a market for books which make things plain, such as *Evolution Made Plain.* Then I tried "introductions" to this and that, and scientific subjects "for beginners," but neither of these variations of title has been quite so successful as "the facts you should know" caption. An important secret of successful titling is to be imperative, to insist in the very name of the book that the reader should have it! Now *Life Among the Ants* was much improved in its distribution by extending it thus: *Facts You Should Know About Life Among the Ants,* or sometimes, when less space is available, *Fascinating Facts About Ant Life.* I took a tip from the "Fact Compendiums" of some years ago, and from the "Handy Books of Facts" which are still commercially profitable reference books. The public of today wants facts, and it likes to be told that it is getting facts.

But there is no general rule applicable to all cases. There is always room for experimentation, and I have changed a title of one book as many as half a dozen times. What works in one place is just as likely to be a failure in connection with some other book. For example, *Facts About the Moon* does not have nearly the selling value of *Is the Moon a Dead World?* The latter has romance in it, adventurous suggestion in it, and all the force of the continual controversy about whether or not there is life on other globes besides the earth. The same characteristics may be

discerned in this title: *Solving the Mystery of the Comets.* Maynard Shipley, the author of the last-named two books, deserves a great deal of credit for his work as a popularizer of such subjects.

Poetry I have left until the last because it has been something of a bugbear in my editorial life. I may as well confess that I read almost no poetry from inclination, although I recognize its place in the literature of the world and would not for anything bar it from any Utopia I could conceive. For this reason, knowing that other people have a wholly justifiable liking for poetry, and due to a sense of my own "blind spot," I have been led into the weakness of including too many books of poetry in the pocket series. At one time I had nearly a hundred different volumes of poetry in print. I even had—but some of this part of the story belongs in the chapter headed "The Morgue"!

No publisher needs to be told that poetry is not a commercial literary commodity except in a very few exceptional cases. The old masters do very well in gift editions, text-books, and the like. So I find that there is every reason to keep in print Little Blue Book anthologies of *Best Poems of John Keats, Best Poems of Robert Burns, Best Poems of Walt Whitman,* etc. But it is not true that contemporary poetry is salable in mass quantities just because it is poetry. *Today's Poetry* is fair as a general compilation. But it was necessary to call John Davidson's volume *Ballad of a Passionate Nun, and Other Poems* to make it earn its place in the list. I have found it wise, too, to pick out a well-known title, like *Thanatopsis* or *The One Hoss Shay,* to

feature on the cover of the book and in the advertising. But the general conclusion from my experience with poetry is that the audience for poetry in America is still greatly in need of broad and hearty development.

While discussing titles, I should give some answer to the question sometimes put to me whether the length of a title makes any difference. I am not able to give figures to bear out any of my opinions on this point, and I can only present my own ideas—though these ideas are born, even if unconsciously, from constant experience with the publishing and selling of Little Blue Books. There are, too, some definite strictures determined by the nature of the Little Blue Books themselves, and by mechanical limitations as well as advertising costs.

First of all, I state flatly that there is a great deal of nonsense in the notion that brevity is the soul of wit or anything else. In naming certain commodities, such as cigarettes, an attempt has been made to use a short name that will easily roll off the tongue. Thus, "Camel" was decided upon, no doubt, with the idea that the man who wants a package of Camels will step into the shop and say one word: "Camels." That is highly theoretical, and anyone knows it is not proved by what actually happens. The man goes in and delivers a lengthy speech something like this: "I want a package of Camels," or, "Give me a pack of Camels," or, "Fork over some Camels." The human animal is incapable of being so brief and wordless as to say merely: "Camels."

As applied to books, it is necessary to consider other

things. If the book is going to be given plenty of advertising space the title does not make so much difference. Descriptive phrases, catchwords, slogans, sales talk, and so on, can be plastered all over the advertising and even on the jacket of the book. The title sinks into obscurity, except when ordering the book or asking for it in a bookshop. Even then the purchaser is likely to use some advertising phrase in lieu of the title, and the clerk who handles the order is expected to be up on his stuff sufficiently to interpret the customer's jargon and get the right book for him with the least possible delay.

I recall a case in point from my own experience. By stuffing circulars in outgoing packages of Little Blue Books listing some carefully selected clothbound books, usually picked to appeal to readers of Little Blue Books, I sell a surprising number of more expensive books in the run of a year. *Havelock Ellis,* the recent biography by Isaac Goldberg, was one of these—especially since Goldberg is known to Little Blue Book readers. On the circular advertising this book, however, the headline was used: "The man who debunked sex!" Beneath this catchline the title of the book and the author were given in large type—but the name Havelock Ellis, without explanation, meant little to many people. Several orders came in for the book entitled *The Man Who Debunked Sex!* Now to me that is a better title for the book than the man's name.

But it can never be decided once and for all that a short title or a long title is the best. It is seldom a question of length. The real difference is one of appeal—of what the

title tells, of whether it gives a clear idea of the nature and contents of the book. As I have said, if there is space to add a description of the book, the title matters much less than if the book must be sold by its title and author alone.

I think of Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy*. Here is a title in three words, or with the definite article, four. This book could have a shorter title, for it could be called *Philosophy*. Yet the difference between the short and the long title is not one of words: the longer one clearly is better because it suggests a continuous, interesting narrative (story). To go to the other extreme, this book could have a longer title, for it could be called *A Comprehensive Survey of Various Systems of Philosophy from Antiquity to the Present*. Here, the difference is again not one of words: the shorter title is better because it avoids any suggestion of pedantry, and emphasizes that philosophy as a whole has a story behind it which can be told in a fascinating and informative way. The effectiveness of titles cannot be measured with a yardstick!

As for the Little Blue Books, the cost of advertising per agate line (the space occupied by a line of agate or 5½ point type [14 lines to an inch] set a column wide, the unit of measure in advertising space) has always been an important consideration. Now there are 1,260 Little Blue Book titles. If all these are listed in one advertisement, and each book is allotted one agate line, for the listing alone 1,260 agate lines are required! In this case the titles of the books in this advertisement are automatically limited to the number of words that can be set in

agate type a column wide. The wording must be chosen to fit the space and at the same time to describe the book persuasively so that it will be bought.

Brevity is valuable as a characteristic only when it is more effective than something longer. There is Fannie Hurst's story called *T. B.* This is all right if the book is listed under Fiction, but what does it tell in a numerical list if someone does not know the name Fannie Hurst? It may suggest that the book is a medical treatise. But this, I may point out, is the shortest title in the present list of Little Blue Books, and I cannot say that its brevity is of any merit. I am of the opinion that a much better title could be found for this story.

There is room for housecleaning in the matter of titles. The whole atmosphere of titling is shrouded with cobwebs of myth and convention and what might be called superstition. On the one hand it is told that Shakespeare had a great contempt for titles—calling one of his plays *As You Like It,* and another, *Twelfth Night, or What You Will.* On the other hand, some of Shakespeare's titles are very apt, as *A Comedy of Errors. The Taming of the Shrew,* and *The Moor of Venice* are strongly descriptive and distinctive.

Authors seem to take pride in writing things without titles and then casting about with loud wailing and painful moaning for a title that will fit. Other writers hit upon some pretty group of words which catches their fancy, or some title with a symbolic or metaphorical implication—to cite a blatant example, Harold Bell Wright's *The Mine with the*

Iron Door. Such titles are handles, well enough. They serve for identification and do very nicely for listing in the huge card indexes of public libraries. But if they had to sell the books they caption they would, most of them, fail pitifully.

I have indicated many of my conclusions—the lessons I have learned—from my experimentation with titles. I pointed out that there are magical words like Truth, Life, Love, How to, Facts You Should Know, etc. I think I have made it clear that titles with hazy poetic haloes will not work, and that titles which state the plain facts about a book are in almost all cases the best.

In general, my own rules for titling a book are few, but they are much to the point. Particular books often demand particular treatment, but there are one or two lessons of general application that I have learned at some cost, and that I am glad to pass on to others for whatever they may be worth. For even though a book will have a large and lurid blurb, and plenty of bolstering with advertising space, I see no harm in giving it a title which will carry it alone if necessary. If the title does describe the book it will help to eliminate confusion in the minds of prospective readers, and clarify for them just the book they may decide to buy.

In that last sentence is my first rule: Make the title describe the book. The title should contain some dominant word which clearly indicates the subject of the book. If it is biography or criticism, I think the title should also indicate what the man stood for or what the matter criticized chiefly represents. If human nature can be put into

the title, well and good. Every effort should be made to tie up the book with real life, or with the average person's desire for romance, adventure, and fun.

My second rule is: Make the title as distinctive as possible, so as to compel attention and awaken interest. I subordinate this to the descriptive requirement. But I have a notion that many publishers put my second rule first—they seem to prefer the bizarre and startling to the suggestive and revealing. But by putting this first it is necessary to add the description on the flap of the jacket or in the body of the advertisement. I cannot do this, so I am obliged to consider the description of first importance, and distinction second.

In a series such as the Little Blue Books, description can be given first importance for another reason. Any publisher is aware that there is a constant demand for certain books of information, education, and such. That is to say, there is a fairly constant interest in a manual of Parliamentary Law. Several of these are always on the market, differing chiefly in price. There is a Little Blue Book on Parliamentary Law, and here the title is descriptive only. It is not necessary for it to be distinctive, since any attempt to distinguish this Little Blue Book manual from other manuals is obviously superfluous—the distinction lies in the fact that this is a Little Blue Book for five cents, whereas the others are bigger books costing much more money. The first rule only is necessary in titling such books.

As a final word, I might hint in a loud whisper: Take

a leaf out of the page of the movie-titler's ritual. Titles of books and stories are nearly always changed for the motion picture version—due undoubtedly to the necessity to make a much wider appeal. Allow me to ignore the merits of the photoplays themselves, and cite two of the titles as examples. John Barrymore began work on *François Villon*, but this was released under the much more popular title of *The Beloved Rogue*. Or consider that other Barrymore film, from Antoine François Prevost's *Manon Lescaut* (which would have been a total failure as a movie title), which was called *When a Man Loves*. Considered merely as titles, these are both more descriptive and distinctive than the originals.

CHAPTER IX

WHAT A CHANGE OF SCENERY WILL DO

Sick Books May Be Helped by Changing Location

THOUGH changing titles is a publishers' practice with a well-established reputation, there is an aspect of this Hospital to which sick Little Blue Books go which I am sure is unique. Keeping the figure, this phase of the treatment of books which need new life put into their sales may be called giving the book a change of scenery. A doctor may say to his patient: "You're really all right, old man. There's not a thing I can do, but I think a change of scenery might pep you up. I suggest that you run down to Florida for a month or so." If the patient improves in the Florida climate he may move there permanently. That is the way it happens with a Little Blue Book.

By scenery I mean the classifications used in listing Little Blue Books either in the regular catalogue, in a sales catalogue, or in the advertisements. These classifications are being changed, more or less, all the time—new classifications are being tried and old ones discarded. In general, however, these classifications were at first specific and rather dry, such as the thoroughly established divisions of reading like Biography, History, Fiction, Debates, Epigrams, Drama, Essays, Science, Religion, Philosophy, etc.

Later on it was thought advisable to liven up these classifications, and Biography became Personalities, Fiction was broken up into many smaller groups, Science became Wonders of Science, and so on.

As my latest advertising shows, I have found that these classifications are important. They are a vital part of the selling of the Little Blue Books; in their way, they are also titles. In certain advertising I have found that it pays to use such words as Fun, Jokes, Entertainment, Murder, Mystery, Horror, and so on, in listing the books. More and more of this form of classifying is likely to characterize Little Blue Book advertising of the future.

The change of scenery, in treating a failing Little Blue Book, is to move it from one classification to another. Astonishing as it may seem, this has actually worked wonders in the sales records. Take, for example, a book by my wife, Marcet, which was first called *What the Editor's Wife Is Thinking About*, and was reprinted from the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly* in response to numerous requests. This book sold well only at first, among the more steadfast of Little Blue Book readers. It then dwindled to almost zero. The title was changed to *Intimate Notes on E. H.-J.*, without noticeable result.

The first classification under which this book appeared was Biography, and later, under Personalities. I kept the book in the list because there were numerous personal requests for information about me which it was easiest to answer by sending a copy of this Little Blue Book. Its annual average was, nevertheless, appallingly low—some-

thing around 1,000 copies, which would be partly accounted for in complete sets of Little Blue Books. Then I experimented with a classification called Confessional Autobiography, and this book of Marcet's was moved there. Still it did not show any signs of life, doing scarcely 2,000 copies in 1927.

As a last resort, during 1927, this book was listed under the classification Famous Women, as follows: *Marcet Haldeman-Julius' Intimate Notes on Her Husband.* This, amazing as it really is—I was quite flabbergasted when I learned it—sold 16,000 copies of this book in 1927!

There was another book which gave me a great deal of concern. This was an anthology called *Poems of Evolution,* really an unusual collection and deserving a better fate than The Morgue. The title seemed to be what was the matter with it—it did not tell that these poems are interesting, artistic (in spots), useful and amusing, intelligently done. The first poem in the book, indeed, is Langdon Smith's famous *Evolution,* with its fairly well known line: "When you were a tadpole and I was a fish"—which is a lively and excellent piece of poetical journalese.

Then a trip to The Hospital brought forth a major operation, with gratifying success—the patient lived! *Poems of Evolution* was changed to *When You Were a Tadpole and I Was a Fish.* The jump in sales from a mere 2,000 in 1925 to nearly 7,000 in 1926 amused the doctor, for he has always been especially stubborn about any threatened child. He did not want to etherize any youngster with the word "evolution" in its title (The Dayton, Tenn.,

farce was at its height at the time). Sheer stubbornness and the inspiration of a happy title saved the creature.

This book came back to The Hospital, though, for it did not quite total 10,000 annually. There was another consultation. I, as the doctor in this apt metaphor, took the patient's pulse and noticed its healthy beat, with no little satisfaction. The triumph of 7,000 copies in 1926 proved that the child was well on the road to health. There was only one thing to do—to prescribe a change of scenery! Which means that the book, which had once been listed under Poetry, and was now under Evolution, was moved to a new listing under the broad banner of Humor. The end of 1927 shows that about 21,000 copies were sold!

In general, I have found the classification of Juvenile Books unsatisfactory. Children do not buy from my advertising, though young people do. But it seems that young people do not identify themselves with the word Juvenile—though they might like to read *Robinson Crusoe* or *Gulliver's Travels* or tales from the *Arabian Nights*, they are turned away by a Juvenile listing. They do not even care to be referred to as Young People, I have found. So these books are now distributed through the various classifications, and no separation is made for age. Each group or generation can find the books it wants for itself, and it is working out much better so. The change of scenery for books that were formerly listed only under Juvenile has certainly done them good; it has widened their scope, and thereby increased their sales.

There has always been a group of books—essays, belles-

lettres, odds and ends of literature—which it has been difficult to classify. In the days of sharp division, a classification headed Miscellaneous or simply Literature was used for these. They never sold very well, largely, I am sure, on that account. Later, with the newer and livelier classifications, it became necessary to place these books more definitely and more alluringly. Some of them went readily under Mystery, or some such general head, but others—particularly things like *Great English Poems,* or Joubert's *Thoughts on the Meaning of Life*—needed other treatment.

The classification, now being used extensively, called Cultural Helps has been most successful. Books that before were close to the zero mark—books that have earned their right to be in the world's literature—have picked up wonderfully with this change of scenery. The desire for culture on the part of reading Americans is thus clearly shown; if there is anything in these books—and surely there is cultural help in any piece of literature—which will help them to find a sound basis for culture, American readers want it.

That Cultural Helps classification was an inspiration and a good one. It emphasizes the idea of culture behind the University in Print—that culture for which the American reading public is ever clamoring. The books are cultural, whether attention is called to the fact or not, but it is a sound assumption that the prospective purchaser will not use his imagination. It is better to name the thing for what it is—if the books are cultural, say so.

A number of Little Blue Books readily fall into this

classification. The beauty of it is that they do not readily fit into any other classification. In early days (in 1922 and earlier), I was often "lazy" and made use of a Miscellaneous classification—which, of course, is quite meaningless and weak. I also used a Literature classification, which was simply another way of saying Miscellaneous. Books which could not reasonably be put under any other heading were placed under either one of those. Then the list was so small that people willingly went through the entire 200 or 300 titles; but now, with 1,260 titles, anything under "Miscellaneous" or so general a heading as "Literature" would be completely overlooked.

The first attempt to find a compelling classification for those "miscellaneous" cultural books was too poetic. It was "Door to New Worlds," which was apt enough, but hardly in sufficiently plain English to be forceful. I also tried "Explanations of Life," which was better, but not so well suited to several of the books. I made shift with "Doors to New Worlds," but the books listed thereunder —including *Spirit of Brazilian Literature*, *Spirit of Yiddish Literature*, *How to Enjoy the Humor of Rabelais*, etc. —continued to hover exasperatingly and disappointingly around the zero mark.

The Rabelais book, by the way, was first titled *A Guide to Rabelais*, which suggested little if the name of the author of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* was unfamiliar. Then I tried *How to Understand Rabelais*, but even this did little better than 2,000 copies annually. The sucess of *How to Enjoy the Humor of Rabelais* (which is to say, or intimate,

"Rabelaisian" humor) is partly due to the word "enjoy" in the title, for we all want to enjoy things, and to the word "humor," for we all like to laugh as part of our enjoyment—but it is due also to the emphasis on self-improvement in the classification Cultural Helps, where it sold 13,000 copies in 1927.

Even Percy Bysshe Shelley's *Defense of Poetry*, with the emphasis on culture, sold 6,000 copies in 1927—not very good, but far better than the 1,500 it sold in 1926. I. B. Stoughton Holborn's *Need for Art in Life*, now listed more personally as *Why You Need Art in Your Life*, under the "Cultural Helps" classification sold almost 14,000 copies in 1927, when it was facing withdrawal the year before. *The Spirit of Brazilian Literature* showed improvement only—it is still far from a successful book, for it scarcely sold 4,000 copies during the last year, and *The Spirit of Yiddish Literature* did less than 3,000—but you must take into account the fact that both of these books moved less than 1,000 copies each in 1926. I am afraid that these two books will sooner or later find themselves in the great abyss of my Morgue. But my point is clear—Cultural Helps is a definitely successful classification. The change of scenery has done all of the books some good—it has prolonged their lives, if it has not always made them immortal.

My list of books under Poetry and the books under Biography grew rapidly, and they became unwieldy and forbidding in appearance to the prospective purchaser. Shorter and more alluring classifications have proved their

worth. The development of the catalogue-classification of Little Blue Books has proceeded until I can positively assert that it serves more than convenience in listing a book —it is a constructive form of salesmanship.

Usually it would be thought that classifying books must always conform to set rules. If there is a heading Biography, it would be assumed that all the biographies in the series would necessarily group themselves under that heading. That is what I did, for a time, until I experimented and found a better method. Now the classifications of Little Blue Books are loose rather than strict—the Biography group, Personalities group as it is now, is representative only; some of the better biographies in the Little Blue Books are classified as such. Other ostensible biographies are given other places, and for very good reasons.

Take the Little Blue Book life of Jean Paul Marat, for example. This was always put under Biography until lately. But biography, to be significant and appealing, must build itself around famous figures, outstanding personalities. Who, at a venture, knows the name of Marat? Even identifying him and keeping the book under Biography or Famous Personalities is not so good as putting this life of him along with other radical books—for this biography is really a "study in radicalism." The book was a failure for two years; in 1927, with the radical emphasis, it sold 9,000 copies!

The same is true, substantially, of Constantine Volney's famous *Ruins of Empires*, of which the Little Blue Books contain an excellent summary. This also is a radical book,

in many ways a devastating book. By putting it under Skepticism, Iconoclasm, or some similar classification—for the place of no Little Blue Book is quite permanent, but in different catalogues and advertising moves about, though keeping the same general emphasis—this book also reached a sales total of 9,000 in the past year.

Other biographies have been scattered in a similar fashion. The life of Pasteur is now put under Health or Hygiene, because his name really is better known in the word "pasteurization." Lives of Franklin and Jefferson and Paine find themselves linked successfully with United States history—but if they are placed with general biographies they are lost. Paine and Voltaire, too, are put with the skeptical books, the books of freethought and iconoclasm for which I have learned hundreds of thousands of Americans are hungering. You see the idea—instead of allowing Biography to become too solid a mass of type, I have found it better to put many of the biographies under subject classifications.

I have done the same with poetry. Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish* does better under Love than anywhere else, and the same is true of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*—a bad title if there ever was one! Oliver Wendell Holmes' *One Hoss Shay and Other Poems* does much better under Humorous Verse—almost 7,000 against the previous 3,000 as an annual figure—than under Poetry with the weaker title, *Poems of Holmes.* And *Poems About Jesus,* a failure so far, is being put, for 1928, under the general heading of

Religion, and under the sub-heading of Christianity—where I have real hopes that it may do well enough to stay in the list.

To go back to my experiment with "Doors to New Worlds"—in 1926 Francis Bacon's *The New Atlantis* was in this classification and came to my Hospital for resuscitation. I had begun to think this was one of those "literary" masterpieces which could not be sold widely, but I quickly found that I was killing the book by keeping an unhealthy aroma of "classic" about it. The rare atmosphere of high-brow literature was smothering this book. When I got it out and away from the dust of dry tomes, into fresh air and sunlight with books of adventure—along with the Arabian Nights and Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's voyage to Lilliput—and called the book simply *The New Atlantis: Lost Island,* it leaped up to 16,000 copies in 1927.

Everyone knows that Swift's scathing satire, *Gulliver's Travels,* can be read as pure fanciful adventure. If one does not wish to think about the satire, one does not have to think about it. The same is true of *The New Atlantis*—as my Little Blue Book experience has proved beyond any possible doubt. The story can be read simply as a story; you can even do that, to some extent, with John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* overburdened as it is with allegorical dogma and ritual—a book which, by the way, sold 11,000 copies in 1927 in the Little Blue Book edition, listed under Famous Tales.

This change of scenery is after all just a device to compel attention and center the spotlight on certain books.

The fundamental purpose of Little Blue Book classifying is nothing else but putting the books on good display, as in a store window—putting those on Fifth Avenue which seem to do best there, and those on Seventh Avenue which do best there, and those in the Bronx or down by the Battery or along the Bowery which do best there, always remembering that the high and the low will to some extent gaze in the windows of all these localities!

Some books are lost in some classifications which stand out brilliantly and enticingly when placed elsewhere. When George Moore's *Euphorian in Texas*—an abominable title from my point of view for such a fascinating story—is placed in a list of general fiction it is lost, but when it is given an explanatory subtitle, as *An Unconventional Amour*, and put with other stories of love or amorous dalliance, it stands out and, in 1927, it sold 22,000 copies. The record for 1926, I am sorry to report, was less than half of this; and for 1925 the sales of the book had sunk almost out of sight. The vanishing point was reached under George Moore's own recondite title—the old image of hiding a light under a bushel basket.

Few people nowadays will run through the entire list of 1,260 different Little Blue Books when making up an order for a dollar or two. They scan the list in a cursory fashion, and if 20 or 30 books catch their eye at once, they perhaps order them without looking further. It behooves me, in selling these books, to see to it that in so far as possible all of the books are given adequate display and emphasis—for two reasons. First, so that the same books will

not be sold in excessive quantity, squeezing out others just as worthy, and unbalancing the list; second, so that those who have bought 20 or 30 books—those which readily caught their eye—will not toss aside a new catalogue after glancing at it, in the false notion that it contains nothing to interest them.

This is the real reason why a change of scenery so surprisingly affects the sales record of a book. In the new classification, in a later catalogue, going to old buyers of the Little Blue Books—who are circularized at least twice every year—a book catches the eye of those who probably overlooked it in its less effective classification in the previous catalogue or circular. Americans have the reputation for being miserly of their time, and are great lovers of time-saving devices—no less in a Little Blue Book catalogue than elsewhere.

And there is another important point in this connection.

My list of biographical titles, as I have said, was always too long in comparison with other classifications in the catalogue. The fact that such listings as Biography and Fiction did run far too long to be useful was one reason for changing the classifications from conventional divisions according to the literary form to the nature of the material in the books as the basis for division.

Biography had reached a low level when these changes in classification were tried. Some of Biography, for example, was satisfactorily split up into smaller groups like Famous Lovers, Beacon Lights of History, Benefactors of Mankind, Famous Women, Confessional Autobiography,

etc. The lives of humorists were put directly after Humor, with the heading Great Humorists. The biography of Torquemada, the famous torturer, was put under Horror. The religious biographies, or the lives of rationalists, went under Comparative Religions or Skepticism, as the case might be. In another place I mention the improvements made with biographical titles by identifying the person in the title. But the sales of these books have increased wonderfully by these changes, in nearly every instance.

I have found, however, that the Thing is more interesting than the Person, in treating biographical books. By that I mean that people are more curious about a set of ideas or notions than about the person who may have discovered, invented, or sponsored them. For example, *Sarah Bernhardt's Philosophy of Love* sold 14,000 copies in 1926, which is very good. But on the principle that Sarah Bernhardt might not be as interesting as her profession, the listing was changed to *The Code of a Parisian Actress*—with the startling result that the book sold 29,500 copies in 1927.

Or take the 1927 figures alone, and compare three books of a similar nature. *The Truth About Christian Science* sold 26,000 copies, in round numbers; Joseph McCabe's *Absurdities of Christian Science* sold 36,000 copies; but *The Real Mary Baker Eddy* sold only 22,000 copies. This indicates that fewer people identify Mary Baker Eddy with Christian Science than might be supposed, or else, which I believe, it shows that people are indeed more interested in the subject than in the personality behind it.

Thomas Carlyle did a brave thing to romanticize history by writing it around heroic figures, but my own experience seems to show that the people would rather have the history than the historical characters. For example, I have a book giving brief lives of all the U. S. presidents. This sold about 14,000 copies in 1927—but *An Outline of United States History* sold twice as many. Even *A Short History of the Civil War* did close to 15,000 copies, and that is only a portion of U. S. history. Of course, the lives of the presidents also represent only a portion of the country's history—but the fact remains that interest in persons does not dominate interest in the thing or things with which the persons are concerned.

Take Einstein and his theory of relativity. This book was put into the list under the title of *An Introduction to Einstein.* It readily sold 15,000 copies, but it seemed possible to improve it. The change in title was not as drastic as you might think—the new listing was *Einstein's Theory of Relativity Explained,* which sold 42,000 copies in 1927. The thing, Relativity, is of more interest than the man, Einstein.

The same thing happened with Friedrich Nietzsche and his philosophy—Nietzsche is, by the way, the most popular of all the philosophers the world has yet produced. I have a book which was called at first *An Introduction to Nietzsche.* It did well, for the name Nietzsche is known. But I was amazed to find that by linking the name with the thing, and calling the book *How to Understand Nietzsche's Philosophy,* the sales leaped up—to 19,000 copies in 1927.

Even Will Durant's book on Nietzsche, which was at first called *Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For,* doing barely the necessary 10,000 copies annually, sold in 1927 no less than 45,000 copies under the title *The Story of Nietzsche's Philosophy.*

Another significant comparison is that of Fascism against its founder, Mussolini. The figures tell the story, and bear out the general conclusion that the man is of less interest than the thing. In 1927 *The Truth About Mussolini* sold only 14,000 copies, as compared with 24,000 copies of *The Facts About Fascism.*

Or take the book which was called *E. Haldeman-Julius: The Man and His Work.* This was marked for The Morgue, when, acting on this principle of the thing being better than the man, the book was listed as *The History of the Little Blue Books*—of which the sales were 13,000 copies in 1927.

Compare again the sales total of *The Jesuits: Religious Rogues,* 34,000 copies in 1927, with the record of *Loyola: Founder of the Jesuits* which sold only 8,000 copies. It is not hard to understand that if Joseph McCabe had written *The Story of My Life,* the sales record would have been far less than his *My Twelve Years in a Monastery,* which, in 1927, reached the wonderful sales total of 46,500 copies. The thing—life in a monastery—is beyond a doubt more interesting than merely the life of Joseph McCabe would have been.

I might summarize all this by saying that the men die and are forgotten but the things which they discovered,

invented, or established go on forever. The fickleness of human memory may be food for cynicism or not, just as you happen to look at it, but it is none the less a fact. We remember gravitation, but forget Newton; we have steam engines, and Watt is already slated for oblivion except in school texts and question-and-answer games. It will not do to write a book about radium and name it after Madame Curie, any more than it would suffice to list the Little Blue Book on Behaviorism under the name of John B. Watson. Modern health boards approve of pasteurization without ever thinking of Louis Pasteur, and there is more interest in the psychology of sexual dreams than ever could be aroused in Sigmund Freud.

CHAPTER X

THE MORGUE

What Happens to the "Failures" Among Little Blue Books

THIS is the most painful part of my story. Those books which go into The Hospital and do not come out are consigned, with regrets, to The Morgue. The Morgue is filled with books that have not found a large audience among the readers of today. It is also filled with many a bitter lesson, and some experience, though negative, the value of which cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

I have never had a complete failure, if by that you mean a book that did not sell at all—a copy at least now and then. It appears that there is always someone to buy a few copies of any book you could possibly print and offer for sale, provided it is a good book of its kind. But I had as near a failure as I ever care to come with the *Short Poems of Friedrich Hölderlin.* It was a good book, but it was poetry, plus the fact that no one knew—or cared!—who Mr. Hölderlin might be. I printed 10,000 copies of this book. My confession is complete when I add that I finally baled, after a year and a half, 8,000 of these. This book went into The Morgue and stayed there, for it was certainly dead.

One book that went into The Morgue is still a profound regret in my memory. I hated to delete such a title from the list. I argued with myself, and for a time I let the book ride along merely for the prestige and the satisfaction it gave my *amour propre*. For Sir Richard Burton's version of *The Kasidah* has been a favorite of mine ever since I first read it as a young man. I always wanted to make an edition of that book available to the public at far less than the several dollars it usually costs. But *The Kasidah* kept coming into The Hospital. There seemed nothing that could be done with it. At last it was consigned to The Morgue. But one of these days I'll find a way to sell *The Kasidah*, at a fraction of a dollar, and it will be brought back to the light.

Just when does a book go into The Morgue and any remainder into the bales of waste paper? Well, as I have said, in order to sell Little Blue Books at a nickel apiece it is necessary for each title to sell to the extent of at least 10,000 copies annually, speaking in round numbers. If every book sells at least its quota, then, with 1,260 titles the total distribution must be 12,600,000—in one or two bad years, and at first, the sales for a year fell below this figure, and in 1927 exceeded 20,000,000. Some books sell far better than 10,000 copies a year, and help to support those which fall behind and which it is, for one reason or another, desirable to keep in print.

In general, the rules which slate a book for The Morgue are not too drastic. But if a book sells less than 5,000 copies annually, and nothing can be done to increase that

total, it goes into The Morgue and any remainder is sent to the baler. If a book sells 6,000 copies in a year I may keep it on sale, especially if it is a thoroughly good book, and lends prestige to the series. I may try to jump up that sales total—but the book may not immediately go to The Morgue even if it does not do better than 6,000 a year.

In a sales test made in 1925, in 400 orders selected for the test, ranging from 20 books each and over—up, in some cases, to as many as 100 books in a single order,—not one order was received for the following books. These were, in other words, at the zero mark—most of the stock of them was standing still in the warehouse and accumulating dust. This is the list of dead-heads discovered in October, 1925:

Herbert Spencer: His Life and Works
Defense of Poetry. Percy Bysshe Shelley
Rudolph Eucken: His Life and Philosophy
† Witticisms of Madame de Sevigne
Aphorisms. Thomas Huxley
Literature and Art. Goethe
Poems. Robert Southey
* Addison and His Time. Charles J. Finger
† Guide to Stoicism. St. George Stock
† Yugoslav Proverbs
† Literary Stars in Scandinavian Firmament. Julius Moritzen
† Essays on Rousseau, Balzac and Hugo. John Cowper Powys
† Essays on Emily Brontë and Henry James. John Cowper Powys
The Unworthy Coopers. E. and M. Haldeman-Julius
† Essays on Euripides. Alexander Harvey
† Essays on Aeschylus. Alexander Harvey
† Essays on Sophocles. Alexander Harvey
† Poems of Carew, Sucking, Lovelace and Herbert
† Matthew Arnold's Literature and Dogma
† Proverbs of West Africa

A Guide to Aeschylus. Henry T. Schnittkind
Camoens: Central Figure of Portuguese Literature. Dr. Isaac Goldberg
† Georg Brandes' Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature
Essays on the Friends of Jesus. Alexander Harvey
Götterdämmerung. Theodore M. R. von Keler
The Gospel of Luke
The Gospel of Mark
† Prince Hagen. Upton Sinclair.
* A Collection of Apothegms. Francis Bacon
† Poems and Prose of William Blake
* Cup-Bearers of Wine and Hellebore. Llewelyn Powys
† Short Poems of Frederich Hölderlin
† Poe as a Literary Critic. Dr. Isaac Goldberg
† Hauptmann and Sudermann: Two German Dramatists. George Seibel
† Talks with Lamb, Coleridge and Goethe
† Revolt in German Drama. Pierre Loving
† Perkin Warbeck and Other Poems. Lord Alfred Douglas
King Henry VI. William Shakespeare
* A Ballad of a Nun, and Other Poems. John Davidson
* What the Editor's Wife Is Thinking About. Marcet Haldeman-Julius
† Mexican Poetry: An Anthology. Dr. Isaac Goldberg (editor)
† The Acharnians. Aristophanes
† Proverbs of Turkey
* Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter. Arthur Davison Ficke

Those starred (*) were saved by title changes as discussed in the chapter entitled "The Hospital." Those with a dagger (†) against them are in The Morgue, or soon will be. The others are still awaiting remedy or removal.

A glance at this list shows that it is crammed with titles of limited or rather scholastic appeal. Many of these sooner or later went into The Morgue. But I should explain that although not one person out of the 400 selected at

random for this test ordered a copy of any one of these books, they did not actually stand still without a single copy ever being sold. Some of them, taking it by and large over a year with thousands of orders pouring in, would do around 5,000. Some of them were saved by the efforts of The Hospital, already described.

Then, too, it is never possible to make replacements wholesale. There is always a waiting list for The Morgue—unfortunately this will always be true in a list as large as that of the Little Blue Books—and as a rule those go into the discard first which somehow or other show on the inventory at 5,000 copies or less on hand. That is why some books are still waiting for The Morgue. Others, which it is necessary to drop, reach the deadline sooner. Some day, if a few of these books do not move at all, they will be dropped forthwith. I have baled, in one or two instances, as many as 28,000 or 30,000 copies of a book. This is expensive, but I needed the warehouse space and it is better to list a book which moves a little than to waste space on one which does not move at all.

In the preceding list you will notice, if you look carefully, two books taken from the Bible. It is customary to cite the Bible as the best selling book in all publishing history—but I must be intrepid enough to point out that this does not mean it is the most widely read book in print. On the contrary, for, as I have already proved, a Little Blue Book is purchased, if any book is, in order to be read—and no one, generally speaking, will buy the Bible in Little Blue Book form. I have both *The Sermon on the Mount and*

Other Sayings of Jesus and *Essence of the Bible*, besides the two listed above, and all are poor sellers.

I once had a compilation of the *Words of Jesus*, made by Henry C. Vedder, in two volumes, nicely couched in the best of modern English. I think that modernizing the language of an ancient book is desirable—but people do not care for the Bible in modern English. They do not want to *read* it anyway, you see—or at least they don't want to make any sense out of reading it, and want it just because it is the Bible and one really ought to have one somewhere on the premises.

To sell the Bible you must publish it between *black* covers. The standardized stiff blue card covers used for the Little Blue Books mean, in the eyes of purchasers, that it is not the Bible. For the Bible is not a book—it is an object, a fetish, a piece of furniture. A large mail-order house once tried to sell a clothbound Bible—in blue or red covers. They were forced to abandon the project—people did not want the Bible just as a book.

But criticisms of the Bible—ah, that is something else entirely. People eagerly purchase all sorts of adverse comments on the Bible, the truth about its origin, the sources of its myths and legends, a collection of its self-contradictions, facts about forgeries of some of its books, discussions of whether Jesus ever lived or not—as the Little Blue Books of this kind have shown. The facts about this will be found in Chapter V.

Among the recent consignments to The Morgue there is Oscar Wilde's *Critic as Artist*, which I kept in the list for

a long time as two volumes in the Little Blue Books. At an earlier date it was found necessary to eliminate Poe's *Marginalia,* and *Critical Excerpts from Poe,* and *Poe as a Literary Critic.* It is disappointing to have to remove these books, but there was no alternative. They are not books that it is feasible to sell on a basis of mass production.

I did not so much regret the passing of the *Poems of Philip Freneau.* I readily saw that Freneau was in the same depths of obscurity as Hölderlin. It was a bad mistake to put such a book in the list in the first place. The same is true of Sainte-Beuve's essays on Chesterfield and Rabelais; good as they are, they were out of place in the general scope of the growing series and they could not be effectively grouped for the best selling emphasis. Likewise, the *Essay on Swinburne,* by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

In a somewhat different class was the *History of Printing,* by D'Israeli. This simply seemed to be an example of limited interest. An original work, published in the Little Blue Books for the first time, called *A Newspaperman's Estimate of the Fourth Gospel,* by Olin Wellington Archer, met the same fate for the same reason. I should also list here Charles J. Finger's decidedly interesting brochure entitled *England in Shakespeare's Time.* It went the way of the others, for no other reason than that it had limited appeal.

Certain expansion-centers in the growth of the Little Blue Books would now and then stray beyond the precise boundary set by commercial success. I mean by this that the public would express a desire for a certain class of

books, and, to meet this desire, new books being printed of the same class would exceed—when things had quieted down and the first flutter of popularity was over—the capacity that mass production would justify. A clear example is the Greek and Roman drama classification, translated chiefly by Alexander Harvey. It became necessary to withdraw some of these books, including *Iphigenia at Aulis,* by Euripides; *Oedipus at Colonus,* by Sophocles; *The Clouds, The Birds, The Knights, The Acharnians, The Wasps,* and *The Peace,* by Aristophanes; *The Captives* and *The Pot of Gold,* by Plautus; *The Self-Tormentor,* by Terence; and so on. A few of these classics, in accord with the popularization of the works of antiquity, as discussed earlier in this chapter, are being retained. There is a real demand for a very limited list of this kind of reading.

At the end of 1927 I find that the series of proverb collections in the Little Blue Books, as a series, is a failure. At first there were only nine of these books—Chinese Proverbs, Irish Proverbs, Russian Proverbs, etc. People were much interested in the early days—these collections have always been a unique feature of the University in Print, embodying, as they do, the crystallized wisdom of various races and nations. But as a wider range of popular books was offered, interest in this form of reading dwindled, until now only three or four of these books are successful—notably the Proverbs of China and those of Ireland. The others—there are 19 books of proverbs in all as I write, and I may retain half a dozen—are slated for The Morgue. They have to go. Even pointing out, by the cata-

logue listing, that these proverbs are the best wit and wisdom of large groups of humanity has done no good: in general, it has been shown that readers are not interested in such collections.

Occasionally I have found it necessary to send a biography to The Morgue. As a general principle, however, a biography can usually be saved with proper attention to the title, provided it is a good piece of work. The *Life of Keats* was one of the first to go, and also *Whistler: the Man and His Art.* For some reason not altogether clear to me the lives of painters and poets, as individuals, do not interest the greater portion of the reading public. I also killed a lengthy critical study of Shakespeare and his plays. Among others, there was *Diderot and the French Encyclopedists,* probably too pedantic in tone; and, withdrawn for much the same reason, *Hauptmann and Sudermann,* by George Seibel. Among the first to go, incidentally, was an old-timer, *The Trial of William Penn.* Another old-timer, a *Life of Columbus,* was sent to The Morgue, only to be replaced, with fair success, by an edition of *The Diary of Columbus in 1492.*

As I have shown from the beginning, the general development of the Little Blue Books has been along broad lines. Few books of a particular nature, isolated from others similar to it, get into the series. Now and then this has happened, sometimes successfully and sometimes not. Among the failures were such titles as *When the Puritans Were in Power* (although there is now Rupert Hughes' *Facts About Puritan Morals*), *Voices from the Past, Satan*

and the Saints, State and Heart Affairs of Henry VIII, James Anthony Froude's *Science of History,* etc. Others of this class, successful and still in the list, are *Twenty Years Among African Negroes,* Max Beerbohm's *Defense of Cosmetics,* Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* etc. I cannot, of course, predict how long some of these titles will stay in the list; some of them I am determined to keep, but others will have judgment passed upon them by the actual verdict of the buyers of the books.

There is one general rule The Morgue taught me. At one time I thought that longer works, like Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle,* could be issued in a half dozen or so volumes of the Little Blue Books, making the whole work cost much less than a dollar. I tried this idea out with two-volume, three-volume, and four-volume works particularly. Every one of them has been a failure. And principally for the reason that when books are offered in this way, your choice at five cents, readers will buy the first volume only, to see what it is like, and then never get around to ordering the rest. A contributory objection, no doubt, is that there is something forbidding about a work in several small pocket-sized volumes. If a book is to be carried in the pocket, and that is one of the points in its favor, then it must be in some sense of the word a brief book.

Among the many-volumed works sooner or later to be found in The Morgue are *The Jungle,* aforementioned, and Frank Harris' *Man Shakespeare* (4 vols.), *Psychical Research* (2 vols), *Words of Jesus* (2 vols.), *Dante and Other Waning Classics* (2 vols.), Upton Sinclair's *Millennium*

(3 vols.), etc. Although the objection may be advanced that some of these books are, by their nature, as compared with other single-volume works in The Morgue, destined to such a fate, I can also cite the example of the *Memoirs of Madame de Pompadour*, which was formerly in two volumes and not a satisfactory success. It is now in one volume under the title: *Memoirs of a French Royal Mistress.* The only best seller in more than one volume is Dante's *Inferno.*

A solution of the difficulty has been to give the separate volumes their own titles. This was done with the *Arabian Nights*, and it is at present being tried with the four volumes of Emerson's *Representative Men* and the four volumes of Frank Harris' *Contemporary Portraits.* These latter two, being biographical in nature, are being identified by the men treated in the separate volumes, in the manner of single biographies. This treatment has not always been possible, I am sorry to say.

The story of The Morgue has been a long one. It has, indeed, been much longer in existence than The Hospital. Buried in it there is more than one corpse, long since a skeleton to haunt the editorial closet. Such ghastly relics as these I hesitate to exhume. But I have vowed that I would tell a straight story, and tell it honestly. In some ways it is ghoulish, but I owe it to the demands of this chronicle to state the facts.

In my younger days I was a Socialist journalist. I mean this in a political and something of a fanatical sense. All young men who dream dreams are fanatics. When I was in

my twenties Socialism was a more important issue, under that name, in America than it is now. People were interested in Socialism. It was being talked about. People wanted to read about it. But the interest passed, Socialism waned, until now it is really a dead issue from any bird's-eye point of view you may choose. It lives only here and there. I cannot go into the causes of this decline here. That would make an essay by itself, if not a whole book.

But in The Morgue you will find the remains of an early Socialistic debauch of mine in the Little Blue Books. I can call it nothing else, for the list of such titles is, as I look back at them now, appalling. They went into The Morgue because they ceased to sell. I have space to mention a few of them, and I think the titles are of enough interest to justify it. There was, for example, *Kate O'Hare's Prison Letters.* That brings back many an almost forgotten memory. Then there were the following: *The Socialist Appeal, From Terror to Triumph* (Soviet Labor Laws), Jack London's *Dream of Debs, Shall Church Property Be Taxed?* (A Debate), *Socialism vs. Catholicism, Socialist Pepper-Box, Keir Hardie Calendar, Fight for Your Life, Solution of the Trust Problem,* etc., etc. In the Little Blue Books as they are today you will find issues of the hour treated in a practical, truth-telling way, visionary aspects aside. For example, Anna Louise Strong, in a series on Russia, gives the facts about the Soviet Union, as in *How the Communists Rule Russia.* Arthur Garfield Hays tells his side of the story in *What I Saw in Russia,* and so on. Two debates on

Socialism are also still in the list, so that the subject has fair representation.

So much for one large area in The Morgue. Another generous group brings back another phase of the Little Blue Book idea in the process of growth and transformation. Many of the titles consigned to The Morgue have been dropped to make room for better books. I mean this in a strictly critical sense, entirely aside from whether the books will sell or not. For there are some books in The Morgue, about which I now propose to tell, which were very good sellers—and yet they were withdrawn.

I refer to a series of a dozen or so books dealing with the improvement of the mind, the personality, and that sort of thing. *How to Strengthen Mind and Memory* was the title of one of these books; *How to Be a Leader of Others* was another. I withdrew these books because they were false. They did not give the facts, but drew rosy pictures, fostered erroneous views of life—in short, these books were nothing but bunk. They were killed, all of them.

Then, later, it became possible to approach similar subjects from a more scientific point of view. I found a way to offer the facts, instead of falsities, and you will find most of those earlier books replaced in the series as it is today by books which are sound and authoritative and tell the truth about life. For example, William J. Fielding discusses personality in *The Puzzle of Personality;* Leo Markun has written *The Psychology of Leadership* and *Facts You Should Know About Will Power,* and so on.

The Morgue has taught me that the public does not want large doses of highly-colored propaganda. Some people regard any presentation of facts as propaganda, but I use the word here to signify books which abandon reason and logic and facts and set about creating fanciful notions based entirely on the imagination. The Morgue has also taught me that the public does not want bunk if it can get the truth. I feel entirely justified in killing those earlier "self-help" books, for the new Self-Improvement books thoroughly live up to their aim and do honor to the series as a whole.

The Little Blue Books have taken shape as a series of wide appeal. The policy expanded to be nearly all-inclusive: those were dangerous days, full of publishing risks. In those days I talked of going on and on, to two thousand titles, even to ten thousand titles. But I soon saw that the only outcome in that direction would be a gigantic warehouse, full of an assortment so large that no one could make a real choice, and so expensive that no one could get any real benefit from it. From a rather indefinite intention to publish almost anything to sell for a nickel, the conflicting forces brought to bear upon the Little Blue Books, as they were offered in the market, chiseled out for them a policy of their own.

The Morgue has removed from the list, and is still removing from the list, those titles that do not coincide with this policy of good books with a wide appeal. That is why Ernest Dowson's *Pierrot of the Minute* is in The Morgue. That is why the literary criticism of John Cowper Powys,

his essays on Emily Brontë and Henry James and the rest, are destined for The Morgue. That is why Theodore M. R. von Keler's concise summaries of many of the lesser-known operas will all find themselves one of these days in The Morgue—some of them are already there. These are good books, but they are not of wide appeal.

There has at times been a current, topic-of-the-hour phase of the Little Blue Books. In general, this is not worthwhile. Sometimes it is all right to put in a book that will stay for perhaps a year and then drop out. I refer to such dated items as the 1926 *Price Range of Stocks*, 1927 *Directory of Radio Stations*, 1924 *Republican and Democratic Platforms*, and the like. The fad of crossword puzzling brought a couple of crossword puzzle books into the list, but these will stay. Their sale is nothing like what it was during the height of the craze, but it is good enough to be worth devoting a number or so to it. When the Ku Klux Klan finally fades into oblivion, it may be that the two books on the Klan will go into The Morgue. Meanwhile, there is enough interest to sustain them. And there is no reason why *The Best Jokes of* 1926 should not sell for years to come, like the O'Brien short-story anthologies.

I am sorry that such a book as Dr. Isaac Goldberg's *Guide to Cervantes* should have had to go to The Morgue. But even this tells its helpful story. I can put alongside it Goldberg's *Dante: An Esthetic View*, and Julius Moritzen's *Significance of Georg Brandes* and also his *August Strindberg: Literary Enigma*, all of them now in The Morgue, and say to you that this again proves the evolution of the

Little Blue Books into a general series of wide appeal. Why is it that Dante's *Inferno* is a good seller, while an introduction to Dante as a whole goes begging? There is only one answer. The reading public is willing to accept guides to anything except reading, speaking generally. People would rather read a famous book by Dante than read about him. They will accept a tabulation of good books, like John Cowper Powys' *One Hundred Best Books*, but they do not care for the significance of Georg Brandes or anyone else when it is written like a thesis for a collegiate degree.

I am sorry, just as I know many who read this candid account will be sorry, that the story, in some of its aspects, is not different from the truth. I would like more than I can say to have kept many of these books out of The Morgue. I wish I could keep them before even that small portion of the public which would like to buy one of them now and then. But I am not playing hit or miss, like some playful god—like, at a venture, the Setebos fancied by Caliban in Browning's poetic description of theology on the island! I am not putting in this title and taking another out just because I think I should. It is all a matter of figures, as the Efficiency Expert would say if I had one. The books are wanted or they are not wanted—it is quite simple.

As for general conclusions from The Morgue, it can all be summarized by simply saying that the reading public, viewed as a whole, wants books that are not too esoteric, not too high-hat, not too refined and highbrow. People as a

mass want books for everyday appeal and value, which does not at all mean that they want badly-written books, or books which deal insincerely or half-heartedly with the subject treated.

The worst classes of books, from my point of view, as a publisher in mass quantities, are poetry, literary criticism, biographies of less than international figures and personalities that are known by people of special education or limited interests, compilations of any sort except fiction or humor and works of the better known masters, and the large group of books usually called belles-lettres for want of a better name. On the whole, I avoid both the familiar and the formal essay, unless the subject is of wide appeal. Books of orations and speeches are not desirable as a class, though I have succeeded very well with a large group of debates. The printed drama as a group is decidedly not in demand.

If I could have given myself, when I began the Little Blue Books, advice which I now might offer out of my nine years' experience, I would have said something like this: "Whenever you consider a book for publication, pick out twenty-five imaginary readers for it from all levels of life. Pick out a college professor, a scientist, a college student, a highschool boy and a highschool girl, a day laborer, a factory worker, a stenographer, a housewife, a school teacher, a hobo, a chorus girl, an editor, a doctor, a lawyer, a soda-fountain clerk, a waitress, a Pullman porter, a millionaire, a salesman, a bootblack, an undertaker, a grocery man, a preacher, and a tired business man—and put your-

self in the place of each one in turn, and ask yourself candidly whether such a person would buy the book for the price you are selling it if he had the chance. If fifteen out of the twenty-five would probably buy the book, then I would recommend putting it into the Little Blue Books. If less than fifteen would be likely to buy it at some time or other, its success as a Little Blue Book would be doubtful. If less than ten would buy it, its failure would be assured."

CHAPTER XI

AN EDITOR AND HIS WRITERS

Peculiar Editorial Problems of the Little Blue Books

As I look back at the history of the Little Blue Books, from those first two volumes of poetry—*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* (No. 1) and Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol* (No. 2)—to the list as it is now, totaling 1,260 different volumes, I am amazed at the panorama of experience spread out before, or rather behind, me. Nine years have contained a surprising number of things. When I began with two fairly well-known classics, and poetry at that, I had not the least inkling that my top number would be a book by my wife on a contemporary sociological situation, *Story of a Southern Lynching*. Nor had I any idea, either, that the next to the top number would be a reference volume such as *A Dictionary of Geographical Names*, compiled by Leo Markun. But those four volumes, the first two and the last two, numerically speaking, are an epitome of the wide range of editorial growth and change through which the Little Blue Books have carried me.

It was Frankenstein who created a monster and gave it life, whereupon it leaped beyond his dreams and terrified him. Sometimes I feel like that. Sometimes I am awed by

contemplating how I started the Little Blue Books—pocket classics for the people—and how they leaped into the impressive conception of a "University in Print," finally realized. Of course, the series is incomplete. I haven't been able to keep pace with it at all. I candidly admit that the series has grown like some mighty beast, now and then obeying my command, but just as often cavorting here and there seemingly of its own free will.

But what would you have in nine years? According to arithmetic, which is practical enough certainly, the average increase per year is 140 titles. That is an aggregate of 2,100,000 or so words. As a matter of fact, some years I added more than that, for many of the years, especially the first years, the expansion did not proceed to anywhere near that speed. I am not ashamed that I made mistakes. And I do not hesitate to be proud that I have behind me a record of real publishing achievement.

All of which is intended as a preamble to saying that there is nothing else quite like the Little Blue Books. I had newspaper experience before I tackled this pocket series idea. I cannot imagine what other background could have helped me at all. I was plowing a virgin field, and I knew that I had to hit stones and that I had to risk the harvest, good or bad. As I have emphasized in another place, there was only one principle to guide me in editing a series of this kind—a Little Blue Book would be bought only to be read.

Problems that arose in editing the Little Blue Books were unique. I had nothing to guide me except my own ex-

perience, and why shouldn't I confess that my own experience was precious little at times? I was getting that experience even as I struggled along. Occasionally it was costly. Often it was profitable. But I did not hesitate; there was never any backsliding, never any attempt to pass the buck, never any claim that my inspiration was infallible, never any admission that I was failing. For after all, as the present list of Little Blue Books shows, it was a magnificent success all around. Now the story can be told. Now I can tell, and I am doing it, exactly what nine years of publishing and editing these 1,260 Little Blue Books have taught me.

The series had not progressed very far—possibly there were 250 titles in print—when the first important editorial step had to be taken. Up to this point the series had been strictly made up of reprints of classics—and by that I mean books which had appeared in print before, most of them by writers already dead, most of them in the public domain, which is to say that there was no longer any copyright making them the exclusive property of any individual or corporation. The series had to start this way. There could not be any payment to authors, for special manuscripts for the series, until capital accumulated to justify such an expenditure. But the success of that first 250 books, reprints though they were, opened the way for a new era of publishing pocket-sized books. It meant that writers could be hired to prepare manuscripts of exactly the right length, in exactly the right style, on exactly the right subjects, to embody the Little Blue Book idea.

I am tempted into an aside about copyrights and the so-called public domain of literature. I sincerely beg the pardon of any readers whose sense of coherence and unity and all that pedantic ritual is outraged, but the story of the Little Blue Books contains so many interesting oases along the route that I cannot help being lured into bypaths. Many people have not the least idea what a copyright is or what it means. Most people stand in considerable awe of the majesty of the law anyway, and seem to have the strange notion that it is all beyond their puny understanding. I have frequently had the question put to me, for example, how it is that I am able to publish Shakespeare in the Little Blue Books without paying colossal royalties.

Again, many people have been under the impression, fostered largely by the beginning of the Little Blue Books, that the entire series, even today, is made up of reprints. Such people are always astounded when I tell them that fully three-fourths of the list is protected by copyright. They are incredulous when they are informed that a large part of the material in the Little Blue Books can be obtained in no other form. But that is the actual state of things—the copyright records and documents of the Little Blue Books occupy an important niche in the plant's huge vault. This sounds puerile, but I give you my word that it will be news to some of my readers.

Copyrights have a definite life. When they expire they may be renewed, but renewed only once. After that the work automatically becomes a part of the public domain, and may be published by anyone without payment of roy-

alty. Unfortunately the United States copyright law is in many ways inefficient and unjust, but I cannot go into the technicalities of the law here. The general statement is enough to give an understanding of the situation. Shakespeare, Boccaccio, Irving, Poe, and so on, are in the public domain. It is rather funny, then, to have someone ask me how I can publish these works.

Affidavits for copyright registration are always made out by a girl in the office and this has given rise to some amusing incidents. I remember how one of the girls who had this among her duties, once asked me if Boccaccio was a citizen of the United States. I think she was intending to slip in a copyright on *The Falcon and Other Tales,* by Boccaccio of Decameron fame. At another time she, in an absent moment, handed me the form properly and correctly made out for *4,000 Most Essential English Words,* which has no author, but lo and behold! in lieu of an author she had drafted the book's subtitle into extra duty and entered, in the blank space for author, "A Basic Literacy Test."

In contrast with such anecdotes is one I read somewhere about a plagiarist who tried to foist Bret Harte's *Luck of Roaring Camp* on an editor of a fiction magazine. The amateur pirate insisted the story was his own work, and when told that, due to some irony of fate, a gentleman by the name of Bret Harte had written it long before him, he retorted that it was true but made no difference since the story was in the public domain. All of which adds to the merriment of life, but is not getting me on in my chronicle.

The Little Blue Books, as I said, soon entered the field of including copyright works especially written or edited for the series. Immediately this necessitated a somewhat unusual editorial policy. Due to the strict mechanical requirements, which at first were confined to 64, 96, and 128 pages in the completed book, and later were standardized to 64 pages or occasionally 32, it was impossible to consider unsolicited manuscripts in the manner of most publishing houses. In other words, I could not go into the general publishing field and pick out here and there a book or two from the great mass of freelance manuscript. It was impossible. It could not be thought of—manuscript already written was so much flotsam and jetsam as far as I was concerned, no matter how excellent.

Manuscripts for the Little Blue Books are now strictly standardized to 15,000 words each. This is the absolute mechanical requirement, and although it may and does vary a trifle, the margin of variation is very small. In the first place, a 64-page Little Blue Book must contain at least 60 pages of type matter or the man who buys it will feel cheated. This is a fact that always has to be kept in mind. After all, there is always that sales resistance to a "pamphlet," and when I advertise that a Little Blue Book contains 15,000 words it simply cannot contain, with any frequency, only 10,000. In the second place, type is not infinitely elastic. If the manuscript for a Little Blue Book, when set in the usual style of 8 point on an 8-point slug, 16 ems wide, runs beyond the bottom of page 64, it has to be cut, and that is expensive. When you are producing a five-

cent product expense must be reduced to a minimum. Hence, manuscripts are written strictly to order.

Of course I have had the accusation of "hack-writing" flung at me time and time again. The implication is silly, as any editor knows. Art is one thing, well enough, and literary craftsmanship is another. Whether a thing is written to order, or comes from "divine" inspiration, matters very little. The result is what counts. An editor can tell a good book when he sees one and he bothers his head not at all about how it came to be written if it meets his need. The folly of crying "hack-work" at anything done on order, and according to specifications, is easily shown. But the prize incident which comes to my mind is the slurring letter I once received which accused me of hiring an ordinary hack by the name of Francis Thompson to write a stupid essay on Percy Bysshe Shelley. That is No. 10 in the Little Blue Books. I would have been proud to hire Mr. Thompson—but the work had been done for some other editor before me, and it was my honor only to reprint it.

I do not pretend to imply that I am the only editor who corresponds with writers and tells them what he wants. That would be preposterous. All editors do this regularly, especially with writers from whom they can expect work to meet their requirements. It is even done with fiction, that standardized fiction which entertains the masses from week to week, and I see no objection to it as an editor. I do not use that kind of fiction, for with fiction I have other standards, but then, I am doing a different work. But I do say, flatly, that my particular method of eliciting work from

writers by correspondence was induced by the requirements of the Little Blue Books and has peculiarities all its own.

The Little Blue Books are quite different from the publishing program of any publisher of clothbound "library" volumes, which arbitrarily includes from 20 or 30 to 100 or so new volumes every year. There is seldom a peak in the sales record of an individual Little Blue Book, and then a steady decline until the book is sold out and never reprinted. It is my intention, when I schedule a Little Blue Book for publication, that it shall remain in the list indefinitely. I am not clairvoyant, and many a Little Blue Book has had to be withdrawn, as my Morgue readily shows, but in general the life of a Little Blue Book is the life of the series itself. If it is a genuine Little Blue Book, filling all the requirements of the series, it stays for good.

Thus, you can begin to see how the Little Blue Books have blazed their own trail, so to speak. They have made it necessary to impress upon writers these special requirements, and they have eliminated at once those writers whose work is creative along rather indefinite artistic lines. For example, I might not have published the stories of Sherwood Anderson if he had submitted them to me originally. But it fitted into my plans admirably to be able to make arrangements with Mr. Anderson's publishers for two volumes of his representative stories, after he became known. The same has been true of Ben Hecht, Stephen Leacock, Fannie Hurst, Theodore Dreiser, Wilbur Daniel Steele, etc.

In a manner of speaking, the Little Blue Books have been a kind of periodical, each volume being an issue, of which the best-selling "back numbers" are continually kept in print and on sale. This illustrates rather well the necessity for general and constant appeal in considering a manuscript for publication, combined with the excellence and high literary standard which I have always set for my writers. The original works have been confined to the preparation of specially written biographies, brief histories, self-teaching educational volumes and to a slight extent volumes of literary criticism. Original works of fiction, poetry, and belles-lettres, not previously published, have not been sought.

From the first, then, my contact with writers has always been—when they have been working for the Little Blue Books—through extensive correspondence and frequently by discussions in personal interviews. One of the first writers to work for me, Charles J. Finger, I made all arrangements with in person. I remember when the Little Blue Books were still young—it was along in April, 1923—that I drove from Girard to Fayetteville, Arkansas, where Mr. Finger has his workshop, expressly to talk over the matter of Little Blue Book manuscripts with him. He had already done some books for me, and there was waiting for me, when I arrived on that trip, *Oscar Wilde in Outline.*

It was to introduce a number of classics that Charles J. Finger was specially needed at that time. He wrote the introduction for Burton's *Kasidah,* which later had to be con-

signed to The Morgue. Among his books still in the list are such unique Little Blue Book features as *Sailor Chanties and Cowboy Songs; A Book of Strange Murders; Great Pirates; Lost Civilizations; Historic Crimes and Criminals; Adventures of Baron Munchausen,* etc. Of his biographical and literary introductions, among the best liked are *Barnum and His Circus; Robin Hood and His Merry Men; Thoreau, the Man Who Escaped from the Herd; Mark Twain, the Philosopher Who Laughed at the World,* etc. Mr. Finger helped the Little Blue Books wonderfully in those early days. He was close at hand, which was necessary, because many a conference was imperative before these manuscripts could be properly prepared.

Murray Sheehan was another resident of Arkansas who wrote for me in the beginning. Some of these names, I take pride in pointing out, were but little known when they began to appear among the Little Blue Books, but have leaped into more prominence in recent years. A most remarkable case was Will Durant. Mr. Sheehan was especially helpful along practical lines, writing such books as *Hints on News Reporting, A History of Architecture, A History of Painting,* etc.

Anyone who has followed the Little Blue Books closely will have noticed that certain of my writers gained rather rapid prominence in the list and then ceased work so far as the Little Blue Books were concerned. I made use of a writer only so long as he could serve the purpose of the series itself. The requirements of the Little Blue Books, in different phases of their growth, have sapped several pro-

lific writers dry. Names that loom large in the list have been seemingly spasmodic, because the Little Blue Books have been able to absorb all of a writer's work that would fit. Such names, besides the two already mentioned, are those of Leo Markun, Carroll Lane Fenton, William J. Fielding, Hereward Carrington, Theodore M. R. von Keler, Vance Randolph, Clement Wood, Lloyd E. Smith, Isaac Goldberg, Alexander Harvey, Julius Moritzen, James Oppenheim, Ralph Oppenheim, R. A. Power, Maynard Shipley, Miriam Allen deFord, Henry C. Vedder, Nelson Antrim Crawford, George Sylvester Viereck, Keene Wallis, Clarice Cunningham, Josephine Headen, etc. Each of these writers either wrote or edited several Little Blue Books—they were good workmen, within their limitations, and their work was needed.

Some of these people have written for me over a long period. William J. Fielding is a notable example—without doubt the most popular writer in the entire series. More of him in due course. Of those still at work, Joseph McCabe is the outstanding king of them all. In the list I have given you see at once the small army which the Little Blue Books have put to work, a veritable battery of busy typewriters. (Of them all Joseph McCabe is the only one who prepared his manuscripts by hand, with pen and ink.) Nor is this all. There are two or three dozen names of writers who prepared from one to three or four books which I have not mentioned, among them such familiar ones as Floyd Dell, Ludwig Lewisohn, Pierre Loving, Thelma Spear, B. Russell Herts, etc.

I haven't the space to discuss each of these writers at length. George Sylvester Viereck I put to work at a time when, because of the aftermath of the World War, he was finding it hard to get into the swing of things again. Prejudice has never meant anything to me if a writer can do the work I want the way I want it, particularly that prejudice which comes from difference of opinion. Julius Moritzen I accepted at his own valuation as the semi-official representative of Georg Brandes and Scandinavian literature in America. Henry C. Vedder, as a religionist, served very well to give the Bible and certain theological personalities places in the list. James Oppenheim took charge of psychology in his role of psycho-analyst. Keene Wallis did some admirable translations from the French; perhaps it will be remembered that he won the Blindman's Poetry prize for 1925 with his poem entitled *Coal Black Jesus;* in this same contest Clement Wood received honorable mention. Hereward Carrington was active chiefly in that demi-monde between science and psychic paraphernalia, a field which I soon thought wise to abandon. And so on and on.

All of this work was arranged by correspondence. Strict specifications were given each writer, even to such prosaic particulars as the number of typewritten pages, margins, and so on. It has always surprised me to find out how few people who write for a living really know how to prepare manuscript properly. This is a difficulty all editors have, and it finally drove me to include in the Little Blue Books a complete set of directions: *How to Prepare Manu-*

scripts. Writers who failed to follow instructions had their manuscripts returned to them, and probably they did not get any more work to do for me. It is possible to write a biography in 15,000 words; several of my writers have proved it. Every subject the Little Blue Books have required has been fitted into this mechanical measure, or a multiple of it.

When illustrations were desirable, writers either made them for their own manuscripts, or drawings were made by a commercial artist. People are often surprised to find Little Blue Books generously illustrated. It is expensive, of course, but where it has been necessary it has always been done. Even regarding the illustrations careful instructions were always given.

Hundreds of unsolicited manuscripts have been received. That is inevitable. But I can truthfully say that I never received one which was ready, without correspondence, to go into the series of Little Blue Books. The work has all been done on assignment. Instead of fitting the book to the manuscript, making each volume conform to the nature of the copy, with me it has been a problem simply of fitting the manuscript to the book.

One scientist who did a lot of work for me was Carroll Lane Fenton, a professor; he was sometimes assisted by his wife, who is a paleontologist. Mr. Fenton not only prepared various manuscripts about the earth, evolution, zoölogy, and so on, but he frequently did accurate scientific illustrations. He did much to popularize certain phases of science through the mass medium of the Little Blue Books. Later

on, his work was carried to wider fields by Maynard Shipley, President of the Science League of America, and author of the recent book, *The War on Modern Science*. Mr. Shipley's work more directly linked science with a rational view of life, which especially fitted into my plans and my own beliefs. From this last I do not want it assumed that the Little Blue Books are any sort of engine for propaganda. True, it has been my effort to give the facts and the truth about things, in the light of modern discoveries and from intelligent viewpoints. But the wide variety of the material in the series defeats any accusations of special and limited propaganda. The Little Blue Books are representative: that much has been achieved beyond the question of a doubt.

So far as I am aware the fact that the Little Blue Books have included such works as Maynard Shipley's *Sources of Bible Myths and Legends* or his *Evolution vs. Dogma* has never been any handicap to their popularity. Once in a while some fanatic will take the trouble to write me that he has burned his supply of Little Blue Books because he happened to see some anti-religious work in the list. This sort of wild-eyed activity, however, no publisher should take seriously. I have never given any of my writers any curbing as to saying exactly what they believe, so long as they err on the side of being too scientifically frank or too rationally candid.

As a matter of record, my instructions to authors have now and again included admonitions to beware of bunk. I have always urged my writers to give the facts, and at the

same time to avoid carefully empty wordiness and blatant poppycock of one kind or another.

I shall always point with pride to the story of philosophy as told in a dozen Little Blue Books by Will Durant. This work went on, as a matter of fact, subsidized by the support of Little Blue Book readers. It was the pocket classics which made this continuous introduction to the world's great philosophers possible. That it should, when issued as a clothbound five-dollar book, become the best-selling nonfiction book in America is no more than just.

Beyond a doubt, as far as the Little Blue Books themselves are concerned, those bearing the name of William J. Fielding are far and away the best sellers. This is partly because of the immense interest his subjects are sure to arouse in any prospective reader, and also, in all fairness, partly due to the well-known name of the author. His larger books in recent years have included such as these: *The Caveman Within Us, Sanity in Sex,* and *Sex and the Love-Life.* His first Little Blue Book was *Psycho-Analysis: Key to Human Behavior.* This was rapidly followed by others along psychological lines, especially his *Puzzle of Personality.*

It soon became clear that there was a greater and still more important work for which Mr. Fielding was eminently fitted. Every intelligent and progressive person believes that honest information about love and sex should be available to everyone. This information should be accurate and authentic. By this is not meant anything obscene, any pornography, or stuff of that sort. Just the facts,

told in a way everyone can understand, without concealment, with nothing of false modesty, so as never to be in any way misleading. I had tried out Margaret Sanger's *What Every Girl Should Know* in the Little Blue Books. The demand for this book showed beyond any argument that the Little Blue Books were the medium which should give information about sex and its place in life to the public at large.

Taboo has played no part in the job of editing the Little Blue Books, except as it may have kept bunk and hypocrisy out of the list. The taboo against sex is being rapidly lifted in these more enlightened days, and the next few years will see an even more intelligent attitude toward it, but when William J. Fielding first undertook the task of preparing a Rational Sex Series for the Little Blue Books, we were still in the fringe of the dark ages. It was all right to speak of love, but the word "sex" was never used in the most polite parlors of our great American homes. A few magazines still censor some of the Fielding books from my national advertising, but I am sure the general public has never been anything but grateful to have these always available in the complete catalogue of 1,260 titles.

First of all, Fielding followed Mrs. Sanger's admirable lead, with *What Every Boy Should Know,* and so on for every young woman, young man, married woman, and married man. If there is anyone who winces at the candid manner of these titles, or of *Woman's Sexual Life* and its companion volumes on man, the child, and homosexuality, I challenge him to read the books themselves. For a time

the Canadian Government prohibited the importation of these books into Canada, under the impression that they must be disguised obscenity. Finally I was enabled, through the kindness of a Canadian citizen who prefers to remain anonymous, to get in direct touch with the authorities, and when the books were properly examined the ban was immediately lifted. I cite this as but one indication of the honesty, the straightforwardness, the health and sanity of these rational booklets of sex information. I know that many a publisher would have shied like an unbroken colt at one of Mr. Fielding's really courageous and genuinely helpful "sex" books. I refer to *What the Woman Past Forty Should Know.* I know, too, that many a writer would have insisted on hiding behind a pseudonym—and yet, for what earthly, sensible, or even extraordinary reason? This is life. It is nothing to be ashamed of. It is the way the world is and the way we are; knowledge can only help, and never hinder.

Mr. Fielding is one of my indispensable writers. He is still carrying on, just now completing a new series on woman down through all history. The first of this new group is already in print: *Woman, the Eternal Primitive.*

My story runs ever longer than I wish, but there is so much more to tell than it has ever seemed. Years fly swiftly, crammed as they are with events and progress. One who has stood by me from early days is Isaac Goldberg, the affable critic who lives in Roxbury, Mass., a part of Boston. Goldberg did his best work for the Little Blue Books in two volumes of the self-help group, *How to Enjoy*

Music and *How to Enjoy Reading*. He has done much other work, some of it literary criticism, some vitally concerned with music, notably his recent *Jazz: What It Is and How to Understand It*. To regular followers of my publications, Goldberg is best known for his book review column in my *Weekly*.

Some of Goldberg's Little Blue Books, too, grew into larger clothbound volumes, notably his *Havelock Ellis* and his *The Man Mencken*. Thus have the Little Blue Books frequently paved the way for more conventional library volumes—paved the way in two separate capacities: first, by enabling the author to publish his work before the complete material for the larger book is ready, and, second, by testing out the appeal of the material to the populace. Naturally, I do not offer the Little Blue Books as a testing ground for miscellaneous writers. I publish only those manuscripts which seem to me, as I am influenced by the policy of the moment, to fit snugly into the series.

Versatile Clement Wood gave the pocket series much of his effort at a time when it was in need of a wide range of new subjects. Mr. Wood is a facile worker—at times he seems to sacrifice accuracy for speed, so rapid is his production. It was Clement Wood who edited a variety of collections from Mother Goose rimes to limericks and Broadway wisecracks. He did several volumes on women and famous lovers, as *Great Women of Antiquity* and *Cleopatra*. He did a booklet on *The Stone Age*, one on philology, a dictionary of slang, a history of the Jews, a brochure on Torquemada, the crossword puzzle books, etc. His in-

dustry was due to my need, and the scope of his books show how readily a writer may adapt his output to specific requirements. I point this out principally to refute the contentions of those who cry "hack" at every edict of an editor's pen. Clement Wood wrote a biographical and critical study of Amy Lowell which won the praise of so discerning a critic as Isaac Goldberg; yet the same man could, under the Little Blue Book regimen, turn out a booklet of mathematical oddities.

I sometimes wonder if inspiration and working according to specifications are so incompatible. Of course, such practical Little Blue Books are not works of art, but they are certainly good craftsmanship. Take, for example, the books which Leo Markun did for me. This young chap over in Indianapolis undertook to cover the many phases of practical psychology—memory, laughter, fear, and so on —after he had also proved his versatility. He worked strictly according to order. Yet his books are eminently readable and deservedly popular. If I had waited for the writer to receive the inspiration the books would be still unwritten.

The main thing was always to find the writer, unknown or not made little difference, who could do the work well. That is why I had no hesitancy in letting Lloyd E. Smith prepare an entire series of self-teaching volumes on English grammar, spelling, vocabulary, etc. Mr. Smith even undertook the arduous task of compiling for the Little Blue Books an entirely original dictionary of synonyms, which was devoured hungrily by crossword puzzle fans during

the height of that word-mania. This book of synonyms is still an excellent seller. Though it may seem impossible to offer such handy books of reference for five cents apiece, nevertheless, due to the coöperation of this same Lloyd E. Smith, it has been done—including *4,000 Words Often Mispronounced* and *How to Pronounce 4,000 Proper Names*. Good work, accuracy, and a thorough understanding of the requirements, mechanical as well as editorial, are the elements which have made assignment-work of this kind feasible.

But my crowning achievement in finding a writer and putting him to work came to pass when I met the famous British scholar, Joseph McCabe. I may say that this man is British only because he happens to reside in England; his scholarship and his outlook are as cosmopolitan and timeless as it is humanly possible for them to be. He has educated himself in many lands and through many languages; as he wrote in one of his books, nothing is alien to him when he travels. He combines a mature deliberation and judgment with the energy and fire of youth. He feels more fit, he says, at sixty-one than he remembers he did at twenty.

Joseph McCabe was in the United States debating and lecturing in the winter of 1925–1926. I already knew of the man—for who has not heard of or read his *My Twelve Years in a Monastery*? Even at that time I had already included in the pocket series his debate with Arthur Conan Doyle on spiritualism, in which Mr. McCabe, of course, took the negative. When I was informed that he was ac-

cepting my invitation to come to Girard my enthusiasm mounted until, after he had come, and was gone, there was a contract for no less than fifty Little Blue Books, to be written strictly according to specifications. The work was to take a year; the books were to comprise a complete, thoroughly candid, humanistic and rationalistic history of religious controversy.

Joseph McCabe's 50-volume story of religious controversy was completed, closely following the original outline discussed and drawn up when he was with me in Girard. Apart from this he also did a personal interview with Luther Burbank, following the horticulturist's declaration of agnosticism, and a volume giving vital facts about the classics viewed as a whole.

This book about the classics, by the way, grew out of an interesting experience with the American reading public. Some years ago I put into the series, in two volumes of the Little Blue Books, Albert Mordell's *Dante and Other Waning Classics*. It soon developed that this was a failure. People did not care anything about Dante and any companion classics, on the wane or not. The title of these two books, volumes I and II, was changed to *Facts You Should Know About the Classics*. The sales record jumped from less than 1,000 copies a year in 1925 to over 15,000 copies in 1926. Such is the wizardry of titling—a bad seller was made a good seller, and it was discovered that the public wanted a book such as the new title implied. Therefore I assigned to Joseph McCabe the task of writing a 64-page one-volume work (works in more than one vol-

ume, as I have remarked elsewhere, are not feasible in the series) to be called *Facts You Should Know About the Classics* and the Mordell volumes have been withdrawn.

But this work done, what next? Here was a man who began to think about life and the whys and wherefores of things when he was a monk in a monastery, known as the Very Reverend Father Antony. Slowly but surely he came to a rationalistic and substantially an agnostic viewpoint; though he dislikes labels so much that it is really unfair to classify him. He is certainly a thoroughly debunked, enlightened, and civilized human being. He harbors no bitterness for the loss of his youth within monastic walls; in fact, his tolerance of modern youth and his sincere sympathy with youthful hopes and interests is one of the most invigorating and refreshing things to be found in his books. Finally he left the Catholic Church, giving a true account of his experiences in the autobiographical chronicle of his monastery years which I have already mentioned.

The process of education and the acquisition of knowledge did not stop there. Joseph McCabe has traveled all over the world, and I do not hesitate to acclaim him as the greatest scholar now living. If the Little Blue Books have done nothing else, they deserve a great deal of honest credit for finding such a scholar as McCabe and putting him steadily to work so that much of his learning and experience may be offered to the general public. It is strange how things happen, but due in a large measure, perhaps, to the prejudice against McCabe because of his apostasy in the eyes of orthodox believers, this eminent scholar was slip-

ping into obscurity. It was Joseph McCabe who was engaged to prepare the *Outline of Science,* but he had it taken away from him and it was turned over to Professor J. Arthur Thomson. I suppose the publishers were afraid of Mr. McCabe's unsavory—to their nostrils—reputation.

Here was a man who had written the complicated story of the evolution of mind; a man who had made an excellent English translation of Ernst Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe;* a man who knew Haeckel and Huxley personally; a man who wrote outstanding biographies of Abelard and of Talleyrand; a man who had followed the lure of knowledge around the world and through the labyrinths of foreign tongues; a man who had worked to some extent in books popularizing science—a man who, in short, had done many amazingly wonderful things, but who had never been given a real chance to do his utmost. I have McCabe's own word for it that the task of writing those fifty Little Blue Books put new life and zest into him. I cite from one of his enthusiastic letters:

I am feeling better than ever and rejoice in the big work before me. Have had a splendid holiday across Mexico and Cuba—and learned much.

The preceding was on his return to London, dated April 14, 1926. Much later (January 17, 1927), when nearing the end of the Little Blue Book contract, he wrote:

"Life will seem quite blank when I have completed my fascinating task."

Again, on February 11, with two more books to write:

"This big job has been quite a pleasure to me and I am glad you appreciate the work. I feel on my part that you are doing more good—broader work and more of it—than all the heterodox associations put together, and I am proud to be so much in it."

Commenting on a report of the success of the books then in print, he wrote on February 18:

"I have your letter in which you tell me, to my pleasure, that the books are going satisfactorily. I have been anxious that you should not lose, as one has a chance of doing on a big and bold enterprise like that. I think we may say that between us we have done the finest thing for advanced thought that has been done for many a year. I am inclined to think that the value of the work will be gradually realized and the sale go up."

And on August 13: "I continue to have better health than I ever had before and am quite reconciled to life." I cannot help feeling proud of an enterprise like the University in Print, which has literally brought to life and busy activity a scholar such as this man McCabe. Through the Little Blue Books he has reached a wider distribution than ever was possible from the lecture platform or in any other medium of publication. Further, it is all newly written work, copyright material, and I assure you that it all follows the best Little Blue Book tradition—if a series can be said to have a tradition after nine short years of actual existence.

If I ever did a courageous thing in making a publishing venture, I would rather the McCabe series should be cited than any other. Some people consider it a mark of editorial courage. It is daring, they say, to offer so much "propaganda" (their word) against established theology and

dogma and ritual. Perhaps it is. But it is the only honest thing to do. If it is courage, it is the courage of conviction.

I have never seen any reason why the Little Blue Books should restrict their program of education because of this and that taboo. The standard I set was that of an enlightened and civilized minority, but the immense circulation of the McCabe books—and *Self-Contradictions of the Bible*, merely an unsigned compilation, is a real best seller—and others along similar lines demonstrates powerfully that the general public is curious and has a strong desire to satisfy that curiosity. If people want the truth I believe in giving it to them. I tried them by offering the truth—I am happy to say that they have been willing to pay for it. Not much, but as I pointed out in other places, Little Blue Books are bought only to be read.

The culmination of the revival of Joseph McCabe has come with his newest and most comprehensive work, *The Key to Culture*—a series of forty 30,000-word essays comprising all the knowledge everyone should have as a foundation for general culture. This is still in process, but it is an important forward step in the great task of humanizing knowledge for the masses. Here, at last, and due to the Little Blue Books and their commercial success, is the full result of a scholarship matured and perfected through forty years of continuous study. I can do no better than let this effectively close this chapter.

CHAPTER XII

HOW THE LITTLE BLUE BOOKS ARE PRODUCED

The Facts About Mass Production

THE question people ask most frequently about the Little Blue Books is this: "How can you turn them out in such large quantities and for such a low price as five cents apiece delivered anywhere in the world?" Of course, the two words Mass Production tell the whole secret, but many people would no doubt like to know the facts behind this production of literature in mass quantities—just how many books are produced, and how it is done. It is easy enough to mumble Mass Production in reply to this persistent inquiry, but *how?* Sooner or later I have always known that I would find an opportunity to answer the question in detail. In a book telling the whole story of the Little Blue Books a chapter on production surely finds its proper place.

Usually there is little romance attached to the manufacture of a product. In spite of the fact that poets have attempted to find souls in machines (there is even a movie called "Metropolis" which makes capital of marvelous machinery), few people ever become greatly excited about it. Machinery is dirty—it is always greasy, for one thing—and it is terribly noisy.

But printing is something else again. From Gutenberg on down, the printer's craft has had a glamour about it. When the first types were made and the first books produced it was thought wonderful that several hundred copies of a book could be made without immense labor. Nowadays, viewing the gigantic presses which turn out a modern metropolitan newspaper, one looks back at the early methods thinking what a lot of work printing used to be. Certainly it is a far cry from the hand-printed books of days gone by to an output of pocket-sized classics running to as many as 80,000 books in one 8-hour day—the utmost capacity of my plant. Yet this can be tripled, if necessary, by running three 8-hour shifts—with no increase in equipment.

The production of the Little Blue Books began, however, like the acorn and grew into the oak. When I look back at the laborious method of turning out those first few books—in editions of 3,000 each, and some of them running to over 100 pages—I sigh rather heavily and reflect that in a mechanical sense the world, and the various units that make it up, certainly do progress.

The first books sold for twenty-five cents. Getting the price down to five cents per book was a matter of increasing production, after installation of the latest machinery, and of increasing the sale of the books enough to support production on a large scale. The sale of the books belongs under the last three chapters, and is told there with all its details.

A Little Blue Book, when finished, measures $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches. The standard size contains 64 pages, the type meas-

uring 16 ems wide by 25 ems deep (including the folios or page numbers). The first books were printed on a 12 × 18-inch job press, in signatures of 16 pages at a time. This meant that only 8 pages were printed at an impression, and when one side was completed this had to be backed up, making a sheet or signature containing 16 pages. Thus it took four such signatures to make a 64-page book, or 8 impressions for each book, not counting the cover. An edition of 3,000 thus meant 24,000 impressions—and some of the books had more than 64 pages. This press could turn out a thousand impressions an hour at its best—it thus required three working days of eight hours each to complete the printing of one book alone—still without its cover.

I have been idealistic even in these computations of the printing of the first books. I have made no allowance for the time taken to change the forms, or to make ready on each form—preparing the type so that it will print evenly and with a clear impression all over the sheet. This would certainly, on the average, increase the press time by another half day for each 64-page book in an edition of 3,000. It took another half day to print the cover. Then each of the four signatures and the cover all had to be folded by hand—an extremely tedious process—and stitched one at a time with two staples in each book on a foot-power stitcher of an old type. Then followed the trimming and the book was done.

It is easy to understand, considering these particulars, why the first Little Blue Books sold for twenty-five cents apiece. They were not Little Blue Books either—that is,

they were not known as such, for the name by which the series is now internationally known came into being something like two years after the first books were printed. These first books had covers of all colors—red, brown, green, yellow. The series was variously called the Pocket Classics, the People's Classics, the Pocket Series, etc., for the first two years or so.

One of the first numbers of the Pocket Series, in the days when it was printed so laboriously, was *The Trial and Death of Socrates*—made up of verbatim Platonic dialogues, with no attempt at editing and without any explanatory introduction—totaling no less than 160 pages. Early readers of these books may remember this title. It was later supplanted by a specially prepared edition with the same title.

The first books were always printed from linotype slugs. Old Nick, the czar of the linotype, set some of those first titles. Nick, which is short for Mr. Nichols, still operates the linotype keyboard—he has been an operator for the past thirty years, or close to it, and turns out an astonishingly clean galley of slugs in record time. It was his chief task to set the first Little Blue Books, until the series began to grow too fast for even the two linotypes in the Girard plant, and the setting of the Little Blue Books began to be done on contract in Kansas City, Mo.

Something like 500 titles in the Little Blue Books were in linotype slugs at one time, stored away on galleys in the Girard composing-room. The weight of the metal was tremendous. It was awkward to handle those linotype pages

whenever a new printing of a particular title was required. Even with the utmost care, pied pages and transposed lines would occur, and not always be caught on the press proof. Occasionally a line would be lost entirely. Any publisher knows the handicap if he has had occasion to send a book in linotype slugs to press for the second or third time. And some of these Little Blue Books in linotype slugs went to press as many as ten or twelve times. Then the type would wear out and the book would have to be reset.

Even the covers of the Little Blue Books were standing in type at first. Some of them were set by hand every time a new edition went to press. The type was larger than the linotype could produce. Now each title has a cover plate, cast in a nickeltype, mounted on a wood-base, ready to go into the form which prints the covers 64 at a time. This is made at the same time the Little Blue Book is electrotyped.

Soon the books were graduated, however, from the job press to a flat-bed press which would print signatures of 64 pages each—32 pages at a time, then back up. This was a considerable advance, and this press is still in the shop and is now called, affectionately and not at all contemptuously, the Pony. The series now contains a few books of only 32 pages, and the Pony still serves by printing these smaller books. The Pony is able to turn out about 1,500 impressions an hour. In number of impressions it is faster than the new Perfector—but the Perfector prints four books at a time, complete.

The series grew by leaps and bounds. Soon two new flat-bed presses were added, capable of printing 64 pages

at a time, or signatures of 128 pages when necessary. But these double signatures were cut in half to be folded. At about this time the special folders were installed, of which the plant now has four. These folders readily handle, when required, the capacity output of 80,000 Little Blue Books in one day.

So far the Little Blue Books were printed singly, making them rather small to handle and trim. This caused bungling at times, and I had to consider the problem of how to eliminate some of the handling. The solution was simple enough, but it revolutionized the production of Little Blue Books. The price was dropped to ten cents apiece as a direct consequence of the innovation.

From that time on the Little Blue Books were printed, folded, stitched and trimmed in pairs—one book above another, two at a time all through the shop. Pick up two of your Little Blue Books—any two with the same number of pages—and place one directly above the other, so that one title is on top and the other just below it. The cut which separates the two books is the last cut made in manufacture—we call it guillotining. A single knife slices the books apart, whereupon they are packed in corrugated cardboard boxes and sent to the warehouse.

Pairing the Little Blue Books for production purposes was possible only when there were enough titles to justify it. Nearly 500 titles were in print when the innovation was made. The same press-work, folding and stitching labor, and handling for trimming and the other processes, thus sufficed for two books instead of one. At this time it ap-

peared to be advisable to standardize new books as far as possible at a maximum length of 64 pages each. All 64-page books could thus be readily paired.

A 64-page Little Blue Book, with its companion which follows it like a Siamese twin all through its manufacture until the final severing, requires one sheet of paper 29 × 42 inches in size. This sheet thus represents two books, and it is one signature. On the three smaller presses—not including the Pony—this means two impressions for every two books: the printing of one side and then the backing up or the printing of the other side, making 128 pages in all, 64 pages to each book. A 128-page book, of which there are still several in the list, requires two such signatures and thus increases the cost of manufacture by about one-half. The 96-page books, of which there are still a few, require two signatures—one of 64 pages and one of 32. The labor is the same as for 128 pages.

The printer's arrangement of the pages for two 64-page books, so that when the sheet is folded the pages will follow in proper numerical order, is as follows. I put these data in for the benefit of many of my readers, to whom printing books is much of a mystery—as I am made fully aware by the many visitors who view the plant and its work in Girard.

One Side, with Page 1								Other Side							
49	16	17	48	33	32	1	64	63	2	31	34	47	18	15	50
49	16	17	48	33	32	1	64	63	2	31	34	47	18	15	50
56	9	24	41	40	25	8	57	58	7	26	39	42	23	10	55
56	9	24	41	40	25	8	57	58	7	26	39	42	23	10	55

53	12	21	44	37	28	5	60	59	9	27	38
53	12	21	44	37	28	5	60	59	9	27	38
52	13	20	45	36	29	4	61	62	3	30	35
52	13	20	45	36	29	4	61	62	3	30	35

43	22	11	54	43	22	11	54
43	22	11	54	43	22	11	54
46	19	14	51	46	19	14	51
46	19	14	51	46	19	14	51

Later, partly to offset the additional expense of the desirable 96-page and 128-page books, and also because many titles did not lend themselves readily to a book as long as 64 pages, a small number of 32-page Little Blue Books were added. These are printed on the Pony press, each pair of 32-page books requiring a single signature of 64 pages.

The covers for the Little Blue Books, all on a standard blue stock of stiff cardboard, are paired to correspond with the books as they are printed. A run of 64 covers at a time, or 32 paired combinations, is made on one of the smaller presses, known in the shop as the North press or the Miehle. Knives are inserted so that as the large sheet of cover stock is fed through the press, just after it is printed, it is automatically cut into strips of eight covers each. These strips are later folded on a special folding-machine, which puts a single crease down the middle where the book is to be stitched, and at the same time cuts the strip into its four pairs. These folded pairs are packed away in boxes until the bindery is ready for them.

It is essential that in running covers the various pairs exactly match the pairs of books being printed. Due to the obvious fact that no two Little Blue Books sell at exactly the same rate, it is impossible to decide how the books shall be paired very far in advance. The pairs are determined by a stock report of those books of which ten boxes (a 64-page

book packs about 500 in a box) or less are shown on the inventory. So far as possible, those books are paired together which have approximately—though never quite—the same sales record. Since the printings vary, ranging from 10,000 to 30,000 books at a time, depending on a book's popularity, this attention to pairing is imperative.

It is also necessary always to pair two 64-page books, two 32-page books, or two 128-page books. Unless this is done the books cannot be printed or otherwise handled together.

The next innovation was double—it came with the setting up of the huge Perfector (Miehle) press which prints both sides of a sheet at a time. The one in Girard was the first of its kind west of the Mississippi, if not west of Chicago. It prints two pairs of Little Blue Books, making four complete books at every double-revolution of the cylinders. The output is 40,000 Little Blue Books every eight hours.

By this time all the other presses had been equipped with automatic feeders. Those on all the smaller presses are of the buckling type, which is a system of knobs or rollers pushing up each sheet as it is ready, and shoving it into the grasp of metal fingers which slide it into place against the cylinder, whereupon it is whirled around, printed, and slides onto long metal fingers which somersault it through the air to the printed stack at the other end of the press. Friction is the basic principle of these feeders.

The Perfector press is equipped with an air-suction

feeder, one of the latest models. Here the top sheet of the pile of stock is lifted by suction-cups and shoved into place for going down against the first cylinder. Vacuum is the basic principle of this feeder.

The two flat beds of the Perfector work with a shuttle-motion opposite each other, each having its own cylinder. The unprinted sheet is whirled around the first cylinder, and one side of the sheet is printed. Then it goes onto the adjacent cylinder, is whirled around again, and the back of the sheet is printed. It will occur to everyone immediately that the ink from the first impression must still be wet when the sheet is backed up, and therefore what is known in printing as offset might result. However, this press, at the top of this second cylinder, has a special roller which dips into oil. As the printed sheet goes with its printed side against the tympan or backing paper fastened to the cylinder, it leaves an imperfect impression of its printing on that roller. To prevent this from rubbing off on the next sheet, this oil-roller places the thinnest possible film of oil on the tympan, which does not harm the next printed sheet and keeps the ink from offsetting.

On the three smaller presses, and also on the Pony, the stock has to be loaded from the warehouse platforms onto an elevator attached to the press. This elevator-platform holds from 10,000 to 20,000 sheets at a time. A special hoisting-motor then raises it so that the top sheet is in position under the automatic feeder.

But for the Perfector this handling of stock is eliminated. The loaded platform of stock from the warehouse,

moved by one of the "iron men" or trucks which move platforms of everything around the large plant, can be wheeled right under the Perfector's feeder, where two steel bars are slipped under it and chains raise it into position. And though the other presses stack the printed sheets onto a raised table at the front end, where at intervals a lift of 500 sheets or so has to be removed by the pressman, the Perfector stacks an entire run of 10,000 sheets on a specially arranged platform at its front end, where the platform can be wheeled into the warehouse, when ready, by one of the trucks.

With this Perfector press able to print four Little Blue Books at a time, an even lower price level for the series was in view. This was finally experimented with—the famous five-cent price for each book—and meant the other innovation which the Perfector made necessary: electrotyping the Little Blue Books.

Linotype metal has a comparatively short life, besides the difficulty of handling that I described in the preceding pages. With the prospect of electrotyping, it was desirable also to reduce handling of the plates to a minimum—and I am very proud of the solution which is still in operation. The arrangement of the Little Blue Book plates has always been one of the most interesting and original aspects of their production in mass quantities.

A single plate for a page measuring only $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches would be awkwardly small. The solution was to gang the plates in fours—four plates for four pages grouped to-

gether in a horizontal row. Thus, if you will refer to the table of arrangement of pages for a 64-page book, given a page or two back, the four page-numbers at the left of the top row represent the first solid electrotype plate. Each row thus contains two electrotype plates, and for a 64-page book there are 16 plates in all—or 32 separate plates for the paired-combination of two 64-page books.

These electrotype plates are not made type-high (.918 inch). The type-surface is of copper, fastened to a lead base, the whole being about three-twentieths of an inch (11 points) in thickness. A special base is locked in the chase which goes on the press, or which is always on the Perfector, so arranged that when a Little Blue Book electrotype plate is put on it the whole is type-high and the plate can be locked on by flanges which grip and hold it in place. The 32 plates necessary to print a pair of 64-page Little Blue Books weigh 88 pounds. The linotype slugs for the same two books would weigh about 160 pounds. The difference, entirely aside from the immense saving in handling and elimination of error, and besides the much longer life (four or five times that of linotype) of the plates, is immensely significant.

These electrotype plates are cast from type set in Kansas City, Mo., and sent down to Girard by overnight freight. Page proofs of the Little Blue Books are always read by the editorial staff in Girard before any book is given an okay for being sent to the foundry. Each Little Blue Book is read, on the average, four times in order to make it as

free from error as possible. In the case of originally prepared manuscript, the author is also asked to read the proof.

To set that first 500 books in type and have electrotypes made was a colossal task, indeed. But it was done, and now the entire list of 1,260 different books is in plate form, stored in three huge vaults, one above the other from the basement to the second floor, in the Girard plant. These vaults are fire-proof with special automatically locking fire-doors. When you reflect that it takes 16 plates of four pages each for every 64-page Little Blue Book, you will realize that these vaults contain in excess of 20,000 separate plates. The plates of all withdrawn Little Blue Books are also on file—sometime, you know, it may be desirable to issue them again.

Little Blue Books are printed on a fair grade of book paper. The stock is commensurate in quality with the selling price of the books. It is shipped to Girard direct from the mills in carload lots, ranging from 25 to 35 tons to a car. It comes all ready in the proper sizes for the Perfector and other presses and is stored in the warehouse, stacked flat on platforms. These platforms are wheeled in to the hungry presses on the trucks before mentioned. Usually a dozen stacks are kept in the pressroom, especially in winter, to be dry and warmed so as to keep static electricity down to a minimum. Static, by the way, which causes sheets to balk at the feeder, to run crookedly down to the cylinder, and so on, making all kinds of grief, is one of a publisher's annoying problems.

All the presses and other machinery are electrically driven, by power supplied from the municipal power plant in Girard. Even the automatic letter-opener in the front office runs by electricity.

From the presses the printed stacks of paper go to the bindery, where the automatic folders I have already mentioned proceed to fold each signature of two books to make them ready for stitching. It takes five folds to complete the folding of a pair of 64-page books. The signature now looks like two books, one above the other, without covers, unstitched and untrimmed.

The boxes of folded signatures and boxes of corresponding folded covers are now placed alongside the stitchers—of which there are two. For a 64-page book it takes three girls to operate the stitcher—one feeds the signature on the endless chain, another feeds the cover to match, both are jogged automatically so as to be even and are then stitched with two wire staples in each book, and the third girl receives the stitched book and packs it again into boxes.

The boxes of stitched books now go to the trimmers, of which there are also two. In stacks of 16 these stitched books, still paired, go into place under the knives—a stack of 16 on each side. With the trimmers in use here, two operations are necessary—the books are first trimmed on the outside edges and then, being turned around on the block by a special handle, they are trimmed on the ends. The operator packs the trimmed books into boxes once more.

Now the books are ready to be guillotined. One cutter only is necessary to handle the entire output at this final stage of the manufacture of Little Blue Books. In stacks of 16, the books are placed parallel under the long knife, there being room for 12 such stacks. When the knife comes down, motor-driven, it cuts the book exactly in half at one operation. The books are then packed in "house boxes," each box being numbered to indicate the book it contains, and the boxes are stacked on platforms ready to go into the warehouse and be put away on the shelves. The place of each box as it is put away is recorded on the inventory cards, so that a box of any desired number can be located in a moment. Each house-box contains about 500 books; for an edition of 10,000, therefore, about 20 boxes are required for storage. This varies for 32-page books, which average 800 books to the box; 96-page books average 350 to the box, and 128-page books average 250.

At any time, with a list of 1,260 titles, the warehouse inventory shows an average total stock of between 7,000,000 and 12,000,000 books. The lowest level in times of active distribution has been 6,000,000 books—or an average stock of 5,000 copies of each title. This would last only six months on the principle that a successful Little Blue Book must have a sales record of 10,000 copies annually —and the best sellers run to as many as 30,000, 50,000 and even 70,000 copies sold in a year. The necessity for a routine printing procedure to keep all the books in stock is thus clearly evident.

The minimum edition or printing of a Little Blue Book is set at 10,000 copies. The maximum is limited to 30,000 copies at one printing. Some are printed in quantities of 20,000 copies. The reason for this is the limit of warehouse space, plus the necessity of constant rotation in printing the editions in order to keep all the books in stock. Naturally, it would be cheaper to print editions of 50,000 copies and store them away; but the growth of the series has been so extraordinarily rapid that facilities have not grown sufficiently to take care of more than the average printing of 10,000 books at a time. There are always about 300 books with a stock of less than 5,000 copies—some of the fairly slow sellers—so that there are always books ready for new printing. Thus the presses have always been kept in operation.

The total number of Little Blue Books produced and sold is taken up and analyzed in the first six chapters. The average printing, distributing it evenly over the nine years from 1919–1927 inclusive, has been close to 13,000,000 books annually. At first, of course, the figure was but a fraction of this, and at maximum capacity it has run to over 25,000,000 books in one year.

The waste from the trimmers and other machines is, of course, baled and sold for waste paper, by the carload. It is worth while to mention, in passing, that the only serious accident during the entire nine-year record of Little Blue Book production occurred with this motor-driven baler—the young man operating it got his finger caught in the

tightening wire and lost the first two joints of the second finger on his left hand. He is now an apprentice in my composing-room.

Summarizing, the machinery ready for a maximum output of 80,000 completed Little Blue Books per day of eight working hours, includes one Perfector press, three smaller presses, and the Pony press, four folders, two stitchers, two trimmers, and one guillotine. There is also one folding-machine for folding covers. Occasionally covers are run two up or four up on a job press—especially for a rush printing—and the two smaller cover-folders stand ready to fold these special runs. There are four job presses—one 12 × 18 and three 10 × 15, all with automatic suction-feeders—for printing special runs of covers, order blanks, office forms, circulars, etc. There are two special folders to handle the output of these presses. There is also a perforator, for office forms, and a foot-power stapler if desired. There is also a motor-driven extra cutter for preparing special stock, and a motor-driven sharpener to sharpen the various knives used in manufacturing the books. For waste paper there is the baler.

For maximum production, the total number of employees runs about as follows: For the pressroom, eight; for the bindery, sixteen; for the baler and warehouse, five to seven. The latter includes the labor of wheeling stock into the pressroom, printed stacks to the bindery, shelving books for inventory, etc. Besides this, for changing the presses and for such composition as may be necessary, there are

two linotypes, with operators, and a foreman and two assistants in the composing-room.

I have not described my three publications—the *Monthly*, *Quarterly* and the *Weekly*. For the latter, to mention it for the sake of completeness, there is a rotary press capable of printing from four to sixteen newspaper-sized pages. There are also the necessary equipment and machinery for putting from four to eight pages "to bed," making steam-heat-hardened mats, casting rotary stereotype plates, etc. The *Haldeman-Julius Weekly* is printed in the same manner as the famous *Appeal to Reason*, of which it took the place when I bought the old Appeal plant. So thoroughly did the Appeal, as it was intimately known, fasten its name upon the town of Girard that even now the Haldeman-Julius plant is always spoken of by the townspeople, and even by many of the employees, as "the Appeal."

CHAPTER XIII

FOLLOWING A NEW TITLE FROM COPY TO CUSTOMER

How a Little Blue Book Gets from Author to Reader

UNDOUBTEDLY the best way to understand the whole process of getting a Little Blue Book into print, on sale, and sold, is to follow one of the titles added during the big year of 1926 through the entire process of its creation and manufacture, advertising and delivery. There are certain aspects of the process which cannot be told in any better way than this. And this will insure a unified and continuous narrative of all that goes into the making of each Little Blue Book—following it from its inception and assignment, and its birth on the author's typewriter (assuming for this purpose that it is a book especially prepared for the series), to the home of the ultimate reader who has seen it advertised and has included a copy of it in his order.

I put down the year 1926 as the banner year of Little Blue Book growth. The list leaped in that year from slightly over 900 to more than 1,200 titles, and there began a drastic policy of replacing almost 200 books scheduled for The Morgue with new and more popular books. For various mechanical reasons—one of them being the fact

that a larger list becomes increasingly unwieldy and expensive to handle—the list has become fairly established at the total of 1,260 different titles. The rather odd number is due to the capacity of the order-filling departments. But the limit is also approximately that of the capacity of the present equipment to keep in stock. Occasionally, as some old title and very slow seller sells out or nearly sells out, new titles will be added as replacements of old numbers. Public taste is always changing, and must be met and satisfied.

The idea for a new title is born from the union of several contributing factors. Possibly a series—as on English grammar and syntax—has been planned and there are still a few titles needed to round out the series. Perhaps a sudden and unforeseen popularity of some isolated book—as the *Book of Riddles,* for example, gave rise to books of puzzles, brainteasers, and more riddles, one of which, a book of tongue-twisters, is in the process of preparation even now—possibly the popularity of some such books as this riddle book will indicate that a number of similar books are needed. Perhaps there is just a sudden and unaccountable "inspiration," or spontaneous idea, for a new title—as happened when I impulsively decided to add two books, one on Fascism and one on Mussolini, and promptly wrote to Miriam Allen de Ford to do the job. It just seemed as though those two books ought to be successful Little Blue Books; and so far, I am happy to say, they have been.

Then again, some regular contributor to the series may have ideas of his own. He is not in touch with the sales

end of the Little Blue Book organization, and he is probably not familiar with the broad lines of the growth of the series, but he sends in a batch of ideas, jotted down for ready reference. Out of this list of ideas submitted by a writer new titles are frequently born. Just as civilization has advanced the most rapidly where there has been a clash of cultures, so the Little Blue Books have increased where the ideas of several people have mingled and multiplied.

Thus, either the idea emanates from the Girard editorial sanctum, so to say, or it is an idea approved and perhaps somewhat modified in that pregnant retreat. For it is here, not behind closed doors and without secrecy or ceremony —though in fancifully facetious moments I sometimes like to think of the birth of a new Little Blue Book idea being heralded with tom-toms or at least with hautboys and viols! —that every Little Blue Book has had its real beginning. The title fairly well decided upon—it may still be changed when the manuscript arrives, before it is set in type—the author is selected to do the job, unless it is an idea which some author has submitted, when, of course, he is given the chance to write an acceptable manuscript for it.

I like my authors to be prompt. Few of those who have contributed to the Little Blue Books have taken longer than two months to deliver a manuscript assigned to them to prepare. For one reason, the books any single writer has done have nearly always been on subjects he is familiar with already, reducing the labor of research. As discussed in the chapter entitled "An Editor and His Writers," the author is given very specific instructions.

When the manuscript is ready, prepared according to specifications, it is sent to me in Girard. I read it—at once. I cannot understand editors who keep authors waiting for decisions on manuscripts—especially those within the Little Blue Book limit of 15,000 words. Long book manuscripts are another matter, but work of this kind and length should require no more than a week for a decision. I often read a manuscript during the evening of the day it is received—and if it is acceptable a check for it goes to the author by the first mail the following day. This has been an unbreakable rule of mine for work done on assignment. I have had the pleasure of having some of my authors express personal appreciation of this promptness of payment. And I know from my own freelance days that it is a method of payment which, in effect, doubles the actual amount of the check in the eyes of the grateful and appreciative recipient of it. The rate of payment, incidentally, has been decided in the correspondence which assigned the manuscript; it is governed, of course, by the author's experience, prominence, etc.

Having been accepted and paid for, the manuscript is scheduled for publication. First of all, it is given a number. Before the series reached its top number, this simply meant giving the manuscript the next highest number available. This is recorded in a card index, with the number, name of the author, title of the book, and the number of pages the book is to contain. This last information is so that the cover may be printed far in advance of the book itself, and paired off with another title with the same number of

pages. Now that new titles are replacements only, the number has to be determined by the stock report, and it is the one of some book destined for The Morgue.

Before being sent to the typesetters in Kansas City, Mo., the manuscript is carefully edited. I often do most of this when I read the manuscript the first time editorially. Matters of style are indicated, the position of illustrations is indicated if the author has not already done it, the type, copyright notice, etc., are written on the copy. Usually, a Little Blue Book is set in 8-point type cast on an 8-point slug, which makes 35 lines to the standard Little Blue Book page. Sometimes, when it is very desirable to get in more words, it is set 8 point on a 7 point slug, which makes 40 lines to the page. Quoted matter is marked to be set 7 point, and likewise any footnotes. A long index is usually set 5½ point, two columns to the page.

The copy is set in Kansas City, on contract, and the galley proofs are read and corrected there. The book is then paged, being made up with title page first, then copyright notice and Table of Contents; the first page of the text is on either page 3 or page 5. Running heads repeating the title are at the top of each page, though sometimes this heading varies and indicates each separate story in a collection of short tales. The book is proofread once and sent back for revise, or correction. Then the proof is sent to the author, as an extra precaution, and when it comes back the author's corrections are checked and the book is given a final reading before being given an O. K. When at last O. K. it is sent back to Kansas City, and the type is de-

livered in the foundry for the casting of the electrotype plates described in the chapter entitled "How the Little Blue Books Are Produced."

The plates for the new Little Blue Book arrive in Girard by freight, or by express if it is a rush. It is promptly scheduled for printing, and no doubt the covers are ready waiting for it. In the regular routine it is printed, goes through the bindery, and is ready for the warehouse. Each box in which this title is packed has the number on it—everything relating to this book throughout the plant is done entirely by its number—and as it is shelved a boy records it on its inventory card. When the order departments need new supplies of the book it can be readily found and promptly put in place.

When the new book is first placed in stock, several copies of it are brought to the office. Everyone in charge of a department gets a copy, including each of the proofreaders—and fifty complimentary copies are sent to the author, if it is a book written specially for the series. If the book is to be copyrighted (as all the new books are), the proper form and affidavit are made out, I sign the latter before a Notary in the approved manner, and it goes to Washington, D. C., with two copies of the book, for recording in the federal archives.

Meanwhile, from the time the proof has been given an O. K., plans have been under way to list the new book in the catalogue and in the advertising. Little Blue Book enthusiasts scan each new advertisement, I am told, with all the fervor of astronomers scouring the heavens for new

stars or comets. When a new title appears these Little Blue Book fans spot it, I gather, with a cry of "Eureka!"

But the new title is given a classification before it can be listed. This classification may vary from the one in the catalogue, for several systems of classification are in use. Sometimes the sorting is done rather pedantically—Fiction, Biography, History, Science, etc. At other times it is done more loosely—Murder, Women, Love, Mystery, Health, Jokes, Fun, Entertainment, etc. It all depends on the audience for which the advertising is intended. In general, the looser and more general classifications have had the better sales record. Single-word classifications are now thought best in the national advertising. This is all described in the chapter entitled "An Editor Turns to Advertising." (I simply must keep some order in this narrative, which is very much like an untamable leopard and *will* run away with me!)

Soon the Little Blue Book is being ordered. Its number is found listed among others that the customers want to read (the minimum order being for twenty books, or one dollar). By this time, if everything has gone smoothly as it should, the new book should have been completed and is in stock.

The number only is necessary when ordering a Little Blue Book. Each book is identified by its number everywhere in the plant. The orders are filled by the numbers. If titles only are sent, prompt filling of the order is impossible because it must be set aside for a special clerk to look the numbers up and write them on the order. Now and

then there is a little confusion when a new title replaces an old title with the same number—especially when someone orders from an old advertisement or catalogue. This is usually adjusted, however, and frequently it is caught by the checkers before the books are sent out. Or occasionally a typographical error slips in and a book is listed with the wrong number. But this is fortunately rare, and the system of identification by numbers works out, on the whole, extremely well.

The orders arrive in Girard at a varying rate. The average has been, in the past three years, about 2,500 orders per day, being much less in summer and going to a fairly constant average of 4,000 in the winter. This mail is opened several times a day—each letter being slit by an automatic mail-opener which slices a tiny strip from one edge of the envelope.

Girls sort the orders into pigeon-holes by states, and the mail is finally opened as arranged by states. This is for convenience in zoning the parcel post labels later on. Pairs of girls work together in opening the mail, each pair having an adding-machine. They sit on opposite sides of a desk, with a specially constructed box between them which has separate compartments for checks, money orders, bills, specie, one-cent stamps, two-cent stamps, and other stamps.

As each letter is opened one girl carefully notes the amount of the remittance enclosed, tossing all the other contents of the envelope, as well as the envelope itself, to her partner. The contents, plus the envelope (which may be useful in checking carelessly written addresses, or for

identifying orders which contain no name or address inside the envelope, as frequently happens), are placed on a file by the second girl. The first girl calls out the amount of the remittance, indicating its nature, as "X" if it is a check, "P. O." if it is a money order, "cash," or "stamps." Thus, if a man sends a dollar bill, the girl calls: "One dollar cash." If it is a check for $1.10, she says: "One dollar ten cents X." If it is stamps, she says: "Forty-two cents stamps."

The second girl verifies this amount with that in the order or letter. If it agrees she writes the amount and character of the remittance in red pencil on the order or letter; if there is a discrepancy it is checked up at once. At the same time the amount is recorded by the first girl on her adding-machine. The total of each file of orders is thus secured, and the adding-machine slip pinned to the full file, to be checked upstairs in the clerical department before the orders are sorted into departments. C. O. D. orders and general inquiries are placed on separate files, as the mail is opened. If no remittance is enclosed, it is so written on the order.

Finishing her share of the mail, the first girl totals her adding-machine. Then the contents of the box—checks, money orders, cash, and stamps—are carefully counted and checked. If no mistake has been made this agrees with the adding-machine total. If there is a mistake it is searched for until found. Then the various receipts are prepared for deposit in the bank, and the group of mail-openers starts on the next mail. There are usually four such openings

every day. In busy times eight girls work all day opening the mail.

Upstairs in the clerical department the mail is further sorted into orders for Little Blue Books, clothbound books (a small list advertised on circulars in outgoing packages), the publications, and foreign orders. The latter are given separate clerical files for handling by the more experienced clerks. Trade or wholesale orders are also separated and sent down to the Trade Department.

The Little Blue Book orders are then carefully checked —the number of books ordered is counted and checked with the remittance. Discrepancies are set aside for handling by the head of the department. Each order having been checked, and the orders being grouped in files of twenty-five orders each, typists prepare a combination parcel post label and receipt. Then the orders are "zoned," as the girls say—the parcel post zone being indicated for the guidance of the stamping clerk when the package is mailed. On the order is marked to go by express, freight, etc., as may have been requested. A clerical force of from fifteen to forty girls, depending on the amount of business, is required for this part of the labor.

The files of orders are sent down to the Order Filling Booths, where girls take the files and start their endless promenades from number to number. These booths contain 650 pigeon-holes each, and each such hole will hold about 30 Little Blue Books, depending on the number of pages. It thus takes two booths for each complete order-filling section. These are arranged in numerical order, with guide

numbers at the top of each row, so that the girls walk from number 1 around to 1260 to fill an order. It is helpful if customers list their orders in numerical sequence.

Specially detailed girls known as "case-fillers" see to it that the pigeon-holes of Little Blue Books are always full. They get their extra supplies from the house boxes, which are arranged likewise in numerical order on large shelves just outside the booths. These empty house-boxes, in turn, are replaced with full boxes by ever-watchful boys.

Other girls act as checkers, sitting at long tables where each order, after it is gathered, is checked for error or omission. Each checker initials the order when O. K., fastens the parcel post label to the books, and it goes in oblong flat boxes, with other orders, to the packers. The checkers alternate with the girls who walk about filling orders, in about two-hour shifts, so that they first walk and then sit down, thus keeping them from tiring too much.

Little Blue Books are substantially packed in specially manufactured corrugated pasteboard cartons, which are ready in sizes suitable for 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, 80, 100, 200, 400, 500, and 1,000 Little Blue Books, respectively. These cartons are sealed with strong gummed tape—it is permissible for mail-order houses to seal parcel post packages if they guarantee the contents to be as indicated on the label, and also if the parcel bears the notation: "May be opened for postal inspection if necessary." This makes a thoroughly sturdy package and makes sure that all shipments of Little Blue Books arrive in good condition. It is also a swifter and more efficient method of packing

than the old-fashioned way of wrapping-paper and twine.

The sealed cartons, with the labels glued on, then go to the mailers. Here they are weighed and stamped according to the zone indicated on the label, and those to go by express drop down a special chute where an express agent picks them up at regular intervals. The stamped parcels go into United States mail sacks, and are carried to the postoffice by truck four times a day. Efficient train service from Girard means that the books are soon on the way to the customer, and, received in good condition, the Little Blue Books are ready to be read.

The order-filling, packing, and stamping girls vary in number according to the press of business. The minimum, at times of lowest ebb, is ten girls. The maximum has been rather flexible—once in a while the number of girls desired is not available—but it has been as many as forty-five girls, working in four sets of two booths each.

Of course, with the volume of orders constantly being handled, there are errors and misunderstandings, and consequently complaints. But the complaints are all handled by one girl in charge of the Complaint Desk.

As soon as the inventory of a Little Blue Book shows less than ten boxes in the warehouse it is reported to the front office and a new printing of the book, if it is selling its quota, is scheduled. If the book is falling behind its quota it is sent to The Hospital, as described in the chapter on "Rejuvenating the Classics."

Such is the routine from day to day. Orders come in from everywhere—from China, Japan, India, Australia,

New Zealand, all the countries of South America, from the West Indies, Central America, Mexico, and thousands from Canada, and also from all over Europe, and from Siam, Iraq (Mesopotamia), Egypt, South Africa, etc.—in short, wherever English periodicals may be sent and read. One order, of which I have always been especially proud, recently came from 'way up North, on Alaska Red River, a tributary of the Yukon in the Arctic Circle—where there was only one mail service a year. The customer wanted a supply of reading to last from one year to the next.

There is more than a little romance in the daily mail. It must keep any mail-order business from becoming dull. Aside from manuscript and regular routine correspondence, there are all kinds of unsolicited communications—freely offered suggestions and advice, pleas for financial aid or donations of books, urgent inducements to invest in a new patent fly-wheel or some other "patent" whatever-you-may-care-to-call-it—sent in, by the way, complete with blue prints—confidential letters from fanatics who have found the secret of the universe or a panacea for all human ills, people who have always wanted to write a book or who have written one and are still seeking to get it published, pencil-written screeds and laboriously penned hopeless manuscripts, and so on. I have been invited to join scores of societies, associations, and clubs; I have been asked to be an honorary member of this or a contributing editor to that. People want my advice on the books their children should read, or they want me to quote chapter,

page, and verse for them on data for some debate or other.

But I have passed up many such chances to become rich in a single night, or to be an everlasting benefactor to mankind, or to learn the deep, dark, hidden secret which rules this gigantic universe. I have never lost any sleep over these opportunities I have missed, for the next mail, along with a generous batch of orders for Little Blue Books, is sure to bring others to keep me and my assistants from being bored with nothing but nickels and numbers of titles wanted.

CHAPTER XIV

BUSINESS MAN OR PHILANTHROPIST

Is the Policy of the Little Blue Books Commercially Sound?

PHILANTHROPY is a word that has been gratuitously applied to the Little Blue Books so many times that it has come to be almost an accusation. One thinks of philanthropy as applied to hospitals, with thankfulness, and sometimes as thankfully when applied to libraries, but it becomes more of a gesture and less of a benefit when it takes the form of statues, bronze plates, and other bric-a-brac. To label the Little Blue Books with philanthropy, then, may be a doubtful compliment; though it may indicate the generosity of the sponsor, it also suggests that the power of money alone supports the existence of the enterprise, and that is scarcely complimentary to the perspicacity and generalship that may be behind it all. It is an axiom that money can do anything, and people have ceased to be very much surprised by what money does. If they are impressed it is not because it is exceptional that money has such power, but because they are forcibly reminded of all that money may do if it can be obtained in sufficient quantity.

I insist that I am a business man and not a philanthropist. I invested my capital in the Little Blue Book idea because I thought it was a sound business venture. It was my belief that the American reading public would support a series of this sort, and I gambled on that belief—gambled, that is to say, after carefully weighing the chances and deciding that there was likely to be more than an even break.

Perhaps the notion that philanthropy was backing the Little Blue Book arose when the series was given the idealistic name of a University in Print. For a five-cent series of pocket-sized booklets to aspire to be a University in Print is unheard of in modern business annals: it is visionary, say the skeptics, and surely it is folly, say the statistical business physicians who keep their fingers on the commercial pulse.

The only thing anyone thought could be sold to the public in mass quantities, in the way of reading matter, was a magazine or a newspaper, and particularly a sensational sheet with screaming headlines, or a tabloid with kindergarten pictures. So said the intellectual skeptics. It was even contended that you could sell chewing gum in mass quantities, but you could hardly expect the buyers of it to read even what is said on the wrappers. The Ask-Me-Another craze showed how few people who smoked thousands of cigarettes really had noticed whose picture was on the government tax stamp affixed to every package. But one is privileged to wonder, is he not, how significant all of these observations may be?

By openly advocating a University in Print—not at a hundred dollars or so, but at five cents as a basic price per unit—I can understand that I did lay myself liable to the charge of philanthropy. But in this book there are figures, and tabulations of sales, and anyone can see for himself that I did not have to be a philanthropist—that, to put it very bluntly, I was as interested in making a profit as Henry Ford.

I use the word philanthropist in its most prosaic sense —as implying someone who gives for the sake of charity. He gives expecting nothing in return unless it be the plaudits of the multitude. The philanthropist is a lover of mankind because there is a vicarious notoriety in it; it is the next best thing to being a monarch or a general or a manufacturer of automobiles. But philanthropy may also have a figurative implication—it might be applied, I daresay, to an enterprise which is commercially sound and yet which is genuinely valuable and beneficial.

So though I reject the name of philanthropist, and prefer being regarded as a business man, I hasten to explain that I would not do "anything for money." I am glad that my profits have not come from the manufacture of munitions of war, for example. I am glad, in other words, that I have been able to use good business toward the improvement instead of the exploitation of the masses.

There were series of dime and nickel books before the Little Blue Books. Among others, there were the dime novels—many of which, by the way, were not as scarlet as they have been painted. But "dime novel" is universally

accepted to mean something trashy and perhaps contaminating. "Little Blue Book," on the other hand, represents a standard—just because a book would sell in large quantities at five cents was never a sufficient reason for putting it into my series.

There is a difference between making money from the wide sale of a bad book and making a profit from the popularity of a good book. The difference is gratifying. It is one of those virtues which are their own reward. I see no reason why a man should not be proud of doing such a thing, and I see no reason why he should not insist that it is good business and not charity.

Certain denizens of an intellectual demi-monde fling the word "popular" at this and that as though it were always a condemning epithet. What nearly everyone wants or nearly everyone is doing is, perforce, they contend, empty and worthless—flat and stale, though profitable. This is no true judgment. No sweeping generalization can be a true judgment.

The Little Blue Books have gradually become popularized and are becoming more so yearly. I admit this, because it was the aim of the series in the first place, and because I see nothing derogatory in it. Early experimentation was to a large extent finding out what the reading public wanted most at a low price in the way of good reading. My fundamental contention was that the public would buy good reading if it was made available in a convenient form at a fraction of a dollar. This was borne out, and is still borne out, by the results.

Necessarily, there has been a large number of books—part of the world's best literature, certainly—which have not had a wide popular appeal. This could not be expected. Even the proverbial well-read man has not read all of the good books, for there are plenty which will not appeal even to him. Tastes differ; some books are by their nature of wide appeal, while others are limited. The very fact that I did not keep unpopular books in the series, when it was found they were not selling, is really sufficient evidence that I am not a philanthropist.

But with the ideals which have always been behind the Little Blue Books the series, though growing more popular year by year, has never been degraded. Do you consider joke books degrading? A sense of humor is hardly low-brow, and even the broadest joke the most intelligent of us may laugh at, for there is really nothing contaminating in the laughter that makes the whole world kin. Life needs more laughter. Joke books do not distort the truth, do not mislead their readers, do not misrepresent life—except, with the license of comedy, to make existence more endurable.

Profitable ventures among the cheap paper-backs have been manuals of fortune-telling, palmistry, astrology, and other forms of fanciful character-reading, so called. People will buy such books, I gather. But the books are deliberately misleading. Though ostensibly for entertainment and good fun, they induce the credulous to believe that there is something in them. What do you find in the Little Blue Books? Instead of solemn compendiums of this

false knowledge, there are books which expose the frauds and show the falsity of all such systems, books written, too, with a sense of humor and good fun that makes them at the same time popular and honest.

I have dropped profitable books from the series because they did not come up to the standard set for the Little Blue Books. Such books got into the series in the early days—especially several on improving the mind, doctoring up the personality, and giving a rosy glow to the daily humdrum of life. These books were liars. They played falsely upon the imagination. Because of the great rush of the first days of the series—the necessity to get a large number of books into the series—some bad books, but lightly scrutinized, got into the list. This improvement group proved immensely popular—but later, in calm deliberation and determination to keep to a definite high standard, the books were killed. They went into The Morgue. This, if you wish, is idealism, or philanthropy in its figurative sense. But if you contend that it is not also good business, I retort by asking you, then, what is the worth of a good will built upon a maintained standard of truth-telling, sham-smashing, and a debunking policy that knows no favoritism or evasion?

I say again that this is good business. It is commercially sound because the reading public of America has shown that it will buy the truth if it can get it. It will buy good reading and the facts about life as it is, along with its fun and entertainment—with its jokes and its puzzles and its games, this reading public will buy Shakespeare, psy-

chology, authoritative manuals of health, significant debates, science, the best fiction in the world's literature, self-educating books, some poetry, and the best thoughts of the world's greatest thinkers.

You can point out that this reading public will also buy bad books galore, that it is not really capable of exercising judgment or discrimination. I am not so sure of this. At any rate, it is the publishers who exercise the discrimination, and a man who must read willy-nilly will buy, after all, only such books as are on the market and within reach of his purse. But given a chance, these readers will buy good books, and by reading them they will acquire a better taste and learn to tell the difference between a good book and a bad one.

If I claim credit for anything, aside from establishing a commercially sound series of five-cent books, it is that this series, which has lived up to its aim of a University in Print, has done much to improve the reading taste of the American public. As I point out to some of the better-known writers today, if some of their best work appears in the Little Blue Books, a wider market for their other work is created. A man who reads one or two of the stories of Wilbur Daniel Steele, or some of the humor of Stephen Leacock, in the Little Blue Books, will be on the watch for other work, published elsewhere, by these same writers. I take a great deal of pleasure, personal deference aside, in introducing such names as Fannie Hurst, Theodore Dreiser, Ben Hecht, E. W. Howe, Will Durant, Joseph McCabe,

William J. Fielding, Isaac Goldberg, Manuel Komroff, James Oppenheim, Sherwood Anderson, Max Beerbohm, John Cowper Powys, Clarence Darrow, Upton Sinclair, and so on, to mention some of the contemporary names, to a new audience through the Little Blue Books.

Incidentally, this is probably the best place to demolish another astonishingly prevalent misconception of the purpose of the Little Blue Books. The charge is sometimes brought against me that I am trying to injure the clothbound book business by putting out these paperbound "jitney classics." This is absurd. In the first place, a Little Blue Book by its very nature, though substantial and durable, cannot supersede a clothbound book. It has never been my intention to have it do so. Frequently, by circularizing buyers of Little Blue Books, I sell large quantities of clothbound books of other publishers—for I issue no clothbound books whatever myself.

The aim and field of the Little Blue Books are distinct from any other. Far from being competitors, the Little Blue Books are really tiny missionaries, spreading a taste for good literature and inducing a desire for better reading. The average man, the potential book-buyer of tomorrow, has but little spare cash to spend for books. The chances are he will not spend it at all unless he can be sure of getting what he wants. Perhaps he reads the reviews, but many times he does not. Even if he does, they do not tell him all he wants to know. But by making a selection from a series such as the Little Blue Books, he

can nibble and sip at small cost, and thereby learn what he wants to read—and perchance find out that good books are not really dull after all, which is something, I wager, that he never learned in school.

CHAPTER XV

AN EDITOR TURNS TO ADVERTISING

How the Little Blue Books Have Been Advertised and Sold

SOME people think it strange that I have always been my own advertising manager. But the enterprise of the Little Blue Books does have the peculiarity that production and selling are closely linked with editing the books. The phases are so closely interwoven with each other that it is really impossible to separate them. As an editor I could do my work best only by knowing the situation from the point of view of the advertiser; as an advertiser I could act to best advantage because I was also the publisher.

Though I have always been ready to consider good suggestions from others, the advertising of the Little Blue Books has been to a large extent dependent upon my experience in editing and publishing them. In another chapter I give a clear exposition of the date-lines sales policy in advertising the series, and why that policy has served its usefulness and is already discarded. That sales policy, however, as I pointed out, was a direct outcome of the publishing circumstances and conditions.

In national advertising several general principles characterize my policy. Of national advertisers using full-page

space in magazines and newspapers, I am the only one who utilizes literally every agate line. My advertising has less "white space," and consequently more type, than any other I can remember. Much of my advertising, since it carries a large list of Little Blue Book titles, is almost solid type. Though this is contrary to the dictates of some of the best advertising experts, all I can say is that it has done the work.

At the start of this discussion of advertising I should perhaps explain that advertising is measured in "agate lines." An agate line is the amount of space required for a line of agate (5½ point) type a column wide. A newspaper or magazine page is divided customarily into a specified number of columns, a certain number of agate lines in each column. Agate lines run fourteen to the inch, so that an advertisement a column wide and ten inches deep would measure 140 agate lines. An agate line is the unit of measurement, and the advertiser must pay for it even though the space is not occupied by type, if the space is divided off from the rest of the page or paper as part of his advertisement.

Another consideration in Little Blue Book advertising has been that in printing the list of titles it has been necessary to confine each title to one agate line, if possible. This requirement has often made it necessary to alter the title, and it has always made it necessary to include all possible description—what would be the blurb for a larger and more expensive book—in that one agate line of space. I have discussed all this in the chapters entitled "Rejuve-

nating the "Classics," "The Hospital," and "The Morgue,"

The Little Blue Book business, too, is fully ninety-five percent a mail-order business. A few scattered bookstores, and to some extent the five-and-ten-cent stores, handle assortments of Little Blue Books, but by far the greater part of the business is directly received from the customers themselves through the mails. This is another characteristic of the advertising—all of it urges the customer to order direct from Girard, enclosing his remittance with his order.

The fact that the orders are received direct from the customers is important. It has enabled me to test the pulling power of all kinds of advertising mediums and methods, for all Little Blue Book advertising is "coupon advertising"—which means that it requires the customer to send direct to the Haldeman-Julius Publications, and the address given contains a "key" number, such as Department X-114. This "Dept." or "key" number on the envelope or in the letter enclosed with the order tells at once what advertisement should receive credit for the business. It is much better than requesting the customer to "mention" the magazine or paper when ordering, and I have found that less than one person in a hundred omits the key number when addressing his order.

Key advertising is thus different from general advertising which has no direct returns. The advertisements of tobacco, cosmetics, chewing gum, automobiles, gasoline, machinery, and so on, which have no coupons (such as requests for samples), are published widely—and the only possible test is whether the business of the company

as a whole, as compared with the advertising budget for previous years and the present year, shows a proportionate improvement. But the advertiser who uses no key cannot tell at all whether one magazine is better than another, or whether his billboards are doing any good whatever.

Even the advertising of most book publishers is unkeyed. The usual line is "at all bookstores," or "ask your bookseller." If the book sells enough copies to pay all expenses, including the advertising, with a margin of profit besides, the publisher balances his books with a smile. But he has no assurance that some of his space was not wasted; he does not know, for example, that he might have done even better had he stayed out of certain publications entirely and doubled his space in certain others. He has no way of knowing. The net result of the whole is the only figure available to him.

One might think it safe to assume that a magazine with a guaranteed circulation, with an advertising rate proportionate to that circulation, and with a sufficient number of regular advertisers to substantiate the stability and commercial worth of the publication, would be a good medium for advertising Little Blue Books. This is not at all a safe assumption to make. I would test such a magazine with keyed copy, and see how it compared with others of similar circulation and cost. If good, all right; if it failed, that would be the end.

Advertising is an "art," not a science. That is to say, if it is successful it depends more upon a happy inspiration than upon a hard-and-fast rule of technique, all the adver-

tising schools notwithstanding. If it were a science it would always work according to fixed laws; the expert could determine in advance, with graphs and formulas, just what the outcome would be—he could foretell whether the returns would vary as a parabola or would rotate like an elipse. But, I am sorry to say, this cannot be done. Whenever I issue a piece of advertising copy, even to a medium that I know to be good, I await the result with an open mind. Often I am anxious; sometimes I am delighted, sometimes disappointed.

I have seen some of what I considered my best ideas fail when put to the test. I have been amazed to find others taking hold wonderfully. For example, two or three years ago I tested some copy headed: "An Agnostic Looks at Life," feeling that the time had come for general circulation of literature that advocated a liberal attitude toward religion. This failed. Now, recently, I am experimenting with Joseph McCabe's fifty Little Blue Books, discussing religion, with the headline: "The fascinating story of man's struggle to grasp the meaning of religion," and it looks as though this will be a success. And in the face of a failure to put across a Little Blue Book "Library of Love," as a set, I am having encouraging results from an endeavor to sell a high school "Educational Course," made up entirely of Little Blue Books, as a set. It is simply impossible to forecast what an advertisement will do.

It is a constant gamble—or, if you do not like that word, it is a constant repetition of experiment and change, and experiment again. It is not even true that the same

piece of copy will do its work indefinitely; as a matter of fact, the results from one advertisement, without change in appearance, are never the same twice in succession. In this connection I should point out that I have never been able to afford—due to the low price of my product—advertising merely for "propaganda" purposes. For example, I could not spend money to run a standardized column-advertisement announcing new Little Blue Books, or to run copy which endeavored merely to get people's curiosity aroused about the Little Blue Books. Such methods double or treble the cost of the advertising necessary to put over a sale. I must sell, as I later explain, from the first insertion itself. That is one reason, perhaps, why I must always change the appearance of my advertisements, trying first this appeal and then that.

Many things must be taken into account when estimating the value of a magazine or paper. In the first place, if the periodical has a large circulation, how did it build up that circulation? A number of so-called "mail-order" periodicals have weekly or monthly circulations sometimes above the million mark—papers such as *Home Friend, Household Journal, Comfort, Home Circle, Gentlewoman*, etc.—but are these magazines bought to be read? To a large extent, of course, the magazines will be at least hastily examined in the homes to which they go, for one reason because they go to rural districts and farms where little reading of any kind is available. But the circulation is built up with premiums—you get a dozen rose bushes, and two or three magazines for a year, all for a half dollar or a

dollar, as the case may be. The magazines contain comparatively little reading matter—on the whole they have been found undesirable mediums through which to sell Little Blue Books.

There are some magazines which base their advertising rate, not on the number of hundred thousands circulation, but on the *quality* of the circulation. If the magazine is read largely by families with incomes over eight or ten thousand dollars a year, or by people interested only in the more expensive products, this periodical can charge a rate commensurate with the quality of that circulation. Such magazines are *House and Decoration*, *New Yorker*, *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue*, etc. Due to the low price of Little Blue Books, and though many of the readers of these magazines might like to read the pocket series, these magazines cost too much for the business they get for such a low-priced product. I do not use them for Little Blue Book advertising, except possibly in very small space at different times, as a test.

There are a vast number of trade and class publications, of which the average reader has no idea. The tobacco world alone has several monthly periodicals devoted to it; so has the drug trade, the cosmetic and beauty shop business, hardware merchants, groceries, and all the rest. Even the filling stations have their own periodical. But these magazines are not read for general interest; their appeal is based on the business or trade they represent. It is the same with union labor publications, or religious journals, or lodge papers. Their interest is so specialized that they

do not divert a proper amount of attention to an advertisement of general reading such as the Little Blue Books. I have found them, on the whole, undesirable mediums.

In a group by themselves are the school and college papers. These run into the hundreds. They are nearly always unsound financially, and their advertising rate has no relation to their pulling power. I see no reason why vast national industries, with money to scatter promiscuously in advertising, should not help out these struggling student attempts. But I have found—either because the students are often penniless, or because their studies give them enough to read—that I cannot sell Little Blue Books to the school and university groups through their own periodicals. Though my audience is largely made up of modern youth, I reach these young people through the magazines they buy on the newsstands.

Of the more general magazines, printing an assortment of fiction and articles, the group known as women's magazines is the largest and boasts the largest circulation. I mean such magazines as *Pictorial Review, Ladies' Home Journal, Women's Home Companion, Delineator,* etc. I have tested these at different times—or some of them—and I have always confirmed the early rule that women's magazines do not pay for Little Blue Book advertising.

Perhaps some of my readers will throw up their hands in amazement, protesting that women are known to be the largest part of the American reading public. Perhaps that is so. I have no precise figures to contradict this statement, but if it is true it must be because they buy their reading

from other mediums than their own magazines. Of course, these women's magazines are largely addressed to the interests of the housewife and her household—and housewives have, on the average, little time to read much besides the one "home" magazine they may receive. Business women, who read many of the same general periodicals as men—like *Liberty, Judge, Collier's, Current History, Review of Reviews, Golden Book, Smart Set, Physical Culture, Cosmopolitan,* etc.—perhaps are better buyers of books than housewives.

I do have one set of figures that is significant. In 1926 the Research Bureau of *Liberty* made an exhaustive test of Little Blue Books sold through their columns. This test—of 1,000 orders selected at random, confined only to 25 books each—showed that 79.8 percent of the books were ordered by men and only 20.2 percent were ordered by women. This ratio may be ten percent off, due to the fact that many women sign their names with initials only, and in this test only those orders that were obviously from women were counted as such. But the figures indicate that not more than 30 percent of the orders came from women. I think it fair to assume that *Liberty's* circulation represents a cross section of the multitude of American people, and if this is granted, it shows that more than twice as many men buy and read Little Blue Books as women. These are the only exact figures I have, but they strongly suggest why I have never been able to make the women's magazines pay.

In support of this arraignment of women as Little Blue

Book readers I can say that I have a fair list of books devoted exclusively to women's interests—beauty hints, how to dress, cosmetics, care of the baby, pin money, cooking, home helps, etc. But none of these books are sensational sellers, though most of them show a fair average. On the other hand, books *about* women—such as *Women of Antiquity, Women Who Lived for Love, Woman the Eternal Primitive,* etc.—are very good sellers, probably because they are widely purchased and read by men. A new book is being added in 1928—*100 Professions for Women*—which may indicate whether the professional interest is stronger in reading women than the home interest. It will be interesting to watch the record of this book. I am sorry that no figures are available for this discussion.

Unfortunately I have no figures whatever as to age. I have always had the feeling that Little Blue Book readers are largely young people. It is certain that a large number of them are of college age, or are in their early twenties—I gather this from letters I receive. But due to the fact that periodicals which appeal strongly to young people—as *Smart Set* and *Physical Culture*—are always good paying mediums, I know that young people form a large division in the army of Little Blue Book enthusiasts. I believe in the youth of America—these youngsters are wide awake, ready to learn, and urged on with real energy and ambition. They want to know all the facts—but it is a healthy sign that they want facts and not sordid misrepresentations or lurid products of the imagination.

How do I know whether an advertisement for Little Blue

Books pays? I have already explained how the advertising is keyed, so that every order received can be credited to the proper advertisement. This keying is done by one girl every day, as the orders are checked over. Special cards are provided, with the key number, name of the publication, copy used, space used, position given, and the cost. Entries on these cards are made twice daily—the morning receipts and the afternoon receipts. Thus I know not only how much the advertisement finally brings, but I know how long it pulls, how soon the receipts reach their peak, how soon the advertisement brings in its cost, and so on.

Good magazines pull for months after the advertisement has appeared; orders are still received from advertising as far back as 1925—in *Liberty*, for instance. But these dribblings do not materially help the advertisement's record, except that they show how long old magazines are perused.

In general, I am willing to spend from two to two and a half cents to sell a Little Blue Book—especially to get new names. If I have to spend less than two cents to sell each book, the medium is of exceptional pulling power. If I get $2,000 or more from an advertisement costing $1,000, I am satisfied. If I get $2,500 to $3,000 I am enthusiastic.

Here are some of the actual receipts from some particular advertisements:

	Date	Space	Cost	Returns
N. Y. Times Book Review	10-30-27	2 pages	$2,500	$4,348.89
Mid-Week Pictorial	9-15-27	2 pages	300	924.56
N. Y. Daily News	1-30-27	1 page	1,400	2,789.49

	Date	Space	Cost	Returns
Physical Culture	Oct. 1927	1 page	800	$1,759.19
Smart Set	Nov. 1927	1 page	850	1,888.35
Pathfinder	4-11-25	1 page	1,000	2,763.66
Life	9-26-23	1 page	650	1,215.23
Harper's Monthly	Oct. 1926	1 page	200	382.15
Review of Reviews	Oct. 1925	1 page	325	642.68
Golden Book	Oct. 1925	4 pages	800	1,927.48
Liberty	1-9-26	2 pages	5,000	13,321.31
Chicago Tribune	2-10-26	1 page	1,300	2,884.36
Hearst's International	Feb. 1925	1 page	1,000	2,369.12
The Nation	9-10-24	1 page	150	349.29

To show how the returns from an advertisement steadily increase to a peak and then fall off, I am including a table of three insertions of two pages each in *Liberty*. This table shows the fluctuation of the receipts in an understandable way. It is worthy of note that the general trend of the receipts is the same, substantially, for all three.

Daily Returns from Three LIBERTY Insertions
(Sundays Are Not Counted)

Date of Insertion	1st Day	2nd Day	3rd Day	4th Day	5th Day	6th Day	7th Day
Sept. 18, 1926 (1st Day 9-13)	$13.74	$85.01	$447.38	$613.07	$849.06	$713.48	$1,042.48
Jan. 9, 1926 (1st Day 1-4)	94.86	108.47	403.83	698.57	768.65	844.81	1,222.43
Jan. 30, 1926 (1st Day 1-25)	55.43	98.61	452.65	666.36	699.84	233.40 [1]	1,396.36

	8th Day	9th Day	10th Day	11-12th	13-15th	Final Total
Sept. 18, 1926	$319.82	$429.96	$344.11	$412.69	$904.62	(Dec. 6) $10,050.39
Jan. 9, 1926 ..	356.23	526.11	612.75	920.64	802.52	(Mar. 6) 13,231.31
Jan. 30, 1926 .	363.97	492.56	455.27	741.17	1,187.41	(Apr. 2) 12,051.46

[1] Saturday on which mail was opened only in the morning; what would have been the afternoon's mail is included in the next day's (Monday's) total.

In brief explanation of the figures in the foregoing table,

I should add that an insertion in *Liberty*, if successful (and I have never had a failure in this magazine so far), will more than "pay out" (which means to bring in the cost of the advertisement or better) within the first three weeks of returns. The first returns begin almost always on Monday —the magazine is placed on the newsstands the previous Saturday, being dated the Saturday following. That is, *Liberty* for September 18, 1926, was placed on the newsstands September 11, and I had the first returns on the 13th. *Liberty* always "pulls" (brings returns) regularly for nearly ninety days, and then drops down to from one to five dollars a day for another month or so, finally dwindling to a dollar or so every now and then.

Advertising in the newspapers has the same characteristics as that in the magazines. The emphasis in Little Blue Book copy—now that date-lines and sales inducements have been abandoned—is on two things: the established five-cent price, including postage to any address in the world, and the great scope of choice—1,260 different titles. These two selling points, added to the reputation and general excellence of the series, are now doing all the work of selling the books to a wide and constantly increasing audience.

I can make the general statement, from a wide experience, that advertising a mail-order product in small-city newspapers *never* pays. Only newspapers in the larger cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Los Angeles, etc.—are good. Some papers in these larger cities are much better than others, not due so much,

perhaps, to variations in the mentality of their readers as to a difference in purchasing power. An important factor is the reader-interest the newspaper has—and this is a matter of reputation. Is it bought because it is examined thoroughly from first page to last, or does it depend upon one or two features to build up its circulation?

I know that I have mentioned only two general considerations, and that even these cannot be applied like a blanket to all cases. The difference in pulling power between two papers in the same city is, after all, much more deep-rooted than either of these things. It would take an involved analysis to explain it. All that I know is that all papers are not alike, and I keep away from those in which I once wasted my money.

But it is an absolutely general rule that the small-city newspaper does not pay. This is because the rate is based upon two things—the actual circulation and the cost of running the advertisement. The latter includes typesetting, ink, paper, etc. But the circulation of the small-city paper is not sufficient to justify an advertising rate based upon that alone, so that per hundred readers, let us say, the cost is proportionately greater than it is to reach every hundred readers of a newspaper in one of the larger cities. The larger the paper the lower the cost. For example, I have mailed copy from Girard late Saturday afternoon, every line of which had to be set—totaling actually more than 1,300 lines of type—and have had the pleasure of seeing the complete advertisement inserted in the early morning editions of the *Chicago Tribune* for the very next

Tuesday, and have received the first orders Wednesday afternoon! Chicago, you know, is 600 miles from Girard. The cost of rushing through that advertisement is really very large—a small-city newspaper could not afford it at a rate based upon circulation at so much per thousand as the *Chicago Tribune* figures it.

Newspaper advertising is more ephemeral than that in the magazines. By this I mean that it reaches its peak sooner, and falls off more rapidly. Newspapers are read soon after being delivered—at least on the evening of the day they are dated—and, except Sunday newspapers, which approach more nearly to the magazines, their readers act quickly on any mail-order advertising that appeals to them. To show this I am also putting in a table of three insertions of one full page each in the *Chicago Tribune*, which shows the fluctuation of newspaper receipts. Compare this with the table of *Liberty*—and then with the table of an insertion of two pages in *Review of Reviews*, a monthly of steady pulling power.

Daily Returns from Three CHICAGO TRIBUNE Insertions
(Sundays Are Not Counted)

Date of Insertion	1st Day	2nd Day	3rd Day	4th Day	5th Day	6th Day	7th Day
Feb. 10, 1926 (1st Day 2-11)	.....	$202.19	$391.05	$177.80	$408.78	$118.62	$210.61
Jan. 14, 1926 (1st Day 1-15)	11.31	962.08	491.67	258.32	221.54	154.23	161.19
Jan. 5, 1926 (1st Day 1-6)	14.76	350.76	448.35	332.65	295.77	53.71	153.49

	8th Day	9th Day	10th Day	11-12th	13-15th	Final Total	
Feb. 10, 1926	$198.67	$100.21	$74.27	$135.55	$361.12	(Mar. 10)	$2,884.36
Jan. 14, 1926	72.10	83.55	69.56	156.81	107.56	(Mar. 10)	3,788.62
Jan. 5, 1926	98.35	81.73	141.12	54.41	105.30	(Mar. 10)	2,959.81

There are some interesting things to be noted about these three newspaper insertions. All represent copy for the sale which closed February 28, 1926—threatening the withdrawal of certain titles, which were later withdrawn as had been advertised. The returns from Chicago usually start very slowly on the afternoon of the day following the insertion—for February 10 this small amount was not recorded. The big returns come in the first week, always—a newspaper is read very soon after its purchase or delivery, especially a weekday issue, but this was date-line copy and a number of people must have torn out the advertisement and set it aside until they were ready to order. The fact that all three of these insertions pulled rather steadily up to a week or so after the closing date of the sale shows this. It is also worthy of note that though two of these insertions were only nine days apart, both did very well indeed. Though some re-ordered who had responded to the insertion on the 5th, it is practically certain that a large number of those who answered the 14th advertisement had not noticed the one nine days before. Some, of course, were reminded of the previous advertisement, on which they had neglected or forgotten to act, and immediately took action when so forcibly reminded that these books must be bought immediately. But many people do not notice much that comes under their eyes—they may have been in more of a hurry on the 5th than on the 14th—so that in a paper with a large circulation it often pays to repeat frequently. Finally, note that the insertion of February 10, close to the closing date of the sale, kept much higher returns

through a longer period—because the advertisement pulled from twenty-five to thirty-five days *less* than the previous insertions. Date-line copy always slumps to zero shortly after the closing date—its main disadvantage.

Daily Returns from an Insertion in REVIEW OF REVIEWS
(Sundays Are Not Counted)

October, 1925 Date of Insertion	1st Day	2nd Day	3rd Day	4th Day	5th Day	6th Day	7th Day
(1st Day 9-28)	$10.97	$4.65	$12.02	$8.08	$17.46	$11.44	[1] $7.95

8th Day	9th Day	10th Day	11-12th	13-15th	Final Total
$14.00	$14.25	$9.82	$22.47	$33.04	(Jan. 1) .. $518.68

[1] Saturday on which mail was opened only in the morning; what would have been the afternoon's mail is included in the next day's (Monday's) total.

It is interesting to observe that the *Reviews of Reviews*, being a monthly magazine, pulls much slower than *Liberty*, a weekly, or the *Chicago Tribune*, a daily. This magazine pulls fairly steadily for three months, paying out usually in the first thirty days. The difference in the way the returns come in is accounted for by the fact that a monthly magazine lies around on library table and lounge for weeks, where different members of the family pick it up and glance through its pages. It is filed away, too, more permanently in libraries, and even some individuals keep files of their favorite magazines. That is why some of my magazine advertising pulls—though it is in very small amounts—for a year, or even two years. It is therefore impossible ever to use a monthly publication if quick returns are desired—for quick results the newspapers are the only mediums. The closing date of monthly magazines, being

far in advance of the date of the publication, is another handicap. They are valuable, but copy for them must be planned far in advance, and usually it is necessary to wait some time for full returns.

In general, I make but little change—sometimes no change at all—in the list of books advertised in magazines of the quality class, magazines usually classed as "low-brow," high-class newspapers, and the tabloid newspapers. All of these supposedly vastly different audiences are given their choice of exactly the same books, at exactly the same price, under exactly the same conditions. To some extent, their selections from the same list do vary. In another place I compare these differences. But in general the appeal of the Little Blue Books is thoroughly democratic—they lure the nickels of the well-to-do as well as the nickels of those who have few to spare.

My newspaper campaigns are a unique feature of Little Blue Book advertising. Their success shows more than anything else that there is a real field for good reading at a price within reach of the average Pocketbook. People like to taste, also; they will nibble at the classics and at college subjects if it will not cost them too much to make the experiment. The crowning achievement of Little Blue Book distribution, indeed, I regard as the success of selling them through the pages of the tabloids—the gum-chewers' ad-sheets, the most sensational papers printed anywhere. In these papers, I have successfully listed and sold Little Blue Books of acknowledged excellence—many

of the same books bought by readers of *Harper's* and the *Atlantic Monthly.*

A complete list of the magazines that have printed Little Blue Book advertising would fill more than a page of this book. Some of them have proved good mediums for a time; others were tried for test purposes only. Several are used at long intervals; some are used regularly. They range all the way from *Police Gazette* to *Asia;* from the *Nation,* a liberal, to the *Pathfinder,* a conventional; from *Smart Set* and *True Confessions* to *Current History* and *Personality;* from the *Mid-Week Pictorial* to the *New York Graphic;* from *Hygeia* to *Physical Culture;* from *Harper's* to the *Writer's Digest.* Little Blue Books have been sold through the Capper Publications, the Fawcett Publications, the Newsstand Group, and the Macfadden Publications. They range from *Life, Judge,* and *College Humor* to the *Golden Book* and *Red Book.* Wherever readers are found —there is a place for the Little Blue Books.

From my nine years of advertising in all kinds of periodicals and papers I have built up a mailing list exceeding half a million names and addressses the world over. After each order has been filled file clerks look up the name and address of the customer in these drawers of stencils; if the name is not already there, a metal stencil is stamped on a special machine, and this stencil is filed in its proper place by state and city. Filing by addresses is for the convenience of the postoffice department when large mailings are made from these lists. That is why, when there is a change of ad-

dress, a customer must send both his old and his new address—for the stencil is filed by his address, and not alphabetically by his name.

These 500,000 names and addresses of book-buyers—only purchasers' names are stenciled, mere inquiries being answered and thrown away—are kept constantly up to date by a corps of clerks. All mailings of catalogues or circulars bear the line "return postage guaranteed," so that if the address is wrong the piece of mail will be returned and the stencil can be removed from the files. In every mailing—and there are at last two each year—from ten to fifteen percent of the addresses have changed.

This list of names, by the way, pays for its upkeep by rental. Other publishers or mail-order organizations using direct-mail advertising rent the use of this list of names. I remember that Edward Bok, when seeking to give the widest possible publicity to his Peace Plan, used the entire list of Little Blue Book buyers. The circular letters, already in envelopes, sealed and stamped, were sent to Girard by express. Only the addresses were affixed here. This is the usual procedure, and the business from this rental of the mailing list pays for keeping it in shape, and it is always ready for my own use—a convenient list of people who have bought Little Blue Books and who are likely to be interested in new catalogues with new titles.

Though I am largely dependent upon direct returns from national advertising being large enough to be profitable in themselves, at the same time I count upon a large amount of re-orders, as every mail-order house does. In

every outgoing parcel post package of Little Blue Books there is a small 32-page catalogue of the 1,260 Little Blue Books. From this catalogue alone thousands of dollars' worth of business accrues in the course of a year. For example, the little catalogue keyed as Dept. C-33, which was first sent out May, 1927, has brought in, to date, $20,630.55 worth of orders. These orders cost only the manufacturing cost of the catalogues; there was no mailing expense or other advertising expense whatever. The parcel post packages also contain "stuffing," which is made up of circulars and advertising matter about my publications—*Weekly*, *Monthly*, and *Quarterly*, and Joseph McCabe's *Key to Culture*—and some advertisements of clothbound books of other publishers which I think will interest Little Blue Book readers.

A most interesting aspect of this stuffing is a small, inconspicuous $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5$-inch slip, on ordinary book paper in black ink only, with room for very little argument or persuasion of any kind. This slip has been inserted in Joseph McCabe's Little Blue Books, and merely calls attention to Joseph McCabe's new series, *The Key to Culture*. The amazing power of Mr. McCabe is shown by the fact that several people a day who read his Little Blue Books use this little slip, this tiny "stuffer," to send in a subscription to *The Key to Culture*. This is selling a $5 article to a man who first buys something that costs only five cents. And just because of the influence of a man's name.

Another regular circular is a four-page $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$-inch folder describing William J. Fielding's new clothbound

book entitled *Sex and the Love-Life*. This is stuffed in all outgoing packages of Little Blue Books, and its only sales argument is a complete list of the contents of the book—and the price, $2.65. An average of 20 copies of this cloth-bound book are sold every day from this inexpensive circular—and to buyers of five-cent books. This speaks well for the influence of Mr. Fielding, and also for the sincere desire on the part of these readers to improve themselves by getting at the facts about life.

I constantly send out a $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5$-inch "coin-card," advertising the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly* for ten weeks at ten cents. This coin card urges the reader to send back a dime and receive the *Weekly* for ten weeks. This card alone keeps the circulation of the *Weekly* at an average of 70,000 copies—making it an excellent medium to advertise not only Little Blue Books, but my *Monthly* and *Quarterly* magazines. The *Monthly* costs $1.50 annually, and has been built up almost entirely through advertising in the *Weekly* to a circulation of 50,000 copies. The *Quarterly*, at $3 per year, has been similarly built up to 18,000 copies. Joseph McCabe's *Key to Culture* ($5 per 24 issues), through advertising in these publications and various circulars, has reached a subscription list of 7,000 (January 1, 1928).

Incidentally, I should point out that these publications of mine—especially the *Monthly* and the *Quarterly*—are not only valuable to me as advertising mediums for the Little Blue Books and for each other, but their editorial

requirements constantly complement the editorial needs of the Little Blue Books. Manuscripts bought for Little Blue Books are run serially in the publications, thereby advertising the author, and manuscripts bought for the publications are frequently gathered together later for Little Blue Books. Some very successful books have been evolved through this mutually helpful method. I point out particularly how such authors as Joseph McCabe, William J. Fielding, Will Durant, etc., have been made well known to Little Blue Book readers by this policy. This also reduces the expense of manuscripts and helps to keep the selling price of Little Blue Books at five cents each.

At one time I utilized the space on the back covers of the Little Blue Books themselves for advertising. I could, as a matter of fact, sell this space for a tidy sum annually. But I took my own advertising off, and have allowed no other advertising on the Little Blue Books, for no other reason than that it cheapened the books without enough gain to offset this lowering of the quality of the product. Little Blue Book covers present an attractive if inexpensive appearance in their plain blue covers, except for the number and title and author on the front. I prefer not to mar this neat appearance, even though it might sell a few more books per year.

For catalogue distribution I depend almost solely upon the little catalogues stuffed in outgoing packages, and in yearly catalogues mailed to my list of buyers of the Little Blue Books. Although to some extent, when a new catalogue

is ready, I advertise the publication of this new catalogue in magazines other than my own, I have found that the "general inquiry" form of advertising does not pay.

By general inquiry advertising I mean that which does not solicit orders, but endeavors to arouse the interest of the reader so that he will write for a free sample, a free booklet, or a free catalogue. For something fairly expensive, like a large set of clothbound books, when the margin between manufacturing cost and selling price is large, this is all right, because it is not necessary to sell to so many different customers in order to make it pay.

But in selling Little Blue Books I must sell to a great many individuals, due to the low profit each separate order represents. If I depend on inquiries for catalogues, I have to do the work, in effect, twice—first I have to interest the reader in a catalogue, and then, with the catalogue, I have to interest him in the books. It is better, I have found, to list some of the more attractive books in the original advertisement, and solicit orders directly on the merit of the product itself. If the reader also wants a free catalogue—well and good. But his attention is focussed at once on the books, and his business is solicited without any intermediary correspondence.

Little Blue Books do well in this form of direct advertising because if a man knows what they are and does not buy them from their titles as listed he will not buy them at all—for I cannot afford to spend many pennies arguing him into a purchase which the lure of the product itself cannot consummate. My best policy has always been to

print my catalogue—or as much of it as there may be room for—in the pages of the magazines and newspapers which carry my advertising.

A new form of Little Blue Book advertising is at present undergoing experimental exploitation. With so large a list it is possible to break the books up into a number of small, closely related groups of books. For example, Joseph McCabe has some fifty Little Blue Books giving a complete survey of religious controversy. These fifty books are being advertised, with promising returns, as a set—sold in unbroken lots of fifty, no choice being permitted. A series of fifty Little Blue Books giving the essentials of a high school education is being advertised and sold in the same way. This shows that different forms of appeal have their very separate values—people are buying these special sets who may have up to the moment ignored general Little Blue Book advertising in which they could have picked out these fifty titles or any fifty or less that they might have wanted.

A variation of this group advertising is also used when less than full-page copy is desired. I refer to advertisements of one column only, in a magazine, or even as small as 100 or 75 agate lines. I have even used as small an advertisement as 35 agate lines—listing a series of Little Blue Books on crime and criminals, with a choice of one book or more at five cents each plus a cent a book for postage. This is always to get new names from sources where it would not pay to run larger copy.

Some of the smaller advertisements have been headed: IMPROVE YOURSELF! These were usually in space of

75 agate lines, and are run in a wide variety of publications during spring and summer, when larger copy is likely not to pay out. I also use more sensational little ads, headed "I Want to Know About Love," with a list of the helpful Little Blue Books on sexual hygiene and love stories from the world's literature. These are the advertisements, usually in space of 50 agate lines each, which I now and then run in the "mail-order" publications. A list of from 50 to 70 Little Blue Books, though with abbreviated titles, can be set in small type in a space of 50 agate lines —giving a fair range of choice and making it possible for the advertisement to pay out on the two-to-one basis which I require.

Some of the results from such advertising are as follows:

Publication	Date	Space	Cost	Returns
Hygeia	Feb. 1927	1 column	$ 60	$128.58
Smart Set	July 1927	50 lines	80	312.35
Psychology	Aug. 1927	50 lines	25	123.49
Grit	May 1927	50 lines	60	120.96
American Girl	Feb. 1927	1 column	40	96.77
Youth's Companion	3-17-27	100 lines	125	236.49

Frequently, of course, I have the advantage of being able to test a piece of new advertising copy in one of my publications—the *Weekly*, *Monthly*, or *Quarterly*, or even in all three. If it pays out in these publications I can be fairly certain that it will have a good chance of paying out elsewhere, especially in periodicals I know to be good mediums for Little Blue Books.

For if I have learned any one general truth from my

experience in advertising Little Blue Books, it is that human nature is the same in all walks of life—which is nothing new. It is just that the Colonel's lady and Rosie O'Grady are really sisters under their skins, and so both of them buy approximately the same Little Blue Books. It may seem impossible that readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* should buy practically the same titles as readers of *Smart Set*, but it is nevertheless the truth. The desires and inclinations of all readers are much alike—they are limited chiefly by their ability to understand, by the range of their knowledge, and not by what they would like to read about if they can grasp it.

CHAPTER XVI

A COMPARISON OF ADVERTISING MEDIUMS

Are Different Little Blue Books Sold Via Different Magazines?

It is to their wide appeal that the Little Blue Books owe their success. By wide appeal I mean, of course, a series of books so selected and so distributed over a variety of subjects that the titles will lure orders from readers of *Harper's* as well as from readers of *Liberty* and *Pathfinder*. The same books are sold to all classes of readers—though there is a variation in the actual books selected, this variation is not as large as one might suppose. In most cases it is sound advertising to use the same copy in a group of publications of widely different tone and policy.

However, I have learned some interesting facts from my use of the same copy, in a variety of magazines and papers. I have learned, for example, that the *New York Times Book Review* is the only medium through which I can sell, in an appreciable quantity, the Little Blue Book edition of Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. Don't ask me why—many of the results from Little Blue Book advertising are almost riddles. For this book does not sell at all, comparatively, to the readers of *Harper's*—and only

mildly to readers of the *Nation*. The nearest competitor to the *Times* on this book is the *Smart Set*, with a sale of half as many.

Before I go into a lengthy discussion, I must explain the figures I shall use. I shall take up, in particular, the actual statistics secured from similar advertisements of 1927 in *Harper's, Nation, Smart Set, Pathfinder, N. Y. Times Book Review, Liberty*, and *N. Y. Daily Graphic*. This offers a wide range. *Harper's* is a magazine of limited appeal—a rather conventional, "quality," thoroughly safe and reliable magazine. The *Nation* also has limited appeal—but it is liberal, decidedly progressive, and reaches a group of aggressively alert, somewhat radical readers. The *Smart Set* is a rather sensational young people's magazine, dealing in the confession type of short story, articles on love and marriage, and so on. The *Pathfinder* is a weekly news magazine, thoroughly conventional, going chiefly to small towns (less than 10,000 population), with a circulation that is entirely mail order—no newsstand sales whatever. The *New York Times Book Review* is a feature section of the Sunday edition of the *N. Y. Times*, undoubtedly one of the world's greatest newspapers. The intellectual level of this review is high. *Liberty* is a national weekly "for everybody," reaching a mass of middle class and laboring class readers, partly because it is a five-cent magazine, and partly because its editorial content is kept up to the minute, short and easy to read, and planned to attract the weary reader who is anxious to amuse himself in fleeting spare moments. The *New York Graphic* is a

tabloid newspaper—read to a large extent in the subways of Manhattan, by thousands on their way to and from their work.

The question to be approached in this chapter is whether there are any wide differences in the books purchased by these seven groups of readers; and what these differences are. There are some, and they tell a story. But there are strong and significant similarities also—which will be demonstrated in due course.

The basis of the statistics has had to be given a common denominator, so to speak. The actual returns from the advertisements are necessarily widely divergent. But for the sake of comparison the figures used here represent the number of books ordered in 1,000 orders. That is to say, if 1,000 orders (of about 20 books each; or roughly 20,000 books in all) are received, and out of this group 90 people order Dickens' *Christmas Carol*—the 1,000 figure for this book is 90. As a matter of fact, 90 people out of the 1,000 selected from the *N. Y. Times Book Review* returns did order this book; 50 people out of the 1,000 *Smart Set* readers also ordered it—but of the 1,000 orders received from the *Nation*, only 10 ordered it. These are round numbers, but they hold true, and are genuinely representative.

There is one possible explanation of the difference in the sales of this particular title. Readers of the *Nation*, being well educated and for the most part well read, are already familiar with the story. Readers of the *Smart Set* and *Times*, however, have merely heard of it (speaking in

general), and are curious to read it. I cannot explain, however, the peculiar silence on the part of the readers of *Harper's,* who bought, for example, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—to the extent of 70 orders out of 1,000.

One broad generalization can be made without any possibility of contradiction. High or low, rich or poor, read or unread, the interest in sex—the relationship between men and women, the attraction of male for female and vice versa—is universal. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—all are fascinated by this subject. Whether the orders come from palatial residences or hovels, from cities or villages, from offices or homes, from colleges or prisons, the dominance of this subject is inevitable.

The interest in sex and love may express itself in different ways. The orders may be, indeed, for somewhat different books—but the impulse behind the orders, the motive for buying the books, is everywhere the same. Here are the figures, reduced to actual percentages, for the seven groups of orders to be analyzed here: *Harper's,* 41 percent of the readers buy books on sex, love, marriage, or a related subject; *Nation,* 61 percent; *Smart Set,* 70 percent; *N. Y. Times,* 54 percent; *Graphic,* 62 percent; *Liberty,* 71 percent; *Pathfinder,* 27 percent. In every case the proportion is more than a fourth; in all but two cases it is over half.

One of the amazing aspects of these percentages, to me, is the very low—comparatively speaking—sale of "sex books" to readers of the *Pathfinder.* Actually, these read-

ers bought books of self-improvement and self-education—which is to say books helping them toward better English, better health, better understanding of themselves and others and their relation to the world—to the extent of 31 percent. The *N. Y. Times Book Review* also runs to 31 percent self-improvement books, but the *Times* readers wanted to know about love and sex to twice the extent that *Pathfinder* readers did.

It is possible—no statistics are available, and I am merely offering a hypothesis—that readers of the *Pathfinder* are largely family groups, many of them perhaps elderly, living in small towns. Their interest in love and marriage has ceased to be intense, if I may put it that way. They show clearly that they are much more interested in educating themselves along lines other than phases of the relationship between male and female.

Viewing this interest in sex in more detail, though the dominance of the subject is paramount throughout all these mediums, the actual titles selected vary considerably, and are variously significant. For the sake of comparison I have before me lists of 100 Best Sellers for each of these seven magazines. In this list of 100 there are some sex books—a series by William J. Fielding—which are found in *all* seven lists. These are books which *everyone* wants, almost with exception:

What Married Women Should Know	260
What Married Men Should Know	220
What Young Women Should Know	200
Woman's Sex Life	200

Man's Sex Life	190
What Young Men Should Know	170

The figures indicate the average number of copies sold in each 1,000 orders. It is interesting to notice that the best seller of the group is *What Married Women Should Know,* and that the books for women outsell those for men. This holds true, in general, for all of my advertising. To some people this may indicate that women are more interested in securing authentic information of this kind than men. But in another place I have pointed out that from most indications men are the best buyers of Little Blue Books, and I rather think that men buy these books of facts for women as well as those addressed more particularly to themselves. I see no reason why both men and women should not read all of the books, and I am quite sure that this interest in the opposite sex explains the larger sale of the books for women.

As to whether men actually do buy more Little Blue Books than women, I have taken the trouble to find out. A careful tabulation of the orders received shows that 71 percent come from men and only 29 percent from women. Elsewhere I have pointed out how women's magazines seldom pay out for Little Blue Books advertising, and I explained that this was probably the reason. The legend that women do most of the reading in America must be founded upon something apart from the Little Blue Books if it is to be something more than a legend. For these facts are indisputable—the Little Blue Books do depend on men for their greatest support.

Mr. Fielding's *What Women Past Forty Should Know* is among the 100 Best Sellers for every magazine except the *Nation*, where it sold only 60 copies in 1,000 orders. This seems to indicate that most of the readers of the *Nation* are men, for this is a book which men are not likely to be interested in. The average figure for this book in all the mediums is 100, which is hardly more than half the sale of any of the books listed above. It sold best in the *N. Y. Times*, 200 copies in 1,000 orders; next best in the *Graphic*, 130.

Gloria Goddard's *Confidential Chats With Wives* is a better seller than Dr. Wilfrid Lay's *Confidential Chats With Husbands*, in all the magazines except *Harper's*, where these two books were not advertised, in the ratio of 90 to 70 out of 1,000 orders. They sold best in *Smart Set* (140 for Wives, 150 for Husbands) and *Liberty* (150 for Wives; 110 for Husbands).

Interest in marriage centered itself in the wide publicity now being given companionate marriage, as advocated by Judge Ben B. Lindsey. The book called *Judge Lindsey on Companionate Marriage* is among the 100 Best Sellers for *Harper's*, *N. Y. Times*, *Nation*, *Smart Set*, and *Liberty*. Its average sale was 160; its best sale was 300 in the *Nation;* its worst was 50 in the *Pathfinder*, though it sold only 60 in the *Graphic*. Readers of the last two publications can therefore be regarded as less abreast of the times in that they do not know about or do not care to know about companionate marriage. The sale of this book in the *Nation* shows clearly, too, that the readers of this pro-

gressive weekly are thoroughly wide-awake to what is going on in modern movements toward improving social welfare and individual happiness.

The book by my wife, Marcet Haldeman-Julius, called *Why I Believe in Companionate Marriage*, was also a best seller in the *Nation*, though not as good as the Lindsey book, selling only 110 copies in 1,000 orders. The next best figure is 100 for *Harper's*. The worst is 20 for the *Graphic*, though *Smart Set* readers bought only 30 copies in every 1,000 orders when they bought 220 of the Lindsey book. The average for all seven magazines is 70. Thus I say again that it is never possible to predict what a book may do, or where it may sell the best.

Another book with interesting figures is Clement Wood's rather humorous book called *The Art of Kissing*, which sold an average of 170. The actual figures for each publication are: *Smart Set* 350; *Harper's* 200; *Nation* 160; *Liberty* 150; *Graphic* 140; *Pathfinder* 100; *N. Y. Times* 80. The younger readers of *Smart Set* can explain that total, but how about staid and sober *Harper's?* And how is it that *Liberty* is fourth in the list? And *Pathfinder* actually displayed more interest in kissing than the *N. Y. Times*. Such are the vagaries of human inclinations. Mr. Wood's companion book, called *The Art of Courtship*, sold an average of only 60, as did also *Jokes and Clever Sayings About Kissing*. The latter book, by the way, went up to the phenomenal figure of 130 in the *Graphic*, practically equaling the sale of *The Art of Kissing*.

Fielding's *The Child's Sex Life* is among the 100 Best

Sellers in only two publications: *Graphic* and *Smart Set*, each with 90 sales in 1,000 orders. Dr. Reed's *What Expectant Mothers Should Know* is a Best Seller only in the *N. Y. Times* 90, *Graphic* 100, *Nation* 80, and *Harper's* 90. *Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams* leaps to prominence in startling fashion: *N. Y. Times* 250; *Pathfinder* 60; *Graphic* 300; *Liberty* 190; *Nation* 150; *Smart Set* 300; it was not advertised in *Harper's*. Havelock Ellis' *Love Rights of Women* is also interesting: *N. Y. Times* 120; *Pathfinder* 50; *Graphic* 110; *Liberty* 40; *Nation* 130; *Harper's* 110; *Smart Set* 130.

The two books available on birth control—which is to say discussions of it pro and con, since specific contraceptive information is prohibited by law—show a widespread interest in the subject. A comparison is best shown by parallel figures, as follows:

	Debate on Birth Control	Aspects of Birth Control
N. Y. Times	110	160
Pathfinder	30	50
N. Y. Graphic	120	150
Liberty	90	80
Nation	80	30
Smart Set	50	120
Harper's	Omitted	Omitted
Totals	480	590

The *Nation* is the only periodical whose readers show a marked preference for the controversial side of the subject. The greater interest in the "aspects" is, I fear, due to a vain hope that the book may contain hints or at least some

slightly veiled information, when it is obvious that a debate will not contain any details whatever.

The emphatic interest in sex, no matter what the phase, and regardless of the author of the work, is evidenced again by Theodore Dreiser's *America and the Sex Impulse*, certainly the best selling Little Blue Book of the trio he has in the list. This title, in fact, reaches some rather astonishing figures: *N. Y. Times* 140; *Pathfinder* 40; *Graphic* 130; *Liberty* 100; *Nation* 130; *Harper's* 100; *Smart Set* 80. Even Clement Wood's *Modern Sexual Morality*, which is wholly argumentative and rather abstract, shows these results: *N. Y. Times* 60; *Pathfinder* 20; *Graphic* 120; *Liberty* 60; *Nation* 120; *Smart Set* 150; *Harper's*, not advertised.

Wickedness, or what people regard as wicked, even when it is only the history of wickedness, has undoubted attraction. It is the lure, naturally, of forbidden fruit, more often than a genuine interest in understanding the circumstances the better to know life thoroughly and enjoy it sanely. Still, though the interest is in forbidden fruit, the books which people buy in my University of Print will inevitably give them the facts, and thereby induce an interest in the facts. I am confident that there is no false coloring, no misleading evasion, in any books I print. That is why I consider the large interest in prostitution healthful rather than otherwise, for it is clear that the series of histories of prostitution, written especially for the Little Blue Books by Leo Markun, are among the best sellers nearly everywhere. Witness these figures:

	Ancient Prostitution	Medieval Prostitution	Modern Prostitution
N. Y. Times	160	140	210
N. Y. Graphic	120	140	200
Liberty	130	80	150
Smart Set	220	180	230
Totals	630	540	790

These three books were not advertised in *Pathfinder*, *Nation*, or *Harper's*. The interest increases, understandably, as one nears modern times. And yet a book called *Sex Life in Greece and Rome*, though this may be due to a prevalent notion that Greece and Rome were immoral, sold like this: *N. Y. Times* 160; *Pathfinder* 50; *Graphic* 130; *Liberty* 60; *Nation* 50; *Harper's* 80; *Smart Set* 210.

Even books about men and women, without stressing sex or love, create widespread interest and bring in hundreds of orders. In particular it is interesting to observe the figures for two books of quotations from great men and women writers, as follows:

	What Great Men Learned About Women	What Great Women Learned About Men
N. Y. Times	60	70
Pathfinder	40	50
N. Y. Graphic	80	80
Liberty	60	30
Nation	70	50
Harper's	40	130
Smart Set	140	150
Totals	490	560

As usual, the women have it. This is substantiated by the success of a fairly new book called *What Frenchwomen Have Learned About Love,* which sold like this: *N. Y. Times* 80; *Pathfinder* 50; *Graphic* 110; *Nation* 50; *Liberty* 70; *Harper's* 140; *Smart Set* 170.

I should point out here that the people *will* have sex in some form or other in their reading, and if they cannot get it as specific as they wish, they will take what they can get. The larger totals of some of the milder books in such magazines as *Harper's* prove this. If the readers are given a choice between a mild title and a sensational title, they will nearly always take the latter if they can't afford to buy both. If they can have only the mild title, they will take it rather than nothing. It is human nature.

Before passing to other subjects, I want to say that the largest lists of books were advertised in *Liberty, N. Y. Times,* and *Graphic.* I have been especially interested to notice that only one classification or group of titles in *Liberty* has a 100 percent sale—which is to say that not a title under this classification showed zero. This classification was PASSION. Even books which would not have sold if listed miscellaneously, sold extremely well when placed under this heading. These are the books so classified, with their sales figures:

A Nun's Desire and Other Poems	220
Mme. Tellier's Establishment. Maupassant	200
Passion in the Desert. Balzac	190
Amorous Tales of the Monks	180
Lustful King Enjoys Himself. Hugo	180
Quest for a Blonde Mistress	170

The Falson, etc. Boccaccio	160
Sex Obsessions of Saints	150
Night in Whitechapel. Maupassant	140
Short Stories of French Life	140
Amateur Peasant Girl. Pushkin	130
A Bath, etc. Émile Zola	130
Italian Tales of Passion	130
Unconventional Amour. Moore	120
Lost Phoebe. Theodore Dreiser	110
Wages of Sin. W. D. Steele	100
Brazilian Love Stories. Lobato	90
Girl with 3 Husbands, etc.	80
Policewoman's Daughter. Hecht	70
Jazz, etc. Ben Hecht	70
Polite Parisian Scandals	70
Hedda Gabler. Ibsen	70
Montes: Matador and Lover. Harris	60
Love's Heroism and Other Tales	50
Happy Hypocrite's Love-Life	50
Smart Epigrams. De Gourmont	40

All those over 60 are in the 100 Best Sellers for *Liberty*, which gives this classification outstanding importance. The heading "Passion" is responsible, I know, because some of these titles, listed thus, do better than more sensational titles listed elsewhere.

For example, if Boccaccio's *The Falcon* were placed in competition with his *Illicit Love and Other Stories*, without any other description, the latter would do better. As it is, the former sold 160 against the latter's 130 which is truly amazing, for there is nothing suggesting love or sex in *The Falcon*. Similarly, Ibsen's *Doll's House* is zero, as against *Hedda Gabler's* 70, but the former is usually the better seller. Again, of Guy de Maupassant's books, *A*

Wife's Confession is usually up for first honors, but in this advertisement it sold only 110; while *A French Prostitute's Sacrifice*, always a sensational seller, did only 140, as compared with 140 and 200 for the two Maupassant titles listed under Passion. Likewise, Dreiser's *Lost Phoebe* just outdistances his *America and the Sex Impulse*, by 110 against 100, which is unheard of. It is the heading or classification that does it—such headings are an important part of my advertising.

It is significant, too, that the best seller under the listing Passion is a book of poems—entirely because the title is the most sensational. Even poetry, generally a difficult form of reading to sell, will be clamored for if it is linked up with sex or love or their manifestations.

Incidentally, the classifications FAMOUS LOVERS and WOMEN do less well, on the whole, than might be expected. Casanova, for example, does not arouse interest unless his amorous reputation is known. *Casanova: History's Greatest Lover* shows these revealing figures; as compared with other famous lovers, better or less known, as the case may be:

	Casanova	Cleopatra	Catherine the Great	Madame du Barry	Abelard & Heloise
N. Y. Times.	60	60	50	80	10
Pathfinder ..	10	80	10	60	0
N. Y. Graphic	40	150	100	70	20
Liberty	20	30	30	50	0
Nation	150	60	60	50	40
Harper's ...	Omitted	90	80	90	100
Smart Set ..	Omitted	Omitted	Omitted	150	Omitted

Casanova and Abelard with his Heloise sell best among the more educated readers of the *Nation* and *Harper's*. The women, once more, do best of all. The omission of most of these Famous Lover titles from the *Smart Set*, I should explain, was not due to censorship, but to lack of space—only one page was used in this magazine.

Even in matters of health the sex interest dominates, for instead of general rules of health, the people prefer to buy a book which tells them how to take care of their skin and hair—in other words, they put the emphasis on external appearance. Sex rejuvenation, of course, and sex physiology, with books about venereal diseases, also take the lead. These are authentic medical books, written by recognized physicians, under the general supervision of Dr. Morris Fishbein of the American Medical Association. This is the way these books compare:

	General Health Rules	Care of Skin and Hair	Sexual Rejuvenation	Venereal Diseases	Syphilis
N. Y. Times.	60	80	130	80	30
Pathfinder ..	50	70	60	50	20
N. Y. Graphic	60	Omitted	110	180	100
Liberty	20	50	90	70	30
Nation	10	70	Omitted	110	80
Harper's ...	30	Omitted	Omitted	Omitted	Omitted
Smart Set ...	Omitted	Omitted	90	90	70

Interest in other phases of health, and other diseases, is not so universal, as is shown by these figures from the periodicals in which the books were advertised:

	Cancer	Diabetes	Tuberculosis	Teeth	Patent Medicine
N. Y. Times ...	40	20	20	20	0
Pathfinder	40	30	30	40	0
Liberty	0	10	10	0	10
Nation	0	0	10	10	10
Totals	80	60	70	70	20

This interest in sex will be found to run through all other subjects, for even when we come to humor and jokes, there are jokes about lovers, kissing, married life, etc. The general collections of jokes have these figures.

	Kissing Jokes	Married Life Jokes	Lover Jokes	Ford Jokes	Drunk Jokes	College Jokes
N. Y. Times .	50	30	40	30	30	70
Pathfinder ..	60	60	40	20	20	20
N. Y. Graphic	130	110	90	20	40	40
Liberty	40	40	50	10	20	30
Nation	50	50	30	10	30	40
Harper's	20	70	40	10	0	40
Smart Set ..	90	90	100	90	30	20
Totals ..	440	450	390	190	170	260

When it comes to nationalities and humor, the Irish have it. Proverbial Irish wit has made itself famous around the world, and here is the indisputable evidence:

	Irish Jokes	Negro Jokes	American Jokes	Jewish Jokes	Scotch Jokes	Yankee Jokes	Rube Jokes	Hobo Jokes	Totals
N. Y. Times ..	100	60	70	170	100	60	20	70	650
Pathfinder	150	60	60	60	60	30	20	10	450
N. Y. Graphic .	50	30	90	70	40	70	20	40	410
Liberty	30	10	20	30	60	20	0	20	190
Nation	20	50	30	Omitted	30	20	10	70	230

	Irish Jokes	Negro Jokes	American Jokes	Jewish Jokes	Scotch Jokes	Yankee Jokes	Rube Jokes	Hobo Jokes	Totals
Harper's	100	50	30	50	90	30	20	10	380
Smart Set	90	60	40	60	100	20	20	30	420
Totals	540	320	340	440	480	250	110	250	

It is amusing to notice the popularity of Jewish jokes among the readers of the *N. Y. Times*, a popularity which extends somewhat to the readers of the *N. Y. Graphic* as well. But the Irish win the vote, beyond any question, and the Jews and the Scots come next. Though the last two columns are not nationalities, I listed them for comparison. There is comparatively little interest, it appears, in rube jokes—the metropolitan readers of *Liberty*, in fact, evince no interest whatever, and *Pathfinder*, going to small towns and rural districts, shows as much interest as any. One fact, not in the table, is that *Best German Humor* is among the 100 Best Sellers in the *Nation*. What this means, however, I cannot say.

Suppose we next look to the jokes about the professions, and see which of our professional classes provides the most fun for the masses:

	Jokes About Doctors	Jokes About Lawyers	Jokes About Preachers	Totals
N. Y. Times	70	60	50	180
Pathfinder	80	60	30	170
N. Y. Graphic	90	60	30	180
Liberty	20	0	10	30
Nation	50	90	30	170
Harper's	20	50	40	110
Smart Set	30	40	50	120
Totals	360	360	240	

The conclusion to be drawn, it seems, is that people like to laugh at themselves, or at their competitors, for it is assumable that lawyers are found largely among readers of the *Nation* and *Harper's*, although it may not be true that doctors particularly favor the *Graphic*. A craving for humor is not strong among readers of *Liberty*, as is shown by both this and the foregoing table; a liking for jokes, as a matter of fact, seems to be most compelling among readers of the *N. Y. Times*.

Even tastes for humor vary widely, at times, however. Besides the collections of jokes already listed, of which those 70 or over are among the 100 Best Sellers in the *N. Y. Times*, the 100 Best Sellers for this paper also include the *Popular Jokebook* (80), *Humor of Lincoln* (80), and *Best Jokes of* 1926 (90). *Pathfinder* has among its 100 Best Sellers, in addition to those 60 or over in the preceding tables, *Toasts for All Occasions* (140), *Best Jokes of 1926* (100), *Popular Jokebook* (70), *Funny Ghost Stories* (80), and Mark Twain's *Answers to Correspondents* (120). The *N. Y. Graphic*, besides those 80 or over in the preceding tabulations, includes among its 100 Best Sellers *Humorous Anecdotes* (80), *Broadway Wisecracks* (90). *Liberty* has only the following in its 100 Best Sellers that can be classed as evidence of a sense of humor: *Best Jokes of 1926* (60), *Scotch Jokes* (60), *Funny Ghost Stories* (60), *Toasts for All Occasions* (100), and Mark Twain's *English As She Is Spoke* (70). Readers of *Harper's* show a wider choice, for besides those already mentioned as 80 or over, they picked out these: Mark

Twain's *English As She Is Spoke* (100), *Toasts for All Occasions* (120), Stephen Leacock's *Ridiculous Stories* (120) and also his *Funny Dramatics* (100), and the *Humor of Lincoln* (90)—all of which must be included in the 100 Best Sellers for the *Harper's*. Readers of the *Smart Set* insist that *Masterpieces of American Wit* (100) be among their 100 Best Sellers, together with *Popular Jokebook* (130), *Toasts for All Occasions* (180), Mark Twain's *Answers to Correspondents* (130), and *Best Jokes of 1926* (140), with any in the preceding tables that show a figure of 90 or over.

Interest in self-improvement and self-education manifests itself chiefly in a strong desire to better one's English —to speak well, pronounce correctly, spell according to the dictionary, and so on. The books under the classification Better English are all good sellers. Best of all are those on conversation and improving vocabulary. Here are the figures so you may compare them:

	How to Improve Conversation	How to Improve Vocabulary	Spelling Self Taught	Grammar Self Taught	Punctuation Self Taught
N. Y. Times ...	200	190	110	200	160
Pathfinder	150	90	60	120	100
N. Y. Graphic..	140	140	60	80	60
Liberty	180	100	30	60	70
Nation	90	40	20	40	60
Harper's	160	120	80	130	120
Smart Set	220	160	90	100	90
Totals	1140	840	450	730	660

	Rhetoric Self Taught	Composition Self Taught	Book of Useful Phrases	Most Essential English Words	Common Faults in English
N. Y. Times	110	110	160	150	150
Pathfinder	0	10	80	30	90
N. Y. Graphic ..	40	60	110	110	70
Liberty	50	60	90	60	120
Nation	10	10	60	40	50
Harper's	60	50	110	80	110
Smart Set	80	50	110	110	140
Totals	350	350	720	580	730

	American Slang Dictionary	Book of Synonyms	Words Often Mispronounced	How to Pronounce Proper Names	How to Write Letters
N. Y. Times	140	100	170	110	140
Pathfinder	50	60	40	40	50
N. Y. Graphic	110	50	100	70	260
Liberty	120	90	90	20	90
Nation	50	50	40	10	10
Harper's	70	150	120	120	50
Smart Set	160	140	70	50	150
Totals	610	640	630	420	750

From these figures it is clear that there is a feverish interest in our mother tongue throughout the reading range of these seven publications. Readers of the *Nation* are least interested, first of all, I daresay because many are well educated; indeed, only one of the Better English books is numbered among the *Nation's* 100 Best Sellers, and that is *How to Improve Your Conversation.* The *Pathfinder* also shows low figures, but this is partly because the selections of *Pathfinder* readers are spread over the widest

variety of titles. Those 60 or over are among the 100 Best Sellers for *Pathfinder*, and these are also in this popular 100: *Hints on Public Speaking* 90, and *Hints on Writing Short Stories* 100.

The popularity of the *Book of Synonyms* is really astonishing—this book has always been one of the best sellers in the series. It is hard to explain, unless people associate it with improving their vocabulary, for there is certainly a universal passion for improving vocabularies if the sales of Little Blue Books are any indication. The interest in the *Dictionary of American Slang* is probably as much curiosity as any desire for self-improvement, but the book is listed under Better English, which proves the attractiveness of this classification.

An interesting variation is shown by *Smart Set* readers, for among the 100 Best Sellers for this magazine is *Hints on Writing Poetry*, which sold 100 copies in 1,000 orders. Of the books listed in the preceding tabulations, those selling 9 or over are among the *Smart Set's* 100 Best. Also among the favored 100 are *Foreign Words and Phrases* 110, *How to Talk and Debate* 100, *The Romance of Words* 90, and *Hints on Public Speaking* 90. But the interest in writing poetry is the most remarkable, for this is the only magazine where this book sold at all well. It is probably due to the younger element in this magazine's readers; the next nearest periodicals for this book are the *N. Y. Times* and the *Graphic*, the readers of both of these buying 30 copies in each 1,000 orders.

Readers of the *N. Y. Graphic*, on the other hand, showed

the most interest in *How to Write Business Letters,* selling 120 in every 1,000 orders. All books running 80 or over are in the *Graphic's* 100 Best Sellers; this also includes *How to Talk and Debate* (180), and *How to Argue Logically* (90). Readers of this tabloid are evidently desirous of improving their ability to aid the progress of business, for the next nearest competitor on this book is the *N. Y. Times* at 90. The *Times,* however, backs up its interest with *How to Make Money in Wall Street* among its 100 Best Sellers at 80—a book which sold only 30 to every 1,000 *Graphic* readers, 40 to every 1,000 readers of the *Nation,* and only 20 to every 1,000 *Liberty* readers who ordered Little Blue Books.

Of related interest is the series of Little Blue Books teaching foreign languages, together with pocket foreign-language dictionaries, easy readings, etc. *French Self Taught* (80) is among the 100 *Times'* Best Sellers and, also *Liberty's* 100 Best (70), but *Spanish Self Taught* (90) is among the 100 Best for *Pathfinder.* These are the only two periodicals which showed a foreign-language book among the 100 Best Sellers. The general result is as follows:

	German	French	Spanish	Italian	Latin
N. Y. Times	30	80	10	40	70
Pathfinder	40	60	90	60	10
Liberty	10	70	50	10	20
Nation	30	30	20	20	20
Totals	110	240	170	130	120

General books of self-improvement and education are in demand also. John Cowper Powys' essay, *The Secret of Self-Development,* is among the 100 Best Sellers of *Harper's* (80), and the *N. Y. Graphic* (90). Thomas Huxley's *How to Get a Liberal Education* is likewise a best seller in the *Graphic,* at 70 in each 1,000 orders; it is also a Best Seller in the *Pathfinder* at 60. The *Graphic,* however, is the only publication where *How to Work Your Way Through College* sells at all, where it is bought at the rate of 40 copies in every 1,000 orders. These tabloid readers are far from hopeless, my friends! *Graphic* readers, indeed, buy *How to Conquer Stupidity* at the rate of 80 per 1,000 orders, putting the book among the 100 Best Sellers for this paper. In this popular 100 for the *Graphic* also are these: *Is Life Worth Living?* 100, *Facts You Should Know About Will Power* 120, *How to Improve Memory* 120, and *The Conquest of Fear* 120. I wonder what this will signify to those who are aghast at the state of American culture? These readers are trying hard, at any rate, to better themselves.

As a matter of fact, readers of the *Graphic* buy 22 percent self-educational books when given their choice. This is the most of any of the seven publications we are discussing, except the *N. Y. Times* and *Pathfinder,* each of which is 31 percent. Numbered among the *Graphic's* 100 Best Sellers will also be found a book of philosophy, *Story of Nietzsche's Philosophy,* by Will Durant (130); a book of psychology, *Mental Differences Between Men and Women* (110); two books of poetry, *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*

(90) and Dante's *Inferno* (80). These people are even seeking to free themselves from religious bigotry and superstition, for their 100 most popular titles include Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason (80)*, *Self-Contradictions of the Bible* (80), Joseph McCabe's *Degradation of Woman* (100), and Ingersoll's *Reasons for Doubting the Inspiration of the Bible* (110).

No doubt many righteous people will be horrified at the sale of these heretical books. But the facts are that the readers want to get at the facts, and if they are given a chance to buy the books they will order and read them. It is true that more books on religious controversy are sold to readers of the *Nation* than to any other group, but this is to be expected. What is more interesting is that readers of the conventional publications are also buying such books, and buying them in appreciable quantities. An undercurrent of freethought and skepticism is, judging from my sales figures for Little Blue Books, running through the country among people of all classes. Look at these figures:

	Bible Contradictions	Age of Reason	Reasons for Doubting Bible	Why I Am an Infidel	Totals
N. Y. Times	30	10	40	40	120
Pathfinder	0	20	50	10	80
N. Y. Graphic	80	80	110	80	350
Liberty	40	50	60	40	190
Nation	100	60	150	130	440
Harper's	110	140	80	130	460
Totals	360	360	490	430	1640

When I see figures like these I am for the people who read the *Graphic*. They show more gusto and progressiveness than the sober readers of the *N. Y. Times*, for while the *Times* readers are afraid to face honest doubts, readers of the *Graphic* courageously try to find out the facts—there you have it, 350 out of every 1,000 *Graphic* readers buying these four skeptical books as against only 120 out of every 1,000 of the *N. Y. Times*. Luther Burbank's *Why I Am an Infidel*, by the way, is one of my very best sellers —a fact that I like to think about and dream over, for to me it tells much of the future of human thought and progress. It makes the pessimism of Maynard Shipley's *War on Modern Science*, for example, a little easier to bear. Skeptical books were, I am sorry to say, omitted from the *Smart Set* for lack of space, but I feel sure that *Smart Set's* younger readers would have bought them avidly.

We can pass easily from freethought to the great thinkers of the world, the philosophers about whom Will Durant wrote in his best-selling *Story of Philosophy*—which also sells well in Little Blue Book form. What do the sales figures for the little Blue Books have to say about the popularity of philosophy in America? Here are some figures for some of the world's outstanding thinkers, as computed from the sales totals of the Little Blue Books about them:

	Nietzsche	Schopenhauer	Plato	Voltaire	Spinoza	Aristotle
N. Y. Times	70	50	60	60	70	50
Pathfinder	0	0	20	30	0	0
N. Y. Graphic ..	130	70	40	Omitted	50	70

	Nietzsche	Schopenhauer	Plato	Voltaire	Spinoza	Aristotle
Liberty	80	10	40	10	20	20
Nation	80	120	20	80	90	80
Harper's	230	190	170	Omitted	220	200
Totals	590	440	350	180	450	420

	Bergson	Emerson	Bacon	Spencer	Kant
N. Y. Times	50	20	20	20	90
Pathfinder	10	50	0	0	0
N. Y. Graphic	50	Omitted	10	70	70
Liberty	10	0	20	0	20
Nation	80	0	30	30	90
Totals	390	70	240	280	490

The moral of all the above is that if you want to sell philosophy advertise it in *Harper's*. Your next best bet would be the *Nation*, and strange though it may seem, the next is the *N. Y. Graphic*, a tabloid. For, considering that two of these philosophical titles were omitted, the *Graphic* beats the *Times* though both total 560 above. Nietzsche attracts the most readers, but Schopenhauer follows close after him, and the interest in other philosophers is much larger than one might think. Even readers of the *Pathfinder* are not hopeless, though they are handicapped by a lack of classical education, for among *Pathfinder's* 100 Best Sellers is *Chinese Philosophy of Life* to the tune of 100 copies in every 1,000 orders.

To digress for a moment to a few individual titles, there is one that is on the list of Best Sellers for all of these publications except the *Nation*. This is *Party Games for Grown-Ups*, with these figures: *N. Y. Times* 80; *Pathfinder* 200; *N. Y. Graphic* 100; *Liberty* 90; *Nation* 40; *Harper's* 110; *Smart Set* 100. The consistent popularity of this book

speaks well for the good disposition of humanity at large, for there is evidently a universal desire for passing away the time happily in all kinds of good fun.

Another consistent best seller is Esther Floyd's *Hints on Etiquette,* which has these figures: *N. Y. Times* 110; *Pathfinder* 40; *N. Y. Graphic* 80; *Liberty* 80; *Nation* 70; *Harper's* 50; *Smart Set* 50. It seems that the rural readers of *Pathfinder* have not so much need for etiquette, while perhaps the readers of *Harper's* already feel proficient in its conventions, and the youngsters of the *Smart Set* are not yet ready for it. I offer these guesses merely to explain the lower figures for these publications; the book is a good seller in all, nevertheless.

I am especially interested in the figures for *Facts You Should Know About the Classics,* because this is a new title replacing Albert Mordell's book, *Dante and Other Waning Classics,* which was a failure. The change in title made a good seller out of a bad one, so I had Joseph McCabe write a new book to fit the new title. This title brought these results: *N. Y. Times* 70; *Pathfinder* 40; *N. Y. Graphic* 10; *Liberty* 30; *Nation* 60; *Harper's* 130; *Smart Set,* omitted. Apparently "classics" do not seem practical to readers of the *Graphic,* but they appeal strongly to readers of *Harper's.*

The greatest interest in miscellaneous fiction, particularly of the detective and adventure sort, is shown by readers of *Pathfinder.* This must be because time passes slowly in rural regions, and good reading is perhaps diffi-

cult to obtain. At any rate, the following belong in *Pathfinder's* list of 100 Best Sellers, with the figures noted:

Sherlock Holmes Tales. Conan Doyle (70 each of 4 different titles of Holmes stories)	280
A Bath, etc. Émile Zola	140
One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier	130
Voyage to the Moon. Jules Verne	110
Adventure Stories. Jack London	110
Girl with Three Husbands, etc	100
Quest for a Blonde Mistress	100
Mark of the Beast. Kipling	90
Tales of Far North. Jack London	90
Five Weeks in Balloon. Jules Verne	90
Tales of Terror and Wonder	90
Adventures of Kit Carson	90
A Wife's Confession. Maupassant	90
Book of Real Adventures	80
Mysteries of Egypt's Pyramid	80
Gruesome Tales. E. A. Poe	80
On the Bum: Tramp Life Sketches	80
Carmen: Adventure Story. Mérimée	70
Great Sea Stories	70
Battles of Seamen. Capt. Marryat	70
Great Pirates and Their Deeds	70
Great Detective Stories	70
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Stevenson	60
Great Ghost Stories	60

Consistent with this interest in adventure, *Camping, Woodcraft, Wildcraft* (70) is also among *Pathfinder's* 100 Best, and likewise *How to Know the Songbirds* (100).

Before passing on to some of the peculiar choices of other publications, I should point out that *Pathfinder's* 100 Best Sellers also include the following: *How to Tie Knots* 100; *How to Make Candy* 110; *Familiar Quotations* 110;

500 *Riddles* 110; *How to Think Logically* 90; *Popular Recitations* 110; *Lives of U. S. Presidents* 100; *Puzzles and Brainteasers* 120; *Speeches of Lincoln* 80; *Sailor Chanties and Cowboy Songs* 80; *Interior Decoration for Small Homes* 80; *Dictionary of Authors* 80; *Amateur Magic Tricks* 70; *How to Play Checkers* 70, etc. You can, if you consider these judicially, discern a rural inclination all through—some of these are books that people are likely to buy in the outlying country districts.

Turning to the younger readers of the *Smart Set*, and the 100 Best Sellers they have selected, we find them also interested in *How to Make Candy*, to the extent of 200 copies in every 1,000 orders. They picked out from Wibur Daniel Steele's trio, *A Devil of a Fellow* 100, and they expressed a strong wish to read Kipling's *Without Benefit of Clergy* 130. Their interest also centered itself in *The Truth About N. Y.'s Chinatown* 120, and *Beginning Married Life Right* 100, and *The Charming Hostess* 90, and *How to Play Card Games* 90, and *Genetics for Beginners* 90, all of which is more hopeful than otherwise.

I have already had a great deal to say about the readers of *Liberty*. As final clean-up data at hand, I can add that they picked out, among their 100 Best, Jack London's *Son of a Wolf* 80, Fielding's *Puzzle of Personality* 70, Kipling's *Gunga Din* 70, both *Crossword Puzzle Books*, 70 each, *Handbook of Commercial Law* 70, *Mathematical Oddities* 60, etc. *Liberty* is the only medium in which the crossword puzzles were so popular as to be among the 100 Best Sellers. This is perhaps due to the fact that *Liberty*

has run, for a long time, a weekly puzzle as part of its editorial content.

Of the *N. Y. Times* much can be said. In general, it has always been an excellent medium through which to sell Little Blue Books. In addition to titles already mentioned elsewhere in this chapter, however, the following of the 100 Best Sellers are significant: *Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask* 100; *Mary, Queen of Scots* 100; *Louis XVI and His Corrupt Court* 90; *Shelley and His Loves* 90; *Familiar Quotations* 100; *Facts About Fortune-Telling* 90; Ibsen's *Doll House* 80; *Facts About Architecture,* 80; *Memories of Sarah Bernhardt* 80; *Memoirs of Madame de Stael* 80; Dante's *Inferno* 70, etc.

Characteristic of what has been said about the readers of the *Nation* are the following additional citations from the 100 Best Sellers: Maeterlinck's *Pelleas and Melisande* 90; Bertrand Russell's *What Can a Free Man Worship?* 200; Frank Harris' *Daughter of Eve* 100; Joseph McCabe's *Phallicism in Religion* 100; Bierce's *Debunking Tales* 100; McCabe's *Did Jesus Ever Live?* 130; Harris' *A Mad Love* 90; *Luther Burbank's Funeral Oration,* by Judge Lindsey 80; Clarence Darrow's *Voltaire Lecture* 80; *Behaviorism, Newest Psychology* 100; Darrow's *Debate on Capital Punishment* 80; *Astronomy for Beginners* 80; McCabe's *World's Great Religions* 80; Dumas' *Crimes of the Borgias* 70; Upton Sinclair's *Naturewoman* 70; Darrow's *Is Mankind Progressing?* 70; McCabe's *Horrors of the Inquisition* 70; McCabe's *Seven Infidel U. S. Presidents* 70; McCabe's *The Dark Ages* 60; etc. The strong in-

terest in Behaviorism may be due in part to the recent series emphasizing it which ran for a time in the *Nation*. Special considerations like this, when known, sometimes explain what might otherwise be mystifying preferences shown by readers of different periodicals.

Of the *N. Y. Graphic* I have probably said sufficient. However, I must take a sentence to say that *How to Teach Yourself to Swim* is in the *Graphic's* list of 100 Best Sellers, with 110 sold in every 1,000 orders. It is not in any other list of Best Sellers.

Coming finally to *Harper's*, I notice a strong interest in psychology, more consistently displayed than in any of the other publications I have here discussed. These titles, for example, are among the 100 Best Sellers: *Psycho-Analysis Explained* 120; *How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself* 120; *The Psychology of Leadership* 100; *Behaviorism* 120; *Psychology of Character Building* 100; *Sex Symbolism* 90; *Psychology for Beginners* 80, etc. Evidently psychology and philosophy, before mentioned, are excellent subjects to advertise in *Harper's*.

Harper's is the only one of these seven publications, too, where books giving the facts about palmistry (160), astrology (100), and fortune-telling (70) are excellent sellers. There is a strong interest in entertainment of all kinds, it seems, for *Curiosities of Mathematics* (160) and *Mathematical Oddities*, (100), are both Best Sellers. Others on the favored list of 100 are: Dante's *Inferno* 140; *Cellini, Swordsman, Lover, Sinner* 100; Hecht's *Tales of Chicago Streets* 120; Bierce's *Devil's Dictionary* 120; Mc-

Cabe's *Did Jesus Ever Live?* 100; *Marriage and Morals in Soviet Russia* 90; *Love Letters of a Parisian Actress* 90; *Memoirs of Madame de Stael* 90; H. G. Wells' *Stolen Bacillus and Other Stories* 90; McCabe's *Phallicism in Religion* 90; *Speeches of Lincoln* 80; Kipling's *Vampire* 80; Kipling's *Mulvaney Stories* 80, etc.

I have taken particular pains in these last wholesale listings of Best Sellers to select titles that are peculiar to the magazine cited—by which I mean titles that are not Best Sellers (limited to 100 for each publications) in the other six. I thus indicate partially some of the peculiarities, some of the special choices made by different groups of readers.

In summing up, I do not wish anyone to emphasize too much these differences—for these figures are necessarily limited. Though a book is not among the 100 Best Sellers, it may sell well enough to pay to advertise it in a given publication. In general, when the choice is spread over a large group, it is possible to advertise a list of 500 good sellers in all seven of these publications, without any change of emphasis for any one of them apart from the others, and get substantially the same results. It is true, however, that in a larger assortment, readers of *Pathfinder* would be more interested in detective and adventure books than in philosophy, while readers of *Harper's* would like to have more philosophy and psychology. Readers of the *Nation* would like more controversial subjects, particularly books giving the facts about religion. And so on.

All of them, I repeat, want books dealing in some way

with sex, or love, or marriage. That is perhaps the only general conclusion that can be drawn from the statistics I have here presented. But I add to it a growing interest in skepticism and freethought—otherwise how is it possible to explain the success of the Little Blue Books, which lean strongly toward rationalism, and yet have sold over 100,000,000 copies in the past nine years?

Three things—three main subject classifications—I would name as the trio which will encompass most of the interest displayed by the readers of these seven publications, if taken *en masse*. They want Sex, which includes love, marriage, passion, men, women, birth control, etc.; Self-education and Self-Improvement, which includes bettering their English, educating themselves in particular subjects, philosophy, psychology, etc.; and Freethought or Skepticism, which means releasing themselves from the fetters of superstition, religious bigotry, and theological dogmatism. Perhaps, however, I should put on a par with Freethought the widespread desire for Fun and Laughter —which includes jokes, games, sports, etc. But if I increase the trio to these four—Sex, Self-Improvement, Freethought, and Entertainment—I am sure that I cover 90 percent of the reading interests of America.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PASSING OF THE "SALES POLICY"

Why the Little Blue Books No Longer Need Date-Line Sales

For a little over eight years the Little Blue Books were in an experimental state; then, for the first time, a clear way began to appear toward something more dependable, toward something established. By experimental I mean that the Little Blue Books, for at least eight years, were fighting their way toward real commercial success. The goal was not quite reached, perhaps, during 1927—a peak year with a total distribution of 21,000,000 books—but as 1928 opens I can assert with great confidence that the experimental period during which "date-line sales" were a necessity has passed.

No date-line advertising copy—by which I mean advertising which gives a definite closing-date, before which all orders must be mailed in order to get the benefit of the sale—has been used in Little Blue Book sales promotion for almost a year. It is true that "closing out" copy has been used, especially during the early winter months of 1927–1928, but I explain this a little later. This was not sales copy in the usual sense, but a statement of policy—it was thought expedient to close out the Little Blue Books

to make room for a new series. Results indicated that the Little Blue Books had not yet reached a saturation point; the public is not weary of the five-cent pocket series, so it is going on—with new advertising which offers only the pick of the list, without a date-line, and without any "hurry-up" sales feature.

To tell the story from the beginning I must go back to 1919, when the Little Blue Books were in embryo. Or perhaps I should not use that figure, for some of the books were in existence in 1919—books that were the nucleus of the series that was to be. Perhaps I should say that in 1919 the Little Blue Books were like a very young infant, an infant with promise of robust health, an infant with husky lungs and a loud voice betokening strong adolescence and sturdy manhood. Even now the child is only nine years old—yet it is ready to stand firmly on its own legs, without any special pleading or sensational argument to insure its support.

I ask my readers to bear in mind continually that the Little Blue Books are only nine years old; that even now the series is beginning only its tenth year. This extreme youth throws a helpful light on much of the history of the Little Blue Books; this youth is the real explanation of the experimental eight years or so during which various advertising expedients were genuinely imperative.

In 1919 the Little Blue Books sold for twenty-five cents apiece, then at five for a dollar, and later, as an experiment, they were offered at ten cents each. Each price re-

duction meant, in effect, that the total distribution must leap up in inverse ratio: if the price were halved the sales must more than double, and so on. Briefly, this is because the selling expense must be reduced by a larger volume of sales from the greater effectiveness of the new selling point of a lower price. At the same time the initial expense of putting a new title into the list must be diffused over a wider distribution of the books—though the manufacturing cost per book would remain the same until production could be increased to a point where newer and more automatic machinery could be installed.

This sounds involved. Perhaps I can make it clearer by using a small store as an example. Suppose this store has two clerks, and they are idle more than half the day. Though the store may be paying expenses, and netting a fair percentage on the investment, and though both clerks may be needed to handle the routine, there is a possibility that the store can increase its business, and its profits, by a price reduction. Suppose that the prices are cut twenty-five percent. This is a real inducement for customers to come and buy. If the increased business swells the volume so that the clerks are kept busy, and makes the turnover or disposal of stock twice as rapid as before, the store can be content with a smaller margin of profit on the larger volume of business because the selling expense per dollar has really been reduced. Two clerks now handle twice as much business as they did when they were idle much of the time. The customers get the benefit of the in-

crease in sales, and, reacting to the price reduction, feel more disposed to buy because they are getting more for their money.

Clerks are machinery, and vice versa. It is better for any plant to sell its capacity output at a low price per unit, than to sell only half of its capacity at two or three times that price per unit.

This is, in summary, what has happened to the Little Blue Books. It has been one experiment after another. I have always had to find out if it was possible to increase the distribution sufficiently to justify a reduction in the price. If the eight years from 1919 to 1926 inclusive have seemed to some readers a chaotic succession of last-minute sales, this is because eight years after all are not a very long time.

It was in 1922 that the first five-cent sale was advertised —when the series contained 300 titles. These Little Blue Books, to speak in general terms, cost so much apiece to produce, and at this time they were selling regularly for ten cents each. Of each dime received for each book a large part had to go to pay the advertising or selling expense—which is the expense of informing the prospective buyer that Little Blue Books are available at such and such a price and placing before him a list of the titles so that he can make his choice. When the books sold for ten cents apiece I was ready to spend five cents of each dime received for them to advertise and sell them.

My problem was just this: Could I attract more buyers at a five-cent price—enough more to enable me to spend

only two and a half cents to sell each book, and at the same time enough more to tax my plant's output to capacity and keep the manufacturing cost down? I thought I could. I was ready to try the experiment anyway.

If any of my readers have the impression that Little Blue Books—or any other product—will sell just by being advertised, it is time that they abandoned such a fantastic notion. This point can be reached only after constant repetition of persuasive advertising. A reputation must be built up; a product of wide appeal must be evolved; a sound economic ratio between the selling price and the cost of producing and selling must be reached. All these things require testing—it is inevitably a constant laboratory process of trial and error.

I have pointed out elsewhere that at first the ten-cent price—and then the five-cent price—was so sensational in itself that people bought the books, many books that later became poor sellers, just to get them at that price. From this, slowly but surely, I was to learn what the readers really want—and how to give it to them. The list of 1,260 Little Blue Books now, in 1928, being advertised without date-line persuasion, is the result of this evolution—it has taken almost ten years to bring into existence a series of such wide appeal, and with such a thoroughly established reputation, that the books will sell spontaneously on the mere announcement and printing of the list.

Advertising, to get back to my story, takes various forms —from actual display space in newspapers and magazines to all kinds of catalogues, circulars, letters, and so on—

but advertising of some kind is always necessary to place any product before the modern public and find the right market for it. Or even to find out whether the product has a market, and a big enough one to justify its manufacture. This advertising must, furthermore, attract attention—it must get attention and then focus this attention on the merits of the product. If the product is a new one, without a reputation, the attention must be secured by something besides the mere announcement of the product.

I had a ten-cent book to sell, and I wanted to sell the same book for five cents. The more people who knew of the Little Blue Books, the more sensational would any price relating to them become. I could attract attention by the nickel price; the next thing I had to do was to concentrate this attention on the books, and compel immediate action. I was looking ahead, even as far back as 1922, to the day when a Little Blue Book could be sold for five cents postpaid to any address in the world. But to announce this too early would have meant disaster. I could not simply mark down the price and sit back to wait for the public to grab the books for a nickel apiece. For, in the first place, the public would not do it; in the second place, the public would not do it enough.

There is a vast difference in the appeal of a choice of 500 titles, and a choice of 1,260 titles. Ten people could examine a list of 500 titles, and perhaps only five or six will find something to interest them enough to make them spend their money. But the same ten people can examine a

list of 1,260 titles, and perhaps as many as eight will find some books to interest them.

But to increase 500 titles to 1,260 is a task. I know, now that it is done, that it could not have been accomplished in the nine years just past without what some people like to call "sensational" advertising. I had my choice of doing it in nine or ten years, or doing it in twenty-five or thirty years. I chose the shorter time.

Incidentally, by 1,260 titles I do not mean just any titles that happen to come along. I mean 1,260 really popular titles. In the nine years of publishing Little Blue Books, nearly 2,000 titles have been in print at some time or other, if you add in all the books which were in print and later were withdrawn to be replaced by other books.

A buyer is phlegmatic when faced with a product which he does not recognize as something he needs. If he sees no reason to grab it, he will take his good time about making a purchase—if he makes one at all. If, in 1922, I had calmly advertised that after the first of February the Little Blue Books would be only five cents each, people would have read the announcement and most of them would have made a mental resolution to buy some one day soon. But how soon? And how many would remember to do it?

Instead of that, I announced a sale—an experimental sale to make a test of the five-cent price. Until a certain date—say March 31st—people could buy the Little Blue Books for five cents each, half price. After midnight of

March 31st the price would go back to ten cents, the usual price.

In this way I made certain that everyone really wanting to buy Little Blue Books for a nickel instead of a dime each would do so by the 31st of March. I also made sure just how many people would respond to each advertisement of the sale, and how soon they would respond—for sales advertising is substantially dead after the date-limit of the sale is passed.

By announcing a sale, with a definite date-limit, I was in effect holding a caucus. I was polling votes for and against the five-cent price for Little Blue Books. All votes had to be in by March 31st. The votes received were affirmative ones; the expense of polling the votes could be considered as standing for negative ones. It was thus a simple matter to figure the manufacturing cost of the books sold during the sale, plus the expense of handling and filling orders, plus the expense of selling whatever books were sold through the sales advertising.

The first five-cent sale of the Little Blue Books did not justify making the nickel a permanent basis for selling the books. On the expiration date the price did indeed go back to ten cents apiece, and in several subsequent sales, when the price was again advertised at five cents, when the volume of sales totals due to the date-line advertising was past, the price reverted of necessity to ten cents for each book.

By this sales policy and date-line advertising through eight experimental years, I galvanized the book-buyer

into immediate action. I said to him, in effect: "Here is a bargain—until a certain date you can have it for five cents. After that date the price will be ten cents." He has had to act by the date limit I set, or he has lost the opportunity to act at all.

No, some cynic is saying, he has not lost the opportunity forever—but only until the next sale comes around. My answer to that is that he did not have any assurance that there would ever be another sale. His decision to buy the books during a given sale must always be arrived at from the facts before him. He has an opportunity to buy books for a nickel each until May 30th. Perhaps there will be another opportunity six months later, but this is only speculation. Meanwhile, his attention sharply arrested by the sales copy, he pauses to look over the books. He finds some, probably, that he would like to have. If he orders them before May 30th they will cost five cents each; if he tarries until after that date, he is told in very clear language that they will cost him twice as much. If he wants the books and has the money to buy them, the chances are much in favor of his sending his order before the closing date.

The five-cent price remained uncertain for nearly eight years. During a date-line sale the five-cent price would be justified, but as soon as business dwindled after the sale—as it always must, unless other advertising is sufficiently compelling to carry on the volume—the five-cent price would be expensive to maintain. Because I knew that somewhere there was the right ratio between selling price, cost of manufacturing and selling, and number of titles for

choice—and that it was my job to discover this ratio—I even tried a few sales with the price as low as four cents, and once as low as three cents. The increased business on these two lower prices, however, was not enough to indicate that they are feasible.

As a matter of fact, at one time—it was in the early summer of 1925—I came near to facing failure. The distribution for the year, to the first of May, was not enough to warrant continuing the Little Blue Books at five cents each; to go back to a higher price at that time, when I thought the permanent five-cent unit price was in sight, would have meant ruin. My only course was to go ahead—which meant to find out for certain if the Little Blue Books were doomed. If the five-cent price were not swiftly vindicated I would have to quit.

I know that many readers have not forgotten that I threatened to quit at that time. I said to them, through my advertising: "I shall stop publishing the Little Blue Books —unless you send me enough orders to prove to me that the books are still wanted. You have until June 30th to mail your order. Let me know your answer on or before that date." These were not the words I used, but they are the gist of my announcement.

This sale was sincere enough. I either had to sell the books—or stop making them. I gave the public its choice —if the orders during the sale had not passed beyond a certain deadline, I would have kept my word and quit. Even as it was, I kept my word, for I found out that the orders passed far beyond the deadline, and that the clamor

was for the Little Blue Books to go on. This sale, indeed, put 1925 over with a distribution a little better than the previous year—I am proud that each year has been a little better than the last.

The sales headlines were true, and they did the work. People read these Little Blue Book advertisements and checked off the books they wanted—because they wanted to get them before they were all gone. These same people mailed their orders before the closing date, because they did not want to be left out. This was encouraging—for it showed that the time would yet come when the Little Blue Books could attract enough attention without "hurry-up" slogans and date-lines to keep on with mass production and a five-cent price.

The next sale was in the winter of 1925–1926, closing February 28, 1926. It was during 1925 that investigations showed that any classic, just because it was offered in a five-cent edition, would not sell in large quantities. I have described in the chapter entitled "The Hospital," and further in that called "The Morgue," how failing Little Blue Books were either saved or killed. But I did not like to withdraw those classics without giving Little Blue Book readers a chance to express an opinion on the change of policy—via orders for books they really wanted.

The reason for this sale was the change of policy implied in withdrawing certain books and replacing them with more popular titles. I did not advertise exactly which books were to be withdrawn—for I did not know myself. I knew that certain titles would have to go if the sale did

not improve their showing, but even I had to wait for the results of the sale before I could be sure.

The attention of the public was drawn to the advertising of this sale as though by a magnet. Date-line copy is sound sales psychology, beyond any possible doubt. If you have until February 28th to act, you will act before then if you really want to benefit by it. The entire list of Little Blue Books was printed during this sale, and it was announced that after February 28th many of them would be withdrawn, never to be reprinted. The avalanche of orders showed that people did not want Little Blue Books to be withdrawn, but—

This But is a big one. The public proved to my satisfaction that Little Blue Books were wanted, but the public, in making its selection from the complete list of books, proved also that it wanted what had already been shown to be the most popular books. Most of the titles which had failed during 1925 continued to lag behind in the sale. When given their choice, the people bought the books that my experience had taught me were of widest appeal.

I have withdrawn those books, as I said I would. This is shown by even a cursory comparison of my listings in January, 1926, with my new listings for January, 1928. The differences are wide and often drastic. More than 200 books have been withdrawn or in some way popularized during the two-year interval. More than 400 books have been altered at least in the title or the listing in the catalogue.

This 1925–1926 sale proved conclusively that a sale

justified by necessary revision or alteration of policy would make that policy even more desirable by confirming it. Though the people responded to the date-line sales advertising because they wanted to get the books that appealed to them *before any books whatever were withdrawn*, less than five percent of the people ordered any of the books actually slated to be killed (unless the new sales copy improved their showing). The sale told me what I wanted to know and I went ahead on that information. I should add, also, that by "popularizing" the series of Little Blue Books I have never meant lowering their standard or in any way vulgarizing the list.

Even during the eight experimental years I gave copy other than date-line sales copy a chance. I kept testing out straight advertising, copy without any sales feature as persuasion, but until the latter part of 1927 it never paid out. Until that time only imperative headlines, "hurry-up" copy, was sufficiently forceful to goad buyers into immediate action and keep the yearly turn-over of the Little Blue Books enough to justify their production for a nickel apiece. I say again that sales copy of this kind, insisting that the books had to be bought by a given date or not at all, is all that made possible 1,260 different titles in only nine years.

During the spring and summer of 1927 small (less than full pages) advertisements were used, listing books of certain classifications only, making special drives on their particular appeal. I shall discuss in another place the success of this form of sales promotion for the Little

Blue Books. What I wish to point out here is that no sales copy—no date-line—was used.

Then, when it became necessary to plan the advertising policy for the fall of 1927 and the winter of 1927-1928, a serious situation was revealed. Sales had dropped alarmingly during the late spring, compared with what the year should show if the Little Blue Books were to keep up the pace necessary to keep them alive. Something must be behind it—was I facing failure again?

The situation in the automobile market was a keynote to popular feeling. I thought that the people might also be weary of a standardized five-cent book, as they appeared to be of Henry Ford's Model T. It seemed that a more expensive book might be wanted—which is to say a *better looking* book, for the contents are as excellent as they can be now—and I thought that the time might have come for abandoning the Little Blue Books entirely in favor of a more expensive series.

The advertising policy was determined by these conditions. I embodied these general conclusions in the fall and winter advertising campaign. I had somewhat over six million books in my warehouse; those in the process of manufacture would bring this to over seven million. If I really had to start another series, I must first sell these books. Why not test the public's feelings in the matter? Why not ask people if they wanted these books?

So the advertising said that the Little Blue Books would be discontinued for a bigger and better looking series of

more expensive books. But here is the important fact about this advertising—it carried no date-line whatever. I said the Little Blue Books would be discontinued when they were sold out, but I did not give any date. I even *guaranteed* to fill every order received from this advertising. The readers were not persuaded by any dictatorial headlines as they had been in the past—but they were given their choice of the most popular Little Blue Books, while they might last.

The first returns from the early fall advertising were very encouraging. I began to suspect that the standardized five-cent book had not yet outlived its popularity. Later returns confirmed this—the response, finally, saved the Little Blue Books. Thousands of letters, besides the orders,, poured in from all over the country and even from foreign lands protesting against the cessation of the series. "Start a new series," the usual recommendation was, "but let the Little Blue Books go on."

The significance of this latest advertising campaign is far-reaching. It means that the Little Blue Books have at last reached that happy ratio between selling price, manufacturing and selling cost, and scope of choice, which makes them alluring without date-lines and without any "hurry-up" sales feature.

In fact, the 1928 campaign began with straight copy—a complete list of 1,260 books, a catalogue printed on a full-sized newspaper page—and this copy is more than holding its own against the previous record of date-line

sales copy. Here are the figures for the Chicago *Tribune*, in which a full page, listing all the books, appeared Tuesday morning, January 10, 1928:

First Day returns from Jan. 10, 1928, no sales feature, $320.
First Day returns from next best previous insertion, with date-line sales feature, $265.

In keyed advertising such as I use for selling the Little Blue Books it can always be assumed that the first day's returns will indicate the general outcome of the entire run of returns from that advertisement. The preceding figures show that this 1928 page will surpass the result of any previous advertisement in the same paper.

This late 1927 campaign, indeed, was so successful that I quickly made the decision to go on with the Little Blue Books, and those titles selling out quickest were rushed to the presses again to fill the rush of orders. No one was disappointed. Now the first part of 1928 is busy largely with the preparation of new catalogues, of this new advertising copy without a date-line and without any sales feature—advertising that has shown itself to be the right kind at last. In the tenth year of the Little Blue Books they have reached their goal—more than 1,200 titles at five cents each postpaid to any address in the world.

I realize that my past policy of selling Little Blue Books through date-line sales was considered by many to be objectionable. I am sure, though, that those people did not grasp the experimental nature of the series during that time. They forgot that the books had been in existence

only five or six or seven years. They did not remember, in fact, that the series came into existence *after* the close of the World War. Surely so far-reaching an enterprise could have been considered experimental even for ten years, instead of slightly more than eight.

Another reason why my sales perhaps seemed to some people so constant is that, in number of agate lines (in which advertising is measured), according to actual figures, I do more national advertising every year than any other book publisher—and my product sells for the least per unit. These two facts explain much.

I can plead plenty of justification. I have already shown that the advertising has never been deceptive, and that it always represented the actual situation. I threatened to withdraw classical Little Blue Books because people did not want them: the people proved they did not want them and I withdrew them. I announced, as a change of policy, that the Little Blue Books would be discontinued to make way for another series: I was told, by the results, that the Little Blue Books were still wanted, and so they are continuing.

The answer to my announcement of this change of policy is even more convincing because the announcement carried no date-line. This told me at once that the time had really come to try "straight" advertising, on the appeal of the books themselves, at the established price of five cents each postpaid anywhere in the world. I am as glad as anyone that 1928 opens without a sales feature in Little Blue Book advertising. The goal has been reached, and it is

curious to note that it comes almost simultaneously with the sales total of 100,000,000 books in nine years.

In conclusion, I am not the only publisher who has used sales advertising with a date-line. I am willing to admit that I have used more of it, because my annual advertising runs into a larger figure. I use more mediums, that is. For example, the Little Blue Books have regularly used full-page space in newspapers throughout the country; I am the only publisher, indeed, who uses the tabloid newspapers to sell any books whatever of an educational and avowedly high literary standard. The success of the Little Blue Books in the tabloids is a triumph in itself.

I am sorry if the date-line sales have displeased some of the readers of Little Blue Books. I had to risk displeasing the few in order to reach the many—and thereby keep the Little Blue Books moving ever ahead toward the ultimate goal. That goal seems now to have been reached. I am grateful to the thousands of readers who have made it possible—and I hope that in this chapter I have given a clear exposition of why the sales were also necessary to reach this goal.

THE END

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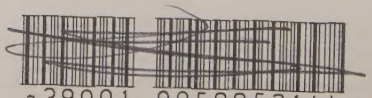

60.

Signed

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 370
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Father Damien

Robert Louis Stevenson

POCKET SERIES NO. 370
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Father Damien

Robert Louis Stevenson

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
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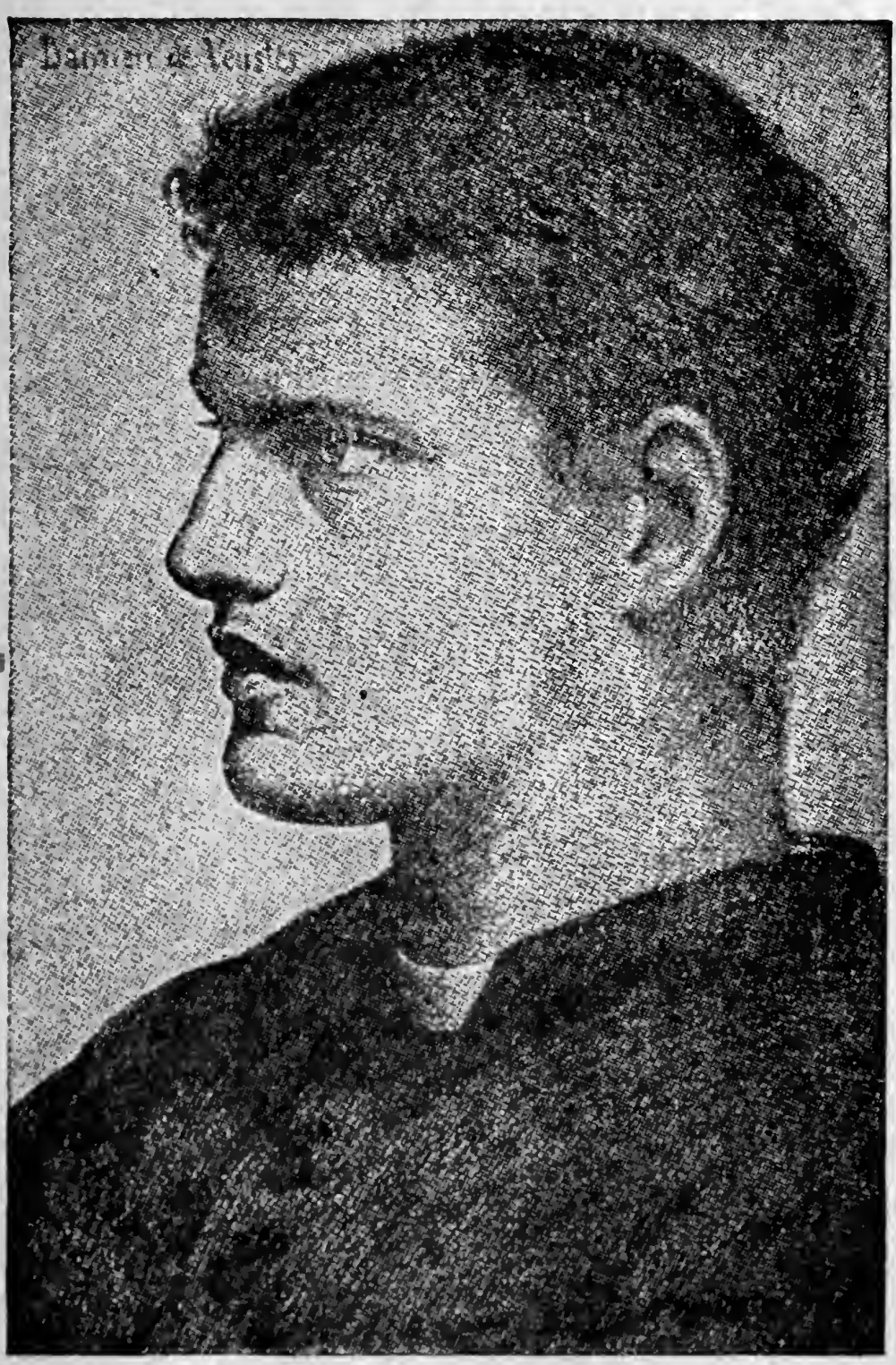

FATHER DAMIEN

No golden dome shines over Damien's sleep:
A leper's grave upon a leprous strand,
Where hope is dead, and hand must shrink from hand,
Where cataracts wail toward a moaning deep,
And frowning purple cliffs in mercy keep
All wholesome life at distance, hath God planned
For him who led the saint's heroic band,
And died a shepherd of Christ's exiled sheep.
O'er Damien's dust the broad skies bend for dome,
Stars burn for golden letters, and the sea
Shall roll perpetual anthem round his rest:
For Damien made the charnel-house life's home,
Matched love with death; and Damien's name shall be
A glorious benediction, world-possest.

H. D. Rawnsley.

FOREWORD

With Mr. R. L. Stevenson's compliments. Father Damien. An open letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Honolulu from Robert Louis Stevenson. Sydney, 1890.* Such is the title-page of a little pamphlet that was privately printed by its author for presentation only: nevertheless it has become part and parcel of English literature, and must be reckoned with.

Outside of what the Letter tells us of

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*It was in 12mo. (Pp. 32) and privately printed for presentation only at Sydney, (N. S. W.), March 27, 1890. It appeared in the *"Scots Observer,"* May 3 and 10, 1890. The second issue was a thin 4to, printed on Japan paper (of which only 30 copies were issued, with a portrait of Father Damien) by Messrs. Constable Co., Edinburgh. The third issue was a 12mo, brown paper wrappers, published at a shilling by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London, 1890. (See Mr. E. D. North's *"A Biography of Robert Louis Stevenson,"* in *The Bookman,* September, 1896.)

The disinterestedness of Stevenson was still further shown by a refusal to accept payment for his *Apologia.* It was concerning this third issue by the London firm that he wrote them: "The letter to Dr. Hyde is yours, or any man's. I will never touch a penny of remuneration. I do not stick at murder; I draw the line at cannibalism. I could not eat a penny roll that piece of bludgeoning had gained for me."

Father Damien would you know how he fared in the seventeen years given up to wretches forsaken of man,—almost forgotten of God? Is it not well to see this solitary priest as he was,—the single star of hope in a long night of human misery?*

Somehow, at the time, one fancies a sort of critical indifference; at best as who should say, why vex yourself over a *Dr.* Hyde? Have you not given us an imaginary *Mr.* Hyde? The lost souls of the imagination interest us vastly more than this obscure traducer and a far off leper colony. Besides your Letter reads like truth and who cares for,—indeed, what is Truth?

Perhaps it is one cause of our love for him that Robert Louis Stevenson *did* care for Truth. The despicable charges against Damien touched his soul to fine and fiery issues. Through him the world of living men first beheld this humble Belgian Priest ministering to untold suffering in such wise as he might until

*See Edward Clifford's little book, *Father Damien: A Journey from Cashmere, to his home in Hawaii,* (London, 1889).

the night came wherein no man laboured more.*

In any age,—out of many lands, where find a greater sacrifice of self? Creeds pass; conduct alone endures. Stevenson saw the abiding spirit of God in Father Damien. Who would gainsay his wider vision?

"Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by."

It may be interesting to note the circumstances under which Stevenson wrote his scathing rebuke on behalf of Father Damien. In 1889, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson left San Francisco on the yacht *Casco* for an indefinite cruise in the Pacific. They stayed several months

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*"There are not too many heroisms in the world: the earth, as Carlyle said, will not become too God-like. Obscure bigots who are never tired of proclaiming that they are Christians will take very good care of that. But to ignorant intolerance, which presumes to revile such a life as Damien's because he is not this and he is not that, may be very decisively applied the crushing rebuke which the brother of the dead Ophelia addressed to the churlish priest in Hamlet. *Archibald Ballantyne*, in *Longman's Magazine*, May, 1889.

in the Hawaiian Islands, and Stevenson had an opportunity to visit the leper colony on the Island of Molokai. Unfortunately at the time of his visit to the island Father Damien had been dead a little over a month. He describes it thus in a letter to Sidney Colvin:

I have seen sights that cannot be told, and heard stories that cannot be repeated: yet I never admired my poor race so much, nor (strange as it may seem) loved life more than in the settlement. A horror of moral beauty broods over the place: that's like bad Victor Hugo, but it is the only sense that lived with me all these days....Of old Damien, whose weaknesses and worse perhaps I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant: dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candour, and fundamental good-humour: convince him he had done wrong (it might take hours of insult) and he would undo what he had done and like his corrector better. A man, with all the grime and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and hero all the more for that. The place as regards scenery is grand, gloomy, and bleak. Mighty mountain walls descending sheer along the whole face of the island into a sea unusually deep; the front of the mountain ivied and furred with clinging forest, one viridescent cliff: about half-way from east to west, the low, bare, stony promontory edged in between the cliff and ocean; the two little towns (Kalawao and

Kalaupapa) seated on either side of it, as bare almost as bathing machines upon a beach; and the population—gorgons and chimaeras dire.

When the Stevensons left Honolulu, they started on a new cruise which ended in Samoa. There they resolved to make their home, but for the time being they continued on their way, and had reached Australia when Stevenson was overtaken by a serious illness. They had heard a rumor in Samoa to the effect that the plan to erect a monument to Father Damien had been given up, and in Sydney, the newspaper containing Dr. Hyde's letter of condemnation was among the first they opened.

Mrs. Stevenson says: "I shall never forget my husband's ferocity of indignation, his leaping stride as he paced the room, holding the offending paper at arm's length. . ." He immediately disappeared to his own room, and she says she heard his chair pulled out from the table, and the sound of the inkstand being dragged towards him. In the afternoon he called his family together and read aloud his defense of Father Damien, "still red-hot from his indig-

nant soul." He felt the contents would justify Dr. Hyde in bringing action for libel against him, and would not take the risk of bringing possible ruin upon them without their knowledge and consent. "There was no dissenting voice," Mrs. Stevenson says; "How could there be?"

Stevenson wrote his mother:

I have struck as hard as I knew how; nor do I think my answer can fail to do away (in the minds of all who see it) with the effect of Hyde's incredible and villainous production. What a mercy I wasn't this man's *guest* in the *Morning Star!* I think it would have broken my heart.

The Damien letter was published without change or revision, and later Stevenson seems to have considered this a mistake. In a letter written in 1890, he writes:

It is always harshness that one regrets.... I regret also my letter to Dr. Hyde. Yes I do; I think it was barbarously harsh; if I did it now, I would defend Damien no less well, and give less pain to those who are alive. These promptings of good-humour are not all sound; the three times three, cheer boys, cheer, and general amiability business rests on a sneaking love of popularity, the most insidious

enemy of virtue. On the whole it was virtuous to defend Damien; but it was harsh to strike so hard at Dr. Hyde. When I wrote the letter, I believed he would bring an action, in which case I knew I could be beggared. And as yet there has come no action; the injured Doctor has contented himself up to now with the (truly innocuous) vengeance of calling me a "Bohemian Crank," and I have deeply wounded one of his colleagues whom I esteemed and liked.

Well, such is life.

FATHER DAMIEN

Remember what a martyr said
On the rude tablet overhead:
"I was born sickly, poor and mean,
A slave; no misery could screen
The holders of the pearl of price
From Cæsar's envy; therefore twice
I fought with beasts, three times I saw
My children suffer by his law;
At last my own release was earned;
I was some time in being burned,
But at the close a Hand came through
The fire above my head, and drew
My soul to Christ, whom now I see.
Sergius, a brother, writes for me
This testimony on the wall—
For me, I have forgot it all."

ROBERT BROWNING.

FATHER DAMIEN

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE REVEREND DR. HYDE OF HONOLULU

Sydney, February 25, 1890.

Sir,—It may probably occur to you that we have met, and visited, and conversed; on my side, with interest. You may remember that you have done me several courtesies, for which I was prepared to be grateful. But there are duties which come before gratitude, and offences which justly divide friends, far more acquaintances. Your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage is a document which, in my sight, if you had filled me with bread when I was starving, if you had sat up to nurse my father when he lay a-dying, would yet absolve me from the bonds of gratitude. You know enough, doubtless, of the process of canonisation to be aware that, a hundred years after the death of Damien, there will appear a man charged with the painful office of the *devil's advocate.* After that noble brother of mine, and

of all frail clay, shall have lain a century at rest, one shall accuse, one defend him. The circumstance is unusual that the devil's advocate should be a volunteer, should be a member of a sect immediately rival, and should make haste to take upon himself his ugly office ere the bones are cold; unusual, and of a taste which I shall leave my readers free to qualify; unusual, and to me inspiring. If I have at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion, you have at last furnished me with a subject. For it is in the interest of all mankind and the cause of public decency in every quarter of the world, not only that Damien should be righted, but that you and your letter should be displayed at length, in their true colours, to the public eye.

To do this properly, I must begin by quoting you at large: I shall then proceed to criticise your utterance from several points of view, divine and human, in the course of which I shall attempt to draw again and with more specification the character of the dead saint whom it has pleased you to vilify:

so much being done, I shall say farewell to you for ever.

"*Honolulu, August* 2, 1889.

"REV. H. B. GAGE.

"Dear Brother,—In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that we who knew the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he was a most saintly philanthropist. The simple truth is, he was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted. He was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders; did not stay at the leper settlement (before he became one himself), but circulated freely over the whole island (less than half the island is devoted to the lepers), and he came often to Honolulu. He had no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health, as occasion required and means were provided. He was not a pure man in his relations with women, and the leprosy of which he died should be attributed to his vices and carelessness. Others have done much for the lepers, our own ministers, the government physicians, and so forth, but never with the Catholic idea of meriting eternal life.—Yours, etc.,

"C. M. HYDE."*

To deal fitly with a letter so extraordinary, I must draw at the outset on my private knowledge of the signatory and his sect. It may offend others; scarcely

*From the Sydney *Presbyterian*, October 26, 1889.

you, who have been so busy to collect, so bold to publish, gossip on your rivals. And this is perhaps the moment when I may best explain to you the character of what you are to read: I conceive you as a man quite beyond and below the reticences of civility: with what measure you mete, with that shall it be measured you again; with you, at last, I rejoice to feel the button off the foil and to plunge home. And if in aught that I shall say I should offend others, your colleagues, whom I respect and remember with affection, I can but offer them my regret; I am not free, I am inspired by the consideration of interests far more large; and such pain as can be inflicted by anything from me must be indeed trifling when compared with the pain with which they read your letter. It is not the hangman, but the criminal, that brings dishonour on the house.

You belong, sir, to a sect—I believe my sect, and that in which my ancestors laboured—which has enjoyed, and partly failed to utilise, an exceptional advantage in the islands of Hawaii. The first missionaries came; they found the

land already self-purged of its old and bloody faith; they were embraced, almost on their arrival, with enthusiasm; what troubles they supported came far more from whites than from Hawaiians; and to these last they stood (in a rough figure) in the shoes of God. This is not the place to enter into the degree or causes of their failure, such as it is. One element alone is pertinent, and must here be plainly dealt with. In the course of their evangelical calling, they—or too many of them—grew rich. It may be news to you that the houses of missionaries are a cause of mocking on the streets of Honolulu. It will at least be news to you, that when I returned your civil visit, the driver of my cab commented on the size, the taste, and the comfort of your home. It would have been news certainly to myself, had any one told me that afternoon that I should live to drag such matter into print. But you see, sir, how you degrade better men to your own level; and it is needful that those who are to judge betwixt you and me, betwixt Damien and the devil's advocate, should understand your letter

to have been penned in a house which could raise, and that very justly, the envy and the comments of the passers-by. I think (to employ a phrase of yours which I admire) it "should be attributed" to you that you have never visited the scene of Damien's life and death. If you had, and had recalled it, looked about your pleasant rooms, even your pen perhaps would have been stayed.

Your sect (and remember, as far as any sect avows me, it is mine) has not done ill in a worldly sense in the Hawaiian Kingdom. When calamity befell their innocent parishioners, when leprosy descended and took root in the Eight Islands, a *quid pro quo* was to be looked for. To that prosperous mission, and to you, as one of its adornments, God had sent at last an opportunity. I know I am touching here upon a nerve acutely sensitive. I know that others of your colleagues look back on the inertia of your Church, and the intrusive and decisive heroism of Damien, with something almost to be called remorse. I am sure it is so with

yourself; I am persuaded your letter was inspired by a certain envy, not essentially ignoble, and the one human trait to be espied in that performance. You were thinking of the lost chance, the past day; of that which should have been conceived and was not; of the service due and not rendered. *Time was,* said the voice in your ear, in your pleasant room, as you sat raging and writing; and if the words written were base beyond parallel, the rage, I am happy to repeat—it is the only compliment I shall pay you—the rage was almost virtuous. But, sir, when we have failed, and another has succeeded; when we have stood by, and another has stepped in; when we sit and grow bulky in our charming mansions, and a plain, uncouth peasant steps into the battle, under the eyes of God, and succours the afflicted, and consoles the dying, and is himself afflicted in his turn, and dies upon the field of honour—the battle cannot be retrieved as your unhappy irritation has suggested. It is a lost battle, and lost for ever. One thing remained to you in your defeat—some

rags of common honour; and these you have made haste to cast away.

Common honour; not the honour of having done anything right, but the honour of not having done aught conspicuously foul; the honour of the inert: that was what remained to you. We are not all expected to be Damiens; a man may conceive his duty more narrowly, he may love his comforts better; and none will cast a stone at him for that. But will a gentleman of your reverend profession allow me an example from the fields of gallantry? When two gentlemen compete for the favour of a lady, and the one succeeds and the other is rejected, and (as will sometimes happen) matter damaging to the successful rival's credit reaches the ear of the defeated, it is held by plain men of no pretensions that his mouth is, in the circumstances, almost necessarily closed. Your Church and Damien's were in Hawaii upon a rivalry to do well: to help, to edify, to set divine examples. You having (in one 'huge instance) failed, and Damien succeeded, I marvel it should not have occurred to you that

you were doomed to silence; that when you had been outstripped in that high rivalry, and sat inglorious in the midst of your well-being, in your pleasant room—and Damien, crowned with glories and horrors, toiled and rotted in that pigstye of his under the cliffs of Kalawao—you, the elect who would not, were the last man on earth to collect and propagate gossip on the volunteer who would and did.

I think I see you—for I try to see you in the flesh as I write these sentences—I think I see you leap at the word pigstye, a hyperbolical expression at the best. "He had no hand in the reforms," he was "a coarse, dirty man;" these were your own words; and you may think it possible that I am come to support you with fresh evidence. In a sense, it is even so. Damien has been too much depicted with a conventional halo and conventional features; so drawn by men who perhaps had not the eye to remark or the pen to express the individual; or who perhaps were only blinded and silenced by generous admiration, such as I partly envy for my-

self—such as you, if your soul were enlightened, would envy on your bended knees. It is the least defect of such a method of portraiture that it makes the path easy for the devil's advocate, and leaves for the misuse of the slanderer a considerable field of truth. For the truth that is suppressed by friends is the readiest weapon of the enemy. The world, in your despite, may perhaps owe you something, if your letter be the means of substituting once for all a credible likeness for a wax abstraction. For, if that world at all remembers you, on that day when Damien of Molokai shall be named Saint, it will be in virtue of one work: your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage.

You may ask on what authority I speak. It was my inclement destiny to become acquainted, not with Damien, but with Dr. Hyde. When I visited the lazaretto Damien was already in his resting grave. But such information as I have, I gathered on the spot in conversation with those who knew him well and long: some indeed who revered his memory; but others who had sparred

and wrangled with him, who beheld him with no halo, who perhaps regarded him with small respect, and through whose unprepared and scarcely partial communications the plain, human features of the man shone on me convincingly. These gave me what knowledge I possess; and I learnt it in that scene where it could be most completely and sensitively understood — Kalawao, which you have never visited, about which you have never so much as endeavoured to inform yourself: for, brief as your letter is, you have found the means to stumble into that confession. "*Less than one-half* of the island," you say, "is devoted to the lepers." Molokai—"*Molokai ahina,*" the "grey," lofty, and most desolate island—along all its northern side plunges a front of precipice into a sea of unusual profundity. This range of cliff is, from east to west, the true end and frontier of the island. Only in one spot there projects into the ocean a certain triangular and rugged down, grassy, stony, windy, and rising in the midst into a hill with a dead crater: the

whole bearing to the cliff that overhangs it somewhat the same relation as a bracket to a wall. With this hint you will now be able to pick out the leper station on a map; you will be able to judge how much of Molokai is thus cut off between the surf and precipice, whether less than a half, or less than a quarter, or a fifth, or a tenth—or say, a twentieth; and the next time you burst into print you will be in a position to share with us the issue of your calculations.

I imagine you to be one of those persons who talk with cheerfulness of that place which oxen and wainropes could not drag you to behold. You, who do not even know its situation on the map, probably denounce sensational descriptions, stretching your limbs the while in your pleasant parlour on Beretania Street. When I was pulled ashore there one early morning, there sat with me in the boat two sisters, bidding farewell (in humble imitation of Damien) to the lights and joys of human life. One of these wept silently; I could not withhold myself from joining her. Had

you been there, it is my belief that nature would have triumphed even in you; and as the boat drew but a little nearer, and you beheld the stairs crowded with abominable deformations of our common manhood, and saw yourself landing in the midst of such a population as only now and then surrounds us in the horror of a nightmare—what a haggard eye you would have rolled over your reluctant shoulder towards the house on Beretania Street! Had you gone on; had you found every fourth face a blot upon the landscape; had you visited the hospital and seen the butt-ends of human beings lying there almost unrecognisable, but still breathing, still thinking, still remembering; you would have understood that life in the lazaretto is an ordeal from which the nerves of a man's spirit shrink, even as his eye quails under the brightness of the sun; you would have felt it was (even today) a pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in. It is not the fear of possible infection. That seems a little thing when compared with the pain, the pity, and the disgust of

the visitor's surroundings, and the atmosphere of affliction, disease, and physical disgrace in which he breathes. I do not think I am a man more than usually timid; but I never recall the days and nights I spent upon that island promontory (eight days and seven nights), without heartfelt thankfulness that I am somewhere else. I find in my diary that I speak of my stay as a "grinding experience": I have once jotted in the margin, "*Harrowing* is the word": and when the *Mokolii* bore me at last towards the outer world, I kept repeating to myself, with a new conception of their pregnancy, those simple words of the song—

> "'Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen."

And observe: that which I saw and suffered from was a settlement purged, bettered, beautified; the new village built, the hospital and the Bishop-Home excellently arranged; the sisters, the doctor, and the missionaries, all indefatigable in their noble tasks. It was a different place when Damien came there, and made his great renuncia-

tion, and slept that first night under a tree amidst his rotting brethren: alone with pestilence; and looking forward (with what courage, with what pitiful sinkings of dread, God only knows) to a lifetime of dressing sores and stumps.

You will say, perhaps, I am too sensitive, that sights as painful abound in cancer hospitals and are confronted daily by doctors and nurses. I have long learned to admire and envy the doctors and the nurses. But there is no cancer hospital so large and populous as Kalawao and Kalaupapa; and in such a matter every fresh case, like every inch of length in the pipe of an organ, deepens the note of the impression; for what daunts the onlooked is that monstrous sum of human suffering by which he stands surrounded. Lastly, no doctor or nurse is called upon to enter once for all the doors of that gehenna; they do not say farewell, they need not abandon hope, on its sad threshold; they but go for a time to their high calling, and can look forward as they go to relief, to recrea-

tion; and to rest. But Damien shut to with his own hand the doors of his own sepulchre.

I shall now extract three passages from my diary at Kalawao.

A. "Damien is dead and already somewhat ungratefully remembered in the field of his labours and sufferings. 'He was a good man, but very officious,' says one. Another tells me he had fallen (as other priests so easily do) into something of the ways and habits of thought of a Kanaka; but he had the wit to recognise the fact, and the good sense to laugh at [over] it. A plain man it seems he was; I cannot find he was a popular."

B. "After Ragsdale's death" [Ragsdale was a famous Luna, or overseer, of the unruly settlement] "there followed a brief term of office by Father Damien which served only to publish the weakness of that noble man. He was rough in his ways, and he had no control. Authority was relaxed; Damien's life was threatened, and he was soon eager to resign."

C. "Of Damien I begin to have an

idea. He seems to have been a man of the peasant class, certainly of the peasant type: shrewd, ignorant and bigoted, yet with an open mind, and capable of receiving and digesting a reproof if it were bluntly administered; superbly generous in the least thing as well as in the greatest, and as ready to give his last shirt (although not without human grumbling) as he had been to sacrifice his life; essentially indiscreet and officious, which made him a troublesome colleague; domineering in all his ways, which made him incurably unpopular with the Kanakas, but yet destitute of real authority, so that his boys laughed at him and he must carry out his wishes by the means of bribes. He learned to have a mania for doctoring; and set up the Kanakas against the remedies of his regular rivals: perhaps (if anything matter at all in the treatment of such a disease) the worst thing that he did, and certainly the easiest. The best and worst of the man appear very plainly in his dealings with Mr. Chapman's money; he had originally laid it out" [intended to lay it out]

"entirely for the benefit of Catholics, and even so not wisely; but after a long, plain talk, he admitted his error fully and revised the list. The sad state of the boys' home is in part the result of his lack of control; in part, of his own slovenly ways and false ideas of hygiene. Brother officials used to call it 'Damien's Chinatown.' 'Well,' they would say, 'your Chinatown keeps growing.' And he would laugh with perfect good-nature, and adhere to his errors with perfect obstinacy. So much I have gathered of truth about this plain, noble human brother and father of ours; his imperfections are the traits of his face, by which we know him for our fellow; his martyrdom and his example nothing can lessen or annul; and only a person here on the spot can properly appreciate their greatness."

I have set down these private passages, as you perceive, without correction; thanks to you, the public has them in their bluntness. They are almost a list of the man's faults, for it is rather these that I was seeking: with his virtues, with the heroic profile of his life,

I and the world were already sufficiently acquainted. I was besides a little suspicious of Catholic testimony; in no ill sense, but merely because Damien's admirers and disciples were the least likely to be critical. I know you will be more suspicious still; and the facts set down above were one and all collected from the lips of Protestants who had opposed the father in his life. Yet I am strangely deceived, or they build up the image of a man, with all his weaknesses, essentially heroic, and alive with rugged honesty, generosity, and mirth.

Take it for what it is, rough private jottings of the worst sides of Damien's character, collected from the lips of those who had laboured with and (in your own phrase) "knew the man";—though I question whether Damien would have said that he knew you. Take it, and observe with wonder how well you were served by your gossips, how ill by your intelligence and sympathy; in how many points of fact we are at one, and how widely our appreciations vary. There is something

wrong here; either with you or me. It is possible, for instance, that you, who seem to have so many ears in Kalawao, had heard of the affair of Mr. Chapman's money, and were singly struck by Damien's intended wrong-doing. I was struck with that also, and set it fairly down; but I was struck much more by the fact that he had the honesty of mind to be convinced. I may here tell you that it was a long business; that one of his colleagues sat with him late into the night, multiplying arguments and accusations; that the father listened as usual with "perfect good-nature and perfect obstinacy;" but at the last, when he was persuaded—"Yes," said he, "I am very much obliged to you; you have done me a service; it would have been a theft." There are many (not Catholics merely) who require their heroes and saints to be infallible; to these the story will be painful; not to the true lovers, patrons, and servants of mankind.

And I take it, this is a type of our division; that you are one of those who have an eye for faults and failures; that

you take a pleasure to find and publish them; and that, having found them, you make haste to forget the overvailing virtues and the real success which had alone introduced them to your knowledge. It is a dangerous frame of mind. That you may understand how dangerous, and into what a situation it has already brought you, we will (if you please) go hand-in-hand through the different phrases of your letter, and candidly examine each from the point of view of its truth, its appositeness, and its charity.

Damien was *coarse.*

It is very possible. You make us sorry for the lepers who had only a coarse old peasant for their friend and father. But you, who were so refined, why were you not there, to cheer them with the lights of culture? Or may I remind you that we have some reason to doubt if John the Baptist were genteel; and in the case of Peter, on whose career you doubtless dwell approvingly in the pulpit, no doubt at all he was a "coarse, headstrong" fisherman! Yet

even in our Protestant Bibles Peter is called Saint.

Damien was *dirty*.

He was. Think of the poor lepers annoyed with this dirty comrade! But the clean Dr. Hyde was at his food in a fine house.

Damien was *headstrong*.

I believe you are right again; and I thank God for his strong head and heart.

Damien was *bigoted*.

I am not fond of bigots myself, because they are not fond of me. But what is meant by bigotry, that we should regard it as a blemish in a priest? Damien believed his own religion with the simplicity of a peasant or a child; as I would I could suppose that you do. For this, I wonder at him some way off; and had that been his only character, should have avoided him in life. But the point of interest in Damien, which has caused him to be so much talked about and made him at last the subject of your pen and mine, was that, in him, his bigotry, his intense and

narrow faith, wrought potently for good, and strengthened him to be one of the world's heroes and exemplars.

Damien *was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders.*

Is this a misreading? or do you really mean the words for blame? I have heard Christ, in the pulpits of our Church, held up for imitation on the ground that His sacrifice was voluntary. Does Dr. Hyde think otherwise?

Damien *did not stay at the settlement, etc.*

It is true he was allowed many indulgences. Am I to understand that you blame the father for profiting by these, or the officers for granting them? In either case, it is a mighty Spartan standard to issue from the house on Beretania Street; and I am convinced you will find yourself with few supporters.

Damien *had no hand in the reforms, etc.*

I think even you will admit that I have already been frank in my description of the man I am defending; but

before I take you up upon this head, I will be franker still, and tell you that perhaps nowhere in the world can a man taste a more pleasurable sense of contrast than when he passes from Damien's "Chinatown" at Kalawao to the beautiful Bishop-Home at Kalaupapa. At this point, in my desire to make all fair for you, I will break my rule and adduce Catholic testimony. Here is a passage from my diary about my visit to the Chinatown, from which you will see how it is (even now) regarded by its own officials: "We went round all the dormitories, refectories, etc.—dark and dingy enough, with a superficial cleanliness, which he" [Mr. Dutton, the lay brother] "did not seek to defend. 'It is almost decent,' said he; 'the sisters will make that all right when we get them here.'" And yet I gathered it was already better since Damien was dead, and far better than when he was there alone and had his own (not always excellent) way. I have now come far enough to meet you on a common ground of fact; and I tell you that, to a mind not prejudiced by

jealousy, all the reforms of the lazaretto, and even those which he most vigorously opposed, are properly the work of Damien. They are the evidence of his success; they are what his heroism provoked from the reluctant and the careless. Many were before him in the field; Mr. Meyer, for instance, of whose faithful work we hear too little: there have been many since; and some had more worldly wisdom, though none had more devotion, than our saint. Before his day, even you will confess, they had effected little. It was his part, by one striking act of martyrdom, to direct all men's eyes on that distressful country. At a blow, and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public. And that, if you will consider largely, was the one reform needful; pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought money; it brought (best individual addition of them all) the sisters; it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with the man at Kalawao. If ever any man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he. There

is not a clean cup or towel in the Bishop-Home, but dirty Damien washed it.

Damien *was not a pure man in his relations with women, etc.*

How do you know that? Is this the nature of the conversation in that house on Beretania Street which the cabman envied, driving past?—racy details of the misconduct of the poor peasant priest, toiling under the cliffs of Molokai?

Many have visited the station before me; they seem not to have heard the rumour. When I was there I heard many shocking tales, for my informants were men speaking with the plainness of the laity; and I heard plenty of complaints of Damien. Why was this never mentioned? and how came it to you in the retirement of your clerical parlour?

But I must not even seem to deceive you. This scandal, when I read it in your letter, was not new to me. I had heard it once before; and I must tell you how. There came to Samoa a man from Honolulu; he, in a public-house on the beach, volunteered the statement that Damien had "contracted the dis-

ease from having connection with the female lepers"; and I find a joy in telling you how the report was welcomed in a public-house. A man sprang to his feet; I am not at liberty to give his name, but from what I heard I doubt if you would care to have him to dinner in Beretania Street. "You miserable little——" (here is a word I dare not print, it would so shock your ears). "You miserable little——," he cried, "if the story were a thousand times true, can't you see you are a million times a lower——for daring to repeat it?" I wish it could be told of you that when the report reached you in your house, perhaps after family worship, you had found in your soul enough holy anger to receive it with the same expressions; ay, even with that one which I dare not print; it would not need to have been blotted away, like Uncle Toby's oath, by the tears of the recording angel; it would have been counted to you for your brightest righteousness. But you have deliberately chosen the part of the man from Honolulu, and you have played it with improvements of your

own. The man from Honolulu—miserable, leering creature — communicated the tale to a rude knot of beach-combing drinkers in a public-house, where (I will so far agree with your temperance opinions) man is not always at his noblest; and the man from Honolulu had himself been drinking—drinking, we may charitably fancy, to excess. It was to your "Dear Brother, the Reverend H. B. Gage," that you chose to communicate the sickening story; and the blue ribbon which adorns your portly bosom forbids me to allow you the extenuating plea that you were drunk when it was done. Your "dear brother"—a brother indeed —made haste to deliver up your letter (as a means of grace, perhaps) to the religious papers; where, after many months, I found and read and wondered at it; and whence I have now reproduced it for the wonder of others. And you and your dear brother have, by this cycle of operations, built up a contrast very edifying to examine in detail. The man whom you would not care to have to dinner, on the one side: on the other, the Reverend Dr. Hyde and the Rever-

end H. B. Gage: the Apia bar-room, the Honolulu manse.

But I fear you scarce appreciate how you appear to your fellow-men; and to bring it home to you, I will suppose your story to be true. I will suppose—and God forgive me for supposing it—that Damien faltered and stumbled in his narrow path of duty; I will suppose that, in the horror of his isolation, perhaps in the fever of incipient disease, he, who was doing so much more than he had sworn, failed in the letter of his priestly oath—he, who was so much a better man than either you or me, who did what we have never dreamed of daring—he too tasted of our common frailty. "O, Iago, the pity of it!" The least tender should be moved to tears; the most incredulous to prayer. And all that you could do was to pen your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage!

Is it growing at all clear to you what a picture you have drawn of your own heart? I will try yet once again to make it clearer. You had a father: suppose this tale were about him, and some informant brought it to you, proof in

hand: I am not making too high an estimate of your emotional nature when I suppose you would regret the circumstance? that you would feel the tale of frailty the more keenly since it shamed the author of your days? and that the last thing you would do would be to publish it in the religious press? Well, the man who tried to do what Damien did, is my father, and the father of the man in the Apia bar, and the father of all who love goodness; and he was your father too, if God had given you grace to see it.

FATHER DAMIEN

By A. C. Benson and H. F. W. Tatham.

(Note: This article was written in October, 1894.)

Joseph Damien was born at Tremeloos, a village near Louvain, in Belgium, on January 3rd, 1841. When a boy he seems to have learned to turn his hand to anything, for he is said to have been "doctor, nurse, carpenter, school-master, magistrate, painter, gardener, cook, and sometimes even undertaker and grave-digger" in his native village. But at the age of nineteen he was taken by his father to see his elder brother, who was then studying at Louvain for the priesthood, and Joseph made up his mind to follow the same vocation. Three years later his brother was to go as a missionary to the South Sea Islands; but he fell ill, and young Joseph—he was only twenty-two — was allowed, at his own earnest request, to take his place, and set off for the islands of the Pacific, where he followed ordinary mission work for ten years. But in the year 1873 he happened to be present when

the bishop was lamenting that he could not find a missioner to go to the lepers at Molokai, much less a pastor to reside there. Here was Damien's chance. 'Monseigneur,' said he, 'here are your new missioners' (some young priests had recently arrived); 'one of them could take my district, and if you will be kind enough to allow it, I will go to Molokai and labor for the poor lepers, whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me.' That same day he went to the leper island, in a boat that was taking some cattle there.

Molokai is one of the Sandwich Islands. These islands lie in the Pacific, about half-way between America and Australia, and were first discovered in 1778 by Captain Cook. But it was not till 1820 that any white man except traders and whalers visited them; and these only brought with them the curses of drink and other vices, carrying disease in their train; so that the number of native inhabitants has shrunk from 400,000 to 40,000.

But in 1820 the islands were Chris-

tianized, and the more easily because a great native king—Kamehameha I—had just effected a revolution, uniting all the islands under his own sway, and abolishing the system of caste, or 'tabu,' as it was called. 'By this system,' says a writer, Dr. Bartlett, 'it was death for a man to let his shadow fall upon a chief, to enter his enclosure, or to stand if his name were mentioned in a song. No woman might eat with her husband, or eat fowl, pork, cocoanut, or bananas —things offered to the idols. 'How did you lose your eye?' a little girl was asked. 'I ate a banana,' replied the child.

But one day, as the missionaries from America found when they landed, Kamehambeha had risen from his place at dinner, and walked across and sat down with his wives. This broke the 'tabu' and the system gave way everywhere. But Kamehameha was dead—apparently not a Christian, though on his death-bed he had felt a wish to become so. His reforms are perhaps more creditable to him for this reason, as they must have been actuated by his native good feeling

and good sense; and we must remember that the only Christians he had seen were traders, whose example was hardly likely to commend their religion to anyone.

The new king, however, welcomed the missionaries. He had not yet become civilized enough to wear clothes, and it was only to please the missionaries that he consented to go so far as to put on a pair of silk stockings and a hat. He entertained them at royal feasts; the staple joint appears to have been dog, of which animals as many as 200 were sometimes cooked for one meal; and the dainty white men were cheated into eating them by the trick of serving up a roast dog with a pig's head attached. Christianity soon spread, partly owing to the example of a great chieftainess, who dared to go up the volcano to the lake of fire, and cast into it the sacred ohelo berries. This lake of fire was supposed to be the home of the terrible goddess Pele, and by this action—one of real courage, if we consider the circumstances—the chieftainess defied Pele to do her worst. As no harm followed, a

third of the people forsook Pele and turned to Christ.

The islands are all volcanic, but the fires have for the most part died out of them, beginning from the north in order, but in Hawaii, the largest and most southerly, they are still active. There is the lake of fire, filled with fountains of boiling lava, red by day, yellow by night; approached over three miles of the same substance, black and hardened, taking all kinds of fantastic shapes, and forming a crust sometimes as little as eight inches thick over the red-hot mass below. Molokai, however, the island with which we have to deal, is different. It is wedge-shaped; on the south shore the coast is low, and from it the land rises gradually to a height of 1,500 feet. From this height the northern coast is reached by a precipitous descent; the leper villages lying between the base of the precipices and the sea. Probably the whole island is an extinct volcano, tipped so that half the crater is under the sea, the villages lying really in the cup of this crater.

We have spoken of the leper villages;

but we have not yet explained how they came to be where they are, and to explain this we must go back a little.

Leprosy apparently comes from the East; but it is now so widespread that it is found in Iceland, in Sumatra, in Madeira, in Mexico, in Silesia, in Hindostan, in countless other places. It was perhaps introduced into Europe by the Crusaders returning from the East, though it is apparently traceable earlier; there having been two lazar houses, or leper hospitals, in Canterbury during the reign of William the Conqueror.

It soon became fearfully prevalent; in the twelfth century there was scarcely a town or village in France without its leper hospital. In Great Britain every large town had a lazar house, or a leper village near it, though separate. At Norwich there were six hospitals, at King's Lynn five.

Royal families did not escape. Both Henry III and Henry IV were suspected of being lepers. Robert Bruce and Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, died of leprosy. But the mediæval world was vigorous in stamping out the evil by isolating lepers

and separating the clean from the unclean, and it is in following this example that the Sandwich Islanders have created the leper villages in Molokai. Leprosy broke out there more than fifty years ago, apparently brought by a foreigner from Asia. It spread quickly; but no action was taken at once, as it should have been. The sociable and hospitable habits of the natives no doubt helped the spread. Leprosy, too, develops slowly, and a leper who has been really attacked for months or years may not have known it, for the symptoms perhaps have not made themselves evident. During all this time great mischief may be done, innocently enough.

At last the spread became so alarming that some action had to be taken. Segregation, that is, complete separation of the lepers from the rest of the community, was the only chance. But it was hard to carry it out. The natives who were lepers dreaded parting from their friends, and going into lifelong banishment; the healthy preferred to brave the risk of contagion to letting their dear ones go; for the Hawaiians

are a most affectionate people, and not afraid either of the disease or of death. The lepers were concealed and had to be taken by force; heart-rending scenes followed the captures. But it was the only chance for the rest of the nation. So the little lowland beneath the cliff of Molokai was secured, and the work of transportation began at once, about twenty years ago; and it must continue till the disease is stamped out from the kingdom. Let us see what an eye-witness says of the view of this lowland from the summit of the cliff above:

"Tearing our way through shrubs and vines, we came upon the brink, and looked down. . . . Far beneath us was a tongue of land thrust out into the sea; it was sunburnt and dust-coloured, blackened at the edges, where the rough lava rocks were uncovered, and fretted from end to end with tumbling breakers. Scarcely a tree was visible throughout its length and breadth; but it was divided and sub-divided by low stone walls into a thousand small plots of every conceivable shape. . . . no doubt under cultivation formerly, for Molokai was once densely populated . . . On one shore of the lowland was a little hamlet—a handful of tiny white cottages scattered in a green and sheltered spot. On the opposite shore, two miles away, was another and somewhat larger settle-

ment, with its cottages more scattered, and its garden spots less green. Both of these villages were nestling near the cliffs, one of them quite in the shadow. Between the two there were but few habitations, and at the farther end of the lowland, where it jutted into the sea, there were none at all." Now for the descent.

"We were dropping, slipping, scrambling down a sharp flank of the cliff that cut the air like a flying buttress. By a series of irregular steps we slowly descended, leaping from rock to rock when practicable, but often putting off our packs, sliding into the little ledge below, and then dragging the packs after us. . . . For two hours we continued to descend. Now and then we came upon the carcases of cattle that had perished in this awful path—for herds are sometimes driven down the steep incline to supply the leper market, and there is always some loss of life in these cases.

"At intervals we threaded deliciously cool and shady groves, from under whose dense boughs we could look slantwise into the settlements and see men and women moving to and fro, and so at last we came out upon the treeless plain. . . .

"The first glimpse of Kalawao (about a mile and a half distant) might lead a stranger to pronounce it a thriving hamlet of perhaps five hundred inhabitants. Its single street is bordered by neat whitewashed cottages with numerous little gardens of bright flowers and clusters of graceful and decorative tropical trees. It lies so near the base of the mountain that not a few of the huge stones that were

loosened by the rains have come thundering down the heights and rolled almost to the fences that enclose the village suburbs. . . . By the roadside, on the edge of the village, between it and the sea, stood a little chapel. . . . The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded, his hair tumbled like a schoolboy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil; but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner; while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism, told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen is doing the noblest of all works. This was Father Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers."

This was ten years ago, in October, 1884. Let us look at the other side of the picture, drawn a few years later by another hand.

"He" (Father Damien) "is now forty-nine years old—a thick-set, strongly-built man, with black, curly hair and short beard turning gray. His countenance must have been handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth, and a short, straight nose; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face. His forehead is swollen and ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is

somewhat sunk, and the ears are greatly enlarged; his hands and face look uneven . . . and his body also shows many signs of the disease."

Let us see what had happened in the five years intervening between these two pictures.

You may remember that Father Damien arrived at Kalawao in the year 1873. He found the place in a miserable condition. About eighty of the lepers were in hospital; the other lived where they could—many beneath frail roofs, made of branches of the castor-oil tree, under which all ages and sexes were often crowded together pell-mell, in a state of filth and rags, and in an atmosphere unbearable to a healthy man, even one like Father Damien, for more than a few minutes together. There were many people in the island ready to preach to any new-comer their old axiom, 'In this place there is no law.' Drink was another curse of Molokai. A plant called 'Ki' by the natives grows abundantly along the base of the cliffs, and from the root of this, cooked and fermented, can be made a drink which

is terribly intoxicating, producing a state akin to madness. It was nominally illegal to distil this spirit, but the law was constantly and openly broken. Father Damien, however, went round the settlement, at the risk of unpopularity, threatening and persuading, till at last he induced everyone to give up the vessels used for the preparation of the spirit. All this was only done in the teeth of a fierce opposition, but it was done at last, and one of the chief causes of the moral degradation of the lepers was removed.

Again, when he first arrived at Molokai there was no proper supply of water for the inhabitants. They had to fetch it from a distance on their shoulders; and the trouble of this naturally made them careless and dirty. But Father Damien found out that there was a natural reservoir up in the hills, full of ice-cold water, in a basin which had never dried in any drought. He obtained water-pipes, and with the help of the strongest of the lepers laid them down, so that pure water was conveyed

to the villages in plenty, for drinking and washing alike.

Then, about a year after he arrived, a strong south wind, called by the natives the 'cona,' sweeping up the slope of the island, and plunging over the northern cliffs, blew down most of the lepers' wretched houses, so that they had to sleep out in the wind and rain, without anything to cover them. But the Father made this an opportunity to get better houses for them. 'I at once,' he says himself, 'called the attention of our sympathizing agent to the fact, and very soon there arrived several schooner loads of scantling to build solid frames with, and lepers in distress received, on application, the necessary material for the erection of decent houses.'

Now, owing to the kindness of the King and Queen of Hawaii and the generosity of the government there, the cottages are all comfortable, and raised on trestles so as not to be in contact with the earth. There are five churches, and every person receives food regularly; meat, biscuits and other supplies. Besides all this there are, of course, the

hospitals, where the worst cases are nursed. But we must not suppose that all horrible sights are now concealed from the eye in Molokai. Listen to what Father Damien says himself in a letter written in 1880:

"My Dear Brother,

"Your kind letter of the 12th of November from Louvain reached me on the 2nd of January. Fancy, I have now been nearly seven years among the lepers! During that long period I have had the opportunity of closely observing, and as it were touching with my hand, human misery under its most terrible aspect. Half the people are like living corpses, which the worms have already begun to devour, at first internally, afterwards externally, until they make most loathsome wounds which very rarely heal."

An eye-witness has given a horrible description of what he saw in the hospitals; horrible to the last degree, but perhaps it ought to be quoted that we may realize as fully as we can what those who work in them have to go through.

"I remember," he says, "how, one day, as we were walking among the wards of the hospital at Kalawao, Father Damien turned suddenly to us, and said: 'Ah, here is something

I must show you!' We approached what seemed a little bundle of rags, or rubbish, half hidden under a soiled blanket; the curious doctors were about to examine it, when the good Father seized me, and cried excitedly: 'You must not look! You must not look!' I assured him that I was not at all afraid to see even the worst that could be shown me there; for my eyes had become accustomed to horrors, and the most sickening sights no longer affected me. A corner of the blanket was raised, cautiously; a breathing object lay beneath; a face, a human face, was turned slowly towards us—a face in which scarcely a trace of anything human remained. The dark skin was puffed out and blackened; a kind of moss, or mould, gummy and glistening, covered it; the muscles of the mouth, having contracted laid bare the grinning teeth; the thickened tongue lay like a fig between them; the eyelids, curled tightly back, exposed the inner surface, and the protruding eyeballs, now shapeless and broken, looked not unlike bursted grapes. It was a leprous child, who, within the last few days, had assumed that horrible visage; surely the grave knows nothing more frightful than this!"

Again, the weather in Molokai is not always what one naturally expects in a South Sea island. The cona wind often blows wildly for days together, sometimes with rain, sometimes without; and

at other times the damp heat is very exhausting.

There were in the island with Father Damien at the time of his death two other priests, two lay-brothers, and three sisters of charity, of the Franciscan order. There are five churches, and, of course, schools. Some of the boys' names are very odd; for instance, Jane Peter, Henry Ann, Sit-in-the-cold, The Rat-eater, A Fall-from-a-horse, The First Nose, The Dead-House, The Emetic. Some at Honolulu are even stranger; Mr. Scissors, The Fool, The Man who washes his Dimples, The tired Lizard, The Stomach, The great Kettle, Poor Pussy, The Pigsty.

When Father Damien went to Molokai there were eight hundred lepers: there are now more than a thousand, but improved in every way to a great extent, in comfort, in morals, one may even say in health; for though leprosy is probably incurable, its victims do not suffer much if properly tended. It was in 1883, after living among the lepers for ten years, that Damien began to have suspicions that he was a leper. But for

a long time the doctors told him that he need not alarm himself; and you may remember that the account given of him a year later describes him as 'the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.' But at last one day he scalded himself on the foot, and to his surprise and alarm felt no pain. This anæsthesia, or want of feeling, in the extremities is a sure sign of one kind of leprosy. He went at once to the doctor. 'I cannot bear to tell you,' said he, after examining the patient, 'but what you say is true.'

'It is no shock to me,' said Damien, 'for I have long felt sure of it.'

He did not seem distressed, although henceforth the permission he had obtained to travel over the other islands was at once at an end, and he had to confine himself to Molokai. He felt himself on an equality with his people. Some with whom his first reforms had made him unpopular were only finally won over when he himself became a leper like them. Mr. Clifford, who has written a book about his visit to Molokai, paid that visit partly to induce Father

Damien to use a certain oil which had been introduced into Indian prisons for the treatment of leprosy, and for which he claimed a great success. He doubted, however, if it would do any good in Damien's case, partly because lepers are always naturally indisposed to take trouble for their own cure, and this oil had to be rubbed in for four hours a day, which could be enforced in the case of convicts in India, but not of free men; partly, too, because the leprosy had most probably by that time attacked the lungs. He was right; for though a temporary improvement in appearance took place up to January, 1889, the next month brought a change. On the 28th of February, Damien wrote a letter to Mr. Clifford, in which he says that it is only in heaven that he hopes to meet him again. The end was very near. The Second Sunday after Easter was the last Sunday that Father Damien spent on earth. The Gospel for that day is the same both in the English and the Roman Catholic services. It contains the words, 'I am the Good Shepherd; I lay down My life for the sheep.' And surely no

words could be more strangely appropriate to the case of the pastor who was even then about to leave the flock for which he had died. For the corruptible was soon to put on incorruption, and the mortal to put on immortality. One of the fathers who were with him on the island describes his last days.

"It was at the close of March," he writes, "that Father Damien felt his end approaching, and put his temporal affairs in order. On the 28th he took to his bed, and on the 30th began his direct preparation for death by a general confession and renewal of his vows. Next day he received the Holy Viaticum. 'You see my hands,' he said; 'all the wounds are healing, and the crust is becoming black. You know that is a sign of death. Look at my eyes, too; I have seen so many lepers die that I can't be mistaken. Death is not far off. I should have liked to see the Bishop again, but *le bon Dieu* is calling me to keep Easter with Himself. God be blessed!' On April 2nd Father Conradi gave him Extreme Unction. 'How good God is,' he said during the day, 'to have preserved me long enough to have two priests by my side at my last moments, and also to have the good Sisters of Charity at the Léproserie! That has been my Nunc Dimittis. The work of the lepers is assured, and I am no longer necessary, and so will go 'up yonder.'" "When you are up above, Father, you will not forget those

you leave orphans?" said Father Wendolen, one of his attendants.

"Oh no! If I have any credit with God, I will intercede for all in the Léproserie."

"I then begged him to leave me his mantle, like Elijah, in order that I might have his great heart. 'Why, what would you do with it?' he asked; 'it is full of leprosy!'" A few days of respite, even rallying and hope, followed. The good Sisters of Charity often visited him. Everybody admired his wonderful patience. "He so ardent, so lively, so robust, was thus nailed down in his miserable couch, yet without much pain. He was laid on the ground on a wretched mattress, like the poorest leper. We had the greatest difficulty to get him to accept a bed. And how poorly off he was! He who had spent so much money to relieve the lepers had so forgotten himself that he had not a change of linen or bed-clothes." On the 13th he had a bad relapse, and all hope was at an end. A little after midnight he received Holy Communion for the last time, and began occasionally to lose consciousness. The next day he still recognised his comrades, and could not speak, though from time to time he affectionately pressed their hands. On the 15th his agony began, and soon all was over. He died without any effort, as if going to sleep. After death all marks of leprosy disappeared from his face, and the wounds in his hands were quite dried. Strange to say, at his own request, he was buried under a large pandanus tree. When he first landed at Molokai he had

no dwelling, and was obliged to sleep for several nights under the shade of this tree, and for this reason he desired to be buried there.'

He was not fifty when he died, but he had done work in the last sixteen years of his life which few men could accomplish in a century. And neither for him nor for his work is it the end. His example has borne fruit already, and will bear it hereafter; and he himself is among those 'which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

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Director, Labor Temple School, New York; Author of "Philosophy and the Social Problem," "A Guide to Plato," etc.

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ANATOLE FRANCE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

I. THE PARADOX

"Had I been nature," said Anatole France, "I should have made men and women not to resemble the great apes, as they do, but on the model of the insects which, after a lifetime as caterpillars, change into butterflies, and for the brief final term of their existence have no thought but to love and be lovely. I should have set youth at the end of the human span . . . Then I should have arranged that man and woman, unfurling glittering wings, would live awhile on dew and desire and die in a rapturous kiss."[1]

Perhaps that is just what nature did in the case of Anatole France. Most of us retreat from life into books, enshrining our timidity in an ivory tower; Anatole France grew out of books into life, and stepped out of a scholarly peace into the hazardous vicissitudes of action. Most of us begin as eloquent radicals and end as hushed conservatives; our interest in reform decreases as our interest in the bank grows. But Anatole France began with the deadliest conservatism, and persisted in it till fifty; then, at an age when most minds are dead, he turned his face toward the rising sun, and allied himself with liberal forces everywhere. At forty-four, when Spinoza died and Nietzsche went insane, Anatole France joined the staff of *Le Temps*, the most respectable journal in France; at fifty-two he was elected to the

French Academy as the conservative rival of a mildly liberal candidate; at seventy-four he joined the Communists, and gave his Nobel prize of 40,000 francs to Russian relief. He was an octogenarian at forty, and at eighty he had the rebellious optimism of youth. He lived again for a while on dew and desire; and refused to die until he was young.

How shall we explain this anomaly? Had this kind old man drunk at some mystic fountain of perpetual youth? How could the indolent sceptic of *La Vie litteraire* become the warrior of *The Church and the Republic?*—how could the indulgent humorist of *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* become the audacious revolutionary of *Towards Better Times* and *On the White Stone?*—how could the secluded bookworm, entombed in the dust of libraries with the spirits of the ancient dead, come forth to battle against priest and soldier and imperialist for liberty and peace?

Let us study Anatole in his growth, through each stage of his development; perhaps thereby we shall come to understand the paradox of his genius, and the secret of his eternal youth.

II. THE MAN

Anatole Jacques Thibault was born on April 16, 1844.[2] He was a son of Paris, and took the pseudonym of France: nothing could better sum him up. He speaks of himself as "Parisian with all his soul and with all his body," and as loving Paris with "an immense love."[3] He is the voice of the city of his birth: of Paris that has seen all and *nil admiratur*,

that has known every hope and suffered every defeat, that has tasted every philosophy and sipped at every sin; Paris the inheritor and focus of the culture and wisdom and beauty of the Western world.

"We were already so old when we were born," he says.[4] And not by biological heredity only: behind him, ready to seep into his osmotic soul, lay all the wealth of his country's literature and art. "Our French culture is the noblest and most delicate thing in the world," he wrote,[5] in one of those frequent passages of tender patriotism which made his country love him even when he denounced the leaders who manoeuvred it into war and kept it from reconciliation and peace. This French culture was the breast that nourished him; and he sucked it almost dry. No one knew that culture, or Latin culture in general, better than he. He knew little of German or English literature, and had nothing of what Renan called "the heavy hyperborean" about him. He was all French and Latin and Greek; like the memory in Bergson's philosophy, he carried the past with him and summed it up; and when he spoke it was the voice of France. In him we see the profound continuity of French culture: he had the broad laughter of Rabelais, the kindly humor of Montaigne, the subtle satire of Voltaire; in *The Rotisserie of the Reine Pedauque* he is Rabelais, in *La Vie litteraire* he is Montaigne, in *Penguin Isle* he is Voltaire, in *The Garden of Epicurus* he is Renan, in the Trublet of the *Comic History* we see the Graindorge of Taine, and in *Thais* we are in

the deserts of monastic Egypt with the Flaubert who wrote *The Temptation of St. Anthony*. There is in all these men a tender disillusionment, an urban sophistication, an appreciation of the subtleties and nuances of life, a pagan simplicity and unashamedness in joy, a refinement of artistic sensibility and touch, which make them an unrivaled dynasty in modern letters. And Anatole France is their inheritor, their reincarnation, and their sum.

He had a right, then, to the great name which he assumed; his real name will be lost forever in the glare of his pseudonym. The *nom-de-plume* came down to him from his father, François Noël Thibault, whose friends called him France for short. The father was a pious Catholic and an unrelenting royalist of Vendéen traditions, who had served in the guard of Charles X and fallen with his fall. He taught his son the Bourbon creed and retailed to him the unlovelier phases of the French Revolution; it took Anatole half a century to outgrow his influence, which lingers on in *The Gods Are Athirst* (1912). Different indeed was the paternal grandmother, neither pious nor royalist, but keen-witted, pagan, and Voltairean; "she had no more piety than a bird; clearly she belonged to the eighteenth century."[6]

It was difficult for the father to bring up the boy in the traditions, for he kept a bookshop on the Quai Malaquais, just across from the Louvre, and the boy grew up in the midst of books that sparkled with heresy. At Anatole's cradle worshipped all the genii of lit-

terature; and almost in his front yard the world had collected the masterpieces of its art. Everything had conspired to lay upon Anatole France the obligation to become a scholar, an artist, and a philosopher.

In his reminiscent volumes—*The Book of My Friend* (1885), *Pierre Noziere* (1899) and *Petit Pierre* (1915)—he has told the story of those boyhood days with delightful naïveté; perhaps he remained young because he was always refreshing his memories of youth. "My cosmography was immense. . . . The earth formed a large circle round my house. Every day I would meet, coming and going in the streets, people who seemed occupied with a strange and amusing game, the game of life. I decided that there were a great many of them, perhaps more than a hundred." After a time he went farther afield; his nurse took him to the Zoological Gardens, which he mistook for the Garden of Eden; for had not his mother described Eden as "a very pleasant place, with beautiful trees, and all the animals of creation in it?" The only difference was that here "the animals were confined behind iron bars as a result of the progress of civilization . . . and the angel who guarded the entrance with a flaming sword had given place to a soldier with red breeches."[7]

At a very tender age he was initiated into the arcana of sex by a little girl called Alphonsine. "I am grateful to Alphonsine for having vastly added, when I was but two years old, to my knowledge of human nature."[8] He was an apt pupil, and maintained through-

out his life the advantages of this early start in the science of Eros. He represents himself, with proud exaggeration, as a very bad boy; once his mother caught him in some naughtiness; "her cheeks were flushed, and she looked at me askance, scanning my face to see whether she could detect the symptoms of incipient crime or madness."[9] Apparently his greatest crime was curiosity; at six years of age, he tells us, "I was already tormented by that vast curiosity which was to become the trouble and the joy of my life, and which was to devote me to the quest of that which one never finds."[10]

He went to school, but he learnt less there than in the streets. "Of all the schools I ever went to, Dr. Truant's was the one in which I got on best and learned the most."[11] Next in value came the book-shops.

> "I was brought up on the quays, where the old books form part of the landscape. . . . If the Seine is the river of glory, we may surely admit that the books ranged upon the quays made for it a fitting coronal. . . . When all is said and done I know of no sweeter, gentler pleasure than to go book-hunting along the quays of Paris. . . . From these lonely abodes you may evoke the spirits of the departed as with an enchanter's wand. . . . For my part I have found wisdom there. All those piles of paper begrimed with printer's ink have taught me the vanity of triumps that fade, of glory which blossoms but to die. . . . O sordid old Jews, candid booksellers of the quays, my masters, what gratitude I owe you! More than the professors of the University, . . . you spread before my delighted eyes the mysterious forms of a

past life, and every sort of precious monument of the thought of man."[12]

So we picture him "passing from book to book like bees among the flowers, while the indifferent pendulum of the clock kept chopping off the seconds of life calmly and precisely." It was in these shops and hours that he laid the basis of that astonishingly ecumenical learning which so modestly hides behind his perfect art. He led in those days "the quiet imaginative life of an only child;" books and women brought him up, making him a tender and sensitive bibliophile, almost an alien on the earth. His father objected to the boy's meditative habits: "Solitude," he said, "excites the imagination." It never occurred to him that nature had chosen out his son to be an artist of the imagination; and he forgot that activity dulls imagination as much as imagination dulls activity. Active boys seldom become geniuses, not even geniuses of action. And Anatole France had made up his mind to be a genius.

"At the very tenderest age I was possessed by a longing to win renown and to live eternally in the memory of mankind. . . . Had I been able, I would have gone forth to win glory on the battlefield. . . . But I had no horse, no uniform, no regiment, no enemies; and all these are essential to military glory. It therefore occurred to me that I would become a saint. The outfit is less elaborate than that required for a military career."[13]

This was the result, presumably, of a daily diet of hagiography, of being fed, unremittingly, on the lives of the saints; a more per-

manent result was that Anatole became an expert in medieval legend, and pained the priests with his erudition.—So one day he refused breakfast, gave away all his toys, ruined his best hat as self-mortification (whereupon his mother began to have some doubts about religion), and made himself a hair-shirt by stuffing the padding of an arm-chair down his back.

Like Renan and Lemaitre, he was sent to a Jesuit school—the College Stanislas; "in the Temple were forged the hammers which destroyed the Temple."[14] He liked the life there, except the weekly confession, which irked him because he had no sins to tell. He consulted the list of sins in the prayer-book, and found monstrous things like "simony," "prevarication," and "concupiscence"; he decided to accuse himself of these for lack of something milder; but at the last moment his courage failed him at the thought that the priest might ask him what these words meant. He was forced to admit, shamefacedly, that he had committed no sins at all.

In *The Flower of Life* (1920) he tells of a crucial point in his career at college, the "bifurcation" when the student was obliged to choose between the sciences and the classics. He asked the advice of the servant girl about this "bifurcation," but he could not shake her conviction that this was either a wild beast or a terrible disease. He consulted his parents: and they, strange to say, let him make his own choice. "My mother had no doubt that whatever path I chose I should display my

ever-smouldering if sometimes hidden genius, while my father considered that in letters as in science I should never amount to anything." His own opinion was that the bifurcation was an absurdity. "No matter what choice we made, our minds were bound to suffer serious injury; for science isolated from letters remains mechanical and brutal, and letters without science are empty, since science is the substance of literature." He thought that our ruling bourgeoisie fail of statesmanship because their minds are trained in mechanisms only, not in the humanities; he believed that a little Greek and more Latin should be required at college; and he was sure that a man who had no acquaintance with classic culture was unfit for rule.

> "I chose to take the arts, because they seemed to float along more easily. . . . Instinct did not altogether deceive me. In these sordid rooms Greece and Rome appeared to me; Greece which taught men science and beauty, and Rome which gave peace to the world. . . . You may call me a mandarin or an aristocrat, but I believe that six or seven years of literary culture give to the mind prepared to receive it a nobility, a force and a beauty which is not to be obtained by any other means."[15]

Perhaps it was this revelation of a polished pagan culture that undermined Anatole's faith in the dogmas of Catholicism, just as a similar revelation helped to paganize Renaissance Italy. Add to this that Taine and Bernard had made determinism and Darwinism the order of the day; that Anatole read Darwin and

Spencer and became a fiery evolutionist, making the Museum his temple and following there the transformations of life from mollusc to man.[16] Now he took a passionate interest in science, worked his way through physics, astronomy, geology and anthropology, and founded upon them what he thought to be an unassailable system of philosophy. What with all this philosophy and science, the poet in him lost his wings; and after two volumes of verse he wrote his poetry in prose. Perhaps it was because he went through this poetic apprenticeship that he became the finest master of his language in his generation. One must be a poet to write good prose.

Meanwhile his transition from Catholicism to an agnostic Darwinism had not been quite smooth. In *The Desires of Jean Servien* (1882) he recalls something of the tortures of a soul caught in the ebb of faith; he describes the successive changes, each unconscious, by which Jean became a pagan: how on the day of his graduation his proud parents (who expected him to become a priest) treated him to an evening at the theatre, only to have him fall madly and naturally in love with the leading lady; how love and piety and doubt fought a desolating war for the soul of Jean Servien; how they led him to every manner of contradictory desires, to an almost Russian alternation of hope and despair, and at last to suicide. Like Goethe in *Werther*, Anatole France killed himself by proxy, and lived to tell the tale.

III. THE CONSERVATIVE

After graduation he was made librarian and reader for the publishing firm of Lemerre; and in 1876 he became librarian of the French senate. These occupations confirmed his scholastic habits, and addicted him still further to classic culture. Asked later why his own library contained so few modern authors, he replied that he seldom read his contemporaries, since what they could tell him he knew quite well himself, and through the more trustworthy medium of direct experience. In the quiet of these libraries and his home (he married in the eighties) he produced the four novels of what we shall call his first period: *Jocasta and the Famished Cat* (1879), *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* (1881), *The Desires of Jean Servien* (1882), and *The Book of My Friend* (1885). The last is a picture of childhood, the second a picture of old age; each picture so intimate and real that the world could hardly believe that both portraits had been drawn by the same hand, almost at the same age.

Bonnard, the aged and honored member of the Institute, lives a life of modest research in his library, competing with his cat for the one comfortable chair. At times he wanders about Europe collecting scholarly antiquities, and modestly accepting as his equal in scientific dignity Mme. Trepoff, who collects match-boxes. We find him even as far from home as Sicily, buying watermelon-slices from a persuasive peddlar who cries: "*Co tra calle vive, magna, e*

lava la faccia"—"For three cents you eat drink, and wash your face."[17] But in all these studies and these wanderings his mind is not quite on his manuscripts and his old editions; he cannot forget that the daughter of the dead woman whom, many years since, he had vainly but faithfully loved, is pining away friendless in an oppressive convent. He has no legal right to make himself the guardian of this girl; and it is his crime that he steals her away in the dark of night, and takes her to his home. Through many years he lavishes every fond care upon her. Then the inevitable wooer comes; and old Bonnard sees his prize slipping away from him, leaving him more solitary than before. He makes no complaint, but blesses the pair of lovers, and sells his only property—the library which he has spent a lifetime in collecting, and whose every book he loves—to provide the girl with a fit dowry. And when she is gone, old Bonnard, derelict of two passions, turns back empty-hearted to his empty study, only to find that his cat has taken his chair.

This was an unusual story, whose tenderness and delicacy sharply marked it off from other books in an age when French literature was experimenting with the sixth commandment, and every novel expounded adultery. At one step Anatole France became a classic; and the most powerful of Parisian newspapers, *Le Temps*, offered him irresistible inducements to write for it a weekly column of literary comment. These are the essays which have been gathered together as *La Vie litteraire* ("On

Life and Letters"),—volumes of frankly subjective, impressionistic criticism, full of delight for the lover of the literature of France. These four years with *Le Temps* (1888-92) made Anatole France the leader of French letters; and when, in 1892, Ernest Renan died, the new critic, already forty-eight years of age, succeeded unquestioned to the throne of the world of Latin culture.

It was an aristocratic, a disillusioned, and a somewhat dilettante culture. Anatole France recognized, at this time, only one sin: and that was lack of taste. "Without taste one shocks even those who have none";[18] an error of style is more horrible than a violation of the criminal code. He condemned Zola for tastelessness, and in such unmeasured language as seldom mars his pages.[19] His ideal at this period was *aequanimitas*—the motto of Spinoza, who practised it, and of Nietzsche, who did not. He liked to live in an almost monastic seclusion, and called himself "a philosophical monk who at heart belongs to the Abbey of Thelema."[20]

The secret of tranquillity, he thought, was to live with the select souls of the past; and he described his critiques as the adventures of his soul among masterpieces. Yet he learned, from the endlessness of books, their near-futility. "Never do I turn over the contents of the penny-box" at the book-store (where are there penny-boxes now?), "but a calm and gentle melancholy steals into my heart, and I say, 'What avails it to add yet a few more pages to this mass of ink-stained paper? Surely it were better to write no more?' "[21] His famous

story of the happy shirt preached an almost Rousseauian, simplicity: an unhappy king, told by a soothsayer that he can never regain bliss till he acquires the shirt of a happy man, sends his aides into every corner of his realm to find such a man; they seek among courtiers and financiers and lovers and generals and artists and philosophers, but are everywhere met with confessions of secret misery; and when at last they find a man who professes happiness, they discover that he is a hermit who lives in the woods on the natural growths of the soil, and has no shirt.

At last, like a grandson of Voltaire, Anatole France came to the gospel of Candide: "I believe it is wiser to plant cabbages than to write books. . . . Books are the opium of the West. They devour us. . . . Believe me when I tell you this, for I adore books, I long since gave myself unreservedly to them."[22] And he described with envy the corn-threshers in the field:

> "What is my task by the side of theirs? And how humble and petty I feel myself before them! What they do is necessary. And we, frivolous jugglers, vain flute-players! Happy the man and the ox who trace out their furrow straight! All the rest is madness, or at least uncertainty, a cause of trouble and cares. The workmen that I see from my window will today thresh three hundred trusses of corn, and then they will go to bed tired and satisfied, without doubting the goodness of their work. Oh, the joy of performing an exact and regular task! But I, shall I know this evening, when my ten pages are written, whether I have filled my

day well and earned my sleep? Shall I know whether I have carried the good grain into the barn? Shall I know if my words are the bread of life?"[23]

Loving quiet and regular existence, he inclined by nature to the conservatism, the love of tradition, of the peasants whom he so admired (and who, no doubt, would have smiled at his supposition that they were free from trouble and care). He knew too much of the past to be easily excited about the future. Everything had been tried. The thing to be sought was not Utopia but stability; culture could flourish only under strong and stable governments. His friends at this time were all of the conservative ranks—priests and generals and diplomats; if later he described them well it was because he had known them well. When an anti-militaristic novel, *Le Cavalier Miserey*, was published, and some copies were bought by French soldiers, Anatole France quoted with approval the censorious edict of an army officer, that "every copy of *Le Cavalier Miserey* seized in the barracks should be burned on the dung-heap, and every soldier found with it should be punished with imprisonment." "It is not a very elegant phrase," said Anatole France; " . . . but I should be better pleased to have written it than to have written the four hundred pages of *Le Cavalier Miserey*. For I am sure that it is of infinitely greater value to my country."[24] One July 14th he described with enthusiasm the review of the troops on the national holiday, and ended his article with the patriotic phrase, "Vive l'armée!" Ten years later he was to

look on in bitterness and sorrow as the rabble of Paris, incited by the enemies of Dreyfus and Zola, stood before his house and shouted that phrase into his face.

IV. THE EPICUREAN

A long life was the salvation of Anatole France; it gave him a leisurely development through a half-century of adolescence. At an age when most creators have finished their life-work he turned suddenly from the orthodoxies and traditions, and began to produce one masterpiece after another. At forty-six he wrote his finest work, "*Thaïs;* at forty-eight his finest short-story, "The Procurator of Judea" (in *Mother of Pearl*); at forty-nine his most enjoyable book, *The Rotisserie of the Reine Pédauque;* and at fifty his philosophic masterpiece, *The Garden of Epicurus.* Add to these *The Opinions of Jérôme Coignard* (1893), *The Red Lily* (1894), and *The Human Tragedy* (1895), and we may safely describe this second period, from 1890 to 1895, as marking the zenith of Anatole France's productivity and power.

Thaïs is the story of an actress and a saint. All Alexandria is talking about the dancing of Thaïs, even though it is the Alexandria of the second century A. D., burning with religious zeal, and echoing with monastic denunciations from the Thebaïd. Rich and poor alike are slaves to Thaïs' charms: the philosophers dispute about her beauty; "the porters, sweepers, and dock-laborers went without bread and garlic that they might pay for their places" when

she danced.[25] Meanwhile, in the desert, the holy monk Paphnutius, who had once loved Thaïs, cannot rid himself of the memory of her; his re-awakened desire rationalizes itself into an ambition to convert her to Christ and sanctity; and despite his abbot's warning, he leaves his cell and makes his way to Alexandria. It is Anatole's delight to show how piety can be the mask of lust, and how ecclesiastical codes and moral battlements fall before the insistence of natural desires.

Paphnutius finds Thaïs in the midst of her artistocratic admirers, whose subtle discussions offer a splendid intellectual foil to the emotionalism of the monk. The courtesan professes to despise his sermons, and like another Aphrodite to another Hippolytus, warns him of Venus' revenge for his scorn of love—is it not for love that man is born, and how else shall existence be redeemed? But Paphnutius, though his soul is parched with desire, pretends to scorn her charms; and the more he scorns her the more she secretly inclines to yield to his demand that she bury herself, for atonement, in a nunnery. As the man has followed beauty ("Surely," says Anatole, "beauty is the most powerful force in the world"), so the woman follows what she thinks is strength. She is tired of her slavish lovers and their stereotyped compliments; what a novelty it is to have a man whip her with commands! So she follows Paphnutius back into the desert and enters a convent, while the victorious monk returns to his cell.

But he has made the mistake of taking his

body with him; and now it torments him ceaselessly with sensual images and dreams. A spirit appears to him and reveals to him the truth which he has ignored: "You cannot escape me: I am the beauty of woman. Whither do you think to fly from me, senseless fool? You will find my likeness in the radiance of the flowers, and in the grace of the palm-trees; in the flight of pigeons, in the bounds of the gazelle, in the rippling of brooks, in the soft light of the moon; and if you close your eyes you will find me within yourself."[26] At last "the dream has more power than the reality;"[27] Paphnutius rushes out of his cell and across the desert, forces his way into the convent, only to find Thaïs dying a saintly death. He catches her in his arms, and discovers that he is holding a corpse. The holy nuns, scandalized by this resurrection of the flesh, drive him out into the desert, where he wanders through the night, mad.

Never in all literature had the triumph of the body over the soul, of the Epicurean and pagan spirit over the Stoic and Christian, been traced more subtly, or with such grace and melody of style. Here the artist is more than the philosopher, and the Epicurean creed is hinted at rather than professed. But in the other novels of this period—*The Rotisserie of the Reine Pédauque* and *The Opinions of Jérôme Coignard*—the sensual interest gets the upper hand over the artist, and for a time Anatole France revels Rabelaisianly. The Rotisserie of the Club-foot Queen is kept by the parents of Jacques Tournebroche; they

have marked him out for the priesthood, but instead he falls into the hands of Jérôme Coignard and two girls who have more beauty than virtue. The girls torture Jacques with their infidelity—"Do you suppose," the lovelier one asks him, "that it is so easy to be a pretty girl without causing unhappiness?";—while Coignard consoles him with philosophy. This jolly abbé is the most successful of all the portraits in Anatole France, barring, perhaps, M. Bergeret. He is a priest out of a job, whose perpetually falling trousers reflect (if trousers ever reflect) the looseness of his morals; his soul is torn between a sensual love for young women and an intellectual passion for old books. "What is woman compared with an Alexandrian papyrus?" he asks, the night before his love-affair with the sweetheart of his pupil. Against him stands the ascetic alchemist, d'Astarac, who scorns women and loves only science and salamanders. "Every union of the sexes, far from assuring immortality to lovers, is an evidence of death, and we should never know love if we were destined to live forever." And d'Astarac continues, Shavianly: "I have promised myself, with the help of science, notably to prolong human life, and to spread it over five or six centuries at least." He does not like the pleasures of the senses; eating is a deplorable bestiality, and "men's teeth are a sign of their ferocity."[28] "If in all the faculties a single doctor of chemistry and philosophy could be found, we should no longer be obliged to sit down to these disgusting orgies. He would prepare for us extracts of

meat, containing only what is in sympathy and affinity with our bodies. . . . Being no longer weighed down by the slow processes of digestion, men would become singularly agile, their sight would become wonderfully keen, and they would see ships gliding on the seas of the moon."[29] After this ethereal gospel the Abbé and his pupil Jacques get into a brawl over a girl, kill a lord, hide in the woods, and then kidnap Jaël, pretty daughter of the Jewish scholar Mosaïde. But Mosaïde pursues and stabs the Abbé to death; and thereby hangs the tale.

Across the centuries Anatole France sees essentially the same thing always—a man pursuing a maid. *The Red Lily* (1894) is another study of sense and sin, graced with the comments of that gentle Epicurean (formed, it would seem, on the matrix of Verlaine),—Choulette. Anatole believes that wisdom is a mixture of philosophy and love, and that the greater of these is love. "No one has been able to show me precisely the right way. . . . The feeling for the beautiful leads me. What man is certain of having found a better guide? . . . If I had to choose between beauty and truth I should not hesitate; it is beauty that I should keep. . . . There is nothing true in the world except beauty."[30] Sensuality is the basis of artistic sensibility, and makes three-quarters of the genius of great artists.[31] So Anatole, in this stage of his development, is shamelessly Epicurean, naïvely sensual, like a child who finds Utopia in his thumb. He does not recognize sin, but only error; "Chris-

tianity has done much for love by making a sin of it."[32] He quotes with zest "the prayer which a fine lass of the Genoese Riviera addressed to the Madonna: 'Holy Mother of God, who didst conceive without sin, grant me the grace of sinning without conceiving.'"[33] Nicias professes sensuality, Paphnutius is possessed with it without knowing it. Anatole admits that "everything is paid for in this world, and pleasure most of all;"[34] nevertheless, he "invariably advocates pleasure as superior to every kind of denial of nature, and he combats the theory that there is good in suffering."[35] "Let us not listen to the priests who teach the excellence of suffering" he tells a working-class audience: "for it is joy which is good. . . . Let us not fear joy, and when a beautiful thing or a smiling thought offers us pleasure, let us not refuse it."[36]

Being an Epicurean in metaphysics as well as in morals, and believing with Epicurus that all things are composed of atoms variously arranged, he "highly approves of the arrangement of the atoms of which woman is composed."[37] It is true that he says almost the opposite occasionally: "I have noticed," says M. de Terremondre, "that well-made women . . ." "There are hardly any," says the Doctor. "Doctor, you remind me of my chiropodist. . . . 'If you were a chiropodist,' he says, 'you would take no stock in women.'"[38] Nevertheless Anatole is a willing slave to beauty, and regrets only that it has a tongue. In his little play, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" (an elaboration of Rabelais) he tells of a

judge who finds, after much seeking, a surgeon who can restore to his wife her long-lost power of speech. "Bring my looking-glass," says the wife, on feeling her tongue loosened; and—"You old goose, you shall give me a new satin gown and a velvet-trimmed cape for my birthday."[39] And she enters upon such a Niagara of talk that the judge, to preserve his sanity, begs the surgeon to undo his operation; and when he is told that this would be illegal he arranges to have himself operated upon for the removal of his hearing.

It is difficult to discover just what has been Anatole France's fortune with the deadly sex: he has paid women the compliment of marrying twice; but some bitter disappointment lurks in such a sentence as—"To hope to leave a memory in the heart of a woman is to wish to stamp the imprint of a seal on the face of running water."[40] Perhaps, he says, women maltreat men rightly, revenging themselves because they are loved not for their own sake but for merely sensual satisfaction. "One must not be an egoist in love," Jaël warns Jacques; "that is what men do not well understand. But we teach them."[41] And in his own person Anatole writes: "Woman forms the great educating influence for man; she it is who trains him in the gifts that charm—courtesy, discretion, and the pride that shudders to be self-assertive. She it is who teaches a few the art of pleasing, and all the useful art of not displeasing."[42]

The ideal woman, he thinks, would be one who mystified and fascinated while her beauty shone, and then departed to a nunnery. Per-

haps woman was happier under the sway of a supernatural religion than she can be in an age of science and scepticism. Anatole apostrophises woman:

> "To make of you the fearful and wonderful thing you are today, to become the indifferent and sovereign cause of countless sacrifices and crimes, you still needed two things: civilization, which gave you veils, and religion, which gave you scruples. Since then your powers are perfected; you are now a mystery, and you are a sin. . . . Candidly, I do not think rationalism is good for you. In your place I should not be fond of the physiologists, who are so indiscreet, . . . who say you are sick when we think you are inspired. . . . That is not the way they speak of you in the Golden Legend; 'white dove,' 'lily of purity,' 'rose of love,' are the names they give you there. Surely this is more agreeable than to be dubbed hysterical, cataleptic, subject to hallucinations, as you are every day since science ruled the roost. . . . Take care, I say: already you have stripped off some particles of your mystery and your fascination."[43]

V. THE SCEPTIC

Anatole France neglected Montaigne's warning: *Ne plus sapias quam necesse est, ne obstupescas*,—"Do not be wiser than is necessary, lest you become stupid." He studied almost everything, only to find out that he knew almost nothing. All education is a weakening of certainties; as soon as a man begins to reason the whole structure of belief begins to crack. "It is necessary to have sound views before having any views at all; for after that it is too late."[44] So Anatole doubts every-

thing; and Michaut properly calls *The Garden of Epicurus* "a manual for unbelievers." He goes beyond Taine and Renan, Gassendi and Montaigne; for whereas they believed nothing, he professes to accept all, and thinks that among all the philosophies and religions there is little to choose, and one may as well swallow them wholesale, as Hobbes advised. This is a bitterer scepticism than any doubt.

He loves Catholicism, as ones loves the place of his youth; but he has no delusions about its dogmas. The various creeds are only "very ancient systems of astrology and arithmetic, police regulations . . . cookery receipts and sanitary precepts, primitive agricultural maxims, and rudimentary rules of good behavior."[45] As for design, the universe astonishes him more by its incoherence than by its order and harmony. There may be a single chain that binds the world into a universe, but "in truth the rings of the chain are in places so entangled that the devil himself could not unravel them, logician though he be."[46] If there be a chain it is one of blind and ruthless determinism. In the story *La Muiron*, Anatole represents Napoleon as saying: "No man escapes his fate. Brutus, who was a mediocrity, believed in the power of the human will. A greater man does not harbor that illusion. He sees the necessity which limits him. . . . Children are rebellious. A great man is not. What is human life? The curve traced by a projectile."[47]

We live on a drop of mud which revolves around a bubble of gas. Very probably

"there is no more repose in the spaces of the sky than on the earth; the same law of strife and struggle governs the infinitude of the universe. . . . To live is to destroy, to act is to injure. . . . The order of the universe is strife and murder, the blind interplay of hostile forces. She destroys herself; and the more I think of things, the more I am convinced that the universe is mad. . . . Nature, my only mistress, and my only instructress, offers me no suggestion to the effect that a man's life is of any value; on the contrary she teaches me in all kinds of ways that it has none. The sole end and object of living beings is to serve as food for other beings destined to the same end. . . . I would fain believe that organic life is an evil peculiar to this wretched little planet of ours. It is a ghastly idea that in the infinitude of heaven they eat and are eaten in endless succession."[48]

In short, "the world is a tragedy, by an excellent poet."[49] He tells of a brute who, to win a wager of a bottle of wine, threw into the Seine the girl with whom he lived.[50] And in another story he mingles with his pessimism his distaste for literary inflation: A king, told that he has only a few more years to live, commissions a corps of savants to write for him the history of the world, that he may learn it before he dies; after a year, his illness having increased, he asks them to report, and is told that they are still engaged upon the history of pre-historic times; he begs them to concentrate their material and present it to him soon; but when, a few months later, he is near death, and asks for their results, he finds them still unprepared; at last, dying, he

begs the wisest of the historians to tell him briefly the history of the world; and the historian answers: "They were born, they suffered, and they died."

Anatole sees nothing to admire in nature and history except their unconscious humor. Nothing could be funnier than the hypocrisies, delusions and infatuations of men. We are food for the laughter of the gods. Surely, after making us, Jehovah must have looked at his work and seen that it was bad. "Never did artisan treat objects produced by his industry with more disgust and aversion. He thought of destroying them, and indeed he drowned the greater part of them in the flood, as they deserved."[51] "We are nothing, my son, but animated pottery," says the Abbé Coignard. Indeed, seeing what a sorry world it is, the supreme joke is the unfailing industry with which men replace every death with one or more births, and follow every devastating war with renewed fertility. "It is certainly very unreasonable to bring little unfortunates into the world," says M. Bonnard to his housekeeper. "But the thing is done every day, my dear Therese, and all the philosophers on earth will never be able to reform the silly custom."[52] (Our own philosopher had one child, the pretty Suzanne, who married a grandson of Ernest Renan, lost him in the War, and died in 1918.[53]) And so, Anatole sadly concludes, it will continue till the sun ceases to give heat and the earth to give food; men will begin to starve; civilization will disappear; and "the last inhabitant of the earth will be as destitute

and ignorant, as feeble and dull-witted, as the first." Other species will supplant man as the lords of creation. There are invertebrates less sensitive to cold than man is. Who can foretell the future reserved for their activity and patience? Who knows if the earth may not become good for them when it has ceased to be habitable by us?[54]

Everything is doomed to be superseded sooner or later; the law of death is written across the face of life. "I acquired a profound consciousness of the passing of things and the nothingness of it all. I divined that men were but changing images in the universal illusion, and from that day I was inclined to sadness, gentleness, and pity."[55] He says of Coignard—"tenderly he despised men."[56] And he repeats with affection his favorite formula: "Let us give to men, for their witnesses and judges, Irony and Pity."[56]

His scepticism of science is as ruthless as his scepticism of theology. For scepticism is its own nemesis; to make a principle of doubt is to drive one's self back always to one's starting-point, and beyond. Anatole France, like Taine and Renan, had begun with faith in the mission and power of science to cleanse and reform the world; but that faith too he at last abandoned. "I hate science, for having loved it too much, after the manner of voluptuaries who reproach women with not having come up to the dreams which they formed of them."[57] Science deals with matter, space, and time: i. e., with unknowables, perhaps non-entities. We know only one reality—thought;

outside of man all is unknowable, and within him all is mystery; "we seek, and we only find ourselves."[58] Science is powerless because it cannot change human nature; and what is changed if that remains the same? Renan believed that science "would change the world because it can tunnel mountains. . . . He surrendered himself with smiling alacrity to the dream of a scientific morality."[59] But education does not increase goodness, it only increases cleverness. Since the development of universal education corruption and deceit have ruled the world.

And philosophy is just as impossible as science. "The systems constructed by the sages are only tales invented to amuse the eternal childhood of man. . . . After the example of the Greeks, I like stories, and take pleasure in what the poets and the philosophers say. Philosophy and literature are the Thousand and One Nights of the West."[60] As for Anatole, he scorns to make a system of his own; he prefers to tell the meandering story of some old scholar—some Bonnard, or Coignard, or Bergeret, or Trublet, or Brotteaux—and to put into their mouths his happy or unhappy thoughts. The story itself is nothing to him, the play of ideas is the thing. An editor confused the instalments of a book by Anatole France, and published them in wrong order: nobody noticed the error, not even the author.[61] Such a method has the charm of *causerie*, and escapes the obligation of consistency. Anatole knows that there are contradictions in his thought; and makes no undue effort to resolve

them; on the contrary, "he contemplates in peace their eternal war,"[62] as if his thought but faithfully mirrored the contradictoriness of things. "Each of us must be allowed to possess two or three philosophies at the same time; for unless you have created a doctrine, there is no reason for believing that any single one is good."[63] He thinks that the wisest of all utterances was Pilate's question about truth; and he does not think that men will answer it. Fra Giovanni, in *The Human Tragedy*, dreams of a many-colored disc that becomes white as it revolves; it is a symbol of truth, which is a composite of contradictions. Anatole believes with Montaigne that "to die for an idea is to set a pretty high value on conjectures."[64] "Theories are created and put into the world only to suffer from the facts which encounter them, only to be torn member from member, to be inflated, and at last to burst like a balloon."[65]

> "It is not by reflection and intellect but by feeling that one attains to the highest and the purest truths. . . . Thought is a frightful thing. It is the acid which dissolves the universe; and if all men were set to thinking at once, the world would immediately cease to exist. But this misfortune is not to be feared. . . . The truths discovered by the intellect remain sterile. . . . It is folly to try to move masses of men by reason. Prejudices, like laws and governments, can be destroyed only by forces blind, deaf, slow, and irresistible. . . . As a whole, the human race is possessed of an instinctive hatred of the intellect. It is engendered by the vague, deep-seated conviction that such hostility is

in its best interests. . . . The scientific verities which penetrate the average mind sink as though in a swamp, and drown. They cause no upheaval, and are powerless to destroy error and prejudice. Truths of the Laboratory, which hold sovereign sway over you and me, have no authority over the minds of the public. . . . Science has never harmed religion, and the absurdity of a religious practice may be clearly demonstrated without lessening the number of people who indulge in it. Scientific truths are not acceptable to the public. Nations live on mythology; from legends they draw all the ideas which are necessary to their existence. They do not need many, and a few simple fables suffice to gild millions of lives. In short, truth has no hold on mankind. . . . Truth has so many points of inferiority to falsehood as practically to be doomed to extinction. . . . Bernadotte of Lourdes has set countless pilgrims on the march and drawn thousands of millions to a mountain in the Pyrenees. And my revered friend Pierre Lafitte assures me that we have entered upon a period of positive philosophy. . . . The science of our day will bring forth superstitions. . . . Religions are coming into being under our very eyes. . . . They claim to found their beliefs on science. . . . Yet all things are possible—even the triumph of truth."[66]

Anatole concludes that "the joy of understanding is a sad joy." Ignorance is a necessary condition of human happiness, and it must be admitted that in most cases we fulfill it well."[67] The ancients wisely considered prophecy as a dark and fatal gift; and the unhappy Cassandra figured their belief. "If

it were possible for us to see what is to come, there would be nothing left for us but to die."[68] M. Bergeret, says Anatole, is to be pitied, for he thinks. "It is a great misfortune, especially in the country."[69] "God preserve you from thinking, my son," says Coignard to his pupil, "as he has preserved his greatest saints and the souls whom he loves with especial tenderness and destines to eternal felicity."[70]

Nevertheless, Anatole France loves the pains of thought. "As believers who have attained a high moral perfection taste the joys of renunciation, so the savant, persuaded that all about us is but vain show and pretense, drinks deep of this philosophic sadness, and forgets himself in the delights of a calm despair—a profound and noble mournfulness, which those who have once tasted it would not exchange for all the frivolous gayeties and empty hopes of the vulgar herd."[71] After all, it is so agreeable to philosophize! He repeatedly quotes the scholar who said that "we are weary of everything except the joys of understanding;" and he pronounces thought "the greatest of man's adventures."[72] Thought is greater than action: "If Napoleon had been as intelligent as Spinoza he would have lived in a garret and written four books."[73] He translates lovingly a fragment of Epicurus: "Happy is he who possesses knowledge! He does not seek to usurp power from his fellow-citizens; he does not meditate an unjust act. Contemplating eternal nature, the unalterable order, the origin and the elements of things, his soul is stained by no shameful desire."[74] In truth, nothing is so

noble as thought. "The wonder is not that the field of the stars is so vast, but that man has measured it. . . . The earth is but a grain of sand in the barren infinity of worlds; yet if it is only on the earth that creatures suffer, it is greater than all the rest of the universe put together."[75]

The Human Tragedy[76] is the record of Anatole France in this second period, the story of the rise and fall of his soul. He pictures the piety and happiness of the gentle Fra Giovanni; and tells how Satan destroyed this simple bliss by teaching the young monk how to think. "I will afflict these monks by telling them the truth," says His Nether Majesty, "and I will sadden them by pronouncing the discourses of reason. I will thrust thought like a sword into their hearts. And when they shall know the truth they will be unhappy. For there is no joy without illusion, and peace is to be found only in ignorance." So he introduces Giovanni to a worker who reveals to the youth the wrongs and sufferings involved in the economic arrangements of modern society. The soul of the monk is touched and fired, and he goes down into the cities to preach the new gospel of social justice. The next day he is in jail, brooding over civic liberties and economic slavery. The devil comes and talks theology with him, and Giovanni's arguments become warmer as his doubts increase. Suddenly his faith leaves him like a fallen garment, and he shivers in the cold air of denial with which Satan has surrounded him. He suffers, but with pride;

he is grateful for this bitter disillusionment; and as he follows Satan up the mountain-side he says to him: "Lo! I am a miserable man, because I have followed after you, Prince of men. . . . Through you I suffer, and I love you. I love you because you are my misery and my pride, my joy and my sorrow, the splendor and the cruelty of things; because you are desire and speculation. . . . I have tasted the fruit of knowledge of good and evil. . . . I love you because through you I am damned." And leaning on the Archangel's shoulder, he wept bitterly."

There is no doubt that Anatole France suffered some wounds of the spirit from his break with the creed of his youth. There was so much of the milk of human kindness in him, mingled with the lust for philosophy and meditation, that nature seemed to have formed him for a priest; and even to the end, despite his doubts, he had something of the Trappist monk about him, and called himself "a pawky Benedictine."[77] His home at the Villa Said had stained-glass windows, and his library was built like the interior of a chapel.[78] "He wore a long dressing-gown of clerical cut. . . . He always wore a skull-cap like the priests in chapel;" and sometimes he looked for all the world like a rabbi vowed to the Talmud. He was "an enthusiastic collector of religious objects. There was nobody in the world with more ecclesiastical tastes. . . . Pyxes, chalices, monstrances, patens and censers filled many cabinets to overflowing."[79] His ears could never forget the music of the old liturgy, nor

his eyes the splendor of the ancient ceremonies; Catholicism murmured in the depths of his soul like the bells of a sunken cathedral. He was still another of that line of great Frenchmen of whom Ste.-Beuve so aptly said that they would remain Catholics long after they had ceased to be Christians.

He had everything of religion except theology and the conviction of sin. He loved the old legends which his mother had poured into him, he liked nothing so much, apparently, as to revel in the esoteric subtleties of the theology which he condemned. "He adored the mysterious, though he did not believe in it;"[30] it was a relief to him from the banality of the real. He was always interrupting himself to tell the story of some saint,—as of "Aloysius Gonzaga, whose modesty was so great . . . that he could not remain alone in a room with his mother without blushing."[31] It was part cause of his melancholy, no doubt, that these legends, which were so beautiful, were not also true. His feelings remained almost untouched by his thinking; in a sense he too, like another pagan, was *anima naturaliter Christiana*. Sometimes he spoke as if on slight temptation he would open up his heart again to the ancient faith.

> "Far from being glad when I see some time-honored fallacy exploded, I think of the new one that will come and take its place; and I ask myself the question, Will it not perhaps be more inconvenient and dangerous than the other? On full and sufficient consideration, the old prejudices are less baneful than the new; time, by long usage, has

given them a polish, and made them almost innocent. . . . As long as man is suckled at a woman's breast, he will be consecrated in the temple and initiated into some mystery of the divine. He will have his dream. And what matter that the dream be false, provided it be fair? Is it not the destiny of man to sink in an everlasting illusion? And is not this illusion the very condition of life?"[82]

VI. THE SOCIALIST

Behind this tender cynicism and this brilliant despair lay not only the uprooting of a cherished belief, but the apparent destruction of a beloved nation. No one is so patriotic as a Frenchman; and perhaps, on the side of culture, no one has better reason. Imagine a young man of twenty-seven, passionately devoted to his country and his city, hearing of the disaster at Sedan, watching the siege and capture of Paris, the despondent violence of the Communards, and their ruthless wholesale execution by the victorious bourgeoisie; imagine, again, the mature man of forty witnessing the decadence of French statesmanship, the corruption of French politics, the rise to power of an unlettered plutocracy, and the silent return of a religious reaction that had captured the army and the aristocracy, and through them threatened to capture the state: what an indecency optimism would have been in those unhappy days! They were, for France, years of atonement, of sober retrenchments in power and pride, and of dark-draped statues recalling a glory gone. It was too much to ask that a mind formed in that turbulent and

ignoble epoch should have risen to good cheer in politics or in philosophy.

Perhaps Anatole France had read too much history to be anything but a sceptic in politics. He smiled at men's hopes of democracy; men are still too near the brute to be the self-ruled freemen of a just society. The Abbé Coignard would not have signed the Declaration of the Rights of Man, "because of the sharply defined and unjust distinction made in it between man and the gorilla." "Whoever meddles with the government of mankind," says Anatole, gently, "should remember that they are monkeys." Says the Abbé again:

> "Changing forms of government is the most frivolous and empty method of using one's intelligence. . . . Startling changes are merely displacements of particular men, and men taken in the mass are like one another, average in evil as well as in good. . . . I notice that after reforms men are as before—selfish, avaricious, cruel, cowardly, stupid, and frivolous by turns; and that there is always the same number of births, marriages, deceived husbands, and gallows-birds,—in which is made manifest the beautiful ordering of our society."[83]

All progress, thinks Anatole, is slow and regular: "There will be no vast changes, and there never have been,—I mean rapid and sudden changes. All economic transformations have the kindly gradual operation characteristic of all natural forces."[84] The dependence of each condition of society upon its predecessor insures a graduation of development. He

compares this to Lyell's "unformitarian" theory in geology—that changes in the earth's surface come not by sudden eruptions but by slow erosion here and slow elevation there. "It strikes one what benefits this theory of subsisting causes would bring in its train, if it could be transferred from the physical to the moral" and political sphere. "The spirit of conservatism and the spirit of revolution would there find a common ground of reconciliation."[85] They found such reconciliation in his own philosophy, which was as radical as any in its advocacy of change, and as conservative as any in its condemnation of haste and violence.

The earlier mood, however, was almost entirely conservative. "A skeptic never revolts against the laws, for he has no hope that better ones can be made."[86] "Good and evil," says Nicias, "exist only in our opinion. The wise man has only custom and usage to guide him in his actions. I conform with all the prejudices of my time. That is why I pass for an honest man."[87] Anatole France believed, in those days, that the strong would forever exploit the weak, and that the weak would forever console themselves with heavens and Utopias. He protected himself, meanwhile, from his own ethical and esthetic sensibility by resolving to remain, as far as possible, rather a spectator of life than a warrior for such hopeless causes as freedom, justice, or truth. "I have always been inclined to regard life as a spectacle; I am a born sight-seer."[88] So he passed among human affairs like a tour-

ist through the Louvre; he told stories not as one interested in the issues, but as one sitting apart and at ease, looking down Olympially from some cloud or mountain-top, like an Epicurean god. He had achieved *aequanimitas* and *ataraxia*,—a peace of mind that could not be disordered or disturbed.

And then, in 1895, came the Dreyfus case. A Jewish officer in the French army had been charged with selling military secrets to Germany; had been condemned, degraded, and deported to Devil's Island, off French Guiana. Frenchmen who could be patriots without hating other peoples, investigated, and reported that in their judgment the incriminating papers had been forged. The courageous Zola braved all the powers of obscurantism and respectability by sharply challenging the forgers in "J'Accuse." Now Anatole France had in time past written very bitter criticism of Zola's novels; had said, for example, that it was better for Zola if he had never been born. But this was a matter in which Zola was right; and Anatole, who had more to lose than any writer in France, did not hesitate to come to Zola's support. On the morning after the publication of "J'Accuse," Paris was startled by the appearance of the "Protestation des Intellectuels" (1898); and it was amazed to find, high up among the signers, the name of Anatole France.

What had moved him to leap so suddenly from his ivory tower upon the battlefield? Partly, no doubt, his friendship with some of the leading Jewish writers and students of the day; but, more, his hatred of bigotry and in-

tolerance. He loved legends, but as legends; let the Church threaten to reassume its old prestige and despotism, and this apparently unconcerned spectator would not be too skeptical to fight. He saw behind the injustice to Dreyfus the control of the army by the Church, and an omen of the use of the army to restore the ancient regime. The Voltaire that had been dormant in him rose at the challenge, and once again the forces of superstition and reaction felt the sting of French satire and the bite of French wit. Anatole France now poured out books and pamphlets in a flood of wrath; he forged out of his gentle humor a relentless polemic, and out of his smooth pen a sword. In speech after speech he faced without fear the chauvinism of the mob; and though the crowd stood outside his house to jeer and denounce him, he fought on, with the others, till Dreyfus was retried, and acquitted, and reinstated, and the battle was won on every point. It was this test that revealed the man: behind the skeptic a believer with his own warm faith; behind the dilettante a warrior; behind the Epicurean a lover and a brother.

The *Histoire Contemporaine* is the record of his conversion, and of his development, in this third period, from an indolent spectator to an impassioned participant. *The Elm-Tree on the Mall* (1897), *The Wicker-Work Woman* (1898), *The Amethyst Ring* (1899), and *M. Bergeret a Paris* (1901) are the purposely aimless titles of this trilogy; in which the intrigues of the anti-Dreyfusards form the ephemeral scaffolding for the rival philosophies of a professor and his dog.

For M. Bergeret and his Riquet are the heroes of this intellectual Odyssey. The dog is perhaps the more illuminating thinker of the two, because he sees human affairs without human prejudice; and while M. Bergeret analyzes God and the state, Riquet quietly dissects M. Bergeret and man. In "The Thoughts of Riquet" we have the dog's philosophy:

> "Men, animals, and stones grow larger as they approach me, and become enormous when they are quite close. It is not so with me. I remain the same size wherever I am. . . . The smell of a dog is a delicious smell. . . . I speak when I choose. From my master's mouth, too, issue sounds which have a kind of meaning. But their meaning is less plain than that which I express with my voice. Everything uttered by my voice means something. But from my master's mouth comes much nonsense."

Here is imagination and a delicately subtle shadowing of the prejudices of men. Observe, again, the sympathetic insight of the passage which describes Riquet's part in the transfer of M. Bergeret's belongings to Paris.

> "During the days of the removal, Riquet roamed sadly through the devastated rooms . . . Strange, ill-clad, fierce and insulting men troubled his repose. . . . Chairs were taken from him as soon as he lay upon them, and carpets were abruptly dragged from beneath his persecuted body, so that in his own home he no longer knew where to lay his head."[89]

Besides Riquet, M. Bergeret has a wife, who is less faithful to him. "'Tis only wise men

that are deceived," Fra Giovanni had said.[90] M. Bergeret, having found his wife comfortably seated in the lap of a friend, says nothing, and reduces her to despair by the unprecedented and inhuman trick of thereafter totally ignoring her existence. At last she chooses the interesting disgrace of a divorce in preference to this intolerable silence; and is replaced by the savant's sister, the virtuous and imperturbable Zoe.

Gradually, in these four volumes, M. Bergeret evolves like his creator from a leisurely conservative to an aroused rebel who is not above shouldering a musket—or at least grasping a pen—in the cause of righteousness. He still scorns democracy, and abhors revolution; but something has touched him into feeling.

> "It is only the crazy and the ambitious who make revolutions. . . . To tell the truth, I do not attach any special importance to the form of the state. Changes of government make little change in the conditions of individuals. We do not depend on constitutions or on charters, but on instincts and morals. . . . No, I don't believe that men are naturally good. What I see is that they are emerging painfully and very slowly from their primitive barbarism, and that with great effort they are organizing a justice that is uncertain and a charity that is precarious. The time is yet far distant when they will be kind and gentle to one another. The time is yet far distant when they will not war upon one another, and when pictures representing battle-scenes will be hidden away as affording an immoral and shameful spectacle. . . . But I also believe that men

are least ferocious when they are least wretched, that in the long run the progress of industry will produce a certain softening of manners. . . . I anticipate that salvation will come from machinery itself. . . . The spark that flashed from the Leyden jar, the little subtle star that revealed itself in the eighteenth century to the wonder-stricken philosopher, will accomplish this miracle. . . . Science, not the people, possesses sovereign power; a stupidity repeated by 36,000,000 mouths does not for that reason cease to be stupid. Majorities, as a general rule, display a superior capacity for servitude. Among the weak weakness is multiplied in proportion to number. Mobs are always inert. They possess a little energy only when they are starving. . . . And how can we change the world? By the force of speech. . . . Nothing is more powerful. . . . It is an invincible weapon, without which the world would belong to armed brutes. What keeps them in abeyance? Merely thought, naked and weaponless. . . . It is thought which rules the world."[91]

In Paris M. Bergeret makes the acquaintance of the socialist and carpenter, Roupart, who comes to fix M. Bergeret's shelves and to tell him of the thousand-and-one varieties of radicals in Paris. "There aren't many socialists hereabouts," he says sadly, "and the few there are don't agree."[92] He thanks the professor for coming to the defense of Dreyfus: "You did something quite out of the common; you cut your own class, and refused to have any truck with the brass hats and the sky pilots" (the army and the church). "I hate forgers, my

lad," says M. Bergeret; "surely that is permissible in a philologist?"[93]

The entrance of Roupart was a symbol of the *union sacrée* of labor and the intellectuals in defense of Dreyfus; and it was a sign of Anatole's conversion to socialism. He had always sympathized with simple people; now he found his heart going out more and more, despite his skeptical head, to their apparently Utopian aspirations. He abandoned his notion of art for art's sake, and was happy to devote his genius to the cause of the oppressed. He took membership in the Socialist Party, which was to become, in the year of his death, the most powerful party in France; and he gave his services as speaker without stint or pride. Like William Morris in England, he let himself be taken to little out-of-the-way halls to speak to men and women tired and discouraged with toil and defeat. Perhaps there is nothing more beautiful in the history of literature than this picture of the great artist, the honored academician, coming down to the platforms of the people, and taking their side against the mighty. He met with the usual contumely: the Government sent *agents provocateurs* to his meetings, to discredit him with shouts of "Long live anarchism!"—but even that word could not frighten this scorner of all force. Paul Gsell describes him at this stage, when the old philosopher had become a political campaigner: "At a public meeting he has difficulty in finding words. He reads his speeches. He intones them in a nasal voice which is not lacking in solemnity. If he has to improvise

he stammers, and loses his head. The emotion itself is the most delicate compliment to the audience, which, proud of intimidating a man of genius, applauds him frantically."[94]

He was not quite certain that the socialists were right in what they proposed, but he agreed with them heartily in what they condemned. He had long since denounced militarism, for example; and he looked upon conscription as perhaps the greatest of contemporary evils. He had made Choulette say:

> "Conscription is a hideous invention of modern times. . . . To make killing an obligation on every man is the shame of emperors and republics, the crime of crimes. In ages which we call barbarous, towns and princes entrusted their defense to mercenaries who waged war with admirable prudence; there were perhaps some five or six men killed in a great battle. And when the knights went out to war, they were, at least, uncompelled; they had themselves killed for the pleasure of it; and undoubtedly they were not good for much else. No one, in the days of St. Louis, would have dreamed of sending to the front a man of learning and wisdom; nor would they have thought of snatching the laborer from the fields to force him into battle. But now we tell a man that it is an honor for him to be so conscripted; and if he does not like this kind of honor we shoot him. He yields because he is subject to fear; and because man is of all domestic animals the most timidly accommodating. . . . It is to be remarked that our clothes have great influence on our moral being. . . . It is enough to give a coward a bear-skin cap to make him go and

get his head broken in the king's service. . . . Civilized nations are like hunting-dogs. A perverted instinct drives them to destroy without profit or reason. . . . The truth is, that men of a common faith have no more urgent desire then to exterminate those who think differently, particularly if the difference is very slight."[95]

Behind militarism is imperialism, the desire to establish imperial and autocratic authority over the lands and lives of simple peoples who have the misfortune of possessing valuable natural resources without an army or a navy.

"Fra Giovanni knew that the man who sells is the enemy of the man who buys, and that the art of trade is more mischievous, if possible, than the art of war. . . . The discovery of the West Indies, the exploration of Africa, the navigation of the Pacific Ocean, opened up vast territories to European greed. The white kingdoms joined issue over the extermination of the red, yellow, and black; and for a space of four centuries gave themselves up madly to the pillaging of three great divisions of the world. This is what is styled modern civilization."

Anatole calls it the White Peril.[96]

His writings, during the first five years of the new century, were colored and heated with socialism. He spoke of a *préfet* who "felt before 'property' that kind of religious terror which the moon inspires in dogs;" he laughed bitterly at "the law," which "in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread;" and he made one of his shorter

masterpieces, *Crainquebille* (1902), a cameo of protest. An old street-peddler, too slow to move on at a gendarme's bidding, is arrested and falsely charged with having flung at the officer the war-cry of Parisian police-haters.—"Mort aux Vaches!" In court the officer lies so efficiently that Crainquebille wonders did he not say the thing after all? After serving a year in prison he comes out broken-hearted. and so poor in health that he can find no work that wants him; and other peddlers have long since captured his old customers. At last, in starving desperation, and hoping to find in jail the food that he cannot get outside of it, he confronts an officer and carefully pronounces in his face the cry that will surely bring him a sentence—"Mort aux Vaches!" But the policeman shrugs his shoulders scornfully, and passes on.

In *The White Stone* (1905) Anatole France offers us his Utopia. There is a "total suppression of private property" in the means of production. Mating and marriage are left quite free, and all children are supported by society. The entire continent of Europe is united under one socialist government; England alone stands aloof, but not untouched. "While having become socialistic she still retained her king, her lords, and even the wigs of her judges."[97] Of course, there remains much room for progress: "there are still among us, as before, voracious and prodigal, industrious and idle, rich and poor, happy nad miserable, contented and discontented, men. Yet all manage to exist, and that is already something."[98]

In such admissions the old skeptic betrayed himself as not quite submerged by the socialist; only Anatole France could smilingly inform us that even in Utopia there will be unhappy people. One suspects that this was not his real Eden; that in his heart he was an individualist; perhaps, in his gentle philosophic way, an anarchist. He loved to think "of that maker of pipes whom William Morris presents to us in that fine Utopian story of his, that simple-hearted craftsman who, in the city of the future, made pipes which surpassed all others in beauty, because he brought love to the making of them."[99] The same individuality which made him averse to system in philosophy and to dogma in science and religion made him doubtful of a paradise in which the government would be ubiquitous and supreme.

In his popular addresses he ignored difficulties and distinctions; one must take sides, as Voltaire said. But "when the ardor of battle began to cool, Anatole France returned very soon to his uncertainties, his beloved indecision. . . . He had not the forwardness, the front and mouth of brass, which are necessary to party-leaders."[100] He remained the student, unpolitical and impolitic, unwedded to any dogma, ready to survey friends and enemies alike with undeceivable eye, and to laugh at both of them,—as he does in *Penguin Isle* (1908).

This is his most sustained and powerful satire, whose modest scope is a symbolic history of France. An old missionary, Father Maël, comes upon some penguins whom he mistakes

for a new race of men; he preaches the Gospel to them, and touched by their attention, baptizes them. Thereupon all heaven is thrown into consternation, for it is against divine law to baptize any but men; a learned theological discussion ensues; and finally it is decreed that to save both the letter of the law and Father Maël's face, the penguins shall be changed into men, by a sort of divinely-accelerated Darwinism. Father Maël, after this concentrated evolution, gives the new citizens clothing, with dire results: all the males run after the first clothed female, and ignore the conservative and respectable ladies who are still naked. Possession in woman leads to possession in property; the males fight patriotically for mates and land, and set up laws and boundaries to protect their conquered property. St. Maël is horrified at the greed, jealousy and war which have followed upon his ministrations; but a fellow-monk assures him that the penguins are accomplishing the most august of functions—"they are creating law, they are founding property, they are establishing the bases of civilization." Out of this comes industrialism, which reaches its zenith in the United States. "Houses could never be built high enough; fifteen millions of men toiled in the giant city." One of the learned penguins arrives in New York.

> "Having disembarked, he was waited upon by automatons in a hotel forty-eight stories high. Then he took the great railway that led to Gigantopolis, the capital of New Atlantic. In the train there were restaurants, gaming-rooms, athletic arenas, telegraphic,

commercial and financial offices, a Protestant church, and the printing office of a great newspaper. . . . The train passed along the banks of great rivers, through manufacturing cities which concealed the sky with the smoke from their chimneys, towns black in the day, towns red at night, full of noise by day and full of noise also by night.

" 'Here,' thought the doctor, 'is a people far too much engaged in industry and trade to make war.' . . . The doctor was brought into the hall of Congress, and cast his look upon the crowd of legislators who were sitting on cane chairs with their feet upon their desks. The president arose, and in the midst of general inattention, muttered. . . . : 'The war for the opening of the Mongol markets being ended to the satisfaction of the States, I propose that the accounts be laid before the finance committee. . . . Is there any opposition? . . . The proposal is carried. . . . The war for the opening of the markets of Third-Zealand being ended to the satisfaction of the States. . . .' 'Have I heard aright?' asked Professor Obnubile. 'What? you an industrial people and engaged in all these wars!' 'Certainly,' answered the interpreter; 'these are industrial wars. . . . The number of wars necessarily increases with our productive capacity. . . . In Third Zealand we have killed two-thirds of the inhabitants in order to compel the remainder to buy our umbrellas and braces.' At that moment a fat man who was sitting in the middle of the assembly ascended the tribune. 'I claim,' said he, 'a war against the Emerald Republic, which insolently contends with our pigs for the hegemony of hams and sauces in all the markets of the universe.' 'Who is

that legislator?' asked Dr. Obnubile. 'He is a pig merchant.' . . . 'What?' asked Obnubile to the interpreter; 'you have voted a war with that rapidity and that indifference?' 'Oh! it is an unimportant war which will hardly cost eight million dollars.' 'And men? . . .' 'The men are included in the eight million dollars.' Then Dr. Obnubile bent his head in bitter reflection. 'Since wealth and civilization admit of as many causes of poverty as war and barbarism, since the folly and wickedness of men are incurable, there remains but one good action to be done. The wise man will collect enough dynamite to blow up this planet. When its fragments fly through space an imperceptible amelioration will be accomplished in the universe, and a satisfaction will be given to the universal conscience. Moreover, this universal conscience does not exist.'"

In Book Six the Affaire Pyrot portrays the Dreyfus case, and here the great sceptic laughs even at himself. The story passes on to tell of the rise of organized labor, and the coming of a great revolution; but on the very last page the sceptic overwhelms the socialist, and, describing the rise of another master-class and another system of industrial exploitation, ends the book with an ominous repetition of the very words that had been used to depict the earlier slavery: "Houses could never be built high enough; fifteen millions of men toiled in the giant city."

The truth is, Anatole France had his doubts about revolution. There were two things which he hated as much as his gentle nature could hate anything—those twin evils, violence and intolerance. When Fra Giovanni is in jail,

arrested for a speech against the "Friends of Order," an anarchist prisoner invites him to join his party, saying: "My wish is to destroy the law by violence and compel the citizens to live henceforth in happy freedom. And know further that I have slain both judges and soldiers, and have committed many crimes for the public good." To which Fra Giovanni answers, passionately:

> "Ill betide the violent!—for violence ever begets violence. Whoever acts like you is sowing the earth with hatred and fury, and his children shall tear their feet with the wayside briars, and serpents shall bite their heels. Ill betide you, for you have shed the blood of the unjust judge and the brutal soldier, and lo, you are become like the soldier and the judge yourself. Like them you bear on your hands the indelible stain. A fool the man who says, 'We will do evil in our turn, and our hearts shall be comforted. We will be unjust and it shall be the beginning of justice. . . .' If you disobey your masters, let it be by love. Neither fetter nor kill them, but tell them rather, 'I will never slay my brothers, nor throw them into chains."[101]

In *The Gods Are Athirst* (1912) the theme is again the uselessness and ultimate destructiveness of intolerance and violence. The scene is Paris in the days of the Terror; the protagonist is Evariste Gamelin, a Robespierrist who kills suspects with all the self-satisfaction of a Torquemada. Anatole France sees the Revolution red; it is not the oratory that remains with him most, but that quiet punctuator, the guillotine. At bottom, he thinks, the thirst of

the gods for human blood is the thirst of the mob; and Anatole, like every artist, distrusts the mob. He remarks of Georg Brandes that "he has flattered no one—not even the people."

The Revolt of the Angels (1914) is an allegory for every revolution. Satan revolts against God; it is freedom revolting against order, nature against restraint, the individual against society. Satan wins, and sets himself up as God, preaching the old dogmas, and retaining the pope as his vicegerent. "In thee I confirm the right and power to decide matters of doctrine, to regulate the use of the sacraments, to make laws, and to uphold the purity of morals. . . . Thou art infallible. Nothing is changed."[102] Here in three words are the essence and formula of scepticism: Nothing is changed, even if revolution succeeds, even if Satan replaces God. The only note of hope comes in a speech of Satan to his defeated followers.

> "Friends, if victory is denied us now, it is because we are neither worthy nor capable of victory. Let us determine wherein we have failed. Nature shall not be ruled, the sceptre of the universe shall not be grasped, except by knowledge alone. It is not blind courage (no one has shown more courage than you) which will win you the courts of heaven; but rather study and reflection. In these silent realms where we are fallen let us meditate, seeking the hidden causes of things; let us observe the course of nature; let us pursue here with compelling ardor and all-conquering desire; let us strive to penetrate her infinite grandeur, her infinite minuteness. . . . When she obeys us we shall be as gods."

VII. THE ARTIST

Anatole France was a philosopher; and the mellow subtlety of his thought, the universality of his interests, and the splendor of his learning have endeared him to those who pursue the elusive delights of speculation. But he was more than a philosopher, more than a scholar and a soldier in the war of human liberation; he was an artist. It is as an artist that he was supreme in his generation, and will be cherished for many centuries in the memory of the initiate.

He merely missed perfection. He was not a master of construction: whereas his shorter stories are of admirable technique, his novels lack unity, and tend to be loosely episodic; only in *Thaïs* did he find the unity of interest, the symmetry of structure, and the inevitability of development which make for faultless form. And he lacked originality of matter: his plots were taken anywhence, with as high a hand as Shakespeare's, and with as good excuse—that he adorned whatever he stole. All ideas, he held, are as old as thought, and belong to everybody; creation is in the form, not in the stuff. Yet *Thaïs* too much recalls Flaubert: and *The Garden of Epicurus* is touched with that fragrant pessimism which we associate with Renan. And lastly, his creations were almost exclusively introspections: he could not forget himself, he could not erect, by the power of his imagination, characters quite unlike his own, as Shakespeare did, or Balzac; no matter

what the name may be,—Servien or Bonnard, Bergeret or Coignard, Vence or Dechartre, Trublet or Brotteaux,—the men are as invariably Anatole as the heroes of Byron are Byron.

But if he lacked something of creative imagination (and he confessed this with admirable simplicity[103]), he atoned for it by the rarity of his re-creative imagination. As if possessed of some miraculous Time-Machine, he moved at will into different epochs of the past, and through patient scholarship and delicate understanding filled those ancient ages with vivid life; through the lenses of his art distant periods grew, and moved up into the near and visible. He saw these alien centuries more clearly than most of us see our own; he described them with a sympathetic penetration which makes the realism of realists seem unfaithful and obscure. He delighted to enter into dead theologies and antique philosophies, and knew their esoteric minutiae as perhaps no other scholar of his time. He could be ruthless in revealing the actual perspective of history, as in "The Procurator of Judea"; but at the same time he felt the beauty of the ancient lore and could show it in his pages as if with the most transparent innocence of belief. He could mercilessly divest the story of Jeanne d'Arc of all miraculous content, and yet present her as the lovably simple girl whose visions stirred a defeated nation to courage and victory.

What he did always—on every page of every book—was to lavish love and care on every line. His religion consisted of an affection for

mankind and a passion for perfect prose. He did not admire, though perhaps he envied, the romantic type of genius which soars on the wings of song, and composes without effort and—without thought. He spent himself on achieving the finished form, believing that form held the secret of artistic immortality. "Form is the golden vase which preserves thought, whose essence is fleeting, for posterity. . . . One survives only by form. . . . To give a new form to a new idea is all of art, and the only creation possible to man."[104]

And so he wrote better than any Frenchman of his generation; and his style is a precious perfume that almost dulls the sense with its intoxicating charm. It is a fluid style, compounded of tenderness and disillusionment; as gentle as the dew and as clear as a day in June; a subdued style, quiet, soft, almost languorous and voluptuously beautiful. Take one example: he tells how, reading the Greek classics, "il voyait des figures divines, des bras d'ivoire tombant sur des tuniques blanches; il entendait des voix plus belles que la plus belle musique, qui se lamentaient harmonieusement."—"He saw divine figures, with arms of ivory falling on tunics of pure white; he heard voices more beautiful than the sweetest music, raised in harmonious lamentation."[105] He had that ear for music which seems indispensable for style; his words caress their subject, and his phrases fall of themselves into sombre and gentle harmonies.

His style, again, delights with its clarity and simplicity. French writers, he said, have three

great qualities: clearness, clearness, and clearness;[106] well, Anatole France had all three. "There is a means of attracting which is within the reach of the most humble, and that is naturalness."[107] He could be romantic when he wished, as in speaking of the fingers of a child's hand "like the rosy rays of a star;" but he rather shunned such colored metaphors. "Let us beware of writing too well," he warned; "it is the worst way there is to write."[108]

But his was a simplicity that had absorbed complexity, as his clarity had been chiseled painfully out of obscurity. Behind his naïveté is the subtlest irony; his understatement is the shrewdest emphasis. He says of Renan: "If we may believe this amiable shepherd of souls, it is impossible for us to elude divine mercy, and we shall all enter Paradise—unless, indeed, there be no paradise, which is exceedingly probable;"[109] nothing could have better summarized Renan. He likes to build up an imposing paragraph and then, like Heine, to destroy it all with the last word, like some infant architect destroying his toy palaces with imperial nonchalance. Never even in the history of French literature has there been so delicate a poise between subtle thought and transparent phrase; one forgets that it is philosophy, because philosophy is so seldom dressed in such perfect art. This imperceptible union of matter and form, this wedding of wisdom and beauty, constitute the distinctive achievement of Anatole France. His soul was large enough to know the good, the beautiful, and

the true; and his skill sufficed to show them in all the splendor of their natural unity. He was a great artist.

VIII. THE LAST PHASE

When the war came, in 1914, Anatole France, age seventy, offered himself as a volunteer. Not that he loved peace less than before, but France a little more; he could not contemplate with his wonted equanimity the possible destruction of the fairest civilization in the modern world. "What you are defending," he told the soldiers of his country in 1915, "is our immortal patrimony, our mores, our customs, our laws, our habits, our beliefs, and our traditions; the work of our sculptors, our architects, our artists; the song of our musicians; the mother-tongue which for eight centuries has flowed unceasing from the lips of our poets, our writers, our historians, our philosophers. . . . What you are defending is the French genius, which gave the world light and brought the nations liberty."[110] It was not the France of Viviani and Millerand and Poincaré that he defended; but the France of Montaigne and Voltaire and Victor Hugo and Renan; he could not bear to think that they should be forgotten, or that France should never again bear their like.

From his dream of a just peace and a united Europe, the Treaty of Versailles awakened him; it filled him almost with despair to see the same men who had brewed the poison on which Europe had gone mad, restored to of-

fice and empowered to prepare another holocaust. He greeted the Russian Revolution with gladness and thanksgiving; whatever its violence and its errors, he thought, this was a challenge in the face of which Western Europe would be compelled to cleanse and renew itself. His friends among the mighty were amazed to hear of his joining the Communists, but not more amazed and chagrined than he had been to see the leaders of his country ape the militarism of the defeated foe; it was his way of telling them that his heart was with the lowly whose blood had been shed, rather than with the great who calmly counted the losses in men and calculated the gains in gold. When, in 1921, he received the Nobel prize for literature, and, returning from Sweden, found that the French Academy had been so shocked by his new affiliations that it had abandoned its plans for tendering him a reception, he smiled with relief, and gathering his simpler friends about him, feasted unconstrained. The victory of the liberals in the year of his death gave new bloom to the hopes that sprang eternally in his young heart.

His splendid home at 5 Villa Saïd was the rendez-vous of Cabinet-members like Caillaux and Painlevé, of geniuses and workingmen. It was a temple of art and friendship, where the master conversed with his disciples, or brooded in solitude over his collected treasures of painting, statuary, and engraving. "With a reverent hand he took the little Cupid, and raising it to his eyes, almost to his lips, he caressed it tenderly."[111] When a Russian girl refugee

came to seek protection, she was frightened away by the wealth in which she found herself upon opening his door; she could not see that it was not wealth but beauty. Later, such troubled souls came to him unafraid, and sometimes perhaps too unabashed. "Here," said one young visitor, "is a bomb in two parts. Separated, nothing to fear. If the two halves are screwed together, the whole house blow up." "Do not screw them, please," said Anatole, gently. "And take my word for it, my young friend, as long as there are other means, we must have recourse to them. Remember this: homicidal justice, even when administered by a people struggling for freedom, can never be anything but a wretched substitute. It is not good to quench with blood the thirst of the gods."[112]

He had to die, as all things have to die. That we simpler souls should die, that nature should cast us back ruthlessly into the crucible of being and mould us into worthier stuff,—that perhaps we can understand and forgive. But that genius should die, that the creative heart should beat no more, and the creative hand lie forever still, how can we ever forgive that?

When he passed away, on October 12, 1924, his country became magically united by the generous influence of his name. President and Premier joined the line of people who, from morning to evening, filed by his coffin to bid farewell to the man who had upheld, in his generation, the supremacy of French letters. When he was taken to the cemetery at Neuilly,

the five miles of intervening streets were lined five and ten deep with patient thousands that had waited for hours to see the body pass. Not since Victor Hugo's death had France so mourned a son.

Shortly before his death an American magazine had sent to all prominent artists, writers, and critics of the United States a request for a list of the world's greatest geniuses, arranged in the order of their preference. When the replies were averaged the first in standing was Shakespeare. The second was Goethe. The third was Anatole France.

NOTES

(References are, in most cases, to the English translations in the Library Edition of Chapman and May, published by John Lane. Where French titles are given in Italics the reference is to the French edition.)

(1) The Garden of Epicurus, p. 47. (2) He was apparently of purely French ancestry, though some have claimed that there was in his parentage a strain of Jewish blood. (3) *La Vie litteraire*, vol. iii, p. 295. (4) Quoted by J. H. Robinson, The Mind in the Making, New York, 1921, p. 64. (5) On Life and Letters, vol. i, p. 247. (6) Quoted by Shanks, Anatole France, Chicago, 1919, p. 7. (7) Pierre Noziere, p. 19. (8) Little Pierre, p. 28. (9) Ibid, p. 134. (10) Quoted by G. Michaut, *Anatole France*, Paris, 1913, p. 48. (11) Little Pierre, p. 51. (12) Pierre Noziere, pp. 59, 72; Shanks, p. 22; Brandes, Anatole France, New York, 1908, p. 15. (13) Book of My Friend, p. 68. (14) Elm-Tree on the Mall, p. 13. (15) The Flower of Life, in *The Dial* for October, 1921. (16) Michaut, p. xii. (17) Sylvestre Bonnard, p. 35. (18) *La Vie litteraire*, vol. i p. 17. (19) Zola might have returned the charge

by citing Anatole's fondness for women's underwear—e. g., The Wicker-Work Woman, p. 210; The Amethyst Ring, p. 221. (20) On Life and Letters, vol. i, p. viii. (21) Pierre Noziere, p. 72. (22) On Life and Letters, vol. i, pp. ix and xii. (23) Ibid., vol. ii, p. 233. (24) Ibid., vol. i, p. 70. (25) Thais, p. 83. Anatole liked to tell of the difficulty which Gollet had with this name in writing the libretto for Massenet's opera. "Gollet confided to me that he would not be able to retain the name of Paphnuce for my hero, because he had difficulty in making it rhyme with noble words. All he could find was *puce* (flea) and *prepuce* (foreskin); and he was not satisfied with that. So he chose another name, Athanael. Athanael rhymes with *ciel* (heaven), *autel* (altar), *irreel* (unreal), *miel* (honey), which are nice words fit for polite society." Gsell, *The Opinions of Anatole France*, New York, 1922, p. 155. (26) Thais, p. 207. (27) Ibid., p. 178. (28) At the Sign of the Reine Pedauque, pp. 115 and 59. (29) Ibid, p. 50. (30) On Life and Letters, vol. ii, preface and p. 113. (31) Quoted by Gsell, p. 180. (32) The Garden of Epicurus, p. 17. (33) On the White Stone, p. 17. (34) On Life and Letters, vol. i, p. 223. (35) Brandes, p. 107. (36) In Shanks, p. 217. (37) The Gods Are Athirst, p. 165. (38) Elm-Tree, p. 146. (39) The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife, p. 51. (40) Reine Pedauque, p. 184. (41) Ibid, p. 121. (42) Garden, p. 36. (43) Ibid., p. 19. (44) Penguin Island, p. 156. (45) Pierre Noziere, p. 135. (46) In Michaut, p. 19. (47) In Brandes, p. 57. (48) Garden, p. 12; Wicker-Work Woman, pp. 190 and 200; Gods, pp. 69 and 61. (49) Thais, p. 129. (50) On Life, vol. ii, p. 75. (51) Reine Pedauque, p. 101. (52) Bonnard, p. 10. (53) J. L. May, Anatole France, London, 1924, p. 88. (54) Garden, pp. 26 and 28. (55) In Shanks, p. 53. (56) In Guerard, French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century, London, 1914, p. 13. (57) The Reflections of Jerome Coignard, p. 113. (58) Little Pierre, p. 110. (59) Garden, p. 51. (60) On Life, vol. ii, p. 134; Shanks, p. 69. (61) Gsell, p. 108. (62) Michaud, p. 17. (63) On Life, vol. ii, p. vi. (64) In Shanks, p. 96. (65) *Le Livre de Mon Ami*, p. 284. (66) *Thais*, p. 175; *La Vie litteraire*, vol. ii, p. 173; *Coignard*, pp. 280 and 30; Pierre Noziere, pp. 132

and 135; Amethyst Ring, pp. 143, 146 and 111; Elm-Tree, p. 104. (67) Gods, p. 57; Michaut, p. 34. (68) M. Bergeret in Paris, p. 174. (69) In Michaut, p. 35. (70) In Brandes, p. 5. (71) Garden, p. 120. (72) *La Vie litteraire,* vol. ii, p. 303. (73) M. Bergeret, p. 180. (74) On Life, vol. ii, p. 133. (75) Garden, pp. 16 and 50. (76) This may be obtained, miraculously, for five cents in the "Little Blue Book" Series, No. 219. (77) On Life, vol. i, p. iii. (78) Gsell, p. 17. (79) Ibid., p. 129. (80) Michaut, p. 44. (81) On Life, vol. i, p. 24. (82) Garden, p. 73; Shanks, p. 35. (83) Coignard, pp. 161, 182. (84) Garden, p. 115. (85) Ibid., p. 54. (86) On Life, vol. i, p. vii. (87) Thais, p. 40. (88) Book of My Friend, p. 113. (89) M. Bergeret, p. 12. (90) Human Tragedy, p. 79. (91) Elm-Tree, p. 171; M. Bergeret, pp. 173, 176, 118, and 182. (92) Ibid., p. 64. (93) Ibid. (94) Gsell, p. 235. (95) M. Bergeret, p. 81; Reine Pedauque, p. 80; Amethyst Ring, p. 163. (96) Human Tragedy, p. 68; White Stone, p. 152. (97) Ibid., p. 213. (98) Ibid., p. 238. (99) Little Pierre, p. 61. (100) Michaut, p. 12. (101) Human Tragedy, ch. xi. (102) The Revolt of the Angels, p. 345. (103) Penguin Island, p. 39; *La Vie litteraire,* vol. ii, p. 39. (104) In Michaut, 227-9. (105) *Le Livre de Mon Ami,* p. 170. (106) In Brandes, p. 107. (107) On Life, vol. ii, preface. (108) In Michaut, p. 232. (109) In Brandes, p. 3. (110) In Shanks, p. 209. (111) Gsell, p. 22. (112) Ibid., p. 229.

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The Nature of Dreams

Hereward Carrington, Ph. D.

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Author of "Life: Its Origin and Nature," "The Problem of Death," "Psychical Research," etc.

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THE NATURE OF DREAMS.

THE DREAM WORLD.

It has been said that three main problems confronted the mind of primitive man. These were (1) The difference between living and lifeless bodies; (2) the nature of the figures seen in dreams; and (3) the fate of the individual soul after bodily death. Curiously enough, these three problems still remain with us—the first a biological problem, the second a psychological, and the third a problem for psychical research. The "dream people" will be discussed, briefly, in this little book, while the other problems will be found in the books devoted to Life and Psychical Research respectively.

Dreams have been the subject of study and speculation throughout the ages, but it is only within the past few years that a serious and systematic attempt has been made by psychological science to understand and interpret them. But when I say "interpret" them, it must not be thought that the ordinary popular Dream Book interpretation is accepted. An alphabetical list of dream-interpretations is scientifically impossible, because each dream differs, very largely, according to the individual case, and has to be interpreted differently. It is therefore useless to write, describing a vidid dream, and ask for its interpretation off-hand. Scien-

tific interpretations cannot be given in this manner, except in the most general terms. The dream must be carefully studied and analyzed, at first hand—and it often takes days and weeks of careful study to get at the root of a certain dream, and to ascertain its true causes. Dreams are symbolical, and can be interpreted; but this form of interpretation is a very different thing from a typical Dream Book alphabet!

Dreams are psychic phenomena which we all experience, and are consequently of interest to practically everyone. In our dreams, we enter a world all our own, which we share with no one, except perhaps the "people" of our dreams; but even then we are usually the central and dominating figure. Dreams are at any rate sufficiently universal to warrant a brief study of their causation and nature, from the point of view of psychological and also psychic science. This I have attempted in the present volume.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.

Dreams (with the exception of so-called "day dreams") transpire in a very mysterious state known as sleep. Men, animals and even plants and vegetables sleep, but we do not know even yet the exact cause and nature of sleep.

All sorts of thories have been propounded to explain it. Some authorities have thought that an excess of blood in the brain is the cause of sleep; but it was afterwards proved that exactly the reverse of this is the case; there is much less blood in the brain during sleep than there is during waking hours. When we wake

up and begin to think, more blood flows into the brain.

Some have contended that sleep is a pathological condition; but this is disproved by its naturalness and universality. Others have advanced the view that an altered condition of the nervous system is the cause of sleep; but there is no direct proof of this, except in the cases of animals which have been narcotized; and this is not a natural condition.

The usual theory held is that sleep is due very largely to chemical (toxic) substances, which accumulate within the system and gradually poison it, during the day's activities; these slowly poison the body, and sleep is a period of rest required to throw off these poisons and restore a normal condition.

There is much to be said in favor of this view, and there is doubtless some truth in it. But it is not the whole truth. For, in the first place, sleep may be delayed by an effort of will; then, artificial sleep of a protracted character may be induced by means of hypnotism; again, most men and women seem to need about the same amount of sleep, no matter whether they do a great deal of work during the day or hardly any at all! All this ought not to be so, if the purely chemical theory were correct.

It is now believed that sleep is a time in which excessive blood-pressure is reduced to normal; this may be true, but it does not explain to us the nature or sleep, nor even its true cause.

The psychological factor is very important, as a cause of sleep. Dr. Boris Sidis conducted

a number of experiments upon animals, in which he covered up the eyes and ears of the animals with thick cloths, and the animals very soon fell asleep. Lack of external stimuli is therefore a great factor. Even in the case of man, when all the senses are cut off, there is a tendency to fall asleep. But this in itself is not a sufficient explanation of its cause, much less its inner nature.

Professor Claparède has advanced the view that sleep is a protective mechanism, adopted by Nature to prevent the body from becoming too exhausted. (This is a biological theory of sleep.) While this may be true, it does not explain to us the nature of this mysterious state.

My own theory is that sleep is a vital process, and that during the hours of rest and sleep the human brain and nervous system are in some way recharged by vital energy, in much the same way that a storage battery is recharged by electric energy. It is a period during which the vibrations of life become equalized and rendered harmonious. It is also the resting time of the mind and soul. This would perhaps explain to us the unique recuperative power of sleep; for we know that even a few moments sleep will at times completely refresh us,—which would be quite impossible on any of the orthodox theories.

But the exact nature of sleep is still a mystery — equally with dreams — which are the mental phenomena that take place during the apparent eclipse of consciousness in the state known to us as "sleep."

SOMNAMBULISM.

Among the most curious phenomena presented during sleep are cases of somnambulism, in which the sleep-walker walks, talks, laughs, cries, etc., without waking up,—usually knowing nothing of his actions the next morning. There are two kinds of somnambulism: artificial and natural. Artificial somnambulism is induced by hypnotism, etc., while the so-called "natural" states occurs spontaneously, and is often observed in cases which appear to be, in every other respect, perfectly normal.

There are various kinds of somnambulism, the most common probably being that in which the subject arises from his bed, and walks about the house, or even out of doors, either in night-clothes or after completely dressing. In the latter case, the subject invariably undresses again, before getting back into bed—showing us the force of habit!

The somnambulist is, of course, acting out his dream, and his actions are governed by the character of that dream. The people whom he sees and addresses are dream people, and no attention is paid to real persons who speak to him. If conversation is carried on with real people, during an attack of somnambulism, it is because the real people have been temporarily endowed with the character and personality of the dream personage. The scenes which are perceived are also dream scenes, and not real ones, even though the eyes may be open. There are indications, however, that a certain amount of visual perception takes place, uncon-

sciously—enabling the somnambulist to avoid obstacles placed in his way, cross streets, etc. However, inasmuch as he is living in a dream, it is more due to luck than anything else that accidents to the sleep-walker are not more common than they are.

If the somnambulistic dream is broken off, there is always a tendency on the dreamer's part to go back and finish it, and the new dream begins just where the old one left off. There are cases on record where the dreamer has finishd a word which was broken off in the middle, when the subject was purposely awakened.

It is often dangerous to awaken the somnambulist too suddenly. The shock to the heart and the whole nervous system is bad; and again the subject himself may suffer considerable fright on finding himself out of bed, and in some distant locality—particularly if this is one of his first experiences of the kind. Some somnambules have tied their ankles to the bedposts, in order to prevent their nocturnal ramblings; but in a few cases known to the writer, the sleep-walker carefully untied all the knots before getting out of bed, and went roaming as usual. She knew nothing about it the next morning.

Laughing and crying in dreams usually indicate the character of the dream itself, the former representing a pleasurable and the latter an unhappy experience. Talking in dreams is very common among children, whose dreams are, as a rule, more vivid than the dreams of adults. In many cases an onlooker can enter

into conversation with the dreamer and obtain a good knowledge of the dream processes by a discussion or cross-examination of this kind.

Somnambulism, or sleep-walking, is to a certain extent an abnormal state, calling for treatment. Some hope, wish, or fear which is dormant in the sub-conscious, but not powerful enough to express itself during the waking life, may utiilize the body and carry out its desires, during the sleeping state. Any wish or fear of this character, which is powerful enough to produce this effect, is in need of removal, and a suitable course of psycho-therapeutic treatment is advisable.

In somnambulism, the motor processes of the body are utilized, instead of the purely sensory processes, so that we act and move instead of merely seeing, hearing, etc., in the dream.

PECULIARITIES OF DREAMS.

The Ancient Greeks called the souls of those who had died "shades." They were supposed to dwell in some bleak, gloomy and cheerless sphere of activity, envying those yet alive. It is curious to note how closely this conception of an after-life coincides with our dreams; in fact, it has been suggested that their theological ideas were based upon their dreams—for in sleep the soul was thought to wander in this cheerless land also.

"When we fall asleep," says Mr. Havelock Ellis, "we enter a dim and ancient house of shadow, unillumined by any direct ray from

the outer world of waking life. We are borne about through its chambers, without conscious volition of our own; we fall down its mouldy and rotten staircases, we are haunted by strange sounds and odours from its mysterious recesses; we move among phantoms we cannot consciously control.

"As we emerge into the world of daily life again, for an instant the sunlight seems to flash into the obscure house before the door closes behind us we catch one glimpse of the chambers we have been wandering in, and a few more or less fragmentary memories come back to us of the life we have led there.

"But they soon fade away in the light of common day, and if a few hours later we seek to recall the strange experiences we have passed through, it usually happens that the visions of the night have already dissolved in memory into a few shreds of mist we can no longer reconstruct."

This curious characteristic of dreams has often been remarked—Viz. the subdued quality of the light. Very rarely do we see sunshine in our dreams. To be sure, there are exceptions to all rules; some people often dream of sunshine. But, in the majority of cases, brilliant light is rare; a dusk, smoke-colored, shadow world is ours. Bright colors are relatively infrequent. Most dreams are of one flat color—like smoke. Scarlets, greens and blues are rare indeed in our dream world.

Many persons, indeed, in reporting their dreams, have stated that they seem invariably to be in some night scene, but poorly illum-

inated. Others say they seem to be moving about in a dense fog. (From an occult point of view, there may be much truth in these statements, as we shall presently see.)

Another peculiarity of the dreams experienced by many individuals is that the people all seem to be *two-dimensioned*—that is to say they have length and breadth, but no thickness! They resemble people cut out of cardboard, like the little images constructed for the toy theatres played with by children. Others, again, assert that most of the people they see are transparent; while still others state that the people they see in their dreams are life-like, opaque and solid.

Which are yours, reader? And are your dreams colored or shadow-like? See if you can note and remember this when you go to sleep and dream tonight!

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DREAMS.

How the mind works when it is dreaming is one of the most curious things in Nature. For millions of years men have dreamed; for years dreams have been studied, but even yet there is much to be learned concerning them. What causes our dreams? There are many factors at work, of which only a few can be touched upon here.

First of all, however, we know that physical stimuli or sensations will serve to induce them. Dr. Maury was one of the first to study this subject in detail. He found that, if he were

cold, he dreamed of ice and snow, or of being on the street naked. If he were too warm, he dreamed of tropical scenes, or even of fire!

He secured the assistance of a friend, who sat beside him quietly, as he slept, and conducted a number of experiments upon him. He tickled him with a feather, pinched his ear, pricked him with a pin, made faint noises, or held under his nose various odorous substances. All these sensations were carried to the brain of the sleeping man, and caused various dreams —clearly traceable to the stimulus employed.

The mind, however, does not merely record the sensation; it symbolizes and elaborates and dramatizes it. It weaves the external stimulus into a sort of story, which serves to make up the dream. This is one of the most extraordinary powers of the dream-consciousness.

Thus, if a door slammed, it was interpreted in the dream as a pistol shot. But not only that! The dreaming mind wove a complete romance of its own around this sound. For the subject dreamed that he met a man in a tavern with whom he quarreled; they agreed to a duel; they met on the dueling ground; details were arranged by their seconds; they paced off their distances, finally they both fired at one another. These shots coincided with the slamming of the door!

This incident also brings home to us one very remarkable point: that is, the enormous rapidity of dreams. For, between the slamming of the door and the waking-up, only a moment elapsed; the noise "woke" the man.

And yet that brief interval was long enough for the dream-mind to plot this long story, and to dramatize the sound, and weave about it a whole romance.

Some dreams, therefore, are very brief in their duration, and it has been proved that dreams which seem to us to consume whole hours actually take but a fraction of a second. This is a very significant fact, for it seems to show us that the human mind, when unencumbered by the material brain in the ordinary way, can think and function with enormous celerity.

VARIOUS TYPES OF DREAMS.

How many types of dreams are there? From one point of view, one might say that they were innumerable; from another, that they are very limited in aspect. The followers of Freud, for example, insist upon placing all dreams into two or three categories, of which they are merely symbolic.

Dr. Frederick van Eeden of Holland, a keen psychologist, who has lectured in America at Columbia University, kept a diary of his dream-life for more than a quarter of a century, and closely analyzed all his dreams. He came to the conclusion that there were, in his own case at least, *nine* types of dreams, several of which are not recognized at all by the Freudian school, or by orthodox psychology. He lists and classifies them as follows:—

(1) *Ordinary* dreams, indifferent in character, not vivid and not easily recalled. These probably occur all through ordinary sleep.

(2) *Very vivid* dreams, usually unpleasant, which occur when the recorder is nervously disturbed. Recollection of them is clear, they are rare, and wrong with regards the events of life.

(3) *Symbolic* or *mocking* dreams, demoniacal and erotic in character, which also occur, rarely, when sleep is disturbed. They left the sleeper with a feeling of shame, upon awakening.

(4) *General dream sensations*, not unpleasant, rare, not clearly recalled. Some of these seemed to be premonitory in character.

(5) *Lucid dreams*, highly pleasant, with floating or flying sensation, which always occurred between 5 and 8 a. m. Those only came in good health, were clearly remembered, frequent, and had beneficial effects upon the body.

(6) *Demon dreams*, so-called, not unpleasant, though demoniacal. They usually occurred after the last type of dreams. Body in good condition; recollection of them not quite complete; frequent; proved refreshing.

(7) *"Wrong waking up,"* so-called, demoniacal in character. These dreams occurred near waking, when the health was good. Clearly remembered, though rare.

(8) *Initial dreams*, pleasant in character, occurring immediately after falling asleep. Occurred when tired; were clearly remembered and rare.

(9) *Pathological* or *abnormal* dreams, unpleasant in character, occurring at any time during sleep, when the health was bad. Not clearly remembered, and the effects were unpleasant.

It will be seen that this classification is very different from all others, but it is based upon many years of self-observation. With this "Dream Diary" before him, the reader might find it interesting to attempt a classification of his own dream life, and see how far it agrees with this list.

These dreams are all fairly well described by their names, except, perhaps, the "wrong waking-up" type. What is this? Dr. van Eeden thus defines it:—

"We have a sensation of waking-up in our ordinary sleeping room, and then we begin to realize that there is something uncanny around us; we see inexplicable movements or hear strange noises, and then we know that we are still asleep. In my first experience of this dream I was rather afraid and wanted nervously to wake up really. I think this is the case with most people who have it. They become frightened and nervous, and at last wake up with palpitations, and sweating brow and so on."

These dreams, it will be noted, are very similar to the "dream within a dream" variety, in which the dreamer dreams that he is dreaming. This is a curious type of dream, which will be explained more fully later on.

HOW DREAMS ARE ANALYZED.

Of late years, much attention has been paid to the subject of dreams, by reason of the wide publicity given to "psycho-analysis," and by general discussions of dream psychology. A brief exposition of this subject is therefore in place, in a book of this character.

Psycho-analysis is an attempt to get at the contents of the subconscious mind, in order to discover the underlying causes of certain mental and emotional disturbances which may be manifest. This is more readily done by means of dream-analysis than in any other manner, since dreams are constant and direct manifestations of the subconscious activities,—afterwards brought over into consciousness.

When we awaken in the morning, let us say, we remember a certain dream. But our memory of this dream is not complete. It is only partially remembered. What we remember of the dream is usually the so-called "manifest content" of the dream, and beneath this is the "latent content," which represents the "skimmed milk" of the dream, so to speak, while the manifest content is only the "cream" at the top. We want to get at this latent content, and the best way to do this is by means of psycho-analysis.

The subject is placed in an easy chair, in a quiet room, and asked to close the eyes, and recount the various scenes which rise before him, as he sits there,—beginning with the dream he remembers. No matter how dis-

connected and apparently unrelated these scenes or pictures are, they must be told, freely and frankly. These utterances are then recorded, and it will be found that more and more of the dream is thus disclosed, and a deeper and deeper penetration effected into its hidden mechanism and motive.

Most dreams are thus found to represent some *wish*, which is projected into the dream, in more or less symbolic form. Freud goes so far as to say that practically all dreams typify a desire which might be expressed in the sentence: "I would that—." The majority of dreams, when thus analyzed, are found to be consistent, rational, systematic, and to express some longing or wish, which has been repressed, but which is at least partially expressed in the dream. Many dreams are found to be fundamentally sexual in character.

Why do we not remember the whole dream, but only a part of it? The reply is that the greater portion of the dream is not allowed to rise into consciousness, but is retained in the subconsciousness; it cannot pass what is known as the "Censor," a sort of psychic Guardian, which permits only the more manifest or harmless portions of the dream to emerge. This Censor is supposed to be a semi-psychic entity, built-up within us by the force of our environment, and forces of civilization of which we are a part, and in which we are merged. But the subconscious mind is still primitive, is still savage, and expresses its thoughts and desires in dreams, freely and frankly; these thoughts are repressed by the

Censor, since we would not permit them free expression in our waking state.

By means of psycho-analysis, hidden "complexes" have been discovered—that is, clusters of thoughts, emotions, feelings and sentiments which have grouped themselves together about a certain feeling-thought. Not all these complexes are abnormal; in fact our educational processes are based largely upon their existence. But many of them are abnormal, especially those connected with some fear-thought, and, when this is the case, we have a sort of "psychic tumor" growing within the mind, which (as it were) presses upon it, in much the same way that a physical tumor presses upon some healthy organ in the body, interfering with its proper functionings. And, just as the physical tumor must be removed by means of a physical operation, so this psychic tumor (the abnormal complex) must be removed by means of a "psychic operation," that is, by means of psycho-analysis, which discloses the hidden complex; and, after it has been discovered, removes it by means of suitable psychotherapeutic measures—suggestion, and so forth.

Psycho-analysis has doubtless done much good, by unearthing our hidden fears and complexes, and has cured many people. But it has probably been over-done by enthusiasts in this field. The Psycho-analysts have a good thing, but they have run it to the ground. Not all dreams are to be accounted for by this means; and again, not all dreams are of the meaning and complicated character which they are said

to be. Nevertheless psycho-analysis has accomplished much good, and great progress has been made in the understanding of our dreams thereby. Because of this, psycho-analysis may be said to have greatly enriched science, and aided the understanding of our true selves.

THE SEVEN COMMON DREAMS.

It has been said that almost every person has dreamed, at one time or another, some or all of the following dreams. It is remarkable, in a way, that so many people should dream the same dreams, and yet they do, and I think my reader will agree that he, too, has experienced such dreams when he reads over the following list of the so-called "Seven Common Dreams." They are:

1.—The falling dream.
2.—The flying dream.
3.—The dream of inadequate clothing.
4.—The dream of not being able to get away from some beast, or injurious person or thing, that is pursuing.
5.—The dream of being drawn irresistibly to some dangerous place.
6.—The dream that some darling wish has been gratified.
7.—The dream of being about to go on a journey, and being unable to get your things into your trunks, etc.

These dreams are very frequent; there must therefore be some *law* at work, which operates, to produce these dreams so often. There

must be some uniformity of mental and physical conditions which give rise to these similar dreams in so many different persons.

What is this law?

Like causes produce like effects. This seems to be as true in the dream world as it is in our every day life. The effects are the dreams. What are the causes at work which produce them?

These differ in the different instances, and cannot all be explained here. The dream of inadequate clothing, for example, is almost invariably caused by too little bed-clothing; the surface of the body becomes chilled, and the dream consciousness naturally translates this feeling of insufficient clothing into an elaborate dream, with its usual dramatic imagery.

The falling and the flying dream are closely related, and in many instances the two are but variations of the same dream. But whereas falling is unpleasant, the flying dream is usually delightful. These feelings correspond with what we would feel in daily life.

One explanation of the falling dream is as follows: By lying too long in one position in bed the blood supply is cut off from the under surface of the body. Partial insensibility results; this in turn gives rise to the idea of non-support—since the bed can no longer be distinctly felt. But if you are not supported you fall; hence the falling dream!

This is one theory, based upon physiological data. Newer psychological theories have largely supplemented it. But it is of value so far as it goes.

FALLING AND LANDING IN DREAMS.

"It isn't the fall that hurts," remarked the Irishman, "but it's the sudden stop!" The same apt observation applies to dreams, for there are very few cases on record in which the dreamer has ever reached the bottom of his fall, in the typical falling dream. As a rule he seems to be somehow spirited-away in mid-air, or awakens with a start, just before the solid earth is reached; and it has, in fact, become the general belief that if anyone were to land or touch solid ground, at the end of his fall, he would immediately die in consequence.

This fear, however, universal as it may be, is doubtless unfounded, inasmuch as there are several cases on record in which the dreamer has actually touched bottom and lived to tell the tale! Thus, one correspondent writes—

"With regard to the falling dreams, the writer of these notes knows several people who have more than once reached the bottom in safety, though most dreamers wake with a start just before the end of the fall."

Another correspondent writes:—

You say you have never heard of anyone falling who has arrived at the bottom. I have arrived with a crash, have broken into pieces and then I—a sort of detached ego—have picked up the pieces and glued them together again!"

Another correspondent says that he has reached the bottom of his fall, but in an oblique, gliding fashion, and bounced-off several

times, like a flat stone on the surface of water. Here we see a certain connection between the falling and the flying dream.

There is no proof, therefore, that reaching the bottom at the conclusion of the falling dream is "sure death," and there is no proof that anyone has ever died in consequence. The idea has probably arisen from the fact that there is a certain nervous shock which results in consequence of the sudden termination of the dream-experience, which in turn corresponds to certain activities in the body.

There is undoubtedly a certain fear-element in all falling dreams. We are afraid of falling in daily life, and the same fear exists in our dreams. Fear, or any sudden emotion of this character, has an action upon the heart, and it is possible that the sudden start which we experience at such times may be due to the momentary stopping of the heart's normal functioning. Thus, one dreamer says:

"I always experience a cold terror while falling, and wonder at any lack of fear." There are, however, certain cases in which the dreamer seems to fall very slowly, and in such instances the dream fails to give rise to the old fear, and may even be somewhat enjoyed. The experience of Alice in Wonderland falling down the rabbit-hole, and thinking how brave the people at home would deem her at not being frightened, is typical.

Flying dreams are usually pleasant in character, and this may be due to the unexpressed desire in man's nature to fly, like the birds. There is also the inherent fear of falling and

the association of this idea with *evil.* Thus, one always speaks of "falling" into bad ways, into evil company, into the "slough of despond," etc.; but of "rising" to great heights of success, to some noble action, etc. Lucifer and the devils were said to fall from Heaven, but only the good angles fly!

Recent psychological investigations have shown us that falling dreams may also represent some internal fear or conflict, on the part of the dreamer, and that the idea of falling is merely a symbol employed by the dream in order to represent this idea. Thus, if the dreamer is afraid of falling into sin, etc., a falling dream may result in consequence. It is probable, however, that physical explanations are sufficient for the vast number of falling dreams.

NIGHTMARES.

Nightmares are probably among the most dreaded of childhood's experiences, and even adults are occasionally subject to them. Very frequently, the same nightmare will recur again, for years, and will only be outgrown with the oncoming of adolescence. The writer, for instance, had the same nightmare for years, when a small child. He dreamed that he was playing on the sands, by the sea, with his sister and nurse, and a witch, riding upon a broom-stick, would suddenly appear in the sky, soar down upon him, grasp him and carry him off with her into the sky. When there, she would drop him into the sea—and he would

awaken just as he touched the water! This nightmare continued on and off until the eighth or ninth year.

Nightmares are of various kinds, and vary greatly in intensity. Usually, we are either falling a great height, or are being pursued by some terrible creature, or are being tortured, or burned alive, or drowned, or are about to be eaten by cannibals, etc. In other words, our nightly terrors are, to a great extent, the very things of which we should be afraid in the day time.

The older theory of nightmare was that it was due to too much food, or an indigestible meal too late at night, or sleeping on the back, etc. Such causes are probably instrumental in a number of cases in producing nightmare. The generally-held view is that a too-full stomach, by pressing upon the blood-vessels in the abdomen, interferes with the flow of blood to the brain and other organs. Constipation, heart and kidney diseases, etc., are also said to be responsible for some nightmares. The physical health is doubtless a factor in many cases.

These older views are, however, largely given up, nowadays, in favor of "psychological" theories. These are based upon the belief that a dream, being a mental thing, is due to mental causes, and not physical ones. Many nightmares have been traced to repressed fears—certain things which we subconsciously fear during our waking lives, but which are graphically portrayed to us during our dreams.

Mental conflicts are responsible for many

nightmares. We strongly desire to do a certain thing, but we know that we must not, and we "repress" the idea. It is not really put out of the mind, but out of the conscious mind—and into the subconscious! There it stays, and we dwell upon it and brood about it. A sort of battle or "conflict" is thus created within ourselves, and this gives rise to nightmares,—the result of the battle going on within us.

It is indeed a problem:—Why we do not have nightmare all the time,—since these internal conflicts are strong enough to rise above the level of sleep, and to get past the "Censor" which strives its best to prevent the appearance of all unpleasant mental experiences of the kind.

The prevention of nightmare is often a difficult problem. If the cause be physical. it should be corrected. Late meals should be abolished, and the patient should avoid sleeping upon his back. However, many persons continue to have nightmare, no matter in what position they may be lying.

In such cases, the origin of the trouble is undoubtedly mental, and suitable treatment should be taken. The cause of the mental trouble should be discovered, and this can only be done by psycho-analysis, or by exploring the subconscious mind, in order to discover the hidden fear or conflict within. Only the best thoughts should be entertained just before going to sleep. If you are thinking strong and beautiful thoughts when you fall asleep, you will seldom have nightmare.

INSANITY AND DREAMS.

There are various interesting analogies which may be drawn between insanity and dreams. This need not alarm the reader, however, since insanity now-a-days has such a wide signifigance that it has lost its original meaning of a "raving maniac." We now no longer speak of insanity, but of *insanities*, and almost every human being might be said to be insane at certain moments, during his otherwise normal life. These mental and emotional swervings from the normal constitute a temporary insanity; but we return to normal, almost immediately.

Now, in dreams, we do all sorts of fantastic and weird things which do not surprise us in the least *while we are dreaming*. We perform absurd actions, but there is this interesting distinction between the two states, that, whereas the dreamer does these things only in his imagination, the insane person carries them out in his daily life in action.

In our dreams, we experience certain emotional changes which are not normal to us, and the same kind of changes are also very noticeable in insanity. There are profound and slight changes in the dream life, just as there are all kinds of sleep, from the slumber of complete exhaustion to light, restless sleep, filled with dream-imagery. The absurdity of the ideas, the apparent incoherance of the mental pictures, the unsuitableness or impropriety of conduct which are so noticeable in dreams, are also to be observed in the case

of the insane person. In both instances the corrective influences of reflection and judgement are wanting.

Just as there are happy and depressing dreams, so there are cases of mental excitement and melancholia. Painful and anxious dreams, nightmares, etc., correspond to the "horrors," experienced by certain insane persons, or by the victims of habit-forming drugs.

Hallucinations and illusions are very common in both states,—that is to say, false interpretation of sense-impressions. Indeed, a dream might be considered one gigantic hallucination. The egotism of the lunatic is also well illustrated in our dreams, in which we are almost invariably the central figure and hero of the romance. In dreams, we wonder at nothing; be it ever so absured or illogical we accept it as a fact. In like manner, the lunatic cannot see the absurdity of his own delusions, and accepts them without a question. He is unable to rid himself of his false premises and false deductions, so long as his diseased brain, which created them, remains diseased. But, with returning health, these morbid pictures of the mind fade away and vanish, as do dreams upon waking.

Both cases of temporary insanity and sleep represent alterations of consciousness and breaks from the normal mental life. In both instances the normal functioning of the central self ceases for the time being, and its place is usurped by another mind, which thinks and in some cases acts, in a manner completely at variance with that of the normal individual.

This other "mind" may of course, be quite harmless, and may even represent the dreamer in a truer light than he is in waking life. It has been said that a drunken man reveals his true self; and the dreamer often discovers his own inner desires and motives, which may be checked or "inhibited," during waking life, by the restraints put upon us by society and convention.

There are, it will be seen, many interesting analogies between dreams and certain types of insanity. Let this not worry the reader, however, since the mind of man is a complex and delicate mechanism, which is held together by our normal interests and activities. If the mental and physical health be sound, and the mind kept busily occupied with wholesome thoughts, it will *remain* normal, and is capable of withstanding great abuse, before becoming in any way "unbalanced" or diseased.

HOW TO CONTROL YOUR DREAMS.

Dreams take place in the subconscious mind, and over this mind we seem to have no control. Yet there are various practices which enable us to control it, to a considerable extent. We cannot enter into these measures now,—since the student must be far advanced to follow the necessary instructions,—but there are various simple measures which may be taken, enabling you to control your dreams to a certain extent, and one of these I give herewith. I may perhaps give it in the words of a lady

who learned to do this herself, and, in her interesting book, "Studies in Dreams," she tells us how she did this in her own case:—

"A suggestion that greatly helped me to cure morbid dreams came from an experience that is common to almost every one. Probably we have all at some time or another realized that our dream was 'only a dream' and not a waking reality. The idea contained in this very general experience made the point from which I succeeded in starting a successful experiment in dream control.

"On various occasions long ago, when a dream of grief or terror was becoming intolerably acute, the thought flashed into my sleeping mind, 'This is only a dream; if you wake, it will be over, and all will be well again.' If only we could ensure the realization of this fact directly bad dreams appeared, they would cease to have any terrors for us, for a way of escape would always be open.

"Therefore I tried repeating this formula to myself from time to time, during the day and on going to bed, always in the same words. You are to dream no longer,—until, I suppose, the suggestion that I wanted to impress upon the dream-mind became more definite and more powerful than the impression of any dream; so that when a dream of distress begins to trouble me, the oft-repeated formula is automatically suggested, and I say at once: "You know this is a dream; you shall dream no longer—you are to wake."

"For a time after this secret had been fully

learned, this would always awaken me at once; nowadays, the formula having been said, I do not have to wake, though I may do so, but the original fear-dream always ceases. It is simply 'switched off,' and a continuation of the dream, but without the disturbing element, takes its place and goes forward without a break."

In order to make this method operative, it would be best to repeat the required formula to oneself a number of times daily, at first, and preferably aloud, always in the same words. The idea is to sufficiently impress the subconscious mind with the suggestion that it takes root, so to say, and operates during the dreaming state.

This is one of the simplest methods of controlling your own dreams, and is one which every reader may try for himself. In view of the frequency of nightmares, and unpleasant dreams of various descriptions, it would be well worth trying by nearly everybody.

HOW TO REMEMBER YOUR DREAMS.

Many persons would be interested in recalling their dreams, but they find it extremely difficult to do so. Dreams are elusive things, and even vivid dreams leave less of an impression upon the mind, as a rule, than ordinary waking experiences. The reason is probably partly due to the fact that the nervous system is not so deeply impressed, and also because dreams are repressed by the mental "censor." One can learn to recall one's

dreams, however, by certain simple processes, which I may here enumerate.

To begin with, the first thought and immediate occupation of the mind on awakening must be the recollection of the dream. The mind must be quietly attentive, unhurried but watchful, as one who looks long and steadfastly into a still pool to see what is mirrored there. As it thus gazes, there will come back to it, one by one, the scenes of the late dream.

Mrs. Arnold-Forster, an "authority" on dreams, has given her own method, which she has found eminently successful is assisting her to recall her dreams. She says:

"The dream should first be allowed to unroll itself very quietly backwards in a series of slowly moving pictures, starting from the end and going back slowly through scene after scene to its beginning, until the whole dream has been seen.

"In order to get a complete record of a long dream, this process should be followed, and then, if possible, the reverse process should be carried out, and the dream retraced from its starting point to its ending.

"In this way the scenes, events and conversations that have made up the dream story can, when the habit of recollection has been acquired, be retraced."

The more you accustom yourself to recall your dreams, the easier will it become. You may not be enabled to recall anything for the first few mornings, but stick to it for a few days (say for five minutes, upon awakening) and very soon you will find that the dreams

of the previous night will begin to be recalled.

You should then get into the habit of writing down, at once, all that you remember of the dream. This will serve to fix it in the mind. Thus, you will begin to keep a diary of your dream life, just as you may be in the habit of keeping a diary of your usual daily life. You will find that you are living two lives instead of one! Much of interest will be added to your life in this way, and you will soon find that your night life is intensely interesting—just as interesting as the other.

In conclusion, however, a word of warning should, perhaps, be given. If you are highly emotional, highly-strung, imaginative, hysterical or nervous, it would not be a good plan to undertake this process, except under wise guidance. It will make your subconscious mind too active.

EMOTION IN DREAMS.

Dreams of beauty, of love and the so-called "tender emotions," are relatively rare; we seldom experience strong emotions in our dreams. The following dream is therefore interesting, as recorded by a woman of my acquaintance who has had some remarkable experiences during slumber.

"Never while I live shall I forget my first Dream Friend, or my profound astonishment, and still more profound delight when I discovered that my dream world was peopled," she wrote me.

"It revealed the possibilities of another life

as full of actual incident as any on the material plane.

"My dream friend came to me in a country lane. I was alone: I stopped near a bend in the lane. It was half fear, half anxiety which possessed me. Then overwhelming anticipation gripped me, for I heard the sound of a footstep coming toward me.

"For a moment the dream wobbled, shaken by excitement. Then, gathering myself together, with a violent effort, I steadied it again. I *must* know what—who—was coming toward me round that bend! Calmly and steadily the step advanced, and then a human figure; the human eyes met mine with a smile that gave me the most rapturous feeling of joy I had ever experienced in my life. Perfect love, perfect understanding, perfect f r i e n d s h i p flooded my mind. No words were needed to cement it. All the real lonliness of my life seemed suddenly lifted.

"I felt no fear, and no restraint such as always hampers men and women in the material plane, and when my first Dream Friend held out his hand to me I eagerly placed mine in it. Then I played with his fingers, and my heart bounded with delight when I felt that they were like the fingers of a living man. I raised my eyes.

"'How do I know who you are?" I said.

"'You can see me,' he answered.

"'But perhaps you are not real,' I argued in tremulous hurry to be convinced.

"'Touch my face,' he invited.

"Without the slightest hesitation, I laid my

fingers on his cheek, and felt the soft resistance of the flesh. He bent his head, and I ran my hand over his hair * * *

"'If your dream is true, I am true,' he said, 'and you love me.'

"'Yes, I love you earnestly, sincerely, more than I ever loved a human being. I feel that I—that I never knew what it was to love before. Only it seems different; it is not the way we love on earth.'

"'No'; he said gravely. 'Love there is gross; the human soul there is encased in a thick veil of matter. Only once in life, down there, is a glimpse of the love here vouchsafed to mortals. And that glimpse comes when in youth a man first falls in love with a woman, and only then if his mind is pure.'

"He laid his hand upon my brow, and at his touch I knew ecstasy of soul * * * I awoke, and it was dark. But a glow of great delight remained with me, illumining the work of another day. I felt if I could ever find my Dream Friend in another dream, that I would attain the deepest desire of my heart."

FAMOUS HISTORICAL DREAMS.

All through the pages of sacred and profane history dreams have played a prominent part. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the numerous dreams mentioned in the Bible, and the value which was attached to them in those days. Interpreters of dreams were in royal favor, and it was firmly believed that

many dreams were of prophetic and divine origin. For do we not read:

"In a dream, in a vision of the night, when sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that they may withdraw man from his purpose and hide pride from man."

On the interpretation of the dreams of Pharaoh rested the fate of the Children of Israel.

Jacpo Dante, son of the poet, was visited in a dream by his father, who conversed with and told him where to find the thirteen missing cantos of the "Commedia."

William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, used to relate that his life was saved by a dream. He was prevented from going aboard a vessel which was sunk in a severe storm.

Francis Bacon was warned in a dream of his father's approaching end, which occurred in a few days.

St. Cyprian and St. Colomba each foretold the date and manner of his own death as revealed to them in dreams.

Benvenuto Cellini, when in prison, had frequent dreams and visions of a young man who came to him and comforted him. On one occasion this Being saved his life (by preventing him from committing suicide).

James IV, of Scotland, after vespers in the chapel at Linlithgow, was warned in a dream against his intended expedition to England. He, however, proceeded, and was warned

again at Jedburgh, but, persisting, fell at the battle of Flodden Field.

King Charles I, when resting at Daventee on the eve of the battle of Naseby, twice dreamed of Lord Strafford, who warned him not to meet the Parliamentary army. He did so, however, and a disastrous defeat followed.

Queen Elizabeth was said to have been warned of her own death in a dream.

Catherine de Medicis had a dream-vision of the battle of Jarnac. (This is related by Margaret de Valois in her "Memoirs.")

The Emperor Trajan was saved during an earthquake by a warning received in a dream.

In our own day many men and women of letters and in the realms of science, politics, art, religion and practical life have had similar dreams, and they are to be found scattered throughout the records of human life and history.

THE DREAMS: "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AND "THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS."

Probably every reader of this book has read the two famous books of Lewis Carroll—"Alice in Wonderland,' and "Through the Looking Glass.' He may have read them when a child; but if he will reread them now, from the point-of-view of modern dream psychology and analysis, he will be surprised to find how accurate they are, and what a light they throw upon the whole dream problem.

Let us take just a few illustrations from

these famous books, by way of showing this. It will be at once evident that the author has chosen, for the material of his dream stories just the sort of material with which a child's mind would be stocked. Cards, chessmen, a kitten, sheep, flowers, a dormouse, a caterpiller, a lion, a unicorn, a mock turtle, a griffin, etc., (the unreal being just true as the real to the childish mind)—these are the characters of the dream books. A mouse, a rabbit, etc., these are the opening events and personages whom Alice meets. As usual, Alice herself is the central and most important personage—the heroine—who observes and enacts all the principal events and roles, and around whom all the chief characters revolve.

In addition to this dream material, Lewis Carroll also introduced a number of imaginary characters and objects—extensions of nursery rhymes and superstitions—which every child would naturally know. Thus, Humpty Dumpty, the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, Tweedledum and Tweedledee (with their "nice new rattle") are all examples of this. Such well-known stories as "the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown," the knave of hearts stealing the tarts, etc., are also utilized.

The influence of school life—"lessons"—is also very manifest. All through both books, the characters are constantly setting one another sums to figure out, problems and riddles to solve, questions to answer, etc., all of which we might expect to find in a child's mind, in which lessons occupy so prominent a place.

The manner in which scenes change and glide

one into another is also very characteristic of the dream world. Thus, the little shop is transformed into the boat on the river, and the knitting needles in Alice's hands into ours,—only to be retransposed into needles again later, at the time the river insensibly changes back again into the little dark shop. The egg changes, as she approaches it, to Humpty Dumpty. The heads of the red and white queens vanish from her lap without her knowing it—they are just "gone."

The rushes which Alice picked in the stream began to fade and vanish in her hands as soon as she had picked them—"these, being dream rushes, melted away almost like snow, as they lay in heaps at her feet, but Alice hardly noticed this, there were so many other curious things to think about." Even the looking-glass thinned and admitted her passage—when she tried to push her way through it. In this way she entered the looking glass world.

Nearly everything in the book is "personalized"—that is to say, is given life and personality by the dreamer, so much so that nearly everything talks! Even Time is personified: "If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him!*" Similarly, the leg of mutton is introduced to Alice, and gets up and bows.

At various times, mention is made of running and flying at incredible speed through the air—the flying dream! When she falls down the rabbit hole, this is the falling dream. The Jabberwock poem is written backwards; the mirror world is all turned round. Sleeping,

dreaming, vanishing, etc., are often alluded to throughout the book.

These are only a few points which occur to the mind, showing us that a study of the "Alice" books, from the point of view of modern dream psychology, would be well worth while—since they are filled with suggestive and interesting material.

YOUR DREAM EYES.

What are your "dream eyes?" In other words. *with what* do you see in your dreams, and *what* do you see?

Have you ever thought of this problem? Certainly you do not see with your physical eyes, since your eyelids are closed and the eyeballs are turned upward, when you sleep. Your physical body is lying, an inert mass, upon the bed. And yet you see clearly, vividly, a series of scenes, and also people, with whom you occasionally converse. But if you do not see them with your physical eyes, with what do you see them? Here, reader, is a problem for you to ponder over!

Most dreams are visual in character, as I have before pointed out. We *see* far more often than we smell, taste or touch. This corresponds to our experiences in waking life, for our sight plays a far greater role than any of the other senses. Our imagination is mostly visual. When we imagine any series of events as taking place, these events usually float before the mind's eye in the form of a series of pictures—giving rise, probably, to the old expression "building castles

in Spain." The mind, therefore, has somehow developed within itself this picture-forming faculty, and vividly depicts to itself a series of scenes, as in a mirror, which may be colored or shadow-like. This faculty is known as "vizualization," and is so vivid in certain cases that the mental pictures take on the character of objective things, in which case they constitute what we call "Hallucinations."

Crystal visions are of this character, for the figures seen in the crystal ball do not, of course, exist *in* the ball, but in the mind of the seer. They are merely projected outwards, and are so vivid in character that they appear actually to exist in space—in such cases, in the ball.

This power of imagination is in itself a very extraordinary faculty, and it has been pointed out that it is a projection into the future, by the mind, just as memory is a projection into the past. We can imagine ourselves as enacting various scenes, and can even imagine various persons, who never actually existed, playing their varied roles in this little drama. This occurs in day-dreaming and also in the ordinary dreams of night.

If, however, the scenes which we perceive actually correspond with events which are happening at the time, we can then no longer dismiss them as "mere imagination," but if they are detailed enough, we must assume some telepathic or other super-normal agency at work. It has been suggested that imagination is really a play of the astral senses, and that when we "imagine" a certain thing, we really see that thing enacted on another plane of being. But

this, of course, is a purely occult theory, which is not accepted by orthodox psychology.

At all events, it is a most interesting problem which confronts us here. How we see in our dreams is part of a larger question: how the mind can build-up these mental pictures for itself in any case. This has never been satisfactorily explained, and, until this is done, we can have small hope that the lesser understood manifestations occurring in dreams will be explained either.

THE "OCCULT" THEORY OF DREAMS.

Many theories have been advanced, in the past, to account for dreams,—from the views entertained by savages to the most modern "psychological" views. Believers in psychical and occult phenomena have, naturally, theories of their own, to account for dreams—particularly vivid and striking dreams, which seem in some way to correspond with reality. We must see what they are.

It is held to be a truism in psychology that we cannot dream anything which we have not in some way experienced. Dreams are fabricated in the deeps of the subconscious mind, and whatever is in the subconscious must have got into it—say the psychologists—through the five senses. Dreams are compounds, made up of past mental and physical experiences.

Of course, in *one* sense, everyone knows this to be untrue. We dream of being in places we have never seen, of people we have

never met. or even of being upon the moon or some distant star. We have never experienced that! But the reply of the orthodox psychologist is that these dreams represent the mere extension, by the imagination, of ideas, images, etc., which are familiar to us in daily life. They are mere variations of these.

But there are many dreams which are certainly hard to account for on any ordinary theory, and these dreams psycho-analysis, for instance, cannot explain. These are the so-called "supernormal" dreams—telepathic, clairvoyant, prophetic, etc.—examples of which have already been given in this series. The only resort of materialistic science is to deny that they exist. An ostrich philosophy indeed!

Granting that they *do* exist, at times, what is their explanation? Occult science has advanced a theory for these dreams, which is profoundly interesting.

It is contended, to begin with, that whenever we lose consciousness for any reason—whenever we faint, go to sleep, take an anæsthetic, etc.—the living mind or consciousness leaves the physical body. That is what unconsciousness IS. In addition to the physical body, we are said to possess another, finer or more subtle body—an "astral" body—which corresponds in appearance to the physical body, but is composed of more subtle and finer matter. This body is the vehicle of the mind. It acts as a sort of connecting link between mind and body. It is the body of sensation and emotion, and it is with this body that we *feel*. That is why a corpse does not feel any pain, although its

nervous system is still intact. The astral or life-body has departed from it, carrying with it the soul of man. And that is why we do not feel any pain while under the influence of an anæsthetic, and the physical body can be cut up without sensation on our part. It is because the body of feeling has been removed completely from the physical body, and only connected with it by the finest of "threads," easily broken.

Now, in sleep, this body also leaves the physical body, but the connections are deeper and stronger—hence our ability to respond to bodily sensations to some extent during sleep. But the "astral" body is "out" of the physical body, hovering above it, subject to thought-streams and impressions from other minds, as well as fabricating thoughts of its own. Hence the confused jumble of dreams, which we find it hard to "bring back" into the physical brain, when we awaken. But, by suitable psychical and occult development, we can learn to make this severance more complete, and *control* the thoughts and motions of this "astral" body, and move about in it, and think, at will. When we have learned this, we become one of the so-called "invisible helpers." We are then as active and busy and conscious during our sleeping hours as we are during the waking life. This is the occult theory of dreams—which, it may be said, has many striking phenomena in its favor.

TELEPATHIC DREAMS.

Psychical science has proved that telepathy, or thought-transference, can operate just as readily, or even more readily, in sleep as it

does in walking hours. We can have "telepathic dreams," which may be instigated by the thoughts of distant living people, and in these dreams we get the thoughts of the absent person, and the danger in which he may happen to be at the time. The *form* of the dream is doubtless determined by the dreamer's own mind, but its *substance* is obtained from another, living mind—by telepathy.

The following case is a good example of this:

"Some years ago, I was the guest in the home of an intimate friend whose unmarried sister was away at the time. My hostess, whom I will call Mrs. J., was taken suddenly and seriously ill.

"The family doctor was summoned, but he was away, and a strange physician was called, and he was in attendance upon Mrs. J. when, at midnight, her own doctor arrived.

"Early the following morning I received a telegram from the absent sister, saying, 'Is anything wrong at home? Answer immediately.' I replied, and before the day was over a letter addressed to me, and mailed when the telegram was sent, came from the absent sister, saying:

" 'I have had a peculiar and impressive dream of home. I saw A. lying on the bed as if very ill; while in the dressing room, as if in consultation, were two doctors—Dr. L. (the family physician) and a stranger—a tall, dark man, whom Dr. L. addressed as Dr. Rice. So impressed am I that something is wrong, that I write to you, in order to know as soon as possible the meaning of this strange vision.'

"Her dream was as vivid a portrayal of what

was actually occurring at her home during the night as I, personally present, could have given. She was almost correct as to the name of the strange doctor, whose real name was Dr. Reed. The absent sister had no cause for being worried about her sister—who had been quite well when last heard from. That the sick sister was thinking of the absent one, I *know*. . . . May she not, through her desires, have unconsciously thrown upon the mind of the absent one certain photographic revelations of what was actually occurring?"

The accuracy of this case was verified at the time by Dr. Richard Hodgson, Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research.

This is but an example of the many so-called "telepathic dreams" which have been gathered in the past by investigators in this field. May we not suppose that, when the conscious mind is inactive, the doors of the soul are to some extent thrown open, and that telepathic messages may in this way be received—messages which the conscious mind would fail to notice, in the hustle and bustle of a busy, active life? The evidence certainly tends to prove this. For there are many thousands of cases that have been recorded similar to this one!

CLAIRVOYANT DREAMS.

Just as telepathy may operate in dreams, upon rare occasions, so may even more striking manifestations occur during sleep. These are probably more rare, but are far commoner than supposed, and a large number of them have been

collected by various researchers, and by the Society for Psychical Research.

In telepathic dreams, a direct transference seems to take place between the mind of the agent and the dream-consciousness of the subject. In clairvoyant dreams, on the contrary, a picture or image of the scene in which the agent is playing his part seems to have been somehow visioned by the dreamer's mind, and is, to some extent, at least, independent of any form of direct telepathy or throught-transference.

The following case is typical of this character of dream, and was reported to the Society by Mrs. Freese, and was confirmed in writing by her son.

"In September, 1881, I had another curious dream so vivid that I seemed to *see* it.

"My two boys of eighteen and sixteen were staying in the Black Forest. . . . I must say here that I always supposed the boys would go everywhere together, and I never should have supposed that, in that lonely country, so new to them, they would be out after dark. My husband and I were staying at St. Leonard's, and on Saturday night I awoke at about twelve o'clock, having just seen vividly a dark night on a mountain, and my eldest son lying on his back at the bottom of some steep place, his eyes wide open, and saying: 'Good-bye Mother and Father, I shall never see you again.'

"I woke with a feeling of anxiety, and the next morning when I told it to my husband, though we both agreed it was absurd to be anxious, yet he would write and tell the boys

we hoped they would never go out alone after dark. To my surprise my eldest boy, to whom I wrote the dream, wrote back expressing his great astonishment, for on that Saturday night he was coming home over the mountains, past eleven o'clock; it was pitch dark, and he slipped and fell down some twelve feet or so, and landed on his back, looking up to the sky. However he was not much hurt, and soon picked himself up and got home all right."

In this case, it will be seen, a fairly accurate reproduction of a distant scene was impressed upon the dreamer's mind. But the case is also instructive in that it shows us the play of the dreamer's sub-conscious mind. Her son was *not* much hurt, as a matter of fact, but, seeing him in this dangerous attitude, which was apparently the result of an accident, her dream-consciousness *inferred* the fact that he had been seriously hurt, and elaborated "on its own hook," as it were, the dying message "I shall never see you again," etc.

Clairvoyant dreams of this character seem to prove to us that there is a dweller in the bodily temple who sometimes looks abroad, and who is capable of severing its connection, for the time being, with the physical body known to us in daily life. Such dreams seem to show that the body is not, after all, the real person, but merely a *vehicle* through which this invisible dream personality usually manifests.

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

Just as telepathic impressions from distant minds may affect the mind of the sleeper, and cause telepathic dreams, so may the future be seen, apparently, in certain "prophetic dreams." The following are sample cases of this character. The first is reported by M. Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer:

"I dreamed that I was on my vacation, at the place where I usually go, but the room which was given to me was different from my own, and behind a clothes-press I saw spreading flames. . . . Six months later I reached my destination. I was led into a very small summer house. Although I had never seen it before, I recognized this little corner which was meant for me. The clothes-press, in the same spot, recalled the fire. I spoke of it and they reassured me. For ten years no fire had harmed the neighborhood. . . .

"I had begun to lose my fear when, toward the fourth week, the tocsin sounded. An immense fire consumed a farm not far from my dwelling, and even licked the wall where the clothes-press stood."

The following case is recorded by Princess Emma Carolath, of Weisbaden:

"I had just fallen asleep, very anxious over the health of someone I loved, when I found myself carried in a dream to an unknown castle—into an octagonal cabinet, hung in red damask. There was a bed in which lay sleeping the person whose health disturbed me. A lamp, hanging from the arch of the canopy, flooded

with light the pale but smiling face, framed in thick masses of black hair.

"At the bed's head was a picture, the subject of which was so strongly engraved on my memory that on my awakening I could have drawn it: It was Christ crowned with roses by a heavenly spirit, with verses by Schiller, which I read.

"Two years later we went for a country visit to a castle in the depths of Hungary. I stopped, trembling, when I entered the apartment which had been set aside for us: I was in the octagonal cabinet, hung in red damask, before the bed and before the picture of Christ crowned with roses, with the verses of Schiller!

"This picture had never been copied or reproduced, and it was impossible that I should have seen it otherwise than in the dream—any more, for that matter, than I could have been in the octagonal cabinet. . . ."

In such cases, when the coincidence is so striking and detailed, it is absurd to talk of "chance." No! The future is sometimes revealed to us, in dream or vision; we see what is about to happen.

How can the future ever be revealed? That is a question which must be answered in another place.

EXPERIMENTALLY INDUCED DREAMS.

Dreams seem such vaporous things,—so uncontrolled, so spontaneous,—that it would appear at first sight impossible to control or induce them, either in one's self, or in another.

Nevertheless, this can be done, and *has* been done on various occasions. I shall leave for the present the question as to how to control your *own* dreams, and shall mention here certain cases in which the dreams of another, sleeping person, have, apparently, been induced at will.

These experiments were originally undertaken by Professor G. B. Ermacora, of Padua, Italy, and have since been reproduced with varying success by others. His original researches were reported in Volume XI of the "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research.

Professor Ermacora had been experimenting with Miss Maria Manzini, who had the power of "automatic writing." Her little cousin, Angelina, aged 4 years, 3 months, came to live with her, and the child was destined to play an important part in these experiments.

Dr. Ermacora endeavored on a number of occasions to impress a certain dream upon little Angelina, sometimes alone, sometimes with the mental co-operation of Miss Manzini. Their object was to impress a scene, or a series of pictures, upon the child's sleeping consciousness, so that she would dream of these scenes, and recount them in the morning. This was to be done by means of telepathy—for thought-transference can operate even more effectually during sleep than during waking hours.

Thus, on one occasion, Dr. Ermacora placed Miss Manzini in a somnambulistic trance, and suggested to her that she, in trance, could in-

fluence little Angelina to dream of Venice—of gondolas, etc. The next morning, the child spontaneously stated that she had dreamed of Venice, and accurately described the various scenes which had been suggested to her. As usual, she stated that she was in company (in her dream) with a mysterious "blue child," who often accompanied her upon her dream travels.

This blue child, curiously enough, corresponds to a child-like personality which manifested itself through Miss Manzini, when in trance. Thus, the appearances are that this blue child ("Elvira"), left Miss Manzini, and journeyed to Angelina, appearing to her, and impressing upon her the dream images.

Thus, on one occasion, "Elvira" was told to impress upon the child a picture of herself, in company with Miss Manzini's mother, who would present Angelina with a large cake, which she would open. A little bird would then fly out, laughing.

The next morning, Angelina said that the blue child ("Elvira") had come to her, in company with Miss Manzini's mother, and had brought her a cake. When she cut open the cake, "something like a pigeon, only smaller" flew out—which was an obvious description of a small bird.

Such experiments as these seem to demonstrate beyond all question or doubt the ability to impress other sleeping minds by thought-transference, and to induce dreams therein experimentally. This is a fascinating line of

investigation which can be followed by any interested reader. It is my hope that some readers may be induced to try such experiments for themselves, and report their results.

HOW TO DREAM "TRUE."

Those of you who have read DuMaurier's "Peter Ibbetson," or have seen it played on stage or screen, will remember that the central theme of the book was based upon the idea of "dreaming true," that is to say, of being enabled to leave the body, during sleep, and to travel to distant places and visit and converse with other (dreaming) people who have similarly learned to leave their bodies during sleep, while retaining at the same time the full control of their conscious thinking faculties. Such individuals are usually enabled to remember all that has transpired during the sleeping hours and to recall it the next day.

DuMaurier, in his book, gives the formula for dreaming true. It is to lie flat on your back, cross the feet and clasp the hands beneath the head. This sounds simple, and in fact is actually *too* simple to work in practical life! There is, however, a formula which may be given for "dreaming true," and believing that it will interest my readers, I give it herewith.

First of all, you must begin to observe the process of going to sleep; observe your own consciousness while it is in process of passing into the dream state.

If you conduct experiments of this character upon yourself, you will be enabled gradually to keep conscious control of yourself up to the very last moment you fall asleep. This process of self-observation—the consciousness of going to sleep—is extremely interesting.

When you have learned to do that, then construct before yourself, mentally, a definite scene, which you must hold firmly in mind. Then, as you are falling to sleep, holding this scene before you, at the very last moment—before you fall to sleep—consciously transfer yourself into the scene—in other words, *step into that picture;* and, if you have developed yourself to the requisite point, you will be enabled to carry over an unbroken consciousness into the dream picture; and in that way you have a perfect continuity of thought· there is no break in consciousness; you step into the dream picture and go on dreaming consciously. That is the process of dreaming true, and after this dream is fully enacted, then you should remember perfectly all that has transpired during the sleep period.

This is said to be an excellent method of learning to "dream true." By learning to control his dreams in this manner, a well-known Dutch scientist, Dr. Frederick Van Eeden, succeeded in mastering the process to the extent that he could consciously control his "dream body"—see with its eyes, touch with its hands, etc., and turn around and see his own physical body lying asleep upon the bed! He even saw things which were happening at the

thne, and which actually did happen at the time, when he was asleep.

This, of course, touches upon the question of the projection of the "astral body," which we shall take up next.

THE DREAM BODY.

In your dreams, you seem to inhabit a *body* of your own, as solid and substantial, for the time being, as your ordinary physical body. At times, however, this dream body varies in density, size and general characteristics. It may appear thin, vaporous and tenuous, or it may be so dense that you can pinch it, and thus assure yourself (apparently) that it is "real." Again, it may take on the form of your own childish self; you may dream that you are back again at school, and a boy or a girl once more. At such times, you see yourself in a childish dream body, which also appears real to you for the time being.

Now, how are we to account for such oddities, for such behaviour on the part of a vehicle we seem to inhabit during sleep? Of what is this dream body composed? Is it a real, semi-physical thing, or is it merely a mental picture? Do you really see a picture of yourself, as a sort of hallucination?

Doubtless, in the majority of cases, we merely see ourselves as we see anything else. And yet there is this difficulty in accepting such a simple view of the case altogether. If we see ourselves walking about our old school, for instance, we somehow feel *apart* from the child-

ish figure which is thus sight-seeing. Who is this *onlooker*, who observes; and who is the form walking about? There seems to be a curious *doubling* of the self here, which is not easily accounted for on ordinary theories.

Some people seem to see themselves very clearly, in dreams, and some only "feel" themselves, without ever knowing what they look like. When the self is seen, here is another curious thing, for we have only a vague idea of what we really look like, as a matter of fact. We never really see ourselves as we really look to others, unless we happen to look into the angle of two mirrors, which are placed at right angles to one another. Looking into an ordinary mirror gives you your own image reversed—the right hand being where the left really is, and vice versa. How, then, is it that we have such an accurate and vivid picture of ourselves in the dream world, when we do not in waking life?

There is some respectable evidence, it may be said, in favor of the idea that we actually inhabit a sort of semi-objective dream body in at least *some dreams*. (I have explained this idea in the article on "The Occult Theory of Dreams.") The following narrative is typical of this class of dreams:

"On the night of January 19, I dreamt that I was lying in the garden before the windows of my study, and saw the eyes of my dog through the glass pane. I was lying on my chest and observing the dog very keenly. At the same time, however, I knew with perfect certainty that I was dreaming and lying on my back

in my bed. And then I resolved to wake up slowly and carefully and observe how my sensation of lying on my chest would change into the sensation of lying on my back.

"And I did so, slowly and deliberately, and the transition—which I have since undergone many times—is most wonderful. It is like the feeling of slipping from one body into another, and there is definitely a *double* recollection of the two bodies. I remember what I felt in my dream, lying on my chest; but returning into the day life, I remembered also that my physical body had been quietly lying on its back all the while. This observation of a double memory I have had many times since. It is so indubitable it leads almost unavoidably to the conception of a *dream body*."

Cases such as these make one pause and wonder whether or not there may not be a sort of "body" of sleep, after all—one which we inhabit at such times, at least on occasion? If so, it is a profoundly interesting thought, for might not this be the body which we inhabit after death, as taught by nearly all religions? Do dreams give us proof of the future?

DREAM PEOPLE.

When we are asleep and dreaming we frequently meet "people" with whom we have long conversations. Indeed, there are cases on record in which the dreamer has had a debate with one of these dream personalities, and has been worsted in the argument!

Who are these dream people? Are they real,

objective beings, which exist before the dream began and who continue to exist after it is ended? Or are they mere creations of our own subconscious imagination? And, if the latter how does it come about that they answer us so unexpectedly, and often say and do things which seem to us, at the time, not only independent of ourselves but even cleverer than the things which we could do or say?

This is a very interesting question which has never been adequately answered. Many psychic and occult students believe that the personalities we meet in dreams are real beings like ourselves—"thought forms," built up for the time being, but nevertheless real and objective while the dream lasts.

There is some evidence to show that, in certain instances at least, some such theory as this may be correct.

The ordinary psychological theory is that the active subconscious, dream-like self somehow constructs, by its imagination, these various personages, and endows them with life, by a process of dramatic play peculiar to this dream-like consciousness.

Thus we can, for example, close the eyes and imagine to ourselves any fictitious character, such as Mr. Pickwick. If we happen to be good at "visualizing," as it is called (that is to say, the power of building up or constructing mental images by the power of the imagination), we can mentally see Mr. Pickwick and perhaps imagine that we ourselves are talking to him, and carry on a mental dialogue in this manner while yet awake.

This same power of the mind is extremely active during the dream state, and it is doubtless true that the majority of our "dream people" are mere figments of the imagination, thus built up or constructed within ourselves.

In certain instances, however, these dream people have told the dreamer certain things which afterwards turned out to be true, but which the dreamer himself did not know. We can only assume, in such cases, that the dream personage was actually "there" in some way, or that the sub-conscious mind of the dreamer had acquired these facts by some process of telepathy, and that this was displayed or brought to the surface in the dream itself.

Here, then, is a problem upon which the reader may ponder, and upon which his own dream experiences may throw some light.

IS LIFE ALL A DREAM?

The question has often been asked "Is Life All a Dream?" Shall we one day wake up into a world of reality, and find that we have been dreaming, and that what seems to us so real here is, after all, a mere mental shadow?

The Hindus believe this. They believe that this life *is* a dream, and that our dreams are also dreams. When we die we wake up and find that we have been dreaming in both states!

Plato also held some such view. He drew the analogy of men chained in a dark cave with their faces fixed in one direction. Above

their heads were real beings, walking, who threw their shadows on that side of the cave which its inhabitants faced. Perceiving only these shadows, they mistook them for realities, and thought that these *were* real human beings.

The average common-sense man, upon hearing such a view for the first time, would probably say "Oh, well, I can pinch myself; thus I can show that I am really here! It hurts." But, if you have attained a certain control over your dreams, and in your dream state you say "Now, to prove that I am really here, and that this life is a fact, I am going to pinch myself,"—in your dream you will find that you can pinch yourself and that it hurts; so that this test is fulfilled! Every test that you can think of, as applied to the dream-body, is the same as if applied to the physical body, so that it is impossible, from this point of view, to distinguish between the two, and establish reality.

That being the case, the question arises: How do we know that this life is not all a dream?

You will remember that, in "Alice in Wonderland," Alice encountered Tweedledee and Tweedledum in the forest. Together they saw the red king asleep there. Tweedledum said, "What do you suppose he is dreaming about?" Alice replied "How could I know that?"

"Why," replied Tweedledee, he is dreaming about *you*, of course."

Alice said, "How do you know that?"

Tweedledum replied, "Well, you are here;

that shows that you are being dreamed about. You are just a thing in his dream. If he stopped dreaming about you, you would go out just like a candle flame!"

Alice has no reply to this, and all she could say was, "I know they're talking nonsense."

So, to the practical man, the idea that life is all a dream is just as much nonsense as that idea was to Alice, but he would have as great difficulty in disproving it as she did, because every test that he would apply to show that life was a reality could also be applied to show that the dreamer really existed while he was dreaming! So there is something to be said in favor of this view after all.

CONCLUSION.

We have now given a rapid summary of the main problems and phenomena connected with dreams. The subject is so vast that it has been impossible to do more than touch lightly upon its various aspects,—almost any one of which might be expanded into a book in itself. An excellent little booklet on Psycho-Analysis has, however, already been published in this series, by William J. Fielding (No. 190), and to this the reader is referred for a more extended treatment of this aspect of the dream-problem. Those of my readers who may wish to follow any other particular branch of this fascinating subject at greater length, are referred to the Bibliography which follows:

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The Interpretation of Dreams. By Sigmund Freud. $6.50.

The Fabric of Dreams. By Katherine T. Craig. $3.15.

Dreams. By C. W. Leadbeater. 50c.

The Psychology of Dreams. By Dr. Wm. S. Walsh. $2.65.

The World of Dreams. By Havelock Ellis. $3.65.

Dream Psychology. By C. Nicoll. $2.25.

Dreams: Scientific and Practical Interpretations. By G. H. Miller. $1.50.

Dreams: By C. Wickwar. $1.35.

Studies in Dreams. By Mrs. Arnold-Forster. $2.10.

Dream Psychology. By Sigmund Freud. $3.50.

Sleep and Dreams. By Dr. Jewett. 75c.

How to Sleep. By Marian N. George. 50c.

The Mystery of Sleep. By John Bigelow. $2.10.

Psycho Analysis. By William J. Fielding. (Pocket Series, No. 190). 10c.

Yours for Sleep. By Dr. Wm. S. Walsh. $2.60.

Sleep; Its Physiology, Etc. By Dr. de Manaceine. $2.65.

Human Personality, Etc. (Chapter "Sleep"). By F. W. H. Myers. Abridged Ed., $5.15.

Note: The books listed above may be obtained, at the prices quoted, from the Haldeman-Julius Company, Girard, Kas.

LITTLE BLUE BOOKS
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LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 738
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Poor Richard's Almanac

Benjamin Franklin
Edited by Lloyd E. Smith

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HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
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(Wording of the Title Page for the First Issue)

Poor Richard 1733

An
ALMANACK
For the Year of Christ
1733,

Being the First After LEAP YEAR.
And makes since the Creation

	Years
By the Account of the Eastern *Greeks*	7241
By the Latin Church	6932
By the Computation of *W. W.*	5742
By the *Roman* Chronology	5682
By the *Jewish* Rabbies	5494

Wherein is contained

The Lunations, Eclipses, Judgment of the Weather, Spring Tides, Planets Motions & Mutual Aspects, Sun and Moon's Rising and Setting, Length of Days, Time of High Water, Fairs, Courts and observable Days.

Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of Five Hours West from *London*, but may without sensible Error, serve all the adjacent Places, even from *Newfoundland* to *South Carolina*.

By RICHARD SAUNDERS, Philom.[1]

PHILADELPHIA
Printed and sold by B. FRANKLIN, at the New Printing Office near the Market.

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[1]Philomath: a scholar.

(Wording of Title Page of "Poor Richard Improved")

Note, This A L M A N A C K us'd to contain but 24 Pages, and now has 36; yet the Price is very little advanc'd.

Poor R I C H A R D improved:

Being An
A L M A N A C K
and
EPHEMERIS[2]
of the
Motions of the SUN and MOON;
the True
Places and Aspects of the Planets;
the
Rising and *Setting* of the *Sun;*
and the
Rising, Setting *and* Southing *of the* Moon,
for the
Bissextile[3] Y E A R, 1 7 4 8.

Containing also,

The Lunations, Conjunctions, Eclipses, Judgment of the Weather, Rising and Setting of the Planets, Length of Days and Nights, Fairs, Courts, Roads, &c. Together with useful Tables, chronological Observations, and entertaining Remarks.

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[2]An astronomical almanac; table of the planet's positions.

[3]Leap-year.

Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of near Five Hours West from *London;* but may, without sensible Error, serve all the Northern Colonies.

By RICHARD SAUNDERS, Philom.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and Sold by B. FRANKLIN.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

THE BIRTH AND LIFE OF POOR RICHARD AND HIS ALMANAC

Benjamin Franklin, famed perpetrator of hoaxes, concealed his authorship of the world-renowned Poor Richard's Almanac under the pseudonym of Richard Saunders. The life of the author is therefore the life of Franklin, which he has told himself in his literary masterpiece, the *Autobiography*, or which is very ably set forth in the *Life of Franklin*, by John W. Gunn (Little Blue Book No. 523).

The Almanac, which has degenerated today into an advertising booklet for soap or for patent medicines, played a vastly more important part in the lives of the colonial inhabitants of America. Often the yearly issue was the only reading matter in a family circle save the Bible. Yet it contained little of a literary interest, comparatively speaking: each page was devoted to a month of the year, with very precise and confident predictions as to the weather and the attendant circumstances of the planets. Though the compiler, or philomath, was probably as often wrong as right, his readers gave him their utmost confidence, and tended to regard him with some awe as a being communing with supernatural powers —for how else could he foretell coming events? When the legitimate matter of the Almanac

failed to fill out the pages, various poems, anecdotes, sayings, historical facts, and verbal flotsam and jetsam such as is used to fill out the columns of newspapers, were inserted—sometimes original, sometimes quoted, sometimes quite baldly stolen.

Being purchased and read so widely, the Almanac comprised the chief venture of the early American publisher: it was the one sure work, if compiled by a reputable philomath, of a year. And thus matters stood, with the Almanac the favorite of literary forms, when B. Franklin and H. Meredith set up their printing office in 1728, in Philadelphia, "near the Market." Naturally, they could not do without an Almanac, and for three years they published one prepared by a certain Thomas Godfrey, and the work was reasonably profitable. But young Ben became involved, through the machinations of Mrs. Godfrey, in an affair with a young relative, which was broken off when Franklin demanded a specified dowry, and the Godfreys departed, Thomas giving his Almanac to a rival printer.

B. Franklin, with Yankee resourcefulness and youthful courage, set about compiling his own Almanac—but, knowing that his own name would carry no weight, he ascribed the authorship to one Richard Saunders, a name borrowed from an early English philomath. The title of the Almanac itself, *Poor Richard*, was likewise borrowed from the English *Poor Robin*, or very likely so, and with this start on the road to prosperity, the enterprise was undertaken.

Franklin did not stop with this venture, but introduced the decided innovation of advertising it in *The Pennsylvania Gazette* at some length. This was the chief cause of the Almanac's phenomenal sale: once it was read and known, its superior qualities enabled it to sell itself. A second edition was necessary within two weeks after first publication, and a third edition but a week after that. The next year, 1733[4], Franklin repeated his advertising, with a longer notice, and adopted the ruse of ridiculing his rival philomaths in passages of satire, irony, and humor, in one of which Poor Richard had the audacity to predict the early death of one such rival[5]. His rivals, furiously incensed, retorted with hard and angry words in their own Almanacs, giving Poor Richard just the advertising Franklin desired, for whosoever read of Poor Richard forthwith desired and obtained a copy, and Franklin's achievements were such that "once a reader, always a reader" held true with astonishing regularity. And yet not so astonishing, for the Almanac has spread its fame through all the civilized countries of the globe.

Probably the chief cause of Poor Richard's fame were (and are) the various Proverbs interspersed through the available spaces in the Almanac: homely aphorisms, not always original, but nearly always altered or in some way touched and tinted by the original caprice of Franklin's rugged wit. Yet, too, judged by

[4]Almanacs were printed several months in advance—this was for the issue of 1734.

[5]Titan Leeds.

present-day standards, this Almanac was poorly printed, contained much that was ordinary and dull, together with poems and anecdotes that bore the rough coarseness of eighteenth century literature and would be in exceedingly bad taste in the twentieth century. But the grain, if mingled with chaff, was nevertheless in sufficient abundance to make the sifting of the mass worthwhile, and in 1758 Franklin himself performed such a sifting, summarizing the best of the proverbs in the issue of that year.

In 1748, due to the death of Jacob Taylor, Franklin's leading rival, Poor Richard became Poor Richard Improved[6], with an increase from twenty-four to thirty-six pages, the better to gain and keep the new patrons Taylor so involuntarily relinquished to Franklin. The new form proved immensely popular. Indeed, during the last fourteen years of Poor Richard's existence, the sales reached the grand and awesome total of 141,257 copies, representing a sum, paid in purchase prices, in excess of two thousand pounds in colonial currency!

For twenty-five merry years Poor Richard lived and throve, and, in 1758, as has been mentioned, a grand summary was published in the form of a preface to the issue of that year. It contains most of the knowledge which the world possesses concerning Poor Richard, and it is alone responsible for the world-wide familiarity with the name and matter of Franklin's almanac. For very few of the earlier issues have survived: an Almanac was literally

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[6]See second Title Page.

read to pieces; and, with the coming of the new year's edition, the tatterdemalion booklet that was the "old" issue was very properly thrown away.

This preface of 1758 has appeared in countless guises, under such titles as *Father Abraham's Speech* and *The Way to Wealth*. "Seventy editions of it have been printed in English, fifty-six in French, eleven in German, and nine in Italian. It has been translated into Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Welsh, Polish, Gaelic, Russian, Bohemian, Dutch, Catalan, Chinese, Modern Greek, and Phonetic writing. It has been printed at least four hundred times, and is today as popular as ever." The foregoing statement was written by Paul Leicester Ford in 1889—the increase in his figures since that date, with thirty-five years to propagate, is probably not as large as might be expected, but it is no doubt an imposing tribute to the still wide popularity of Poor Richard.

John T. More, Jr., has described the contemporary significance of Poor Richard in colonial America, contemporary, that is, with its author: "Poor Richard was the revered and popular schoolmaster of a young nation during its period of tutelage. His teachings are among the powerful forces which have gone to shaping the habits of Americans. His terse and picturesque bits of the wisdom and the virtue of this world are familiar in our mouths today; they molded our great-grandparents and their children; they have informed our popular traditions; they still influence our actions, guide our ways of thinking, and estab-

lish our points of view, with the constant control of acquired habits which we little suspect."

The present edition begins with the preface of 1758 complete, followed by various excerpts from the earlier issues. For the sake of ease in reading, the spelling and punctuation, where necessary, have been modernized. This sacrifices the atmosphere of antiquity in some measure, but it is hoped that the spirit of Franklin is kept in his often quaint phraseology, and in his use of capitals, which has been preserved intact (in the preface of 1758).

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

PREFACE TO THE ISSUE OF THE YEAR 1758

Extract from Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*: "In 1732 I first published[7] my Almanac, under the name of *Richard Saunders;* it was continued by me about twenty-five years, commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac.* I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*

"These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to

[7]For the year 1733.

the Almanac of 1757,[8] as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication."

♣ ♣ ♣

Courteous Reader.

I have heard that nothing gives an Author so great Pleasure as to find his Works respectfully quoted by other learned Authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed. For though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an *eminent* Author of *Almanacs* annually, now a full quarter of a century, my Brother Authors in the same Way, for what Reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their Applauses; and no other Author has taken the least notice of me: so that did not my Writings produce me some solid *Pudding*, the great Deficiency of *Praise* would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the People were the best Judges of my Merit, for they buy

[8]Dated 1758.

my Works; and besides, in my Rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my Adages repeated, with "*as Poor Richard says!*" at the end of it. This gave me some Satisfaction, as it showed not only that my Instructions were regarded, but disclosed likewise some Respect for my Authority; and I own that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those wise Sentences, I have sometimes *quoted myself* with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an Incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my Horse lately where a great Number of people were collected at a Sale of Merchant Goods. The Hour of Sale not being come, they were conversing on the Badness of the Times, and one of the Company called to a plain clean old Man, with white Locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the Times? Won't these heavy Taxes quite ruin the Country? How shall we *be ever* able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you'd have my Advice, I'll give it to you in short, for *a Word to the Wise is enough, and many Words won't fill a Bushel*, as *Poor Richard* says." They joined in desiring him to speak his Mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends and Neighbors, the Taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only Ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our

Idleness, three times as much by our *Pride*, and four times as much by our *Folly*, and from these Taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an Abatement. However, let us hearken to good Advice, and something may be done for us. *God helps them that help themselves*, as *Poor Richard* says in his Almanac of 1733.

"It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its People one-tenth Part of their *Time*, to be employed in its Service. But *Idleness* taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute *Sloth*, or doing nothing, with that which is spent in idle Employments or Amusements, that amount to nothing. *Sloth*, by bringing on Diseases, absolutely shortens Life. *Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labor wears, while the used Key is always bright*, as *Poor Richard* says. But *dost thou love Life? Then do not squander Time, for that is the Stuff Life is made of*, as *Poor Richard* says.

How much more than is necessary do we spend in Sleep! forgetting that *the Sleeping Fox catches no Poultry;* and that *there will be sleeping enough in the Grave*, as *Poor Richard* says. If Time be of all Things the most precious, *wasting of Time must be*, as *Poor Richard* says, *the greatest Prodigality;* since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost Time is never found again;* and what we call *Time enough! always proves little enough.* Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the Purpose: so, by Diligence, shall we do more with less Perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry all things easy.*

as *Poor Richard* says; and *He that riseth late, must trot all Day, and shall scarce overtake his Business at night.* While *Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him,* as we read in *Poor Richard;* who adds, *Drive thy Business! Let not it drive thee!* and

Early to Bed, and early to rise,
Makes a Man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

"So what signifies *wishing* and *hoping* for better times. We may make these Times better if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish,* as *Poor Richard* says, and *he that lives upon Hope will die fasting. There are no Grains without Pains;* then *Help Hands, for I have no Lands,* or if I have they are smartly taxed. And as *Poor Richard* likewise observes, *He that hath a Trade hath an Estate,* and *He that hath a Calling hath an Office of Profit and Honor;* but then the *Trade* must be worked at, and the *Calling* well followed, or neither the *Estate,* nor the *Office,* will enable us to pay our Taxes.

"If we are industrious we shall never starve; for as *Poor Richard* says, *At the working Man's House Hunger looks in, but dares not enter.* Nor will the Bailiff or the Constable enter, for *Industry pays Debts while Despair increaseth them,* says *Poor Richard.*

"What though you have found no Treasure, nor has any rich Relative left you a Legacy, *Diligence is the Mother of Good Luck,* as *Poor Richard* says, and *God gives all things to Industry.* Then

Plow deep, while Sluggards sleep,
And you shall have Corn to sell and to keep,

says *Poor Dick.* Work while it is called Today, for you know not how much you may be hindered Tomorrow; which makes *Poor Richard* say, *One Today is worth two Tomorrows;* and farther, *Have you something to do Tomorrow, do it Today.* If you were a Servant, would you not be ashamed that a good Master should catch you idle? Are you then your own Master? *Be ashamed to catch yourself idle,* as *Poor Dick* says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your Family, your Country, and your gracious King, be up by Peep of Day. *Let not the Sun look down and say, Inglorious here he lies.* Handle your Tools without Mittens; remember that *the Cat in Gloves catches no Mice,* as *Poor Richard* says.

"'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great Effects, for *constant Dropping wears away Stones,* and *by Diligence and Patience, the Mouse ate in two the Cable;* and *little Strokes fell great Oaks,* as *Poor Richard* says in his Almanac, the Year I cannot just now remember.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a Man afford himself no Leisure?'

"I will tell thee, My Friend, what *Poor Richard* says: *Employ thy Time well if thou meanest to gain Leisure;* and, *since thou art not sure of a Minute, throw not away an Hour.* Leisure is Time for doing something useful; this Leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as *Poor Richard* says, *Trouble springs from Idleness, and grievous*

Toil from needless Ease. Many without Labor would live by their Wits only, but they break for want of stock. Whereas, Industry gives Comfort, and Plenty, and Respect. *Fly Pleasures and they'll follow you. The diligent Spinner has a large Shift;*[9] and *now I have a Sheep and a Cow, everybody bids me Good morrow*—all which is well said by *Poor Richard.*

"But with our Industry, we must likewise be *steady, settled,* and *careful,* and oversee our own Affairs *with our own Eyes,* and not trust too much to others; for, as *Poor Richard* says,

I never saw an oft removed Tree,
Nor yet an oft removed Family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

And again, *Three Removes*[10] *is as bad as a Fire;* and again, *Keep thy Shop, and thy Shop will keep thee;* and again, *If you would have your Business done, go; if not, send.* And again,

He that by the Plow must thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

And again, *The Eye of a Master will do more Work than both his Hands;* and again, *Want of Care does us more Damage than Want of Knowledge;* and again, *Not to oversee Workmen, is to leave them your Purse open.* Trusting too much to others' Care is the Ruin of many; for, as the *Almanac* says, *In the Affairs of this World, Men are saved, not by Faith, but by the Want of it;* but a Man's own Care is profitable, for, saith *Poor Dick, Learning is to*

[9]A garment.
[10]Removals; change of location.

the Studious, and Riches to the Careful, as well as *Power to the Bold,* and *Heaven to the Virtuous.* And, farther, *If you would have a faithful Servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.* And again, he adviseth Circumspection and Care, even in the smallest Matters, because sometimes *a little Neglect may breed great Mischief,* adding,

For want of a Nail, the Shoe was lost;
For want of a Shoe, the Horse was lost;
And for want of a Horse, the Rider was lost,

being overtaken and slain by the Enemy, all for want of care about a Horse-shoe Nail.

"So much for Industry, my Friends, and Attention to one's own Business. But to these we must add *Frugality,* if we would make our *Industry* more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, *Keep his Nose all his Life to the Grindstone,* and die not worth a *Groat*[11] at last. *A fat Kitchen makes a lean Will,* as *Poor Richard* says; and

Many Estates are spent in the Getting,
Since Women for Tea forsook Spinning and Knitting,
And Men for Punch forsook Hewing and Splitting.

If you would be wealthy, says he, in another Almanac, *think of Saving as well as of Getting: The* Indies *have not made Spain rich, because her* Outgoes *are greater than her* Incomes. Away then with your expensive Follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard

[11]An old English silver coin: fourpence.

Times, heavy Taxes, and chargeable Families; for, as *Poor Dick* says,

Women and Wine, Game and Deceit,
Make the Wealth small and the Wants great.

And farther, *What maintains one Vice would bring up two Children.* You may think perhaps that a *little* Tea or a *little* Punch now and then, Diet a *little* more costly, Clothes a *little* finer, and a *little* Entertainment now and then, can be no *great* Matter; but remember what *Poor Richard* says: *Many a Little makes a Mickle;*[12] and farther, *Beware of little Expenses; a small Leak will sink a great Ship;* and again, *Who Dainties love shall Beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make Feasts and wise Men eat them.*

"Here you are all got together at this Sale of *Fineries* and *Knicknacks.* You call them *Goods*, but if you do not take Care, they will prove *Evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold *cheap*, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no Occasion for them, they must be *dear* to you. Remember what *Poor Richard* says: *Buy what thou hast no Need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy Necessaries.* And again, *At a great Pennyworth pause a while.* He means that perhaps the Cheapness is *Apparent* only, and not *real;* or that the Bargain, by straitening[13] thee in thy Business, may do thee more Harm than Good. For in another Place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good Pennyworths.*

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[12]Scotch for abundance.
[13]Pinching—distressing.

Again *Poor Richard* says, *'Tis foolish to lay out Money in a Purchase of Repentance;* and yet this Folly is practised every Day at Sales, for want of minding the Almanac. *Wise Men*, as *Poor Richard* says, *learn by others' Harms, Fools scarcely by their own;* but *Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum.*[14] Many a one, for the Sake of Finery on the Back, has gone with a hungry Belly, and half starved his Family—*Silks and Satins, Scarlet and Velvets*, as *Poor Richard* says, *put out the Kitchen Fire.* These are not the *Necessaries* of Life; they can scarcely be called the *Conveniences;* and yet, only because they look pretty, how many *want* to *have* them. The *artificial* Wants of Mankind thus become more numerous than the *natural;* and, as *Poor Dick* says, *For one poor Person there are an hundred indigent.* By these, and other Extravagances, the Genteel are reduced to Poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through *Industry* and *Frugality*, have maintained their Standing. In which case, it appears plainly that *a Plowman on his Legs is higher than a Gentleman on his Knees*, as *Poor Richard* says. Perhaps they have had a small Estate left them, which they knew not the Getting of,—they think *'tis Day and will never be Night;* that a little to spend out of so much is not worth minding; (*a Child and a Fool*, as *Poor Richard* says, *imagine Twenty Shillings and Twenty Years can never be spent*) but, *always taking out of the Meat-tub, and never putting in, soon*

[14] "Happy is he that takes caution from others" (whom others' dangers make cautious).

comes to the Bottom. Then, as *Poor Dick* says, *When the Well's dry, they know the Worth of Water.* But this they might have known before, if they had taken his Advice: *If you would know the Value of Money, go and try to borrow some, for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing;* and, indeed, so does he that lends to such People, when he goes to get it in again.

"*Poor Dick* further advises, and says,

Fond Pride of Dress *is sure a very Curse;*
Ere Fancy *you consult, consult your Purse.*

and again, *Pride is as loud a Beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine Thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a Piece; but *Poor Dick* says, *'Tis easier to* suppress *the first Desire, than to* satisfy *all that follow it.* And 'tis as truly Folly for the Poor to ape the Rich, as for the Frog to swell, in order to equal the Ox.

Great Estates may venture more,
But little Boats should keep near Shore.

'Tis, however, a Folly soon punished, for *Pride that dines on Vanity sups on Contempt,* as *Poor Richard* says. And in another Place, *Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.* And, after all, of what Use is this *Pride of Appearance,* for which so much is risked, so much is suffered! It cannot promote Health, or ease Pain; it makes no increase of Merit in the Person, creates Envy, and hastens Misfortune.

What is a Butterfly? At best
He's but a Caterpillar dressed.
The gaudy Fop's his Picture just,

as *Poor Richard* says.

"But what Madness must it be to run in Debt for these Superfluities! We are offered by the Terms of this Sale Six Months of Credit, and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready Money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah, think what you do when you run in Debt: *You give to another Power over your Liberty.* If you cannot pay at the Time, you will be ashamed to see your Creditor; you will be in Fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking Excuses, and by Degrees come to lose your Veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for, as *Poor Richard* says, *The second Vice is Lying, the first is running in Debt.* And again, to the same Purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back.* Whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any Man living, Poverty often deprives a Man of all Spirit and Virtue. *'Tis hard for an empty Bag to stand upright,* as *Poor Richard* truly says.

"What would you think of that Prince, or that Government, who should issue an Edict forbidding you to dress like a Gentleman, or a Gentlewoman, on Pain of Imprisonment or Servitude! Would you not say, that you are free, have a Right to dress as you please, and that such an Edict would be a Breach of your Privileges, and such a Government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that

Tyranny when you run in Debt for such Dress! Your Creditor has Authority at his Pleasure to deprive you of your Liberty, by confining you in Jail for Life, or to sell you for a Servant, if you should not be able to pay him! When you have got your Bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of Payment! But *Creditors, Poor Richard* tells us, *have better Memories than Debtors;* and in another Place he says, *Creditors are a superstitious Sect, great Observers of set Days and Times.* The Day comes round before you are aware, and the Demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. Or, if you bear your Debt in Mind, the Term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added Wings to his Heels as well as Shoulders. *Those have a short Lent,* saith *Poor Richard, who owe Money to be paid at Easter.* Then, since he says, *The Borrower is a Slave to the Lender, and the Debtor to the Creditor,* disdain the Chain, preserve your Freedom, and maintain your Independence. Be *industrious* and *free;* be *frugal* and *free.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving Circumstances, and that you can bear a little Extravagance without Injury, but,

For Age and Want save while you may;
No Morning Sun lasts a whole Day,

as *Poor Richard* says.

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, Experience is constant and certain; and *'tis easier to build two Chimneys than to keep one in Fuel,* as *Poor Richard* says.

So rather go to Bed supperless than rise in Debt.

Get what you can, and what you get, hold:
'Tis the stone that will turn all your Lead into Gold,

as *Poor Richard says.* And when you have got the Philosopher's Stone, surely you will no longer complain of the bad Times, or the Difficulty of paying Taxes.

"This Doctrine, my Friends, is Reason and Wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much on your own Industry, and Frugality, and Prudence, though excellent Things, for they may all be blasted without the Blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that Blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now to conclude: *Experience keeps a dear School, but Fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that;* for 'tis true, *we may give Advice, but we cannot give Conduct,* as *Poor Richard* says. However, remember this: *They that won't be counseled, can't be helped,* as *Poor Richard* says; and farther, *If you will not hear Reason, she'll surely wrap your Knuckles.*"

Thus the old Gentleman ended his Harangue. The People heard it, and approved the Doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common Sermon. For the Sale opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his Cautions, and their own Fear of Taxes.

I found the good Man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on those Topics during the Course of Five-and-Twenty Years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired anyone else, but my Vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth Part of this Wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the Gleanings I had made of the Sense of all Ages and Nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the Echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy Stuff for a new Coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy Profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever, Thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

July 7. 1757.

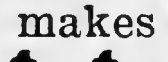
SELECTED EXCERPTS FROM EARLIER ALMANACS OF POOR RICHARD

Visits should be short, like a winter's day,
Lest you're too troublesome, hasten away.

Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

Light purse, heavy heart.

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.



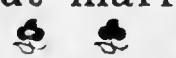
Great talkers, little doers.

Where bread is wanting, all's to be sold.

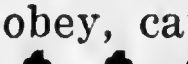
If you ride a horse, sit close and tight;
If you ride a man, sit easy and light.

Beauty and folly are old companions.

Where there's a marriage without love, there will be love without marriage.



He that cannot obey, cannot command.



An egg today is better than a hen tomorrow.

He does not possess wealth: it possesses him.

Approve not of him who commends all you say.

Two dry sticks will burn a green one.

Haste makes waste.

Paintings and fightings are best seen at a distance.

Great spenders are bad lenders.

Epitaph on a Scolding Wife by her Husband:
Here my poor Bridget's corpse doth lie:
She is at rest,—and so am I.

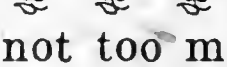
Many a long dispute among Divines may be thus abridged: "It is so!" "It is not so!" "It is so!" "It is not so!"

Tugend bestehet wen alles vergehet (Virtue remains when all else is lost).

Ill company is like a dog who dirties those most that he loves best.

When man and woman die, as poets sung,
His heart's the last part moves,—her last,
the tongue.

Time is an herb that cures all diseases.



Read much, but not too many books.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

Love and Lordship hate companions.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

Mary's mouth costs her nothing, for she never opens it but at others' expense.

The rotten apple spoils its companion.

Do not do that which you would not have known.

It is better to take many injuries than to give one.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

A little house well filled,
A little field well tilled,
And a little wife well willed,
Are great riches.

If you would have guests merry with cheer,
Be so yourself, or so at least appear.

He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

Hope of gain lessens pain.

The heart of the fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of the wise man is in his heart.

Men and melons are hard to know.

He that lieth down with dogs shall rise up with fleas.

The proof of gold is fire; the proof of woman, gold; the proof of man, a woman.

Eat to live, and not live to eat.

Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.

My love and I for kisses played,
She would keep stakes, I was content,
But when I won, she would be paid,
This made me ask her what she meant:
Quoth she, "Since you are in this wrangling vein,
Here, take your kisses—give me mine again."

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.

Anger warms the Invention, but overheats the Oven.

He that would catch Fish must venture his Bait.

Men take more pains to mask than to mend.

♣ ♣ ♣

Work as if you were to live one hundred years; pray as if you were to die tomorrow.

♣ ♣ ♣

The royal crown cures not the headache.

♣ ♣ ♣

The tongue offends, and the ears get the cuffing.

♣ ♣ ♣

Many dishes, many diseases; many medicines, few cures.

♣ ♣ ♣

Take this remark from Richard, poor and lame,
Whate'er's begun in anger, ends in shame.

♣ ♣ ♣

Don't think to hunt two hares with one dog.

♣ ♣ ♣

Who pleasures gives, shall joy receive.

♣ ♣ ♣

Teach your child to hold his tongue—he'll learn fast enough to speak.

♣ ♣ ♣

Marry your son when you will, but your daughter when you can.

♣ ♣ ♣

The poor man must walk to get meat for his stomach, the rich man to get a stomach to his meat.

♣ ♣ ♣

Necessity never made a good bargain.

♣ ♣ ♣

Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower in changing.

Pain wastes the body, pleasures the understanding.

♣ ♣ ♣

Poverty wants some things, luxury many things, avarice all things.

♣ ♣ ♣

A lie stands on one leg, truth on two.

♣ ♣ ♣

An old young man will be a young old man.

♣ ♣ ♣

Fish and visitors smell in three days.

♣ ♣ ♣

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

♣ ♣ ♣

'Tis easy to see, hard to foresee.

♣ ♣ ♣

In a discreet man's mouth, a public thing is private.

♣ ♣ ♣

He that takes a wife takes care.

♣ ♣ ♣

Why does the blind man's wife paint herself?

♣ ♣ ♣

None preaches better than the ant, and it says nothing.

♣ ♣ ♣

He that speaks much is much mistaken.

♣ ♣ ♣

Forewarned, forearmed.

Let him who scatters thorns not go barefoot.

He that would live in peace and at ease,
Must not speak all he knows, nor judge all he sees.

He that can compose himself is wiser than he that composes books.

After crosses and losses, men grow humbler and wiser.

There are no ugly loves, nor handsome prisons.

Don't misinform your doctor nor your lawyer.

"Tomorrow I'll reform," the fool does say;
Today itself's too late: the *wise* did yesterday.

He that pursues two hares at once does not catch one and lets the other go.

To whom thy secret thou dost tell,
To him thy freedom dost thou sell.

Tell a miser he's rich and a woman she's old, and you'll get no money of one, nor kindness of the other.

Women are books, and men the readers be,
Who sometimes in those books erratas see;
Yet oft the reader's raptured with each line,

Fair print and paper, fraught with sense divine;
Though some, neglectful, seldom care to read,
And faithful wives no more than Bibles heed.
"Are women books?" says Hodge, "Then would mine were
An Almanac, to change her every year."

The noblest question in the world is, "What good may I do in it?"

There are three faithful friends: an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.

Who has deceived thee so oft as thyself?

If you would not be forgotten, as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth the reading, or do things worth the writing.

Let thy vices die before thee.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage—half shut afterwards.

If you do what you should not,
You must hear what you would not.

Reading makes a full man—meditation a profound man—discourse a clear man.

These lines may be read either backward or forward:

Joy, Mirth, Triumph, I do defie:
Destroy me, death, fain would I die;
Forlorn am I, love is exiled,
Scorn smiles thereat, hope is beguiled;
Men banished bliss, in woe must dwell,
Then joy, mirth, triumph, all farewell.

None but the well-bred man knows how to confess a fault, or acknowledge himself in error.

There is much difference between imitating a good man, and counterfeiting him.

Wink at small faults. Remember thou hast great ones.

Eat to please thyself, but dress to please others.

Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices.

When death puts out our flame, the snuff will tell
If we are wax or tallow by the smell.

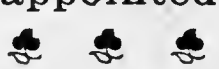
Trust thyself, and another shall not betray thee.

Historians relate not so much what is done, as what they would have believed.

Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend, but thou may'st a friend into an enemy.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Blessed is he that expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.



Let thy discontents be secrets.

Hear no ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy.

Epitaph on a talkative Old Maid:

Beneath this silent stone is laid,
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who, from her cradle talked till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.

Whither she's gone we cannot tell,
For if she talks not, she's in ——;
If she's in ——, she's there unblessed,
Because she hates a place of rest.

Sin is not hurtful because it is forbidden, but it is forbidden because it is hurtful.

A cure for poetry:

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Lend money to an enemy and thou'lt gain him, to a friend and thou'lt lose him.

At twenty years of age the will resigns; at thirty the wit; at forty the judgment.

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

The poor have little—beggars none—
The rich too much—enough not one.

Fear not death; for the sooner we die, the longer we shall be immortal.

When you speak to a man, look on his eyes; when he speaks to thee, look on his mouth.

Marry above thy match, and thou'lt get a master.

When befriended, remember it;
When you befriend—forget it.

A flatterer never seems absurd;
The flattered always takes his word.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

Death takes no bribes.

Quarrels never could last long,
If on one side only lay the wrong.

♣ ♣ ♣

Strange! that a man who has wit enough to write a satire should have folly enough to publish it.

♣ ♣ ♣

The painful[15] preacher, like a candle bright,
Consumes himself in giving others light.

♣ ♣ ♣

Ill customs and bad advice are seldom forgotten.

♣ ♣ ♣

When knaves fall out, honest men get their goods; when priests dispute, we come at the truth.

♣ ♣ ♣

One good husband is worth two good wives; for the scarcer things are, the more they are valued.

♣ ♣ ♣

He that speaks ill of the mare will buy her.

♣ ♣ ♣

To err is human, to repent divine, to persist devilish.

♣ ♣ ♣

Money and man a mutual friendship show:
Man makes false money; money makes man so.

♣ ♣ ♣

How few there are who have courage enough to own their faults, or resolution enough to mend them!

---

[15] I.e., painstaking.

Content and riches seldom meet together;
Riches take thou, contentment I had rather.

What you would seem to be, be really.

Make haste slowly.

The same man cannot be both Friend and Flatterer.

Those who are feared are hated.

A soft tongue may strike hard.

Wars bring scars.

He's a fool that cannot conceal his wisdom.

You may talk too much on the best of subjects.

Old young and old long.

There are no fools so troublesome as those that have wit.

'Tis easier to prevent bad habits than to break them.

He that whines for Glass without G
Takes away L and that's he.

A quarrelsome man has no good neighbors.

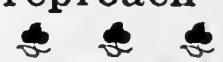
Women and wine,
Game and deceit,
Make the wealth small
And the wants great.

Virtue and Happiness are Mother and Daughter.

Good sense is a thing all need, few have, and none think they want.

The tongue is ever turning to the aching tooth.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.



Mad kings and mad bulls are not to be held by treaties and packthread.

A truly great man will never trample on a worm nor sneak to an emperor.

Half-hospitality opens his door and shuts up his countenance.

Strive to be the greatest man in your country, and you may be disappointed; strive to be the best and you may succeed. He may well win the race that runs by himself.

'Tis a strange forest that has no rotten wood in't,
And a strange kindred that all are good in't.

There is no man so bad but he secretly respects the good.

We are not so sensible of the greatest health as of the least sickness.

A good example is the best sermon.

Better is a little with content than much with contention.

A slip of the foot you may soon recover,
But a slip of the tongue you may never get over.

It is wise not to seek a secret and honest not to reveal it.

A mob's a monster—heads enough, but no brains!

He that cannot bear with other people's passions, cannot govern his own.

Knaves and nettles are akin: stroke them kindly. yet they'll sting.

Liberality is not giving much, but giving wisely.

Suspicion may be no fault, but showing it may be a great one.

If Jack's in love, he's no judge of Jill's beauty.

Most fools think they are only ignorant.

Pardoning the bad is injuring the good.

The end of passion is the beginning of repentance.

Words may show a man's wit, but actions his meaning.

Many foxes grow gray, but few grow good.

If passion drives, let reason hold the reins.

Drink does not drown care, but waters it, and makes it grow faster.

A man has no more goods than he gets good by.

Different sects, like different clocks, may be all near the matter, though they don't quite agree.

Having been poor is no shame, but being ashamed of it, is.

All would live long, but none would be old.

Neglect kills injuries, revenge increases them.

Doing an injury puts you below your enemy; revenging one makes you but even with him; forgiving it sets you above him.

Many a man thinks he is buying pleasure, when he is merely selling himself a slave to it.

He that spills the rum loses that only; he that drinks it loses often both that and himself.

Though modesty is a virtue, bashfulness is a vice.

The Golden Age never was the present Age.

Today is Yesterday's pupil.

'Tis great confidence in a friend to tell him your faults—greater to tell him his.

A great talker may be no fool, but he is one that relies on him.

He that is of the opinion that money will do everything may well be suspected of doing everything for money.

Danger is sauce for prayers.

Dick told his spouse, he durst be bold to swear
Whate'er she prayed for, Heav'n would thwart
her prayer:
"Indeed!" says Nell, " 'tis what I'm pleased to
hear,
For now I'll pray for your long life, my dear."

The bell calls others to church, but itself never minds the sermon.

Friendship cannot live with ceremony, nor without civility.

He that would travel much should eat little.

Where there is hunger the law is not regarded; and where the law is not regarded there will be hunger.

There was never a good knife made of bad steel.

Love your enemies, for they tell you your faults.

Be civil to all; sociable to many; familiar with few; friend to one; enemy to none.

Laws too gentle are seldom obeyed; too severe, seldom executed.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.

When a Friend deals with a Friend,
Let the bargain be well penned,
That they may continue Friends to the End.

Act uprightly and despise calumny; dirt may stick to a mud wall, but not to polished marble.

When you're an Anvil, hold you still;
When you're a Hammer, strike your fill.

Half the truth is often a great lie.

The honey is sweet, but the bee has a sting.

Bad commentators spoil the best of books,
So God sends meat (they say), the devil cooks.

Sam had the worst wife that a man could have,
Proud, lazy sot, could neither get nor save;
Eternal scold she was, and what is worse,
"The devil burn thee," was her common curse.
"Forbear," quoth Sam, "that fruitless curse so common,
He'll not hurt me, who've married his kinswoman."

Rob not God, nor the poor, lest thou ruin thyself; the eagle snatched a coal from the altar, but it fired her nest.

If what most men admire, they would despise,
'Twould look as if mankind were growing wise.

Men often mistake themselves, seldom forget themselves.

One mend-fault is worth two find-faults, but one find-fault is better than two make-faults.

Don't throw stones at your neighbors' windows, if your own are glass.

Whimsical Will once fancied he was ill,
The doctor called, who thus examined Will:
"How is your appetite?" "O, as to that,
I eat quite heartily, you see I'm fat."
"How is your sleep o' nights?" " 'Tis sound and good;
I eat, drink, sleep as well as e'er I could."
"Will," says the doctor, clapping on his hat,
"I'll give you something shall remove all that."

If you desire many things, many things will seem but a few.

A penny saved is two pence clear.
A pin a day is a groat a year.
Save and have.

A nymph and a swain to Apollo once prayed,
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betrayed;
They came for to try if his oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.
Apollo stood mute, and had like t' have been posed;
At length he thus sagely the question disclosed:
"He alone may be true in whom none will confide,
And the nymph may be chaste that has never been tried."

♣ ♣ ♣

Love, cough, and a smoke can't well be hid.

♣ ♣ ♣

Well done is better than well said.

♣ ♣ ♣

Certainly these things agree: the priest, the lawyer, and death, all three;
Death takes both the weak and the strong,
The lawyer takes from both right and wrong,
And the priest from the living and dead has his fee.

♣ ♣ ♣

Let the letter stay for the post, and not the post for the letter.

♣ ♣ ♣

Keep conscience clear, then never fear.

♣ ♣ ♣

Content is the Philosopher's Stone, that turns all it touches into gold.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual cries
They both express their care.
"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
"The same effect may give.
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die;
His wife that he may live."

♣ ♣ ♣

The way to see by Faith is to shut the eye of Reason.

♣ ♣ ♣

Who is wise? He that learns from everyone.
Who is powerful? He that governs the passions.
Who is rich? He that is content.
Who is that? Nobody.

♣ ♣ ♣

Dick's wife was sick, and posed the doctors' skill,
Who differed how to cure th' inveterate ill.
"Purging," the one prescribed. "No," quoth another,
"That will do neither good nor harm, my brother;"
"Bleeding's the only way," 'twas quick replied,
"That's certain death, but e'en let Dick decide."
"I'se no great skill," quo' Richard, "by the rood,[16]
But I think bleeding's like to do most good."

♣ ♣ ♣

As we must account for every idle word, so must we for every idle silence.

[16]The cross.

A doubtful meaning:
The female kind is counted ill:
And is indeed: the contrary:
No man can find: that hurt they will:
But everywhere: show charity:
To nobody: malicious still:
In word or deed: believe you me.

♣ ♣ ♣

Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some pilfering villains stole his team[17] away;
what?
Giles wakes and cries, "What's here? a dickens,
Why, how now? Am I Giles? or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings, to my smart;
If not, odds buddikins,[18] I've found a cart."

♣ ♣ ♣

He that best understands the world, least likes it.

♣ ♣ ♣

Many have quarreled about religion that never practised it.

♣ ♣ ♣

Grace thou thy house, and let not that grace thee.

♣ ♣ ♣

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what thou wilt.

♣ ♣ ♣

A man of knowledge, like a rich soil, feeds,
If not a world of corn, a world of weeds.

---

[17]I.e., his horses.

[18]A disguised oath—"God's bodykins"—originally signifying the wafer or bread used in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Thus with kind words, Squire Edward cheered
his friend:
"Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st de-
pend;
I know thy fortune is but very scant,
But, be assured, I'll ne'er see Dick in want."
Dick's soon confined,—his friend no doubt
would free him;
His word he kept: in want he ne'er would see
him.

Pollio, who values nothing that's within,
Buys books as men hunt beavers—for their skin.

Thirst after desert, not reward.

Industry need not wish.

My sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Once told me: "Dicky, I shall die."
I grieved, but recollected straight,
'Twas bootless to contend with fate:
So resignation to Heaven's will
Prepared me for succeeding ill;
'Twas well it did, for on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will to spare my wife.

Happy that nation, fortunate that age, whose history is not diverting.

A wolf eats sheep, but, now and then,
Ten thousands are devoured by men.

Man's tongue is soft, and bone doth lack,
Yet a stroke therewith may break a man's back.

♣ ♣ ♣

Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools that have not wit enough to be honest.

♣ ♣ ♣

No wood without bark.

♣ ♣ ♣

Don't overload gratitude; if you do, she'll kick.

♣ ♣ ♣

Says Roger to his wife, "My dear,
The strangest piece of news I hear!
A law, 'tis said, will quickly pass,
To purge the matrimonial class:
Cuckolds, if any such we have here,
Must to a man be thrown i' the river."
She, smiling, cried, "My dear, you seem
Surprized! Pray, ha'n't you learned to swim?"

♣ ♣ ♣

Can grave and formal pass for wise
When men the solemn owl despise?

♣ ♣ ♣

Learn of the skilful: he that teaches himself hath a fool for a master.

♣ ♣ ♣

Anger and folly walk cheek by jowl; repentance treads on both their heels.

♣ ♣ ♣

If evils come not, then our fears are vain;
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

Rob not for burnt offerings.

♣ ♣ ♣

Bis dat, qui cito dat [He who gives promptly, gives twice as much].

♣ ♣ ♣

Ben beats his pate, and fancies wit will come;
But he may knock, there's nobody at home.

♣ ♣ ♣

Speak and speed: the close mouth catches no flies.

♣ ♣ ♣

Hope and a red rag are baits for men and mackerel.

♣ ♣ ♣

As honest Hodge, the farmer, sowed his field,
Cheered with the hope of future gain 'twould yield,
Two upstart Jacks in office, proud and vain,
Come riding by, and thus insult the swain:
"You drudge and sweat, and labor here, old boy,
But we the fruit of your hard toil enjoy."
"Belike you may," quoth Hodge, "and but your due,
For, gentlemen, 'tis *hemp* I'm sowing now."

♣ ♣ ♣

Here comes a Glib Tongue, who can out-flatter a Dedication, and lie like ten Epitaphs.

♣ ♣ ♣

'Tis easy to frame a bold resolution,
But hard is the task that concerns execution.

A parrot is for prating prized,
But prattling women are despised;
She who attacks another's honor
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbors, too, have tongues;
One slander fifty will beget,
The world with interest pays the debt.

♣ ♣ ♣

Let all men know thee, but no man know thee thoroughly: men freely ford that see the shallows.

♣ ♣ ♣

If you'd lose a troublesome visitor, lend him money.

♣ ♣ ♣

Keep thou from the opportunity, and God will keep thee from the sin.

♣ ♣ ♣

The things which hurt, instruct.

♣ ♣ ♣

As often as we do good, we sacrifice.

♣ ♣ ♣

Celia's rich sideboard seldom sees the light,
Clean is her kitchen, and her spits are bright;
Her knives and spoons, all ranged in even rows,
No hands molest, nor fingers discompose:
A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,
Forever still, whose fliers never fly:
Her plates unsullied shining on the shelf;
For Celia dresses nothing, but *herself*.

♣ ♣ ♣

Vanity backbites more than malice.

He who buys
Had need have one hundred eyes;
But one's enough
For him that sells the stuff.

One man may be more cunning than another, but not more cunning than everybody else.

Pride and the gout are seldom cured throughout.

Despair ruins some, presumption many.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder, but rest and guilt live far asunder.

Craft must be at charge for clothes, but truth can go naked.

Write injuries in dust, benefits in marble.

The heathen, when they died, went to bed without a candle.

Life with fools consists in drinking;
With the wise man, living's thinking.

To Friend, Lawyer, Doctor, tell plain your whole case,
Nor think on bad matters to put a good face:
How can they advise, if they see but a part?
'Tis very ill driving black hogs in the dark.

Content makes poor men rich; discontent makes rich men poor.

Nine men in ten are suicides.

Clean your finger, before you point at my spots.

Hide not your talents—they for use were made? What's a sun-dial in the shade?

What signifies knowing the names, if you know not the natures of things?

'Tis a shame that your family is an honor to you! You ought to be an honor to your family.

Glass, china, and reputation are easily cracked, and never well mended.

Pray don't burn my house to roast your eggs.

Prosperity discovers vice, adversity virtue.

Friendship increases by visiting friends, but by visiting seldom.

If worldly goods cannot save me from death, they ought not to hinder me from eternal life.

"Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye;
What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry?
Aspasia's shape, indeed—but then, her air,
'Twould ask a conj'rer to find beauty there."
Without a *but*, Hortensia she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends;
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
But how comes this to pass? She died last night.

♣ ♣ ♣

The proud hate pride—in others.

♣ ♣ ♣

If man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.

♣ ♣ ♣

Sudden power is apt to be insolent, sudden liberty saucy; that behaves best which has grown gradually.

♣ ♣ ♣

A pair of good ears will drain dry a hundred tongues.

♣ ♣ ♣

Gifts much expected are paid, not given.

♣ ♣ ♣

Love your neighbor, but don't pull down your hedge.

♣ ♣ ♣

Willows are weak, but they bind the faggot.

♣ ♣ ♣

To be intimate with a foolish friend is like going to bed to a razor.

♣ ♣ ♣

Friends are the true scepters of princes.

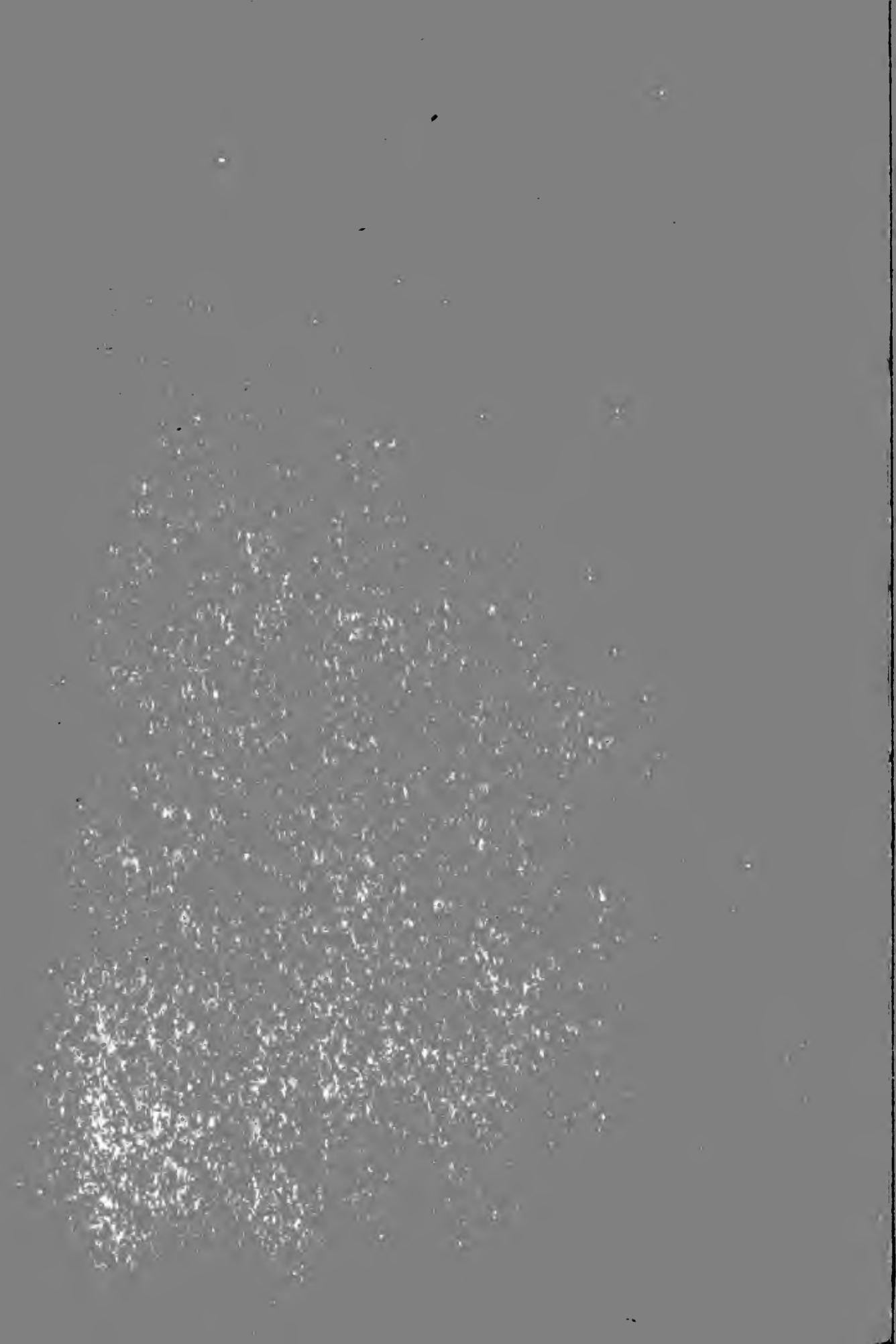
♣ ♣ ♣

The doors of wisdom are never shut.

Luke, on his dying bed, embraced his wife,
And begged one favor: "Swear, my dearest life,
Swear, if you love me, never more to wed,
Nor take a second husband to your bed."
Anne dropped a tear. "You know, my dear,"
says she,
"Your least desires have still been laws to me;
But from this oath, I beg you'd me excuse—
For I'm already promised to J——n H——s."

When you taste honey, remember gall.

It is ill manners to silence a fool, and cruelty to let him go on.



LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 787
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

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Oscar Wilde
Edited, with an Introduction, by
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THE SECRET OF OSCAR WILDE

Oscar Wilde was born in 1852 or 1854. There seems to be some doubt as to the year of his birth. He died in 1900. Wilde was sentenced to prison in 1895; to immortality, hardly three decades later. For, before the first quarter of the twentieth century was rounded out, sober American critics acclaimed him as "the youngest of the classics." They could not salute him as "the oldest of the moderns." He belongs to the past by temperament as well as by tradition.

Compared with Browning and Hardy, Wilde is distinctly old-fashioned. He graduates from an older school of thought that took its philosophy and its morality ready-made. In his heart of hearts, he believed in the old moralities. Oscar Wilde, stripped of pretence and paradox, was a moralist. That is his tragedy and his secret.

Glittering paradoxes fail to conceal the conscience of Oscar Wilde, writhing in the conflict between accepted standards of morality and the forbidden things in his nature. An eager desire to justify himself is responsible for his excursions into so many fields of art. He experiments with the essay, with poetry, with romance, with comedy and with tragedy, obsessed by the longing to prove himself a—man.

His inferiority complex, evolved from the consciousness of his own bi-sexuality and unrelieved by any clear understanding of its

biological basis, compelled him to exert himself in letters and in life. It made him the most brilliant conversationalist, the most sparkling epigrammatist, of his period. It is the source of his impudence and of his genius.

Oscar Wilde's conceit is a mask to conceal his weakness. His paradoxes are an oblique compliment to the established order. When that order falls, their edge will be dulled. They will be almost incomprehensible. The man who attacks a law is still its slave, as much as the man who defends it. The nimble-witted Chesterton comprehends the truth of this assertion. In "The Ball and the Cross," the orthodox Catholic and the devout atheist are eager to fight a duel over the existence or non-existence of God. They are the only men in all London who take their religion seriously enough to stake their lives on their convictions!

Wilde, it may be urged, preached that art was essentially "unmoral." Nevertheless, his very preachments belie his faith. The man who turns a truth or a truism upside down merely renders homage to its validity. The man who shouts his virtue from the housetops is certain to be a rake. The poet who, after reaching maturity, constantly toys with sin, who boldly announces that he is a very wicked man, is a moralist in disguise.

Scratch the Aesthete, and you will find the moralist. Oscar Wilde, both in his works and in his life, exemplifies a Puritan conscience which he wants to conceal from the world and from himself. He protests too much. His

protestations at no time convince us because he has not smothered his conscience.

"Dorian Gray" is the story of a conscience. When the hero stabs his conscience he dies. Wilde, with uncanny premonition, foretold his own doom. When, after his release from prison, some fatal discovery (perhaps a knowledge of the new psychology, conveyed to him by friends from the laboratory of German science or from the researches of Havelock Ellis), destroyed his consciousness of sin, he perished as an artist. The Scarlet Letter ceased to be a distinction. Sin had ceased to be splendid and scarlet; it was sin no longer.

In "De Profundis" Wilde, repentant, is still capable of the delusion of his own sinfulness. His repentance is sincere. He needs the penitential mood for his creative purpose. When this penitential mood and the consciousness of sin disappear together, the well of his creative imagination runs dry.

In his plays, despite parlor chatter, there is no attempt to uproot old conventions. Wilde prides himself on being a gentleman; accepting the standards of his generation. He is no rebel like Ibsen; no minter of a new moral coinage.

"Salome" is pervaded by the consciousness of sin. "Salome", as well as his poem, "The Sphinx", depicts the desires, against which the poet battles vainly, in his own bosom. The soldiers who smother under their shields, Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judea, execute the verdict of the poet's own outraged

moral sense. "The Sphinx" rings out with an invocation to the Crucifix—

Whose pallid burden, sick with pain, watches the world with wearied eyes,
And weeps for every soul that dies, and weeps for every soul in vain.

"The Sphinx", probably Wilde's greatest lyrical effort, his finest accomplishment as a poet (with the exception of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol") is the symbol of lust. Poe's "ungainly fowl" and Wilde's "curious cat are foils. What melancholy was to Poe, the consciousness of sin was to Wilde. Both moods are mysteriously rooted in sex. The psychological reaction involved made both men immortal after death and doomed both to mortal agony in the flesh.

Poe confesses somewhere:

I could not love except where Death
Was mingling his with Beauty's breath—
Or Hymen, Time, and Destiny
Were stalking between her and me.

Wilde, like Poe, could neither love nor create, except when he was spurred by a sense of the forbidden. If he could not be a saint, he would at least be a magnificent sinner. His "splendid, scarlet sins" helped him to overcome a feeling of constitutional inferiority.

To us, Wilde does not seem a sinner, but an individual with a paradoxal sexual constitution, fairly common in all climes and races of men. Biologically man is a bi-sexual animal.

Like Swinburne and Gautier, Wilde is fascinated by "loves double blossomed", but, in spite of his pose of brazen effrontery, this "king of

life," this "lord of language," lacks the splendid impudence of his masters in the treatment of passional themes. Passion in Wilde is never unashamed. Not in his verse, not in his prose. We shall not cite here his cautious denials on the witness stand, for there, caught in the trap of an antiquated and hypocritical law, his sole business was to disentangle his feet ensnared by the cunning of his foes and the imprudence of his friends.

In the soul of Oscar Wilde (a result perhaps of psychic shocks suffered in childhood) physical passion was never divorced from infantile taboos. Even in the "Sphinx" where his language is boldest and where, for once, he speaks in the first person singular, his Muse does not bravely face the sensual phantasmagoria of his subconscious mind, but squints at them lasciviously through her fingers.

In most cases he conceals his propensities under the ambiguous cloak of pedantic allegory, religious contrition and classical learning. Psychic exhibitionism, which is perhaps the ultimate spring of all artistic creation, constantly battles in him with a profoundly British sense of propriety.

When, in "De Profundis," he says that the perverse became to him in the sphere of passion what the paradox was to him in the sphere of the intellect, he is still playing with terms, without real insight into the basic quality of his nature.

The public proclamation of his idiosyncrasy at the trial and his own confession in "De Profundis," must have been an immense

psychic relief, but he either was no longer able to rebuild his defences against his own sense of inferiority upon which his creative instinct so largely depended, or he was robbed of his sense of shame that delectable consciousness of sin, without which his Muse was sterile.

Unable to glory in flesh without a stab of conscience Wilde was neither a Pagan nor a Greek. He was an Irishman molded by the atmosphere of Nineteenth Century England. He would have been utterly out of place in the Athens of Alcibiades. He could, not like Whitman, sing the body electric.

The Sphinx, call it consciousness of sin, call it lust or taboo, like the Raven that haunted Poe, hovers forever in the nethermind of the poet. Its shadow never leaves him. At last emasculation seems the only escape.

What snake-tressed fury fresh from Hell, with uncouth gestures and unclean,
Stole from the poppy-drowsy queen and led you to a student's cell?

What songless tongueless ghost of sin crept through the curtains of the night,
And saw my taper burning bright, and knocked, and bade you enter in.

Are there not others more accursed, whiter with leprosies than I?
Are Abana and Pharpar dry that you come here to slake your thirst?

Get hence, you loathsome mystery! Hideous animal, get hence!
You wake in me each bestial sense, you make me what I would not be.

You make my creed a barren sham, you wake foul dreams of sensual life,
And Atys with his blood-stained knife were better than the thing I am.

No Greek could have written "The Harlot's House." Walt Whitman could not have written it. Through the mincing music of the poet's lines, we hear the agony of his twisted soul:

Sometimes a horrible marionette
Came out, and smoked its cigarette
Upon the steps like a live thing.

Then, turning to my love, I said,
"The dead are dancing with the dead,
The dust is whirling with the dust."

But she—she heard the violin,
And left my side, and entered in:
Love passed into the house of lust.

There is always in Wilde a sense of loss and futile regret. The sonnet, "Helas," which he prefixes to his poems, is his creed and confession.

To drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?

Never has Wilde stated his own case more clearly and more poetically than in the tell-tale lines:

lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance—
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

The same note appears in "Bitter Sweet Love".

Had my lips been smitten into music by the kisses
that but made them bleed,
You had walked with Bice and the angels on the
verdant and enamelled mead.

I had trod the road which Dante treading saw the
suns of seven circles shine,
Ay! perchance had seen the heavens opening, as
they opened to the Florentine.

I have made my choice, have lived my poems, and,
though youth is gone in wasted days,
I have found the lover's crown of myrtle better
than the poet's crown of bays.

But he is not convincing. The choice we feel is not final. The poet whistles to keep up his courage:

But surely it is something to have been
The best beloved for a little while,
To have walked hand in hand with Love, and seen
His purple wings flit once across thy smile.

Ay! though the gorged asp of passion feed
On my boy's heart, yet have I burst the bars,
Stood face to face with Beauty, known indeed
The Love which moves the Sun and all the stars!

He calls the poem "Apologia." Poor Oscar always apologizes! Swinburne, Catullus, Sappho, never apologize.

Ah! had'st thou liked me less and loved me more,
Through all those summer days of joy and rain,
I had not now been sorrow's heritor,
Or stood a lackey in the House of Pain.

But the poet *is* sorrow's heritor. He *stands* in the House of Pain, luxuriating both in his sin and in his sorrow. In "Taedium Vitae," he protests against the hoarse cave of strife" where his white soul first kissed the mouth of sin, but it is only sin that makes him articulate. Even the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" is inspired by a murderer who killed the thing he loved:

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard. . .

Gruesomely the poet identifies himself with the young soldier, condemned to the halter:

A prison wall was round us both,
Two outcast men we were:
The world had thrust us from its heart,
And God from out His care:
And the iron gin that waits for Sin
Had caught us in its snare.

Could any one paraphrase more beautifully the old saw that the wages of sin is death?

"Oho!" they cried, "The world is wide,
But fettered limbs go lame!
And once, or twice, to throw the dice
Is a gentlemanly game,
But he does not win who plays with Sin
In the Secret House of Shame."

Can morality be more insistent?

Other poets with a bi-sexual complex have been candid enough. Shakespeare makes no secret of his devotion to Mr. W. H., the youth whose blonde slimness pervades the Sonnets. Michael Angelo was not afraid to proclaim his Hellenic affection. Douglas wrote "Two Loves" and his "Hymn to Physical Beauty". Wilde refers only surreptitiously to that which moves him most; usually in connection with some classical allusion. In "Dorian Gray," he feeds us on innuendo. Only once, in "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," does he frankly approach the problem.

We must search for an obscure passage in one of his longer poems, "The Burden of Itys," to find Wilde's description of the secret of his own dual nature in his poetic characterization of Salmacis—

Who is not boy or girl and yet is both,
  Fed by two fires and unsatisfied,
Through their excess, each passion being loth
  For love's own sake to leave the other's side
Yet killing love by staying. . . .

Wilde's sense of sin explains his religious moods.

Great Pan is dead, and Mary's son is king.

Wilde accepts Mary's son. Pan would make him free from the sense of sin. He prefers salvation by way of Calvary. The fates granted his wish. If, however, in his singing days, Pan had purged his soul and cleansed his flesh, or if Jesus had come down from heaven with the divine assurances of forgiveness, song would have perished on his lyre, paradox paled on his lips.

The duality of his sexual constitution, wedded to a consciousness of sin, for better or for worse, made Wilde a poet. His genius was a compensation for his sense of inferiority. To justify himself, he appreciably enriched both the prose and the verse of his time. It is useless to speculate upon what he would have been without a consciousness of sin and without an inferiority complex. A commonplace Irishman, perhaps, chasing social butterflies in London; or the supreme poet of his generation!

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

Note—To understand "The Harlot's House and Other Poems," this volume should be read in conjunction with "Panthea and Other Poems", with the "Ballad of Reading Gaol", with "Oscar Wilde in Outline" and with "The Tragic Story of Oscar Wilde." All these books appear in the Little Blue Books.)

HELAS

To drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay,
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.
Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God:
Is that time dead? lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance—
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

THE HARLOT'S HOUSE

We caught the tread of dancing feet
We loitered down the moonlit street,
And stopped beneath the harlot's house.

Inside, above the din and fray,
We heard the loud musicians play
The "Treues Liebes Herz" of Strauss.

Like strange mechanical grotesques,
Making fantastic arabesques,
The shadows raced across the blind.

We watched the ghostly dancers spin
To sound of horn and violin,
Like black leaves wheeling in the wind.

Like wire-pulled automatons,
Slim silhouetted skeletons
Went sidling through the slow quadrille.

They took each other by the hand,
And danced a stately saraband;
Their laughter echoed thin and shrill.

Sometimes a clockwork puppet pressed
A phantom lover to her breast
Sometimes they seemed to try to sing.

Sometimes a horrible marionette
Came out, and smoked its cigarette
Upon the steps like a live thing.

Then, turning to my love, I said,
"The dead are dancing with the dead,
The dust is whirling with the dust."

But she—she heard the violin,
And left my side, and entered in:
Love passed into the house of lust.

Then suddenly the tune went false,
The dancers wearied of the waltz,
The shadows ceased to wheel and whirl.

And down the long and silent street,
The dawn, with silver-sandalled feet,
Crept like a frightened girl.

APOLOGIA

Is it thy will that I should wax and wane,
  Barter my cloth of gold for hodden grey,
And at thy pleasure weave that web of pain
  Whose brightest threads are each a wasted day?

Is it thy will—Love that I love so well—
  That my Soul's House should be a torture spot
Wherein, like evil paramours, must dwell
  The quenchless flame, the worm that dieth not?

Nay, if it be thy will I shall endure,
  And sell ambition at the common mart,
And let dull failure be my vestiture,
  And sorrow dig its grave within my heart.

Perchance it may be better so—at least
  I have not made my heart a heart of stone,
Nor starved my boyhood of its goodly feast,
  Nor walked where Beauty is a thing unknown.

Many a man hath done so; sought to fence
  In straitened bonds the soul that should be free,
Trodden the dusty road of common sense,
  While all the forest sang of liberty.

Not marking how the spotted hawk in flight
  Passed on wide pinion through the lofty air,
To where some steep untrodden mountain height
  Caught the last tresses of the Sun-God's hair.

Or how the little flower he trod upon,
  The daisy, that white-feathered shield of gold,
Followed with wistful eyes the wandering sun
  Content if once its leaves were aureoled.

But surely it is something to have been
  The best beloved for a little while,
To have walked hand in hand with Love, and seen
  His purple wings flit once across thy smile.

Ay, though the gorged asp of passion feed
  On my boy's heart, yet have I burst the bars,
Stood face to face with Beauty, known indeed
  The Love which moves the Sun and all the stars!

QUIA MULTUM AMAVI

Dear Heart I think the young impassioned
priest
When first he takes from out the hidden
shrine
His God imprisoned in the Eucharist,
And eats the bread, and drinks the dreadful
wine,

Feels not such awful wonder as I felt
When first my smitten eyes beat full on thee,
And all night long before thy feet I knelt
Till thou wert wearied of Idolatry.

Ah! had'st thou liked me less and loved me
more,
Through all those summer days of joy and
rain,
I had not now been sorrow's heritor,
Or stood a lackey in the House of Pain.

Yet, though remorse, youth's white-faced
seneschal,
Tread on my heels with all his retinue,
I am most glad I loved thee—think of all
The suns that go to make one speedwell blue!

BITTER SWEET LOVE

Sweet, I blame you not for mine the fault was,
had I not been made of common clay
I had climbed the higher heights unclimbed yet,
seen the fuller air, the larger

From the wildness of my wasted passion I had
struck a better, clearer song,
Lit some lighter light of freer freedom, battled
with some Hydra-headed wrong.

Had my lips been smitten into music by the
kisses that but made them bleed,
You had walked with Bice and the angels on
that verdant and enamelled mead.

I had trod the road which Dante treading saw
the suns of seven circles shine,
Ah! perchance had seen the heavens opening,
as they opened to the Florentine.

And the mighty nations would have crowned
me, who am crownless now and without
name,
And some orient dawn had found me kneeling
on the threshold of the House of Fame.

I had sat within that marble circle where the
oldest bard is as the young,
And the pipe is ever dropping honey, and the
lyre's strings are ever strung.

Keats had lifted up his hymenæal curls from
out the poppy-seeded wine,
With ambrosial mouth had kissed my forehead,
clasped the hand of noble love in mine.

And at spring tide, when the apple-blossoms
brush the burnished bosom of the dove,
Two young lovers lying in an orchard would
have read the story of our love.

Would have read the legend of my passion,
known the bitter secret of my heart.
Kissed as we have kissed, but never parted as
we two are fated now to part.

For the crimson flower of our life is eaten by
the canker-worm of truth,
And no hand can gather up the fallen withered
petals of the rose of youth.

Yet I am not sorry that I loved you—ah! what
else had I a boy to do,—
For the hungry teeth of time devour, and the
silent-footed years pursue.

Rudderless, we drift athwart a tempest, and
when once the storm of youth is past,
Without lyre, without lute or chorus, Death
the silent pilot comes at last.

And within the grave there is no pleasure, for
the blind-worm battens on the root,
And Desire shudders into ashes, and the tree of
Passion bears no fruit.

Ah! what else had I to do but love you, God's
own mother was less dear to me,
And less dear the Cytheræan rising like an
argent lily from the sea.

I have made my choice, have lived my poems,
and, though youth is gone in wasted days,
I have found the lover's crown of myrtle better
than the poet's crown of bays.

THEORETIKOS

This mighty empire hath but feet of clay:
  Of all its ancient chivalry and might
  Our little island is forsaken quite:
Some enemy hath stolen its crown of bay,
And from its hills that voice hath passed away
  Which spake of Freedom: O come out of it,
  Come out of it, my Soul, thou art not fit
For this vile traffic-house, where day by day
  Wisdom and reverence are sold at mart,
  And the rude people rage with ignorant cries
Against an heritage of centuries.
  It mars my calm: wherefore in dreams of Art
  And loftiest culture I would stand apart,
Neither for God, nor for his enemies.

REQUIESCAT

Tread lightly, she is near
  Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
  The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
  Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
  Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
  She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
  Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

Avignon.

SAN MINIATO

See, I have climbed the mountain side
Up to this holy house of God,
Where once that Angel-Painter trod
Who saw the heavens opened wide,

And throned upon the crescent moon
The Virginal white Queen of Grace,—
Mary! could I but see thy face
Death could not come at all too soon.

O crowned by God with thorns and pain!
Mother of Christ! O mystic wife!
My heart is weary of this life
And over-sad to sing again.

O crowned by God with love and flame!
O crowned by Christ the Holy one!
O listen ere the searching sun
Show to the world my sin and shame.

SONNET ON HOLY WEEK

I wandered through Scoglietto's far retreat
The oranges on each o'erhanging spray
Burned as bright lamps of gold to shame the day,
Some startled bird with fluttering wings and fleet
Made snow of all the blossoms, at my feet
Like silver moons the pale narcissi lay:
And the curved waves that streaked the great green bay
Laughed i' the sun, and life seemed very sweet.

Outside the young boy-priest passed singing clear,
"Jesus the Son of Mary has been slain,
O come and fill his sepulchre with flowers."
Ah, God! Ah, God! those dear Hellenic hours
Had drowned all memory of Thy bitter pain,
The Cross, the Crown, the Soldiers, and the Spear.

ROME UNVISITED

I

The corn has turned from grey to red,
Since first my spirit wandered forth
From the drear cities of the north,
And to Italia's mountains fled.

And here I set my face towards home,
For all my pilgrimage is done,
Although, methinks, yon blood-red sun
Marshals the way to Holy Rome.

O Blessed Lady, who dost hold
  Upon the seven hills thy reign!
  O Mother without blot or stain,
Crowned with bright crowns of triple gold!

O Roma, Roma, at thy feet
  I lay this barren gift of song!
  For, ah! the way is steep and long
That leads unto thy sacred street.

II

And yet what joy it were for me
  To turn my feet unto the south,
  And journeying towards the Tiber mouth
To kneel again at Fiesole!

And wandering through the tangled pines
  That break the gold of Arno's stream,
  To see the purple mist and gleam
Of morning on the Apennines.

By many a vineyard-hidden home,
  Orchard, and olive-garden grey,
  Till from the drear Campagna's way
The seven hills bear up the dome!

III

A pilgrim from the northern seas—
  What joy for me to seek alone
  The wondrous Temple, and the throne
Of Him who holds the awful keys!

When, bright with purple and with gold,
  Come priest and holy Cardinal,
  And borne above the heads of all
The gentle Shepherd of the Fold.

O joy to see before I die
  The only God-anointed King,
  And hear the silver trumpets ring
A triumph as He passes by!

Or at the brazen-pillared shrine
  Holds high the mystic sacrifice,
  And shows his God to human eyes
Beneath the veil of bread and wine.

IV

For lo, what changes time can bring!
  The cycles of revolving years
  May free my heart from all its fears,
And teach my lips a song to sing.

Before yon field of trembling gold
  Is garnered into dusty sheaves,
  Or ere the autumn's scarlet leaves
Flutter as birds adown the wold,

I may have run the glorious race,
  And caught the torch while yet aflame,
  And called upon the holy name
Of Him who now doth hide His face.

Arona.

E TENEBRIS

Come down, O Christ, and help me! reach thy hand,
For I am drowning in a stormier sea
Than Simon on thy lake of Galilee:
The wine of life is spilt upon the sand,
My heart is as some famine-murdered land
Whence all good things have perished utterly,
And well I know my soul in Hell must lie
If I this night before God's throne should stand.

"He sleeps perchance, or rideth to the chase,
Like Baal, when his prophets howled that name
From morn till noon on Carmel's smitten height."
Nay, peace, I shall behold before the night,
The feet of brass, the robe more white than flame,
The wounded hands, the weary human face.

VITA NUOVA

I stood by the unvintageable sea
Till the wet waves drenched face and hair with spray,
The long red fires of the dying day
Burned in the west; the wind piped drearily;
And to the land the clamorous gulls did flee:
"Alas!" I cried, "my life is full of pain,
And who can garner fruit or golden grain,
From these waste fields which travail ceaselessly!"

My nets gaped wide with many a break and flaw
Nathless I threw them as my final cast
Into the sea, and waited for the end.
When lo! a sudden glory! and I saw
From the black waters of my tortured past
The argent splendour of white limbs ascend!

MADONNA MIA

A Lily-Girl, not made for this world's pain,
With brown, soft hair close braided by her ears,
And longing eyes half veiled by slumberous tears
Like bluest water seen through mists of rain:
Pale cheeks whereon no love hath left its stain,
Red underlip drawn in for fear of love,
And white throat, whiter than the silvered dove,
Through whose wan marble creeps one purple vein.

Yet, though my lips shall praise her without cease,
Even to kiss her feet I am not bold,
Being o'ershadowed by the wings of awe,
Like Dante, when he stood with Beatrice
Beneath the flaming Lion's breast, and saw
The seventh Crystal, and the Stair of Gold.

WASTED DAYS

(*From a Picture Painted by Miss V. T.*)

A fair slim boy not made for this world's pain,
With hair of gold thick clustering round his ears,

And longing eyes half veiled by foolish tears
Like bluest water seen through mists of rain;
Pale cheeks whereon no kiss hath left its stain,
Red under-lip drawn in for fear of Love,
And white throat whiter than the breast of dove—
Alas! alas! if all should be in vain.

Corn-fields behind, and reapers all a-row
In weariest labour, toiling wearily,
To no sweet sound of laughter, or of lute;
And careless of the crimson sunset-glow
The boy still dreams: nor knows that night is nigh:
And in the night-time no man gathers fruit.

IMPRESSION DU MATIN

The Thames nocturne of blue and gold
Changed to a Harmony in grey:
A barge with ochre-coloured hay
Dropt from the wharf: and chill and cold

The yellow fog came creeping down
The bridges, till the houses' walls
Seemed changed to shadows, and S. Paul's
Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

Then suddenly arose the clang
Of waking life: the streets were stirred
With country waggons: and a bird
Flew to the glistening roofs and sang.

But one pale woman all alone,
The daylight kissing her wan hair,
Loitered beneath the gas lamps' flare,
With lips of flame and heart of stone.

THEOCRITUS

A Villanelle

O Singer of Persephone!
  In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still through the ivy flits the bee
  Where Amaryllis lies in state;
O singer of Persephone!

Simaetha calls on Hecate
  And hears the wild dogs at the gate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea
  Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate:
O singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry
  Young Daphnis challenges his mate:
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee,
  For thee the jocund shepherds wait,
O singer of Persephone!
Dost thou remember Sicily?

THE GRAVE OF KEATS

Rid of the world's injustice, and his pain,
  He rests at last beneath God's veil of blue:
  Taken from life when life and love were new
The youngest of the martyrs here is lain,

Fair as Sebastian, and as early slain.
No cypress shades his grave, no funeral yew,
But gentle violets weeping with the dew
Weave on his bones an ever-blossoming chain.
O proudest heart that broke for misery!
O sweetest lips since those of Mitylene!
O poet-painter of our English Land!
Thy name was writ in water—it shall stand:
And tears like mine will keep thy memory green,
As Isabella did her Basil-tree.
Rome.

THE GRAVE OF SHELLEY

Like burnt-out torches by a sick man's bed
Gaunt cypress-trees stand round the sun-bleached stone;
Here doth the little night-owl make her throne,
And the slight lizard show his jewelled head.
And, where the chaliced poppies flame to red,
In the still chamber of yon pyramid
Surely some Old-World Sphinx lurks darkly hid,
Grim warder of his pleasaunce of the dead.

Ah! sweet indeed to rest within the womb
Of Earth, great mother of eternal sleep,
But sweeter far for thee a restless tomb
In the blue cavern of an echoing deep,
Or where the tall ships founder in the gloom
Against the rocks of some wave-shattered steep.
Rome.

CAMMA

As one who poring on a Grecian urn
  Scans the fair shapes some Attic hand hath made,
  God with slim goddess, goodly man with maid,
And for their beauty's sake is loth to turn
And face the obvious day, must I not yearn
  For many a secret moon of indolent bliss,
  When in the midmost shrine of Artemis
I see thee standing, antique-limbed, and stern?

And yet—methinks I'd rather see thee play
  That serpent of old Nile, whose witchery
Made Emperors drunken,—come, great Egypt, shake
  Our stage with all thy mimic pageants! Nay,
  I am grown sick of unreal passions, make
The world thine Actium, me thine Antony!

THE DOLE OF THE KING'S DAUGHTER

(Breton)

Seven stars in the still water,
  And seven in the sky;
Seven sins on the King's daughter,
  Deep in her soul to lie.

Red roses are at her feet,
  (Roses are red in her red-gold hair)
And O where her bosom and girdle meet
  Red roses are hidden there.

Fair is the knight who lieth slain
  Amid the rush and reed,
See the lean fishes that are fain
  Upon dead men to feed.

Sweet is the page that lieth there,
  (Cloth of gold is goodly prey,)
See the black ravens in the air
  Black, O black as the night are they.

What do they there so stark and dead?
  (There is blood upon her hand)
Why are the lilies flecked with red?
  (There is blood on the river sand.)

There are two that ride from the south and east,
  And two from the north and west,
For the black raven a goodly feast,
  For the King's daughter rest.

There is one man who loves her true,
  (Red, O red, is the stain of gore!)
He hath duggen a grave by the darksome yew.
  (One grave will do for four.)

No moon in the still heaven,
  In the black water none,
The sins on her soul are seven.
  The sin upon his is one

AMOR INTELLECTUALIS

Oft have we trod the vales of Castaly
  And heard sweet notes of sylvan music blown
  From antique reeds to common folk unknown:

And often launched our bark upon that sea
Which the nine Muses hold in empery,
  And ploughed free furrows through the wave and foam
  Nor spread reluctant sail for more safe home
Till we had freighted well our argosy.
Of which despoiled treasures these remain,
  Sordello's passion, and the honied line
Of young Endymion, lordly Tamburlaine
  Driving his pampered jades, and, more than these,
The seven-fold vision of the Florentine,
  And grave-browed Milton's solemn harmonies.

SANTA DECCA

The Gods are dead: no longer do we bring
  To grey-eyed Pallas crowns of olive-leaves!
  Demeter's child no more hath tithe of sheaves,
And in the noon the careless shepherds sing,
For Pan is dead, and all the wantoning
  By secret glade and devious haunt is o'er:
  Young Hylas seeks the water-springs no more;
Great Pan is dead, and Mary's Son is King.

And yet—perchance in this sea-tranced isle,
  Chewing the bitter fruit of memory,
  Some God lies hidden in the asphodel.
Ah Love! if such there be then it were well
  For us to fly his anger: nay, but see
  The leaves are stirring: let us watch a-while.

Corfu.

BY THE ARNO

The oleander on the wall
Grows crimson in the dawning light,
Though the grey shadows of the night
Lie yet on Florence like a pall.

The dew is bright upon the hill,
And bright the blossoms overhead,
But ah! the grasshoppers have fled,
The little Attic song is still.

Only the leaves are gently stirred
By the soft breathing of the gale,
And in the almond-scented vale
The lonely nightingale is heard.

The day will make thee silent soon,
O nightingale, sing on for love!
While yet upon the shadowy grove
Splinter the arrows of the moon.

Before, across the silent lawn
In sea-green vest the morning steals,
And to love's frightened eyes reveals
The long white fingers of the dawn

Fast climbing up the eastern sky
To grasp and slay the shuddering night,
All careless of my heart's delight,
Or if the nightingale should die.

IMPRESSION

Le Reveillon

The sky is laced with fitful red,
  The circling mists and shadows flee,
  The dawn is rising from the sea,
Like a white lady from her bed.

  And jagged brazen arrows fall
  Athwart the feathers of the night,
  And a long wave of yellow light
Breaks silently on tower and hall,

  And spreading wide across the wold
  Wakes into flight some fluttering bird,
  And all the chestnut tops are stirred,
And all the branches streaked with gold.

AT VERONA

How steep the stairs within Kings' houses are
  For exile-wearied feet as mine to tread,
  And O how salt and bitter is the bread
Which falls from this Hound's table,—better far
That I had died in the red ways of war,
  Or that the gate of Florence bare my head,
  Than to live thus, by all things comraded
Which seek the essence of my soul to mar.

"Curse God and die: what better hope than this?
  He hath forgotten thee in all the bliss
  Of his gold city, and eternal day"—
Nay, peace: behind my prison's blinded bars
  I do possess what none can take away,
My love, and all the glory of the stars.

SILENTIUM AMORI

As oftentimes the too resplendent sun
  Hurries the pallid and reluctant moon
Back to her sombre cave, ere she hath won
  A single ballad from the nightingale,
  So doth thy Beauty make my lips to fail,
And all my sweetest singing out of tune.

And as at dawn across the level mead
  On wings impetuous some wind will come,
And with its too harsh kisses break the reed
  Which was its only instrument of song,
  So my too stormy passions work me wrong,
And for excess of Love my Love is dumb.

But surely unto Thee mine eyes did show
  Why I am silent, and my lute unstrung;
Else it were better we should part, and go,
  Thou to some lips of sweeter melody,
  And I to nurse the barren memory
Of unkissed kisses, and songs never sung.

HER VOICE

The wild bee reels from bough to bough
  With his furry coat and his gauzy wing,
Now in a lily-cup, and now
  Setting a jacinth bell a-swing,
    In his wandering;
Sit closer love: it was here I trow
    I made that vow,

Swore that two lives should be like one
  As long as the sea-gull loved the sea,

As long as the sunflower sought the sun,—
It shall be, I said, for eternity
'Twixt you and me!
Dear friend, those times are over and done,
Love's web is spun.

Look upward where the poplar trees
Sway and sway in the summer air,
Here in the valley never a breeze
Scatters the thistledown, but there
Great winds blow fair
From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,
And the wave-lashed leas.

Look upward where the white gull screams
What does it see that we do not see?
Is that a star? or the lamp that gleams
On some outward voyaging argosy,—
Ah! can it be
We have lived our lives in a land of dreams!
How sad it seems.

Sweet, there is nothing left to say
But this, that love is never lost,
Keen winter stabs the breasts of May
Whose crimson roses burst his frost,
Ships tempest-tossed
Will find a harbour in some bay,
And so we may.

And there is nothing left to do
But to kiss once again, and part,
Nay, there is nothing we should rue,
I have my beauty,—you your Art,
Nay, do not start,
One world was not enough for two
Like me and you.

MY VOICE

Within this restless, hurried, modern world
  We took our heart's full pleasure—You and I
And now the white sails of our ship are furled,
  And spent the lading of our argosy.

Wherefore my cheeks before their time are wan,
  For very weeping is my gladness fled,
Sorrow has paled my young mouth's vermilion,
  And Ruin draws the curtains of my bed.

But all this crowded life has been to thee
  No more than lyre, or lute, or subtle spell
Of viols, or the music of the sea
  That sleeps, a mimic echo, in the shell.

TO MY WIFE

With a Copy of My Poems

I can write no stately proem
  As a prelude to my lay;
From a poet to a poem
  I would dare to say.

For if of these fallen petals
  One of you seem fair,
Love will waft it till it settles
  On your hair.

And when wind and winter harden
  All the loveless land,
It will whisper of the garden,
  You will understand.

LOTUS LEAVES

There is no peace beneath the noon.
  Ah! in those meadows is there peace
  Where, girdled with a silver fleece,
As a bright shepherd, strays the moon?

Queen of the gardens of the sky,
  Where stars like lilies, white and fair,
  Shine through the mists of frosty air,
Oh, tarry, for the dawn is nigh!

Oh, tarry, for the envious day
  Stretches long hands to catch thy feet.
  Alas! but thou art over-fleet,
Alas! I know thou wilt not stay.

. . . . . .

Up sprang the sun to run his race,
  The breeze blew fair on meadow and lea;
  But in the west I seemed to see
The likeness of a human face.

A linnet on the hawthorn spray
  Sang of the glories of the spring,
  And made the flow'ring copses ring
With gladness for the new-born day.

A lark from out the grass I trod
Flew wildly, and was lost to view
  In the great seamless veil of blue
That hangs before the face of God.

The willow whispered overhead
  That death is but a newer life,
  And that with idle words of strife
We bring dishonour on the dead.

I took a branch from off the tree,
  And hawthorn-blossoms drenched with dew,
  I bound them with a sprig of yew,
And made a garland fair to see.

I laid the flowers where He lies,
  (Warm leaves and flowers on the stone);
  What joy I had to sit alone
Till evening broke on tired eyes:

Till all the shifting clouds had spun
  A robe of gold for God to wear,
  And into seas of purple air
Sank the bright galley of the sun.

. . . . . .

Shall I be gladdened for the day,
  And let my inner heart be stirred
  By murmuring tree or song of bird,
And sorrow at the wild wind's play?

Not so: such idle dreams belong
  To souls of lesser depth than mine;
  I feel that I am half divine;
I know that I am great and strong.

I know that every forest tree
  By labour rises from the root;
  I know that none shall gather fruit
By sailing on the barren sea.

IMPRESSIONS

I

Le Jardin

The lily's withered chalice falls
  Around its rod of dusty gold,
  And from the beech-trees on the wold
The last wood-pigeon coos and calls.

The gaudy leonine sunflower
  Hangs black and barren on its stalk,
  And down the windy garden walk
The dead leaves scatter,—hour by hour.

Pale privet-petals white as milk
  Are blown into a snowy mass:
  The roses lie upon the grass
Like little shreds of crimson silk.

II

La Mer

A white mist drifts across the shrouds,
  A wild moon in this wintry sky
  Gleams like an angry lion's eye
Out of a mane of tawny clouds.

The muffled steersman at the wheel
  Is but a shadow in the gloom;—
  And in the throbbing engine room
Leap the long rods of polished steel.

The shattered storm has left its trace
  Upon this huge and heaving dome,
  For the thin threads of yellow foam
Float on the waves like ravelled lace.

UNDER THE BALCONY

O beautiful star with the crimson mouth!
O moon with the brows of gold!
Rise up, rise up, from the odorous south!
And light for my love her way,
Lest her little feet should stray
On the windy hill and the wold!
O beautiful star with the crimson mouth!
O moon with the brows of gold!

O ship that shakes on the desolate sea!
O ship with the wet, white sail!
Put in, put in, to the port to me!
For my love and I would go
To the land where the daffodils blow
In the heart of a violet dale!
O ship that shakes on the desolate sea!
O ship with the wet, white sail!

O rapturous bird with the low, sweet note!
O bird that sings on the spray!
Sing on, sing on, from your soft brown throat!
And my love in her little bed
Will listen, and lift her head
From the pillow, and come my way!
O rapturous bird with the low, sweet note!
O bird that sits on the spray!

O blossom that hangs in the tremulous air!
O blossom with lips of snow!
Come down, come down, for my love to wear!
You will die on her head in a crown,
You will die in a fold of her gown,
To her little light heart you will go!
O blossom that hangs in the tremulous air!
O blossom with lips of snow!

LE JARDIN DES TUILERIES

This winter air is keen and cold,
And keen and cold this winter sun,
But round my chair the children run
Like little things of dancing gold.

Sometimes about the painted kiosk
The mimic soldiers strut and stride,
Sometimes the blue-eyed brigands hide
In the bleak tangles of the bosk.

And sometimes, while the old nurse cons
Her book, they steal across the square,
And launch their paper navies where
Huge Triton writhes in greenish bronze.

And now in mimic flight they flee,
And now they rush, a boisterous band—
And, tiny hand on tiny hand,
Climb up the black and leafless tree.

Ah! cruel tree! if I were you,
And children climbed me, for their sake
Though it be winter I would break
Into spring blossoms white and blue!

DECORATIVE PHANTASIES

I

LE PANNEAU

Under the rose-tree's dancing shade
There stands a little ivory girl,
Pulling the leaves of pink and pearl
With pale green nails of polished jade.

The red leaves fall upon the mould,
  The white leaves flutter, one by one,
  Down to a blue bowl where the sun,
Like a great dragon, writhes in gold.

The white leaves float upon the air,
  The red leaves flutter idly down,
  Some fall upon her yellow gown,
And some upon her raven hair.

She takes an amber lute and sings,
  And as she sings a silver crane
  Begins his scarlet neck to strain,
And flap his burnished metal wings.

She takes a lute of amber bright,
  And from the thicket where he lies
  Her lover, with his almond eyes,
Watches her movement in delight.

And now she gives a cry of fear,
  And tiny tears begin to start:
  A thorn has wounded with its dart
The pink-veined sea-shell of her ear.

And now she laughs a merry note:
  There has fallen a petal of the rose
  Just where the yellow satin shows
The blue-veined flower of her throat.

With pale green nails of polished jade,
  Pulling the leaves of pink and pearl,
  There stands a little ivory girl
Under the rose-tree's dancing shade.

CANZONET

I have no store
Of gryphon-guarded gold;
Now, as before,
Bare is the shepherd's fold.
Rubies, nor pearls,
Have I to gem thy throat;
Yet woodland girls
Have loved the shepherd's note.

Then, pluck a reed
And bid me sing to thee,
For I would feed
Thine ears with melody,
Who art more fair
Than fairest fleur-de-lys,
More sweet and rare
Than sweetest ambergris.

What dost thou fear?
Young Hyacinth is slain,
Pan is not here,
And will not come again.
No horned Faun
Treads down the yellow leas,
No God at dawn
Steals through the olive trees.

Hylas is dead,
Nor will he e'er divine
Those little red
Rose-petalled lips of thine.
On the high hill
No ivory dryads play,
Silver and still
Sinks the sad autumn day.

SYMPHONY IN YELLOW

An omnibus across the bridge
  Crawls like a yellow butterfly,
  And, here and there, a passer-by
Shows like a little restless midge.

Big barges full of yellow hay
  Are moved against the shadowy wharf,
  And, like a yellow silken scarf,
The thick fog hangs along the quay.

The yellow leaves begin to fade
  And flutter from the Temple elms,
  And at my feet the pale green Thames
Lies like a rod of rippled jade.

IN THE FOREST

Out of the mid-wood's twilight
  Into the meadow's dawn,
Ivory limbed and brown-eyed,
  Flashes my Faun!

He skips through the copses singing,
  And his shadow dances along,
And I know not which I should follow,
  Shadow or song!

O Hunter, snare me his shadow!
  O Nightingale, catch me his strain!
Else moonstruck with music and madness
  I track him in vain!

TAEDIUM VITAE

To stab my youth with desperate knives, to wear
This paltry age's gaudy livery,
To let each base hand filch my treasury,
To mesh my soul within a woman's hair,
And be mere Fortune's lackeyed groom,—I swear
I love it not! these things are less to me
Than the thin foam that frets upon the sea,
Less than the thistle-down of summer air

Which hath no seed: better to stand aloof
Far from these slanderous fools who mock my life
Knowing me not, better the lowliest roof
Fit for the meanest hind to sojourn in,
Than to go back to that hoarse cave of strife
Where my white soul first kissed the mouth of sin.

THE NEW REMORSE

The sin was mine; I did not understand.
So now is music prisoned in her cave,
Save where some ebbing desultory wave
Frets with its restless whirls this meagre strand.
And in the withered hollow of this land
Hath summer dug herself so deep a grave,
That hardly can the leaden willow crave
One silver blossom from keen winter's hand.
But who is this who cometh by the shore?
(Nay, love, look up and wonder!) Who is this
Who cometh in dyed garments from the South?

It is thy new-found Lord, and he shall kiss
The yet unravished roses of thy mouth,
And I shall weep and worship, as before.

THE SPHINX

In a dim corner of my room for longer than
my fancy thinks
A beautiful and silent Sphinx has watched me
through the shifting gloom.

Inviolate and immobile she does not rise, she
does not stir
For silver moons are naught to her and naught
to her the suns that reel.

Red follows grey across the air, the waves of
moonlight ebb and flow
But with the Dawn she does not go and in the
night-time she is there.

Dawn follows Dawn and Nights grow old and
all the while this curious cat
Lies couching on the Chinese mat with eyes
of satin rimmed with gold.

Upon the mat she lies and leers and on the
tawny throat of her
Flutters the soft and silky fur or ripples to her
pointed ears.

Come forth my lovely seneschal! so somnolent,
so statuesque!
Come forth you exquisite grotesque! half wom
an and half animal!

Come forth my lovely languorous Sphinx! and
put your head upon my knee!
And let me stroke your throat and see your
body spotted like the Lynx!

And let me touch those curving claws of yel-
low ivory and grasp
The tail that like a monstrous Asp coils round
your heavy velvet paws!

* * *

A thousand weary centuries are thine while
I have hardly seen
Some twenty summers cast their green for
Autumn's gaudy liveries.

But you can read the Hieroglyphs on the great
sandstone obelisks,
And you have talked with Basilisks, and you
have looked on Hippogriffs.

O tell me, were you standing by when Isis
to Osiris knelt?
And did you watch the Egyptian melt her union
for Antony

And drink the jewel-drunken wine and bend
her head in mimic awe
To see the huge proconsul draw the salted tun-
ny from the brine?

And did you mark the Cyprian kiss white Adon
on his catafalque?
And did you follow Amenalk, the god of Helio-
polis?

And did you talk with Thoth, and did you hear
the moon-horned Io weep?
And know the painted kings who sleep beneath
the wedge-shaped pyramid?

* * *

Lift up your large black satin eyes which are
like cushions where one sinks!
Fawn at my feet fantastic Sphinx! and sing
me all your memories!

Sing to me of the Jewish maid who wandered
with the Holy Child,
And how you led them through the wild, and
how they slept beneath your shade.

Sing to me of that odorous green eve when
couching by the marge
You heard from Adrian's gilded barge the
laughter of Antinous

And lapped the stream and fed your drouth and
watched with hot and hungry stare
The ivory body of that rare young slave with
his pomegranate mouth!

Sing to me of the Labyrinth in which the twy-
formed bull was stalled!
Sing to me of the night you crawled across the
temple's granite plinth

When through the purple corridors the scream-
ing scarlet Ibis flew
In terror, and a horrid dew dripped from the
moaning Mandrag[illegible],

And the great torpid crocodile within the tank
shed slimy tears,
And tare the jewels from his ears and staggered back into the Nile,

And the priests cursed you with shrill psalms
as in your claws you seized their snake
And crept away with it to slake your passion
by the shuddering palms.

* * *

Who were your lovers? who were they who
wrestled for you in the dust?
Which was the vessel of your Lust? What
Leman had you, every day?

Did giant Lizards come and crouch before you
on the reedy banks?
Did Gryphons with great metal flanks leap on
you in your trampled couch?

Did monstrous hippopotami come sidling toward you in the mist?
Did gilt-scaled dragons writhe and twist with
passion as you passed them by?

And from the brick-built Lycian tomb what
horrible Chimaera came
With fearful heads and fearful flame to breed
new wonders from your womb?

* * *

Or had you shameful secret quests and did
you harry to your home
Some Nereid coiled in amber foam with curious rock crystal breasts?

Or did you treading through the froth call to
the brown Sidonian
For tidings of Leviathan, Leviathan or Behe-
moth?

Or did you when the sun was set climb up the
cactus-covered slope
To meet your swarthy Ethiop whose body was
of polished jet?

Or did you while the earthen skiffs dropped
down the grey Nilotic flats
At twilight and the flickering bats flew round
the temple's triple glyphs

Steal to the border of the bar and swim across
the silent lake
And slink into the vault and make the Pyra-
mid your lupanar

Till from each black sarcophagus rose up the
painted swathed dead?
Or did you lure unto your bed the ivory-horned
Tragelaphos?

Or did you love the god of flies who plagued
the Hebrews and was splashed
With wine unto the waist? or Pasht, who had
green beryls for her eyes?

Or that young god, the Tyrian, who was more
amorous than the dove
Of Ashtaroth? or did you love the god of the
Assyrian

Whose wings, like strange transparent talc,
rose high above his hawk-faced head,
Painted with silver and with red and ribbed
with rods of Oreichalch?

Or did huge Apis from his car leap down and
lay before your feet
Big blossoms of the honey-sweet and honey-
coloured nenuphar?

* * *

How subtle-secret is your smile! Did you love
none then? Nay, I know
Great Ammon was your bedfellow! He lay with
you beside the Nile!

The river-horses in the slime trumpeted when
they saw him come
Odorous with Syrian galbanum and smeared
with spikenard and with thyme.

He came along the river-bank like some tall
galley argent-sailed,
He strode across the waters, mailed in beauty,
and the waters sank.

He strode across the desert sand: he reached
the valley where you lay:
He waited till the dawn of day; then touched
your black breasts with his hand.

You kissed his mouth with mouths of flame:
you made the horned god your own:
You stood behind him on his throne: you called
him by his secret name.

You whispered monstrous oracles into the caverns of his ears:
With blood of goats and blood of steers you taught him monstrous miracles.

White Ammon was your bedfellow! Your chamber was the steaming Nile!
And with your curved archaic smile you watched his passion come and go.

* * *

With Syrian oils his brows were bright: and widespread as a tent at noon
His marble limbs made pale the moon and lent the day a larger light.

His long hair was nine cubits' span and coloured like that yellow gem
Which hidden in their garment's hem the merchants bring from Kurdistan.

His face was as the must that lies upon a vat of new-made wine:
The seas cou'd not insapphirine the perfect azure of his eyes.

His thick soft throat was white as milk and threaded with thin veins of blue:
And curious pearls like frozen dew were broidered on his flowing silk.

* * *

On pearl and porphyry pedestalled he was too bright to look upon:
For on his ivory breast there shone the wondrous ocean-emerald,

That mystic moonlit jewel which some diver of
the Colchian caves
Had found beneath the blackening waves and
carried to the Colchian witch.

Before his gilded galiot ran naked vine-
wreathed corybants,
And lines of swaying elephants knelt down to
draw his chariot,

And lines of swarthy Nubians bare up his litter
as he rode
Down the great granite-paven road between the
nodding peacock-fans.

The merchants brought him steatite from Sidon
in their painted ships:
The meanest cup that touched his lips was
fashioned from a chrysolite.

The merchants brought him cedar-chests of
rich apparel bound with cords:
His train was borne by Memphian lords: young
kings were glad to be his guests.

Ten hundred shaven priests did bow to Am-
mon's altar day and night,
Ten hundred lamps did wave their light
through Ammon's carven house—and now

Foul snake and speckled adder with their
young ones crawl from stone to stone
For ruined is the house and prone the great
rose-marble monolith!

Wild ass or trotting jackal comes and couches
in the mouldering gates:
Wild satyrs call unto their mates across the
fallen fluted drums.

And on the summit of the pile the blue-faced
ape of Horus sits
And gibbers while the figtree splits the pillars
of the peristyle,

* * *

The god is scattered here and there: deep hid-
den in the windy sand
I saw his giant granite hand still clenched in
impotent despair.

And many a wandering caravan of stately
negroes silken-shawled,
Crossing the desert, halts appalled before the
neck that none can span.

And many a bearded Bedouin draws back his
yellow-striped burnous
To gaze upon the Titan thews of him who was
thy paladin.

* * *

Go, seek his fragments on the moor and wash
them in the evening dew,
And from their pieces make anew thy mutilated
paramour!

Go, seek them where they lie alone and from
their broken pieces make
Thy bruised bedfellow! And wake mad passions
in the senseless stone!

Charm his dull ear with Syrian hymns! he
loved your body! oh, be kind,
Pour spikenard on his hair, and wind soft rolls
of linen round his limbs!

Wind round his head the figured coins! stain
with red fruits those pallid lips!
Weave purple for his shrunken hips! and
purple for his barren loins!

* * *

Away to Egypt! have no fear. Only one God
has ever died.
Only one God has let His side be wounded by
a soldier's spear.

But these, thy lovers, are not dead. Still by
the hundred-cubit gate
Dog-faced Anubis sits in state with lotus-lilies
for thy head.

Still from his chair of porphyry gaunt Memnon
strains his lidless eyes
Across the empty land, and cries each yellow
morning unto thee.

And Nilus with his broken horn lies in his
black and oozy bed
And till thy coming will not spread his waters
on the withering corn.

Your lovers are not dead, I know. They will
rise up and hear your voice
And clash their cymbals and rejoice and run
to kiss your mouth! And so,

Set wings upon your argosies! Set horses to your ebon car!
Back to your Nile! Or if you are grown sick of dead divinities

Follow some roving lion's spoor across the copper-coloured plain,
Reach out and hale him by the mane and bid him be your paramour!

Couch by his side upon the grass and set your white teeth in his throat
And when you hear his dying note lash your long flanks of polished brass

And take a tiger for your mate, whose amber sides are flecked with black,
And ride upon his gilded back in triumph through the Theban gate.

And toy with him in amorous jest, and when he turns, and snarls, and gnaws,
O smite him with your jasper claws! and bruise him with your agate breasts!

* * *

Why are you tarrying? Get hence! I weary of your sullen ways,
I weary of your steadfast gaze, your somnolent magnificence.

Your horrible and heavy breath makes the light flicker in the lamp,
And on my brow I feel the damp and dreadful dews of night and death.

Your eyes are like fantastic moons that shiver
in some stagnant lake,
Your tongue is like a scarlet snake that dances
to fantastic tunes,

Your pulse makes poisonous melodies, and your
black throat is like the hole
Left by some torch or burning coal on Saracenic
tapestries.

Away! The sulphur-coloured stars are hurrying
through the Western gate!
Away! Or it may be too late to climb their
silent silver cars!

See, the dawn shivers round the grey gilt-
dialled towers, and the rain
Streams down each diamonded pane and blurs
with tears the wannish day.

What snake-tressed fury fresh from Hell, with
uncouth gestures and unclean,
Stole from the poppy-drowsy queen and led you
to a student's cell?

* * *

What songless tongueless ghost of sin crept
through the curtains of the night,
And saw my taper burning bright, and knocked,
and bade you enter in.

Are there not others more accursed, whiter
with leprosies than I?
Are Abana and Pharpar dry that you come here
to slake your thirst?

Get hence, you loathsome mystery! Hideous
animal, get hence!
You wake in me each bestial sense, you make
me what I would not be.

You make my creed a barren sham, you wake
foul dreams of sensual life,
And Atys with his blood-stained knife were
better than the thing I am.

False Sphinx! False Sphinx! By reedy Styx
old Charon, leaning on his oar,
Waits for my coin. Go thou before, and leave
me to my crucifix,

Whose pallid burden, sick with pain, watches
the world with wearied eyes,
And weeps for every soul that dies, and weeps
for every soul in vain.

* * *

TO MILTON

Milton! I think thy spirit hath passed away
From these white cliffs, and high-embattled
towers;
This gorgeous fiery-coloured world of ours
Seems fallen into ashes dull and grey,
And the age changed unto a mimic play
Wherein we waste our else too-crowded
hours:
For all our pomp and pageantry and powers
We are but fit to delve the common clay,
Seeing this little isle on which we stand,
This England, this sea-lion of the sea,

By ignorant demagogues is held in fee,
Who love her not: Dear God! is this the land
Which bare a triple empire in her hand
When Cromwell spake the word Democracy!

LOUIS NAPOLEON

Eagle of Austerlitz! where were thy wings
When far away upon a barbarous strand,
In fight unequal, by an obscure hand,
Fell the last scion of thy brood of kings!

Poor boy! thou shalt not flaunt thy cloak of red,
Or ride in state through Paris in the van
Of thy returning legions, but instead
Thy mother France, free and republican,

Shall on thy dead and crownless forehead place
The better laurels of a soldier's crown,
That not dishonoured should thy soul go down
To tell the mighty Sire of thy race

That France hath kissed the mouth of Liberty,
And found it sweeter than his honied bees,
And that the giant wave Democracy
Breaks on the shores where Kings lay couched at ease.

QUANTUM MUTATA

There was a time in Europe long ago
When no man died for freedom anywhere,
But England's lion leaping from its lair
Laid hands on the oppressor! it was so
While England could a great Republic show.

Witness the men of Piedmont, chiefest care
Of Cromwell, when with impotent despair
The Pontiff in his painted portico
Trembled before our stern ambassadors.
How comes it then that from such high estate
We have thus fallen, save that Luxury
With barren merchandise piles up the gate
Where noble thoughts and deeds should enter by:
Else might we still be Milton's heritors.

SONNET

On the Massacre of the Christians in Bulgaria

Christ, dost thou live indeed? or are thy bones
Still straitened in their rock-hewn sepulchre?
And was thy Rising only dreamed by Her
Whose love of thee for all her sin atones?
For here the air is horrid with men's groans,
The priests who call upon thy name are slain,
Dost thou not hear the bitter wail of pain
From those whose children lie upon the stones?
Come down, O Son of God! incestuous gloom
Curtains the land, and through the starless night
Over thy Cross a Crescent moon I see!
If thou in very truth didst burst the tomb
Come down, O Son of Man! and show thy might,
Lest Mahomet be crowned instead of Thee!

LIBERTATIS SACRA FAMES

Albeit nurtured in democracy,
And liking best that state republican
Where every man is Kinglike and no man

Is crowned above his fellows, yet I see,
Spite of this modern fret for Liberty,
  Better the rule of One, whom all obey,
  Than to let clamorous demagogues betray
Our freedom with the kiss of anarchy.
Wherefore I love them not whose hands profane
Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street
  For no right cause, beneath whose ignorant reign
Arts, Culture, Reverence, Honour, all things fade,
  Save treason and the dagger of her trade,
  Or Murder with his silent bloody feet.

AVE MARIA GRATIO PLENA

Was this His coming! I had hoped to see
  A scene of wondrous glory, as was told
  Of some great God who in a rain of gold
Broke open bars and fell on Danae:
Or a dread vision as when Semele
  Sickening for love and unappeased desire
  Prayed to see God's clear body, and the fire
Caught her brown limbs and slew her utterly:
With such glad dreams I sought this holy place,
  And now with wondering eyes and heart I stand
  Before this supreme mystery of Love:
Some kneeling girl with passionless pale face,
  An angel with a lily in his hand,
  And over both the white wings of a Dove.

Florence.

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LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 201
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Goethe's Conversations With Eckermann

Selected and Edited by
Julius Goebel
University of Illinois

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INTRODUCTION

It has long been recognized that letters, memoirs, and above all, faithfully reported conversations of eminent writers afford us the deepest insight, not only into their personality and character, but also into the secret springs of their literary productions. Among Goethe's many conversations with men of various ranks and stations of life, which have come down to us, and which are now collected in five large volumes, those of Johann Peter Eckermann have always been considered the richest and most varied in content, as well as the most genuine and accurate in the expression of Goethe's thought. After their publication in 1836, many persons who had known Goethe intimately averred that they heard Goethe speaking while perusing the volumes.

Johann Peter Eckermann (1792-1854) was a self-made man in the best sense of the word. In the introduction to the Conversations with Goethe, he tells us himself how he was born and raised in extreme poverty, how, in spite of the greatest obstacles, he managed to acquire a liberal education, and began to write poetry and critical essays, and how, finally, after having sent a copy of his poems to Goethe, who replied encouragingly, he walked from Hanover to Weimar to obtain an interview with the great poet. Goethe recognized at once the excellent qualities of the quiet, discreet, well-informed and highly receptive young man,

asked him to become his private secretary, and finally, after a long and faithful service, appointed him his literary executor.

It was due to these qualities that Eckermann in the intimate intercourse with Goethe, during the last nine years of the latter's life, became more to the poet than a mere amanuensis. With great skill and fine tact, he knew how to induce Goethe to take up and complete some of his half-finished works, such as Faust, or to engage the poet in conversations during which the latter, otherwise noted for his taciturnity, opened the inmost recesses of his mind and heart. It is the unpremeditated flow of thought in these conversations which constitute both their value and their exquisite charm. So great was Eckermann's reverence for his benefactor, and so pronounced was the objectiveness of observation which he had absorbed from his master, that the records which he made daily of the latter's utterances, could not be otherwise than absolutely truthful.

The present little book presents only extracts from the three volumes of conversations published by Eckermann; but a mere glance at the headings under which the editor has assembled these extracts may give the reader an idea of the importance of the subjects discussed by Goethe.

It is interesting to note that it was a distinguished American woman, who first recognized the value of these conversations, and first translated them into English: Margaret Fuller, the foremost early interpreter of Goethe

in America.* In the remarkable introduction to her translation, a spirited defense of Goethe against the attacks of Puritan bigotry, she characterizes the conversations as follows:

"The book before us has merits which Goethe's correspondence with men infinitely greater than Eckermann do not possess. It paints Goethe to us as he was in the midst of his family and in the most careless and weary hours. Under such circumstances, whatever may be thought of his views, his courteous grace, his calm wisdom, and reliance on the harmony of his faith with his nature, must be felt, by the unprejudiced reader, to be beautiful and rare."

J. G.

*See *Margaret Fuller and Goethe*, by Dr. F. A. Braun, New York, 1910.

GOETHE'S CONVERSATIONS WITH ECKERMANN

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

"When I look back to the earlier and middle periods of my life, and now in my old age think how few are left of those who were young with me, I always think of a summer residence at a bathing-place. When you arrive, you make acquaintance and friends of those who have already been there some time, and who leave in a few weeks. The loss is painful. Then you turn to the second generation, with which you live a good while, and become most intimate. But this goes also, and leaves us alone with the third, which comes just as we are going away, and with which we have, properly, nothing to do.

"I have ever been esteemed one of Fortune's chiefest favourites; nor will I complain or find fault with the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and I may say that, in all my seventy-five years, I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone, which I have always had to raise anew. My annals will render clear what I now say. The claims upon my activity, both from within and without, were too numerous.

"My real happiness was my poetic meditation and production. But how was this disturbed, limited, and hindered by my external position! Had I been able to abstain more from public business, and to live more in solitude, I should have been happier, and should have accomplished much more as a poet. But,

soon after my 'Goetz' and 'Werther,' that saying of a sage was verified for me—'If you do anything for the sake of the world, it will take good care that you shall not do it a second time.'

"A wide-spread celebrity, and elevated position in life, are good things. But, for all my rank and celebrity, I am still obliged to be silent as to the opinions of others, that I may not give offence. This would be but poor sport, if by this means I had not the advantage of learning the thoughts of others without their being able to learn mine." * * * * *

"Friends, such as Schiller and I, intimate for years, with the same interests, in habits of daily intercourse, and under reciprocal obligations, live so completely into one another, that it is hardly possible to decide to which of the two the particular thoughts belong.

"We have made many distiches together; sometimes I gave the thought, and Schiller made the verse; sometimes the contrary was the case; sometimes he made one line and I the other. What matters the mine and thine? One must be a thorough Philistine, indeed, to attach the slightest importance to the solution of such questions."

"Something similar," said I "often happens in the literary world, when people, for instance, doubt the originality of this or that celebrated man, and seek to trace out the sources from whence he obtained his cultivation."

"That is very ridiculous," said Goethe; "we might as well question a strong man about the oxen, sheep, and swine which he has eaten, and which have given him strength.

"We are indeed born with faculties; but we owe our development to a thousand influences of the great world, from which we appropriate to ourselves what we can, and what is suitable to us. I owe much to the Greeks and French; I am infinitely indebted to Shakespeare, Sterne, and Goldsmith; but in saying this I do not show the sources of my culture; that would be an endless as well as an unnecessary task. What is important is to have a soul which loves truth, and receives it wherever it finds it.

"Besides, the world is now so old, so many eminent men have lived and thought for thousands of years, that there is little new to be discovered or expressed. Even my theory of colours is not entirely new. Plato, Leonardo da Vinci, and many other excellent men, have before me found and expressed the same thing in a detached form; my merit is, that I have found it also, that I have said it again, and that I have striven to bring the truth once more into a confused world.

"The truth must be repeated over and over again, because error is repeatedly preached among us, not only by individuals, but by the masses. In periodicals and cyclopedias, in schools and universities; everywhere, in fact, error prevails, and is quite easy in the feeling that it has a decided majority on its side."

"Human nature possesses wonderful powers," said Goethe, "and has something good in readiness for us when we least hope for it. There have been times in my life when I have fallen asleep in tears; but in my dreams the most charming forms have come to console and to

cheer me, and I have risen the next morning fresh and joyful.

"There is something more or less wrong among us old Europeans; our relations are far too artificial and complicated, our nutriment and mode of life are without their proper nature, and our social intercourse is without proper love and good will. Every one is polished and courteous; but no one has the courage to be hearty and true, so that an honest man, with natural views and feelings, stands in a very bad position. Often one cannot help wishing that one had been born upon one of the South Sea Islands, a so-called savage, so as to have thoroughly enjoyed human existence in all its purity, without any adulteration.

"If in a depressed mood one reflects deeply upon the wretchedness of our age, it often occurs to one that the world is gradually approaching the last day. And the evil accumulates from generation to generation! For it is not enough that we have to suffer for the sins of our fathers, but we hand down to posterity these inherited vices increased by our own."

"Similar thoughts often occur to me," answered I; "but, if, at such time, I see a regiment of German dragoons ride by me, and observe the beauty and power of these young people, I again derive some consolation, and say to myself, that the durability of mankind is after all not in such desperate plight."

"Our country people," returned Goethe, "have certainly kept up their strength, and will, I hope, long be able not only to furnish us with

good horsemen, but also to secure us from total decay and destruction. The rural population may be regarded as a magazine, from which the forces of declining mankind are always recruited and refreshed. But just go into our great towns, and you will feel quite differently. Just take a turn by the side of a second *Diable boiteux*, or a physician with a large practice, and he will whisper to you tales which will horrify you at the misery, and astonish you at the vice with which human nature is visited, and from which society suffers." * * * * *

"But, in fact, we are all collective beings, let us place ourselves as we may. For how little *have* we, and *are* we, that we can strictly call our own property? We must all receive and learn both from those who were before us, and from those who are with us. Even the greatest genius would not go far if he tried to owe everything to his own internal self. But many very good men do not comprehend that; and they grope in darkness for half a life, with their dreams of originality. I have known artists who boasted of having followed no master, and of having to thank their own genius for everything. Fools! as if that were possible at all; and as if the world would not force itself upon them at every step, and make something of them in spite of their own stupidity. Yes, I maintain that if such an artist were only to survey the walls of this room, and cast only a passing glance at the sketches of some great master, with which they are hung, he would necessarily, if he had any

genius at all, quit this place another and a higher man. And, indeed, what is there good in us, if it is not the power and the inclination to appropriate to ourselves the resources of the outward world, and to make them subservient to our higher ends. I may speak of myself, and may modestly say what I feel. It is true that, in my long life, I have done and achieved many things of which I might certainly boast. But to speak the honest truth, what had I that was properly my own, besides the ability and the inclination to see and to hear, to distinguish and to choose, and to enliven with some mind what I had seen and heard, and to reproduce with some degree of skill. I by no means owe my works to my own wisdom alone, but to a thousand things and persons around me, who provided me with material. There were fools and sages, minds enlightened and narrow, childhood, youth, and mature age—all told me what they thought, how they lived and worked, and what experiences they had gained; and I had nothing further to do than to put out my hand and reap what others had sown for me.

"It is, in fact, utter folly to ask whether a person has anything for himself, or whether he has it from others; whether he operates by himself, or whether he operates by means of others. The main point is to have a great will, and skill and perseverance to carry it out."

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Goethe showed me an elegant green elbow chair, which he had lately bought at an auction.

"However," said he, "I shall use it but little,

or not at all; for all kinds of commodiousness are against my nature. You see in my chamber no sofa; I always sit in my old wooden chair, and never till a few weeks ago have I had a leaning-place put for my head. If surrounded by convenient furniture, my thoughts are absorbed, and I am placed in an agreeable but passive state. Unless we are accustomed to them from early youth, splendid chambers and elegant furniture are for people who neither have nor can have any thoughts." * * * * *

"I never had much respect for mere princely rank as such, when there was not behind it sound human nature, and sound human worth. Nay, I felt so satisfied with myself, that if I had been made a prince I should not have thought the change so very remarkable. When the diploma of nobility was given me, many thought that I should feel elevated by it; but, between ourselves, it was nothing to me—really nothing! We Frankfort patricians always considered ourselves equal to the nobility; and when I held the diploma in my hands I had nothing more, in my own opinion, than I had possessed long ago." * * * * *

"People were never thoroughly contented with me, but always wished me otherwise than it has pleased God to make me. There were also seldom contented with my productions. When I had long exerted my whole soul to favour the world with a new work, it still desired that I should thank it into the bargain for considering the work endurable. If any one praised me, I was not allowed, in self-congratulation, to receive it as a well-merited tribute;

but people expected from me some modest expression, humbly setting forth the total unworthiness of myself and my work. However, my nature opposed this; and I should have been a miserable hypocrite if I had so tried to lie and dissemble. Since I was strong enough to show myself in my whole truth, just as I felt, I was deemed proud, and am considered so to the present day.

"In religious, scientific, and political matters, I generally brought trouble upon myself, because I was no hypocrite, and had the courage to express what I felt.

"I believed in God and in Nature, and in the triumph of good over evil; but this was not enough for pious souls; I was also required to believe other points, which were opposed to the feeling of my soul for truth; besides, I did not see that these would be of the slightest service to me." * * * * *

"That undisturbed, innocent, somnambulatory production, by which alone anything great can thrive, is no longer possible. Our talents at present lie before the public. The daily criticisms which appear in fifty different places, and the gossip that is caused by them amongst the public, prevent the appearance of any sound production. In the present day, he who does not keep aloof from all this, and isolate himself by main force, is lost. Through the bad, chiefly negative, aesthetical and critical tone of the journals, a sort of half culture finds its way into the masses; but to productive talent it is a noxious mist, a dropping poison, which destroys the tree of creative power, from the

ornamental green leaves, to the deepest pith and the most hidden fibres.

"And then how tame and weak has life itself become during the last two shabby centuries. Where do we now meet an original nature? and where is the man who has the strength to be true, and to show himself as he is? This, however, affects the poet, who must find all within himself, while he is left in the lurch be all without." * * * * *

"That divine enlightenment, whence everything proceeds, we shall always find in connection with youth and productiveness, as in the case of Napoleon, who was one of the most productive men that ever lived.

"Yes, yes, my good friend, one need not write poems and plays to be productive; there is also a productiveness of deeds, which in many cases stands an important degree higher. The physician himself must be productive, if he really intends to heal; if he is not so, he will only succeed now and then as if by chance; but, on the whole he will be only a bungler."

"You appear," added I, "in this case, to call productiveness that which is usually called genius."

"One lies very near the other," returned Goethe. 'For what is genius but that productive power by which deeds arise that can display themselves before God and nature, and are therefore permanent, and produce results. All Mozart's works are of this kind; there lies in them a productive power which operates upon generation after generation, and still is not wasted or consumed.

It is the same with other great composers and artists. What an influence have Phidias and Raphael had upon succeeding centuries, and Duerer and Holbein also. He who first invented the forms and proportions of the old German architecture, so that in the course of time a Strassburg minster and a cathedral of Cologne were possible, was also a genius; for his thoughts have a power continually productive, and operate even to the present hour. Luther was a genius of a very important kind; he has already gone on with influence for many a day, and we cannot count the days when he will cease to be productive in future ages. Lessing would not allow himself the lofty title of a genius; but his permanent influence bears witness against him. On the other hand, we have, in literature, other names and those of importance, the possessors of which, whilst they lived, were deemed great geniuses, but whose influence ended with their life, and who were therefore less than they and others thought. For, as I said before, there is no genius without a productive power of permanent influence; and furthermore, genius does not depend upon the business, the art, or the trade which one follows, but may be alike in all. Whether one shows oneself a man of genius in science, like Oken and Humboldt, or in war and statesmanship, like Frederick, Peter the Great, and Napoleon, or whether one composes a song like Beranger, it all comes to the same thing; the only point is, whether the thought, the discovery, the deed, is living and can live on.

"Then I must add, it is not the mass of cre-

ations and deeds which proceed from a person, that indicates the productive man. We have, in literature, poets who are considered very productive, because volume after volume of their poems has appeared. But, in my opinion, these people ought to be called thoroughly unproductive; for what they have written is without life and durability. Goldsmith, on the contrary, has written so few poems that their number is not worth mentioning; but, nevertheless, I must pronounce him to be a thoroughly productive poet, and, indeed, even on that account, because the little that he has written has an inherent life which can sustain itself."

* * * * *

"Every *Entelecheia** is a piece of eternity, and the few years during which it is bound to the earthly body does not make it old. If this *Entelecheia* is of a trivial kind, it will exercise but little sway during its bodily confinement; on the contrary, the body will predominate, and when this grows old the *Entelecheia* will not hold and restrain it. But if the *Entelecheia* is of a powerful kind, as is the case with all men of natural genius, then with its animating penetration of the body it will not only act with strengthening and ennobling power upon the organization, but it will also endeavor with its spiritual superiority to confer the privilege of perpetual youth, thence it comes that in men of superior endowments, even during their old age, we constantly perceive fresh epochs of singular productiveness; they seem constantly to grow young again for a time, and that is

*Readers who do not know Greek may best translate this term with the word "soul."

what I call a repeated puberty. Still youth is youth, and however powerful an *Entelecheia* may prove, it will never become quite master of the corporeal, and it makes a wonderful difference whether it finds in the body an ally or an adversary.

"There was a time in my life when I had to furnish a printed sheet every day, and I accomplished it with facility. I wrote my "Geschwister" (Brother and Sister) in three days; my "Clavigo," as you know, in a week. Now it seems I can do nothing of the kind, and still can by no means complain of want of productiveness even at my advanced age. But whereas in my youth I succeeded daily and under all circumstances, I now succeed only periodically and under certain favourable conditions. When ten or twelve years ago, in the happy time after the war of independence, the poems of the "Divan" had me in their power, I was often productive enough to compose two or three in a day, and it was all the same to me whether I was in the open air, in the chariot, or at an inn. Now, I can only work at the second part of my "Faust" during the early part of the day, when I feel revived by sleep, and have not been perplexed by the trifles of daily life. And after all what is it I achieve? Under the most favourable circumstances, a page of writing, but generally only so much as one could write in the space of a hand-breadth, and often, when in an unproductive humour, still less." * * * * *

"No productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought which

bears fruit and has results, is in the power of any one; but such things are elevated above all earthly control. Man must consider them as an unexpected gift from above, as pure children of God, which he must receive and venerate with joyful thanks. They are akin to the demon, which does with him what it pleases, and to which he unconsciously resigns himself, whilst he believes he is acting from his own impulse. In such cases, man may often be considered as an instrument in a higher government of the world,—as a vessel found worthy for the reception of a divine influence. I say this, whilst I consider how often a single thought has given a different form to whole centuries, and how individual men have, by their expressions, imprinted a stamp upon their age, which has remained uneffaced, and has operated beneficially upon succeeding generations.

"There is, however, a productiveness of another kind subjected to earthly influences, and which man has more in his power, although he here also finds cause to bow before something divine. Under this category I place all that appertains to the execution of a plan, all the links of a chain of thought, the ends of which already shine forth; I also place there all that constitutes the visible body of a work of art.

"Thus, Shakespeare was inspired with the first thought of his Hamlet, when the spirit of the whole presented itself to his mind as an unexpected impression, and he surveyed the several situations, characters, and conclusion, in an elevated mood, as a pure gift from above, on which he had no immediate influence, al-

though the possibility of conceiving such a thought certainly presupposed a mind such as his. But the individual scenes, and the dialogue of the characters, he had completely in his power, so that he might produce them daily and hourly, and work at them for weeks if he liked. And, indeed, we see in all that he has achieved constantly the same power of production; and in all his plays we never come to a passage of which it could be said 'this was not written in the proper humour, or with the most perfect faculty'. Whilst we read him, we receive the impression of a man thoroughly strong and healthy, both in mind and body.

"Supposing, however, that the bodily constitution of a dramatic poet were not so strong and excellent, and that he were, on the contrary, subject to frequent illness and weakness, the productiveness necessary for the daily construction of his scenes would very frequently cease, and would often fail him for whole days. If now, by some spirituous drink, he tried to force his failing productiveness, and supply its deficiencies, the method would certainly answer, but it would be discoverable in all the scenes in which he had written under such an influence, to their great disadvantage. My counsel is, therefore, to force nothing, and rather to trifle and sleep away all unproductive days and hours, than on such days to compose something which will afterwards give one no pleasure."

LITERATURE AND ART

"The poet," said Goethe, "should seize the Particular, and he should, if there be anything

sound in it, thus represent the Universal. The English History is excellent for poetry, because it is something genuine, healthy, and therefore universal, which repeats itself over and over again. The French history, on the contrary, is not for poetry, as it represents an era that cannot come again. The literature of the French, so far as it is founded on that era, stands as something of merely particular interest, which must grow old with time.

"The present era of French literature," said Goethe afterwards, "cannot be judged fairly. The German influence causes a great fermentation there, and we probably shall not know for twenty years what the result will be."

We then talked of the aesthetic writers, who labour to express the nature of poetry and the poet in abstract definitions without arriving at any clear result.

"What need of much definition?" said Goethe. "Lively feeling of situations, and power to express them, make the poet." * * * * *

I went to Goethe about 5 o'clock. I had not seen him for some days, and passed a delightful evening. I found him sitting in his working-room, and talking, during the twilight, with his son and Hofrath Rehbein, his physician, I seated myself at the table with them. We talked a while in the dusk; then lights were brought in, and I had the happiness to see Goethe looking perfectly fresh and cheerful.

As usual, he inquired with interest what had happened to me of late, and I replied that I had made the acquaintance of a poetess. I was able at the same time to praise her uncommon

talent, and Goethe, who was likewise acquainted with some of her productions, agreed with my commendation.

"One of her poems," said he, "in which she describes the country near her home, is of a highly peculiar character. She has a good tendency towards outward objects, and is besides not destitute of valuable internal qualities. We might indeed find much fault with her; but we will let her alone, and not disturb her in the path which her talent will show her."

The conversation now turned on poetesses in general; Hofrath Rehbein remarked that the poetical talent of ladies often seemed to him as a sexual instinct of the intellect. "Hear him," said Goethe, laughing, and looking at me; "sexual instinct, indeed! how the physician explains it!"

"I know not," said Rehbein, "whether I express myself right; but it is something of the sort. Usually, these beings have not been fortunate in love, and they now seek compensation in intellectual pursuits. Had they been married in time and borne children, they would never have thought of poetical productions."

"I will not inquire," said Goethe, "how far you are right in this case; but as to the talents of ladies in other departments, I have always found that they ceased on marriage. I have known girls who drew finely; but so soon as they became wives and mothers it was all over: they were busy with their children, and never touched a pencil.

"But our poetesses," continued he, with much

animation, "might write and poetize as they pleased if only our men would not write like women. This it is that does not please me. Look at our periodicals and annuals; see how all becomes weaker and weaker. Were a chapter of Cellini now printed in the 'Morgenblatt,' what a figure it would make!" * * * * *

Dined at Goethe's, and enjoyed some cheerful conversation. Mention was made of a young beauty belonging to the Weimar society, when one of the guests remarked that he was on the point of falling in love with her, although her understanding could not exactly be called brilliant.

"Pshaw," said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with the understanding. The things that we love in a young lady are something very different from the understanding. We love in her beauty, youthfulness, playfulness, trustingness, her character, her faults, her caprices, and God knows what 'je ne sais quoi' besides; but we do not love her understanding. We respect her understanding when it is brilliant, and by it the worth of a girl can be infinitely enhanced in our eyes. Understanding may also serve to fix our affections when we already love; but the understanding is not that which is capable of firing our hearts, and awakening a passion." * * * * *

I remarked that mere motives excited in me such lively emotions, that I felt as if I were reading the poems themselves, and had no desire for the details.

"You are quite right," said Goethe, "so it is; and here you see the great importance of mo-

tives, which no one will understand. Our women have no notion of it. 'That poem is beautiful,' they say, and by this they mean nothing but the feelings, the words, the verses. No one dreams that the true power of a poem consists in the situation,—in the motives. And for this very reason, thousands of poems are written, where the motives are nothing at all, and which merely through feeling and sounding verse reflect a sort of existence. Dilettanti, and especially women, have very weak ideas of poetry. They usually think, if they could but get quit of the technical part, they would have the essential, and would be quite accomplished; but they are much mistaken."

"I am more and more convinced," Goethe continued, "that poetry is the universal possession of mankind, revealing itself everywhere, and at all times, in hundreds and hundreds of men. One makes it a little better than another, and swims on the surface a little longer than another—that is all. Herr von Matthisson must not think he is the man, nor must I think that I am the man; but each must say to himself, that the gift of poetry is by no means so very rare, and that nobody need think very much of himself because he has written a good poem.

"But, really, we Germans are very likely to fall too easily into this pedantic conceit, when we do not look beyond the narrow circle that surrounds us. I therefore like to look about me in foreign nations, and advise every one to do the same. National literature is now rather an unmeaning term; the epoch of World litera-

ture is at hand, and every one must strive to hasten its approach. But, while we thus value what is foreign, we must not bind ourselves to anything in particular, and regard it as a model. We must not give this value to the Chinese, or the Servian, or Calderon, or the Nibelungen; but if we really want a pattern, we must always return to the ancient Greeks, in whose works the beauty of mankind is constantly represented. All the rest we must look at only historically, appropriating to ourselves what is good, so far as it goes." * * * * *

"The idea of the distinction between classical and romantic poetry, which is now spread over the whole world, and occasions so many quarrels and divisions, came originally from Schiller and myself. I laid down the maxim of objective treatment in poetry, and would allow no other; but Schiller, who worked quite in the subjective way, deemed his own fashion the right one, and to defend himself against me, wrote the treatise upon 'Naive and Sentimental Poetry'. He proved to me that I myself, against my will, was romantic, and that my 'Iphigenia,' through the predominance of sentiment, was by no means so classical and so much in the antique spirit as some people supposed.

"The Schlegels took up this idea, and carried it further, so that it has now been diffused over the whole world; and every one talks about classicism and romanticism—of which nobody thought fifty years ago." * * * * *

We then came to the newest French poets, and the meaning of the terms "classic" and "romantic".

"A new expression occurs to me,' said Goethe. "which does not ill define the state of the case. I call the classic healthy, the romantic sickly. In this sense, the 'Nibelungenlied' is as classic as the Iliad, for both are vigorous and healthy. If we distinguish 'classic' and 'romantic' by these qualities, it will be easy to see our way clearly." * * * * *

"The Germans are, certainly, strange people. By their deep thoughts and ideas, which they seek in everything and fix upon everything, they make life much more burdensome than is necessary. Only have the courage to give yourself up to your impressions, allow yourself to be delighted, moved, elevated, nay, instructed and inspired for something great; but do not imagine all is vanity, if it is not abstract thought and idea.

"Then they come and ask, 'What idea I meant to embody in my Faust' as if I knew myself and could inform them. From heaven, through the world, to hell, would indeed be something; but this is no idea, only a course of action. And further, that the devil loses the wager, and that a man, continually struggling from difficult errors towards something better, should be redeemed, is an effective, and to many, a good enlightening thought; but it is no idea which lies at the foundation of the whole, and of every individual scene. It would have become a fine thing, indeed, if I had strung so rich, varied, and highly diversified a life as I have brought to view in Faust upon the slender string of one pervading idea.

"It was, in short," continued Goethe, "not in

my line, as a poet, to strive to embody anything abstract. I received in my mind impressions, and those of a sensual, animated, charming, varied, hundredfold kind, just as a lively imagination presented them; and I had, as a poet, nothing more to do than artistically to round off and elaborate such views and impressions, and by means of a lively representation so to bring them forward that others might receive the same impression in hearing or reading my representation of them.

"If I still wished, as a poet, to represent any idea, I would do it in short poems, where a decided unity could prevail, and where a complete survey would be easy, as, for instance, in the Metamorphosis of Animals, that of the plants, the poem 'Bequest' (Vermaechtnis); and many others. The only production of greater extent, in which I am conscious of having laboured to set forth a pervading idea, is probably my 'Wahlverwandtschaften.' This novel has thus become comprehensible to the understanding; but I will not say that it is therefore better. I am rather of the opinion, that the more incommensurable, and the more incomprehensible to the understanding, a poetic production is, so much the better it is."

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We conversed upon some subjects of natural science; particularly upon the imperfection and insufficiency of language, by which errors and false views which afterwards could not easily be overcome were spread abroad. "The case is simply this," said Goethe. "All languages have arisen from surrounding human necessities, human occupations, and the general feel-

ings and views of man. If, now, a superior man gains an insight into the secret operations of nature, the language which has been handed down to him is not sufficient to express anything so remote from human affairs. He ought to have at command the language of spirits to express adequately his peculiar perceptions. But as this is not the case, he must, in his views of the extraordinary in nature, always grasp at human expressions, with which he always falls too short, lowering his subject, or even injuring and destroying it."

"If you say this," said I, "you who always pursue your subjects very closely, and, as an enemy to phrases, can always find the most fitting expressions for your higher perceptions, there is something in it. But I should have thought that, generally, we Germans might be contented. Our language is so extraordinarily rich, elaborated, and capable of progress, that even if we are obliged sometimes to have recourse to a trope, we can still arrive pretty nearly at the proper expression. The French are at a great disadvantage when compared with us. With them the expression for some higher view of nature by a trope, generally borrowed from a technicality, is at once material and vulgar, so that it is by no means adequate to a higher view."

"How right you are," said Goethe, "has appeared to me lately, on the occasion of the dispute between Cuvier and Geoffrey de St. Hilaire. Geoffrey de St. Hilaire is a man who has certainly a great insight into the spiritual workings of nature; but his French language,

so far as he is constrained to use traditional expressions, leaves him quite in the lurch. And this not only in mysteriously spiritual, but also in visible, purely corporeal subjects and relations. If he would express the single parts of an organic being, he has no other word but *materialien;* thus, for instance, the bones, which, as homogeneous parts, form the organic whole of an arm, are placed upon the same scale of expression as the stones and planks with which a house is built.

"In the same inappropriate manner," continued Goethe, "the French use the expression *composition*, in speaking of the productions of nature. I can certainly put together the individual parts of a machine made of separate pieces, and, upon such a subject, speak of a *composition;* but not when I have in my mind the individual parts of an organic whole, which produce themselves with life, and are pervaded by a common soul."

"It appears to me," added I, "that the expression *composition* is also inappropriate and degrading to genuine productions of art and poetry."

"It is a thoroughly contemptible word," returned Goethe, "for which we have to thank the French, and of which we should endeavour to rid ourselves as soon as possible. How can one say, Mozart has *composed* (*componirt*) Don Juan! Composition! As if it were a piece of cake or biscuit, which had been stirred together out of eggs, flour, and sugar! It is a spiritual creation, in which the details, as well as the whole, are pervaded by *one* spirit, and by the

breath of one life; so that the producer did not make experiments, and patch together, and follow his own caprice, but was altogether in the power of the dæmonic spirit of his genius, and acted according to his orders."

HISTORY

Goethe then turned his thoughts backward into history, and talked much of the Prussian army in the Seven Years' War, which, accustomed by Frederic the Great to constant victory grew careless, so that, in after days, it lost many battles from over-confidence. All the minutest details were present to his mind, and I had reason to admire his excellent memory.

"I had the great advantage," said he, "of being born at a time when the greatest events which agitated the world occurred, and such have continued to occur during my long life; so that I am a living witness of the Seven Years' War, of the separation of America from England, of the French Revolution, and of the whole Napoleon era, with the downfall of that hero, and the events which followed. Thus I have attained results and insight impossible to those who are born now and must learn all these things from books which they will not understand.

"What the next years will bring I cannot predict; but I fear we shall not soon have repose. It is not given to the world to be contented; the great are not such that there will be no abuse of power; the masses not such that, in hope of gradual improvement, they will be contented with a moderate condition. Could

we perfect human nature, we might also expect a perfect state of things; but, as it is, there will always be a wavering hither and thither; one part must suffer while the other is at ease; envy and egotism will be always at work like bad demons, and party strife will be without end.

"The most reasonable way is for every one to follow his own vocation to which he has been born, and while he has learned, and to avoid hindering others from following theirs. Let the shoemaker abide by his last, the peasant by his plough, and let the king know how to govern; for this is also a business which must be learned, and with which no one should meddle who does not understand it."

Returning to the French papers, Goethe said, —"The liberals may speak, for when they are reasonable we like to hear them; but with the royalists, who have the executive power in their hands, talking comes amiss—they should act. They may march troops, and behead and hang —that is all right; but attacking opinions, and justifying their measures in public prints, does not become them. If there were a public of kings, they might talk.

"For myself," he continued, "I have always been a royalist. I have let others babble, and have done as I saw fit. I understand my course, and know my own object. If I committed a fault as a single individual, I could make it good again; but if I committed it jointly with three or four others, it would be impossible to make it good, for among others there are many opinions." * * * * *

We talked of the tragic idea of Destiny among the Greeks.

"It no longer suits our way of thinking," said Goethe; "it is obsolete, and is also a contradiction with our religious views. If a modern poet introduces such antique ideas into a drama, it always has an air of affectation. It is a costume which is long since out of fashion, and which, like the Roman toga, no longer suits us.

"It is better for us moderns to say with Napoleon, 'Politics are Destiny.' But let us beware of saying, with our latest literati, that politics are poetry, or a suitable subject for the poet. The English poet Thomson wrote a very good poem on the Seasons, but a very bad one on Liberty, and that not from want of poetry in the poet, but from want of poetry in the subject."

"If a poet would work politically, he must give himself up to a party; and so soon as he does that, he is lost as a poet; he must bid farewell to his free spirit, his unbiased view, and draw over his ears the cap of bigotry and blind hatred.

"The poet, as a man and citizen, will love his native land; but the native land of his poetic powers and poetic action is the good, noble, and beautiful, which is confined to no particular province or country, and which he seizes upon and forms wherever he finds it. Therein is he like the eagle, who hovers with free gaze over whole countries, and to whom it is of no consequence whether the hare on

which he pounces is running in Prussia or in Saxony.

"And, then, what is meant by love of one's country? what is meant by patriotic deeds? If the poet has employed a life in battling with pernicious prejudices, in setting aside narrow views, in enlightening the minds, purifying the tastes, ennobling the feelings and thoughts of his countrymen, what better could he have done? how could he have acted more patriotically?

"To make such ungrateful and unsuitable demands upon a poet is just as if one required the captain of a regiment to show himself a patriot by taking part in political innovations, and thus neglect his proper calling. The captain's country is his regiment, and he will show himself an excellent patriot by troubling himself about political matters only so far as they concern him, and bestowing all his mind and all his care on the battalions under him, trying so to train and discipline them, that they may do their duty if ever their native land should be in peril.

"I hate all bungling like sin, but most of all bungling in state affairs, which produces nothing but mischief to thousands and millions.

"You know that on the whole I care little what is written about me; but yet it comes to my ears, and I know well enough that, hard as I have toiled all my life, all my labors are as nothing in the eyes of certain people. To please such people I must have become a member of a Jacobin club, and preached bloodshed and murder. However, not a word more upon

this wretched subject, lest I become unwise in railing against folly." * * * * *

We then spoke of the unity of Germany, and in what sense it was possible and desirable.

"I am not uneasy," said Goethe, "about the unity of Germany; our good high roads and future railroads will of themselves do their part. But, above all, may Germany be *one* in love! and may it always be *one* against the foreign foe! May it be *one*, so that German dollars and groschen may be of equal value throughout the whole empire! *one*, so that my travelling-chest may pass unopened through all the six-and-thirty states! May it be one, so that the town passport of a citizen of Weimar may not be considered insufficient, like that of a mere foreigner, by the frontier officer of a large neighboring state! May there be no more talk about inland and outland among the German states! In fine, may Germany be one in weight and measure, in trade and commerce and a hundred similar things which I will not name!

"But if we imagine that the unity of Germany consists in this, that the very great empire should have a great capital, and that this one great capital would conduce to the development of great individual talent, or to the welfare of the great mass of the people, we are in error.

"A state has been justly compared to a living body with many limbs, and thus the capital of a state may be compared to the heart, from which life and prosperity flow to the individual members near and far. But if the members be very distant from the heart, the

life that flows to them will become weaker and weaker. A clever Frenchman, I think Dupin, has sketched a chart of the state of culture in France, and has exhibited the greater or less enlightenment of the different departments by a lighter or darker colour. Now, some departments, particularly in the southern provinces remote from the capital, are represented by a perfectly black colour, as a sign of the great darkness which prevails there. But would that be the case if la belle France, instead of one great focus, had ten foci, whence life and light might proceed?

"Whence is Germany great, but by the admirable culture of the people, which equally pervades all parts of the kingdom? But does not this proceed from the various sets of government, and do not these foster and support it? Suppose, for centuries past, we had had in Germany only the two capitals, Vienna and Berlin, or only one of these, I should like to see how it would have fared with German culture, or even with that generally diffused opulence which goes hand in hand with culture. Germany has about twenty universities distributed about the whole empire, and about a hundred public libraries similarly distributed. There is also a great number of collections of art, and collections of objects belonging to all the kingdoms of nature; for every prince has taken care to bring around him these useful and beautiful objects. There are gymnasia and schools for arts and industry in abundance,—nay, there is scarcely a German village without its school. And how does France stand with respect to this last point!

"Then look at the quantity of German theatres, the number of which exceeds seventy, and which are not to be despised as supporters and promoters of a higher cultivation of the people. In no country is the taste for music and singing, and the practice of it so widely spread, as in Germany; and even that is something!

"And now think of such cities as Dresden, Munich, Stuttgard, Cassel, Brunswick, Hanover, and the like; think of the great elements of life comprised within these cities; think of the effect which they have upon the neighboring provinces; and ask yourself if all this would have been the case if they had not for a long time been the residences of princes?

"Frankfort, Bremen, Hamburg, and Luebeck, are great and brilliant; their effect upon the prosperity of Germany is incalculable. But would they remain what they are, if they lost their own sovereignty and became incorporated with any great German kingdom as a provincial town? I see reason to doubt this." * * * * *

"It is true that I could be no friend to the French Revolution; for its horrors were too near me, and shocked me daily and hourly, whilst its beneficial results were not then to be discovered. Neither could I be indifferent to the fact that the Germans were endeavoring, artificially, to bring about such scenes here, as were in France, the consequence of a great necessity.

"But I was as little a friend to arbitrary rule. Indeed, I was perfectly convinced that a great revolution is never a fault of the people, but of the government. Revolutions are uttterly

impossible as long as governments are constantly just and constantly vigilant, so that they may anticipate them by improvements at the right time, and not hold out until they are forced to yield by the pressure from beneath.

"Because I hated the Revolution, the name of the 'Friend of the powers that be' was bestowed upon me. That is, however, a very ambiguous title, which I would beg to decline. If the 'powers that be' were all that is excellent, good, and just, I should have no objection to the title; but, since with much that is good there is also much that is bad, unjust, and imperfect, a friend of the 'powers that be' means often little less than the friend of the obsolete and bad.

"But time is constantly progressing, and human affairs wear every fifty years a different aspect; so that an arrangement which, in the year 1800, was perfection, may, perhaps, in the year 1850 be a defect.

"And, furthermore, nothing is good for a nation but that which arises from its own core and its own general wants, without apish imitation of another; since what to one race of people, of a certain age, is a wholesome nutriment, may perhaps prove a poison for another. All endeavours to introduce any foreign innovation, the necessity for which is not rooted in the core of the nation itself, are therefore foolish; and all premeditated revolutions of the kind are unsuccessful; for they are without God, who keeps aloof from such bungling. If, however, there exists an actual necessity for a great reform amongst a people, God is

with it, and it prospers. He was visibly with Christ and his first adherents; for the purification of the doctrine corrupted by the priests was no less a necessity. Neither of the great powers whom I have named was, however, a friend of the permanent; much more were both of them convinced that the old leaven must be got rid of, and that it would be impossible to go on and remain in the untrue, unjust, and defective way."

NAPOLEON

We spoke about the History of Napoleon by Walter Scott. "It is true," said Goethe, "that the author may be reproached with great inaccuracy and equally great partiality, but even these two defects give to his work particular value in my eyes. The success of the book, in England, was great beyond all expectation and hence we see that Walter Scott, in this very hatred for Napoleon and the French, has been the true interpreter and representative of the English popular opinion and national feeling. His book will not be by any means a document for the history of France, but it will be one of the history of England. At all events, it is a voice which could not be wanting in this important historical process."

"It is generally agreeable to me to hear the most contrary opinions of Napoleon. I am now reading the work by Bignon, which appears to me to possess particular merit."

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"Napoleon was the man! Always enlightened, always clear and decided, and endowed at every hour with sufficient energy to carry into effect whatever he considered advantage-

ous and necessary. His life was the stride of a demi-god, from battle to battle, and from victory to victory. It might well be said of him, that he was found in a state of continual enlightenment. On this account, his destiny was more brilliant than any the world had seen before him, or perhaps will ever see after him."

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"Does the productiveness of genius," said I, "lie merely in the mind of an important man, or does it also lie in the body?"

"The body has, at least," said Goethe, "the greatest influence upon it. There was indeed a time when, in Germany, a genius was always thought of as short, weak, or hunch-backed; but commend me to a genius who has a well-proportioned body.

"When it was said of Napoleon that he was a man of granite, this applied particularly to his body. What was it, then, which he could not and did not venture? From the burning sands of the Syrian deserts, to the snowy plains of Moscow, what an incalculable amount of marches, battle and nightly bivouacs did he go through? And what fatigues and bodily privations was he forced to endure? Little sleep, little nourishment and yet always in the highest mental activity. After the awful exertion and excitement of the eighteenth Brumaire, it was midnight, and he had not tasted anything during the whole day, and yet, without thinking of strengthening his body, he felt power enough in the depth of the night to draw up the well-known proclamation to the French people. When one considers what he accomplished and endured, one might imagine

that when he was in his fortieth year not a sound particle was left in him; but even at that age he still ocupied the position of a perfect hero.

"But you are quite right: The real focus of his lustre belongs to his youth. And it is something to say that one of obscure origin, and at a time which set all capacities in motion, so distinguished himself as to become, in his seven-and-twentieth year, the idol of a nation of thirty millions! Yes, yes, my good friend, one must be young to do great things. And Napoleon is not the only one!"

PHILOSOPHY

"Meyer," said Goethe, laughing, "always says, 'If thinking were not so hard.' And the worst is, that all the thinking in the world does not bring us to thought; we must be right by nature, so that good thoughts may come before us like free children of God, and cry, 'Here we are!'"

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I asked Goethe which of the new philosophers he thought the highest.

"Kant," said he, "beyond a doubt. He is the one whose doctrines still continue to work, and have penetrated most deeply into our German civilization. He has influenced even you, although you have never read him; now you need him no longer, for what he could give you, you possess already. If you wish by and by to read something of his, I recommend to you his 'Critique on the Power of Judgment,' in which he has written admirably upon rhetoric, tolerably upon poetry, but unsatisfactorily on plastic art."

"Has your excellency ever had any personal connection with Kant?"

"No," he replied; "Kant never took any notice of me, though from my own nature I went a way like his own. I wrote my 'Metamorphosis of Plants' before I knew anything about Kant; and yet it is wholly in the spirit of his doctrine. The separation of subject from object, and further, the opinion that each creature exists for his own sake, and that cork trees do not grow merely that we may stop our bottles—this Kant shared with me, and I rejoiced to meet him on such ground. Afterwards I wrote my 'Doctrine of Experiment,' which is to be regarded as criticism upon subject and object, and a mediation of both.

"Schiller was always wont to advise me against the study of Kant's philosophy. He usually said Kant could give me nothing; but he himself studied Kant with great zeal; and I have studied him too, and not without profit."

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Hegel is here, whom Goethe personally esteems very highly, though he does not much relish some of the fruits produced by his philosophy. Goethe gave a tea-party in honor of him this evening, at which Zelter was also present, who intended to make his departure again tonight.

A great deal was said about Hamann, with respect to whom Hegel was chief spokesman, displaying a deep insight into this extraordinary mind, such as could only have arisen from a most earnest and scrupulous study of the subject.

The discourse then turned upon the nature

of dialectics. "They are, in fact," said Hegel, "nothing more than the regulated, methodically-cultivated spirit of contradiction which is innate in all men, and which shows itself great as a talent in the distinction between the true and the false."

"Let us only hope," interposed Goethe, "that these intellectual arts and dexterities are not frequently misused, and employed to make the false true, and the true false."

"That certainly happens," returned Hegel; "but only with people who are mentally diseased."

"I therefore congratulate myself," said Goethe, "upon the study of nature, which preserves me from such disease. For here we have to deal with the infinitely and eternally true, which throws off as incapable every one who does not proceed purely and honestly with the treatment and observation of his subject. I am also certain that many a dialectic disease would find a wholesome remedy in the study of nature."

ETHICS

The conversation then turned upon the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and the high moral tone prevailing in it; and, lastly, upon the question—how the moral element came into the world?

"Through God himself," returned Goethe, "like everything else. It is no product of human reflection, but a beautiful nature inherent and inborn.

"It is, more or less, inherent in mankind generally, but to a high degree in a few eminently

gifted minds. These have, by great deeds or doctrines, manifested their divine nature; which, then by beauty of its appearance, won the love of men, and powerfully attracted them to reverence and emulation."

"A consciousness of the worth of the morally beautiful and good could be attained by experience and wisdom inasmuch as the bad showed itself in its consequences as a destroyer of happiness, both in individuals and the whole body, while the noble and right seemed to produce and secure the happiness of one and all. The morally beautiful could become a doctrine and diffuse itself over whole nations as something plainly expressed."

"I have lately read somewhere," answered I, "the opinion that the Greek tragedy had made moral beauty a special object."

"Not so much morality," returned Goethe, "as pure humanity in its whole extent; especially in such positions where, by falling into contact with rude power, it could assume a tragic character. In this region, indeed, even the moral stood as a principal part of human nature.

"The morality of Antigone, besides, was not invented by Sophocles, but was contained in the subject, which Sophocles chose the more readily, as it united so much dramatic effect with moral beauty."

Goethe then spoke about the characters of Creon and Ismene, and on the necessity for these two persons for the development of the beautiful soul of the heroine.

"All that is noble," said he, "is in itself of a quiet nature, and appears to sleep until it is

aroused and summoned forth by contrast. Such a contrast is Creon, who is brought in, partly on account of Antigone, in order that her noble nature and the right which is on her side may be brought out by him, partly on his own account, in order that his unhappy error may appear odious to us.

"But, as Sophocles meant to display the elevated soul of his heroine even before the deed, another contrast was requisite by which her character might be developed; and this is her sister Ismene. In this character, the poet has given us a beautiful standard of the commonplace, so that the greatness of Antigone, which is above such a standard, is the more strikingly visible."

The conversation then turned upon dramatic authors in general, and upon the important influence which they exerted, and could exert, upon the great mass of the people.

"A great dramatic poet," said Goethe, "if he is at the same time productive, and is actuated by a strong noble purpose, which pervades all his works, may succeed in making the soul of his pieces become the soul of the people. I should think that this was something well worth the trouble. From Corneille proceeded an influence capable of forming heroes. This was something for Napoleon, who had need of an heroic people; on which account he said of Corneille, that if he were still living, he would make a prince of him. A dramatic poet who knows his vocation, should therefore work incessantly at its higher development, in order that his influence in the people may be noble and beneficial.

"One should not study contemporaries and competitors, but the great men of antiquity, whose works have, for centuries, received equal homage and consideration. Indeed, a man of really superior endowments will feel the necessity of this, and it is just this need for an intercourse with great predecessors, which is the sign of a higher talent. Let us study Moliere, let us study Shakespeare, but above all things, the old Greeks, and always the Greeks."

"For highly endowed natures," remarked I, "the study of the authors of antiquity may be perfectly invaluable; but in general, it appears to have little influence upon personal character. If this were the case, all philologists and theologians would be the most excellent of men. But this is by no means the case; and such connoisseurs of the ancient Greek and Latin authors are able people or pitiful creatures, according to the good or bad qualities which God has given them, or which they have inherited from their father and mother."

"There is nothing to be said against that," returned Goethe; "but it must not, therefore, be said that the study of the authors of antiquity is entirely without effect upon the formation of character. A worthless man will always remain worthless, and a little mind will not, by daily intercourse with the great minds of antiquity, become one inch greater. But a noble man, in whose soul God has placed the capability for future greatness of character, and elevation of mind, will, by a knowledge of, and familiar intercourse with, the elevated natures of ancient Greeks and Romans, every day make a visible approximation to similar greatness."

IMMORTALITY

Goethe was in excellent spirits today. He showed me Frau von Spiegel's album, in which he had written some very beautiful verses. A place had been left open for him for two years, and he rejoiced at having been able to perform at last an old promise. After I had read the "Poem to Frau von Spiegel," I turned over the leaves of the book, in which I found many distinguished names. On the very next page was a poem by Tiedge, written in the very spirit and style of his "Urania." "In a saucy mood," said Goethe, "I was on the point of writing some verses beneath those; but I am glad that I did not. It would not have been the first that, by rash expression, I had repelled good people, and spoiled the effect of my best works.

"However," continued Goethe, "I have had to endure not a little from Tiedge's 'Urania'; for, at the time, nothing was sung and nothing was declaimed but this same 'Urania.' Wherever you went, you found 'Urania' on the table. 'Urania' and immortality were the topics of every conversation. I would by no means dispense with the happiness of believing in a future existence, and, indeed, would say, with Lorenzo de Medici, that those are dead even for this life who hope for no other. But such incomprehensible matters lie too far off to be a theme of daily meditation and thought-distracting speculation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, he has no reason to give himself airs about it. The occasion of Tiedge's 'Urania' led me to observe that piety, like nobility, has its aris-

tocracy. I met stupid women, who plumed themselves on believing, with Tiedge, in immortality, and I was forced to bear much dark examination on this point. They were vexed by my saying I should be well pleased if, after the close of this life, we were blessed with another, only I hoped I should hereafter meet none of those who had believed in it here. For how should I be tormented! The pious would throng around me, and say, 'Were we not right? Did we not predict it? Has not it happened just as we said?' And so there would be ennui without end even in the other world.

"This occupation with the ideas of immortality," he continued, "is for people of rank, and especially ladies, who have nothing to do. But an able man, who has something regular to do here, and must toil and struggle and produce day by day, leaves the future world to itself, and is active and useful in this. Thoughts about immortality are also good for those who have not been very successful here; and I would wager that, if the good Tiedge had enjoyed a better lot, he would also have had better thoughts." * * * * *

In the meanwhile, we had gone round the thicket (the Webicht), and had turned by Tiefurt into the Weimar road, where we had a view of the setting sun. Goethe was for a while lost in thought; he then said to me, in the words of one of the ancients—

Untergehend sogar ist's immer dieselbige Sonne.

"Still it continues the self-same sun, e'en while it is sinking."

"At the age of seventy-five," continued he,

with much cheerfulness, one must, of course, think sometimes of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness, for I am fully convinced that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which, in reality, never sets, but shines on unceasingly." * * * * *

"I have continued to read Schubart," said Goethe. "He is, indeed, a remarkable man, and he says much that is excellent, if we translate it into our own language. The chief tendency of his book is to show that there is a point of view beyond the sphere of philosophy, —namely, that of common-sense; and that art and science, independently of philosophy, and by means of a free action of natural human powers, have always thriven best. This is grist for our mill. I have always kept myself free from philosophy. The common-sense view was also mine; and hence Schubart confirms what I myself have been saying and doing all my life.

"The only thing I cannot commend in him is this that he knows certain things better than he will confess, and does not therefore go quite honestly to work. Like Hegel, he would bring the Christian religion into philosophy, though it really has nothing to do with it. Christianity has a might of its own, by which dejected, suffering humanity is re-elevated from time to time, and when we grant it this power, it is raised above all philosophy, and needs no support therefrom. Neither does the philosopher need the countenance of religion to prove cer-

tain doctrines; as, for instance, eternal duration. Man should believe in immortality; he has a right to this belief; it corresponds with the wants of his nature, and he may believe in the promises of religion. But if the philosopher tries to deduce the immortality of the soul from a legend, that is very weak and inefficient. To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity; if I work on incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit."

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I told Goethe of a person now travelling through Weimar, who had heard a lecture of Hegel's on the proof of the existence of a God. Goethe agreed with me that the time for such lectures was gone by.

"The period of doubt," said he, "is past; men now doubt as little the existence of a God as their own, though the nature of the divinity, the immortality, the peculiarities of our own souls, and their connection with our bodies, are eternal problems, with respect to which our philosophers take us no farther. A French philosopher, of the most recent times, begins his chapter confidently thus:

"'It is acknowledged that man consists of two parts, body and soul; accordingly, we will begin with the body, and then speak of the soul.'"

"Fichte went a little farther, and extricated himself somewhat more cleverly from the dilemma, by saying—'We shall treat of man regarded as a body, and of man regarded as a soul.' He felt too well that a so closely combined whole could not be separated. Kant has

unquestionably done the best service, by drawing the limits beyond which human intellect is not able to penetrate, and leaving at rest the insoluble problems. What a deal have people philosophized about immortality—and how far have they got? I doubt not of our immortality, for nature cannot dispense with the *entelecheia*. But we are not all, in like manner, immortal; and he who would manifest himself in future as a great *entelecheia*, must be one now."

RELIGION

"It is natural to man," said Goethe, "to regard himself as the final cause of creation, and to consider all other things merely in relation to himself so far as they are of use to him. He makes himself master of the vegetable and animal world, and while he claims other creatures as a fitting diet, he acknowledges his God, and praises His goodness in this paternal care. He takes milk from the cow, honey from the bee, wool from the sheep; and while he gives these things a purpose which is useful to himself, he believes that they were made on that account. Nay, he cannot conceive that even the smallest herb was not made for him, and if he has not yet ascertained its utility, he believes that he may discover it in future.

"Then, too, as man thinks in general, so does he always think in particular, and he does not fail to transfer his ordinary views from life into science, and to ask the use and purpose of every single part of our organic being.

"This may do for a time, and he may get on so for a time in science, but he will soon come to phenomena, where this small view will not

be sufficient, and where, if he does not take a higher stand, he will soon be involved in mere contradictions.

"The utility-teachers say that oxen have horns to defend themselves: but I ask, why is the sheep without any—and when it has them, why are they twisted about the ears so as to answer no purpose at all?

"If, on the other hand, I say the ox defends himself with his horns because he has them, it is quite a different matter.

"The question as to the purpose—the question *Wherefore* is completely unscientific. But we get on farther with the question *How?* For if I ask how has the ox horns, I am led to study his organization, and learn at the same time why the lion has no horns, and cannot have any.

"Thus, man has in his skull two hollows which are never filled up. The question wherefore could not take us far in this case, but the question how informs me that these hollows are remains of the animal skull, which are found on a larger scale in inferior organization, and are not quite obliterated in man, with all his eminence.

"The teachers of utility would think that they lost their God if they did not worship Him who gave the ox horns to defend itself. But I hope I may be allowed to worship Him who, in the abundance of His creation, was great enough, after making a thousand kinds of plants, to make one more, in which all the rest should be comprised; and after a thousand kinds of animals, a being which comprises them all—a man.

"Let people serve Him who gives to the beast his fodder, and to man meat and drink as much as he can enjoy. But I worship Him who has infused into the world such a power of production, that, when only the millionth part of it comes out into life, the world swarms with creatures to such a degree that war, pestilence, fire, and water cannot prevail against them. That is my God!"

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"If," continued Goethe, "when the truth was once found, people would not again pervert and obscure it, I should be satisfied; for mankind requires something positive, to be handed down from generation to generation, and it would be well if the positive were also the true. On this account, I should be glad if people came to a clear understanding in natural science, and then adhered to the truth, not transcending again after all had been done in the region of the incomprehensible. But mankind cannot be at peace, and confusion always returns before one is aware of it.

"Thus they are now pulling to pieces the five books of Moses, and if an annihilating criticism is injurious in anything, it is so in matters of religion; for here everything depends upon faith, to which we cannot return when we have once lost it."

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Frau and Herr von Goethe came in, and we sat down to dinner. The lively topics of the day, such as the theatre, balls and the court, were lightly discussed; but soon we came to more serious matters, and found ourselves deeply engaged in conversation on the religious doctrines of England.

"You ought, like me," said Goethe, "to have studied Church history for fifty years, to understand how all this hangs together. On the other hand, it is highly remarkable to see with what doctrines the Mahometans commence the work of education. As a religious foundation, they confirm their youth in the conviction that nothing can happen to man, except what was long since decreed by an all-ruling divinity. With this they are prepared and satisfied for a whole life, and scarce need anything further.

"I will not inquire what is true or false, useful or pernicious, in this doctrine; but really something of this faith is held in us all, even without being taught. 'The ball on which my name is not written, cannot hit me,' says the soldier in the battle-field; and, without such a belief, how could he maintain such courage and cheerfulness in the most imminent perils? The Christian doctrine, 'No sparrow falls to the ground without the consent of our Father,' comes from the same source, intimating that there is a Providence, which keeps in its eye the smallest things, and without whose will and permission nothing can happen.

"Then the Mahometans begin their instruction in philosophy, with the doctrine that nothing exists of which the contrary may not be affirmed. Thus they practise the minds of youth, by giving them the task of detecting and expressing the opposite of every proposition; from which great adroitness in thinking and speaking is sure to arise.

"Certainly, after the contrary of any proposition has been maintained, doubt arises as to which is really true. But there is no perman-

ence in doubt; it incites the mind to closer inquiry and experiment, from which, if rightly managed, certainty proceeds, and in this alone can man find thorough satisfaction.

"You see that nothing is wanting in this doctrine; that with all our systems, we have got no further; and that, generally speaking, no one can get further."

"You remind me of the Greeks," said I, "Who made use of a similar mode of philosophical instruction, as is obvious from their tragedy, which, in its course of action, rests wholly upon contradiction, not one of the speakers ever maintaining any opinion of which the other cannot, with equal dexterity, maintain the contrary."

"You are perfectly right," said Goethe; "and that doubt is brought in which is awakened in the spectator or reader. Thus, at the end, we are brought to certainty by fate, which attaches itself to the moral, and espouses its cause."

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Frau von Goethe, young Goethe, and Fraeulein Ulrica now came in, and we sat down to table. The conversation was gay and varied, the pietists of some cities in Northern Germany being a subject to which we often reverted. It was remarked that these pietistical separations had destroyed the harmony of whole families.

"I was able to give an instance of the kind, having nearly lost an excellent friend because he could not convert me to his opinions. He, as I stated, was thoroughly convinced that good works and one's own merits are of no avail, and that man can only win favour with the divinity by the grace of Christ.

"A female friend," observed Frau von Goethe, "said something of the sort to me; but even now I scarcely know what is meant by grace and what by good works."

"According to the present course of the world, in conversing on all such topics," said Goethe, "there is nothing but a medley; and perhaps none of you know whence it comes. I will tell you. The doctrine of good works—namely, that man, by good actions, legacies, and beneficent institutions, can avoid the penalty of sin, and rise in the favours of God—is Catholic. But the reformers, out of opposition, rejected this doctrine, and declared, in lieu of it that man must seek solely to recognize the merits of Christ and become a partaker of his grace; which indeed leads to good works. But, nowadays, all this is mingled together, and nobody knows whence a thing comes."

I remarked, more in thought than openly, that difference of opinion in religious matters had always sown dissension among men, and, made them enemies; nay, that the first murder had been caused by a difference in the mode of worshipping God. I said that I had lately been reading Byron's "Cain," and had been particularly struck by the third act, and the manner in which the murder is brought about.

"It is indeed admirable," said Goethe. "Its beauty is such as we shall not see a second time in the world."

"Cain," said I, "was at first prohibited in England; but now everybody reads it, and young English travellers usually carry a complete Byron with them."

"It was folly," said Goethe; "for, in fact,

there is nothing in the whole of Cain which is not taught by the English bishops themselves."

GOD

We then spoke upon religious subjects, and the abuse of the divine name. "People treat it," said Goethe, "as if that incomprehensible and most high Being, who is even beyond the reach of thought, were only their equal. Otherwise they would not say the *Lord God*, the *dear God*, the *good God*. This expression becomes to them, especially to the clergy, who have it daily in their mouths, a mere phrase a barren name, to which no thought is attached whatever. If they were impressed by His greatness they would be dumb and through veneration unwilling to name Him."

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"Without my attempts in natural science, I should never have learned to know mankind such as it is. In nothing else can we so closely approach pure contemplation and thought, so closely observe the errors of the senses and of the understanding, the weak and the strong points of character. All is more or less pliant and wavering, is more or less manageable; but nature understands no jesting; she is always true, always serious, always severe; she is always right, and the error and faults are always those of man. Him, who is incapable of appreciating her she despises; and only to the apt, the pure, and the true, does she resign herself, and reveal her secrets.

"The understanding will not reach her; man must be capable of elevating himself to the highest Reason to come into contact with the

Divinity, which manifests itself in the primitive phenomenon (*Urphaenomenen*), which dwells behind them, and from which they proceed.

"The divinity works in the living not in the dead; in the becoming and changing, not in the become and the fixed. Therefore reason, with its tendency towards the divine, has only to do with the becoming, the living; but understanding with the become, the already fixed, that it may make use of it."

* * * * *

Before dinner, while walking in the Erfurt road, I met Goethe, who stopped me and took me into his carriage. We went a good way by the fir-wood, and talked about natural history.

The mountains and hills were covered with snow, and I mentioned the great delicacy of the yellow, observing that at a distance of nine miles, with some density intervening, a dark surface rather appeared blue than a white one yellow. Goethe agreed with me, and we then spoke of the high significance of the primitive phenomena, behind which we believe the Deity may directly be discerned.

"I ask not," said Goethe, "whether this highest Being has reason and understanding, but I feel that He is Reason, is Understanding itself. Therewith are all creatures penetrated; and man has so much of it that he can recognize parts of the Highest."

* * * * *

We talked of the Theory of Colours, and among other things about drinking glasses, the dull figures on which appear yellow against the light, and blue against the dark, and therefore

allow the observation of a primitive phenomenon.

"The highest which man can attain in these matters," said Goethe, on this occasion, "is astonishment; if the primary phenomenon causes this, let him be satisfied; more it cannot bring; and he should forbear to seek for anything further behind it: here is the limit. But the sight of a primitive phenomenon is generally not enough for people; they think they must go still further; and are thus like children who, after peeping into a mirror, turn it round directly to see what is on the other side."

* * * * *

This evening for an hour with Goethe, talking of various interesting subjects. I had bought an English Bible, in which I found, to my great regret, that the apocryphal books were not contained. They had been rejected, because they were not considered genuine and of divine origin. I greatly missed the noble Tobias, that model of a pious life, the Wisdom of Solomon, and Jesus Sirach,—all writings of such high mental and moral elevation, that few others equal them. I spoke to Goethe of my regret at the very narrow view by which some of the writings of the Old Testament are looked upon as immediately proceeding from God; while others, equally excellent, are not so. As if there could be anything noble and great which did not proceed from God, and which was not a fruit of his influence.

"I am thoroughly of your opinion," returned Goethe. "Still, there are two points of view from which biblical subjects may be contemplated. There is the point of view of a sort of

primitive religion, of pure nature and reason, which is of divine origin. This will always be the same, and will last and prevail as long as divinely endowed beings exist. It is, however, only for the elect, and is far too high and noble to become universal. Then there is the point of view of the Church, which is of a more human nature. This is defective and subject to change; but it will last, in a state of perpetual change, as long as there are weak human beings. The light of unclouded divine revelation is far too pure and brilliant to be suitable and supportable to poor weak man. But the Church steps in as a useful mediator, to soften and to moderate, by which all are helped, and many are benefited. Through the belief that the Christian Church, as the successor of Christ, can remove the burden of human sin, it is a very great power. To maintain themselves in this power and in this importance, and thus to secure the ecclesiastical edifice, is the chief aim of the Christian priesthood.

"This priesthood, therefore, does not so much ask whether this or that book in the Bible greatly enlightens the mind, and contains doctrines of high morality and noble human nature. It rather looks upon the books of Moses, with reference to the fall of man and the origin of a necessity for a Redeemer; it searches the prophets for repeated allusion to Him, the Expected One, and regards, in the Gospels, His actual earthly appearance, and His death upon the cross, as the atonement for our human sins. You see, therefore, that for such purposes, and weighted in such a balance, neither the noble Tobias nor the Wisdom of Solomon, nor the

sayings of Sirach, can have much weight. Still, with reference to things in the Bible, the question whether they are genuine or spurious is odd enough. What is genuine but that which is truly excellent, which stands in harmony with the purest nature and reason, and which even now ministers to our highest development! What is spurious but the absurd and the hollow, which brings no fruit—at least, no good fruit! If the authenticity of a biblical book is to be decided by the question,—whether something true throughout has been handed down to us, we might on some points doubt the authenticity of the Gospels, since those of Mark and Luke were not written from immediate presence and experience, but, according to oral tradition, long afterwards; and the last, by the disciple John, was not written till he was of a very advanced age. Nevertheless, I look upon all the four Gospels as thoroughly genuine; for there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus, and which was of as divine a kind as ever was seen upon earth. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to pay Him devout reverence, I say—certainly! I bow before Him as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to revere the Sun, I again say —certainly! For he is likewise a manifestation of the highest Being, and indeed the most powerful which we children of earth are allowed to behold. I adore in him the light and the productive power of God; by which we all live, move, and have our being—we, and all the plants and animals with us. But if I am asked

—whether I am inclined to bow before a thumb-bone of the apostle Peter or Paul, I say—'Spare me, and stand off with your absurdities!'

"'Quench not the spirit,' says the apostle. There are many absurdities in the propositions of the Church; nevertheless, rule it will, and so it must have a narrow-minded multitude, which bows its head and likes to be ruled. The high and richly-endowed clergy dread nothing more than the enlightenment of the lower orders. They withheld the Bible from them as long as it was possible. Besides, what can a poor member of the Christian Church think of the princely magnificence of a richly-endowed bishop, when he sees in the Gospels the poverty and indigence of Christ, who, with his disciples, travelled humbly on foot, whilst the princely bishop rattles along in his carriage drawn by six horses!

"We scarcely know," continued Goethe, "what we owe to Luther, and the Reformation in general. We are freed from the fetters of spiritual narrow-mindedness; we have, in consequence of our increasing culture, become capable of turning back to the fountain head, and of comprehending Christianity in its purity. We have, again, the courage to stand with firm feet upon God's earth, and to feel ourselves in our divinely-endowed human nature. Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it glistens and shines forth in the gospel!

"But the better we Protestants advance in

our noble development, so much the more rapidly will the Catholics follow us. As soon as they feel themselves caught up by the ever-extending enlightenment of the time, they must go on, do what they will, till at last the point is reached where all is but one.

"The mischievous sectarianism of the Protestants will also cease, and with it the hatred and hostile feeling between father and son, sister and brother; for as soon as the pure doctrine and love of Christ are comprehended in their true nature, and have become a vital principle, we shall feel ourselves as human beings, great and free, and not attach especial importance to a degree more or less in the outward forms of religion. Besides, we shall all gradually advance from a Christianity of words and faith, to a Christianity of feeling and action."

CHRIST

I have been reading the New Testament, and thinking of a picture which Goethe lately showed me, where Christ is walking on the water, and Peter coming towards him, on the waves, begins to sink, in a moment of faint-heartedness.

"This," said Goethe, "is one of the most beautiful legends, and one which I love better than any. It expresses the noble doctrine that man, through faith and hearty courage, will come off victor in the most difficult enterprizes, while he may be ruined by the least paroxysm of doubt." * * * * *

The conversation turned upon the great men who had lived before Christ, among the Chinese, the Indians, the Persians, and the Greeks;

and it was remarked, that the divine power had been as operative in them as in some of the great Jews of the Old Testament. We then came to the question how far God influenced the great natures of the present world in which we live?

"To hear people speak," said Goethe, "one would almost believe that they were of opinion that God had withdrawn into silence since those old times, and that man was now placed quite upon his own feet, and had to see how he could get on without God, and his daily invisible breath. In religious and moral matters, a divine influence is indeed still allowed, but in matters of science and art it is believed that they are merely earthly, and nothing but the product of human powers.

"Let any one only try, with human will and human power, to produce something which may be compared with the creations that bear the names of *Mozart*, *Raphael*, or *Shakespeare*. I know very well that these three noble beings are not the only ones, and that in every province of art innumerable excellent geniuses have operated, who have produced things as perfectly good as those just mentioned. But if they were as great as those, they rose above ordinary human nature, and in the same proportion were as divinely endowed as they.

"And after all what does it all come to? God did not retire to rest after the well-known six days of creation, but, on the contrary, is constantly active as on the first. It would have been for Him a poor occupation to compose this heavy world out of simple elements, and to keep it rolling in the sunbeams from year

to year, if He had not had the plan of founding a nursery for a world of spirits upon this material basis. So He is now constantly active in higher natures to attract the lower ones."

Goethe was silent. But I cherished his great and good words in my heart.

GOETHE'S END

The morning after Goethe's death, a deep desire seized me to look once again upon his earthly garment. His faithful servant, Frederic, opened for me the chamber in which he was laid out. Stretched upon his back, he reposed as if asleep; profound peace and security reigned in the features of his sublimely noble countenance. The mighty brow seemed yet to harbour thoughts. I wished for a lock of his hair; but reverence prevented me from cutting it off. The body lay naked, only wrapped in a white sheet; large pieces of ice had been placed near it, to keep it fresh as long as possible. Frederic drew aside the sheet, and I was astonished at the divine magnificence of the limbs. The breast was powerful, broad, and arched; the arms and thighs were full, and softly muscular; the feet were elegant, and of the most perfect shape; nowhere, on the whole body, was there a trace either of fat or of leanness and decay. A perfect man lay in great beauty before me and the rapture which the sight caused made me forget for a moment that the immortal spirit had left such an abode. I laid my hand on his heart—there was a deep silence—and I turned away to give free vent to my suppressed tears.

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THE ANTICHRIST

FRIEDRICH NEITZSCHE

INTRODUCTION BY
E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

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INTRODUCTION

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

There have been many great attacks upon Christianity, strong and effective in their different ways, and one hesitates to distinguish any one of them by the superlative "greatest": but if I were to use this superlative—especially with respect to sheer blasting force of inspired denunciation—I should apply it to *The Antichrist* of Friedrich Nietzsche. In this great essay—in this great pamphlet—in this great battlecry, Nietzsche is uncompromisingly the fighter. He delivers smashing blows, stinging slaps, piercing thrusts, prodigious kicks, world-resounding hoots and cries of cultured scorn. One is not only impressed intellectually, but one is thrilled and moved to the depths by the splendid, sweeping fervor of this attack. Nietzsche, who is indeed a very Hercules of intellectual combat, communicates to the reader the very spirit of his own Herculean antagonism, reinforced by a profound, four-square conviction of the just necessity of the cause. Like Nietzsche, one is sure that one is standing on the highest ground of culture and humanity, that one is fighting in the strongest position intellectually, and that one is assailing not simply an idea, not simply a religion, not simply an unattractive or untrue way of looking at life, but (inclusive of all these aspects) a serious enemy of civilization.

One is aware that it is not merely a theory, viewed in cool and remote detachment, which engages Nietzsche's combative ardor. It is not an argument in the abstract about supernaturalism. It is not an argument of pure reason about dogmas which do not impinge upon life. It is because Christianity is deadly-hostile to all true and fine human values that Nietzsche sends forth his trumpet blast against it—against its ideas and sentiments—against its history and ethics —against all its works and influences. Christianity—Nietzsche repeats the charge again and again and it is the central theme of his magnificent super-pamphlet—is at heart and utterly the foe of civilization.

It is a joy to read such invigorating, such frankly destructive criticism: criticism, moreover, which is destructive of a *destroying* influence. It takes no great thought, after all, to understand that in this great attack Nietzsche is himself the constructive mind arguing for civilization against an institution and an ideal that degrades and would defeat life. Fundamentally, in his philosophic attitude, Nietzsche hates Christianity because it says "No" to life; and the whole of Nietzsche's conviction is that we should say "Yes" to life. One need not agree uncritically with every idea and every line of this

sublime, forceful thinker—indeed, a valuable lesson which he enforces is that of courage and independence in thinking—to realize that the sum of his thought, of his culture, and of his powerful pronunciamento in the present instance is civilized and constructive. He loved "noble values" and his mind comprehended the loftiest interests and aims of life. He was infinitely superior to Christianity (and of course no individual Christian could intellectually or culturally compare with him) in his allegiance to the spirit of truth, of freedom, and of progress.

It was his belief in the worthiness and the fair possibilities of life that engendered hatred of Christianity in the mind of Nietzsche. (For he *hated* Christianity, with the hatred of high-minded conviction, and the reasons for his hatred justify what was in truth a noble emotion of affirmation in behalf of all that is best in life, at once a noble hatred and a noble scorn and superiority. He had indeed a profound contempt for Christianity; but it was not contempt alone that dictated those devastating phrases, those thundering words, those scorching images and comparisons. He was inspired by an active hatred, and naturally so, inasmuch as he had to deal with an active force, a force too that was visibly and insolently more powerful in his day than it is in our day: although it is clear enough that the tremendous blows of Nietzsche are still useful, are still needed, against this historic and, in our day, still blustering and scheming and thwarting enemy of the civilized among mankind.

Nietzsche hated Christianity, then, because he was very close to it—it confronted him directly as an enemy—and, as he himself confesses, he had personally felt its acrid, cramping influence. And the justification of his hatred, aside from the personal feeling that any intelligent man would have in the presence of anything so ignoble, was that the Christian religion was poisonous to philosophy, poisonous to ethics, poisonous to all culture. In a word, a genuine and free and strong culture could not be developed save as Christianity should be destroyed to make way for it.

Science? Religion was, as its very nature necessitated, the sworn foe of science: for science came with the instruments and point of view and mighty factual structure of knowledge which must shatter the shams of religion. Literature? The really great in literature was feared and denounced by the priests of this religion of narrow-mindedness, this religion, too, which essentially was inspired by a hatred of the hearty, fine realities of life: a free literature is inevitably pagan, curious, joyous, and blasphemous: literary culture must be the very opposite of Christian "culture."

And indeed Nietzsche says that the science and art of reading, the knowing of words and their meaning and their true use in the expression of ideas, is the most effective means of showing up the false pretensions of religion. The very terms upon which religion depends—its words such as God, Devil, spirit, soul, immortality, sin, salvation, and the like—reveal its essential character of bunk. (Bunk, by the way, is a word that Nietzsche would have delighted to use;

short and vigorous words, more truthful than polite, abound in *The Antichrist*: he could be blunt, as he could be sharp and subtle, according to the impression which it was important to convey.) Religion uses throughout an unreal language, a set of words that do not correspond to any images or purposes of reality: and it is a good test of intelligence whether one detects the nature of this illusory word pattern, which is of no use whatever save to deceive the victims of pristly craft and ambition, to deceive these victims about the character of life.

There are tremendous implications in the simple remark of Nietzsche that the ancient Romans had developed to the stage of civilization where they *knew how to read.* Words, in their minds, created pictures that were realistic: they were skeptical and did not read incuriously and credulously: they brought an attitude of familiar thoughtfulness to their reading: they had a culture which was carefully and clearly expressed. Of course, the perspicacious reader understands that this knowing how to read did not with the pagans, and does not with civilized persons today, apply solely to books: it is in the broadest sense *knowing how to read life*, how to observe things as they are, how to interpret rationally the real forces of nature and the relations, the impulses, and the aspirations of man. All men of ripe and reflective culture appreciate this importance of knowing how to read, which most men confuse with the simple training of literacy.

There is nothing more common than the habit of reading without understanding. And when a man does not, in the first place, have a clear realistic attitude toward life, how can he possibly find an intelligent, true, living picture of things in what he reads? He misunderstands the simplest words; phrases elude him; the thought which animates the page is beyond his detection; the very allusions, the very images and illustrations, the very basic implications of thought which are necessarily found in intelligent writing are foreign and meaningless to the man who, being literate and able to spell out words, nevertheless does not know how to read.

But the Romans, says Nietzsche, had learned how to read. They had evolved a wonderful organization of powerful, realistic, cultured life. And Christianity was an evil, corrupting agent in the downfall of this splendid ancient civilization. Is it any wonder that Nietzsche —in the degree that he admired that ancient civilization and truly loved the very spirit, the very words, the very outlook of civilization —hated Christianity! Who that appreciates the pagan civilization, which had achieved so much and promised in its sound development so much more, could—facing the record of Christian "civilization" for centuries after the downfall of pagan Rome—intelligibly be a Christian?

We of today, who have reached the stage of scientific, complete rationalism, say that Nietzsche was right in every syllable of his indictment of Christianity. He is supported by the facts of history, by the facts of science, by the facts and the implications and the

essential, underlying spirit of all culture. Civilization and culture have had to gain their triumphs in opposition to the degrading, confusing, altogether evil influence of Christianity; and as culture and civilization have claimed the allegiance of men, Christianity has receded in their regard and certainly, as a theory of life or as a way of life, it is no longer believed by intelligent people. (Sadly must this statement be accompanied by the confession that there are still many people who are not intelligent, although the wisdom of the ages and especially the scientific learning of the past few centuries is at their command if they but learn, as the pagans had learned, *how to read.*)

Neither Christianity as an organized religion, with its churchly dogmas and its claim to control and guide life according to a "spiritual" theory of life which is discredited by the very fundamentals of modern knowledge, nor Christianity in the very academic sense of the supposed personality and "message" of Jesus is reconcilable with a realistic scheme of life. Dogmatically, Christianity has asserted what is false; it has arrogated to itself, without the slightest basis of real knowledge, the position of explaining life (and, more important in the Christian view, the "beyond life" to which it would have life be miserably, falsely subservient): it has been at once the most vicious engine of tyrannical worldly power and the most corrupting source of anti-worldly, anti-human "spiritual" bunk. There has been no consistency in Christianity: but in both of its main characteristics it has been antagonistic to the best interests of mankind.

Jesus, of course, is but a name and a myth employed spectacularly, though not logically, in the service of this inconsistent religion. One understands what Nietzsche means when he says that the last Christian died on the cross—the only Christian: for obviously the complete ascetic ideal of Jesus, the strange and morbid psychology which (in the most coherent picture we can make of this little known or one may say unknown figure) dominated him could not long and actively serve as the official teaching of a religion. Even granting that some men have attempted to follow in the way of Jesus and that they have considerably succeeded in this attempt (a kind of success which must in its very nature be a failure or a denial of life), it is apparent that a really Jesus-inspired Christianity would be impossible.

But Paul had the asceticism of Jesus, only in Paul it was less a renunciation of life than a hatred of life. And Christianity, while its politics have certainly been far removed from the mild, renunciatory, "kingdom-of-heaven-within" gospel ascribed to Jesus, nevertheless has been poisoned with the pretenses of "spirituality" and with the futile, puritanical "nay-saying" of the Jesus legend. It must be said in all candor that the chief blame for mankind's self-torturing and fear and shame with regard to sex, for example, rests upon the despicably distorting influence of Christianity. It seems clear enough that without the confusions and the cruel denials of what is natural and sane which have been maintained by the Christian doctrines of purity and "spirituality" and godliness—or, in short, by the Christian

emphasis upon a "life to come" which discouraged a true consideration of the hopes and needs and problems of this life—mankind would today have a more intelligent, happy attitude toward sex, as they would be far more sensibly adjusted to all the realities of life.

The dual roles, as it were, that Christianity has played in history —its politics of power and its philosophy of "spiritual" negation of life (negation of reality and culture)—explain what at first glance may appear a contradiction in Nietzsche's criticism. He speaks of the Christian attitude of envy and suspicion and hatred toward superior, powerful, great men and ideas and events: Christianity, he says, is the religion of weakness in contrast with the gospel of greatness and power which Nietzsche would wish mankind to honor. But the contradiction is only apparent: power such as that wielded by barbaric Popes and Kings, power without culture or vision, power utterly indifferent to the future of humanity on this earth—that was not the sort of power that Nietzsche, in a spirit of poetry and prophecy that looked a long way ahead, conceived as admirable or desirable.

The power of Christianity was a power meanly obtained and meanly used; it was, moreover, a power which was exercised to beat down and cruelly discourage the appearance of all the fine values which Nietzsche loved; Nietzsche at times speaks recklessly of the will-to-power as something worthy in itself, yet it is after all the sum of his philosophy that power should be something of large human vision and thoughtfulness and culture. The mere power of exploitation and tyranny and conquest was, after all, opposed to the values which Nietzsche envisaged in his poetic, prophetic way as brilliantly justifying his rather fanciful (yet, if one brings it down to a realistic scale, inspiring) ideal of "the Superman."

And thus Christianity, whether in its manifestations of bigoted power, fighting all the aims of culture and civilization, or in its influence of a life-denying, truth-denying, nature-and-man-hating "spiritual" philosophy is truthfully indicted by Nietzsche. It is true, as he asserts, that Christianity has trampled upon all that is good and natural and sane in life. It is true that noble and superior things, which Nietzsche elevates in his regard, have been ever suspected and persecuted by Christianity: and that Christian power has been employed principally to keep humanity, to keep the culture and the progress of human society, from becoming powerful. It is true that Christianity, as a philosophy of life or as a religion or as an engine of power, has been foolish and mean and base. It is true that with the burden of Christianity fully upon them mankind could never have progressed to the point from which Nietzsche surveyed the world, nor beyond that to the scientific modernism which we, more fortunately placed in time, see about us. Consistently, and as by the force of a natural law of progress, the upbuilding of culture and civilization has necessitated a tearing down of Christianity. As Nietzsche says with his rude, right realism, Christianity (like other religions) has in its practical character been a scheme of priestly power, duping and doping the masses of mankind with a "spiritual" philosophy of

submission, futility, anti-humanness: a philosophy from which proceeds also a poor, mean hatred of what is good and what is noble and what is earthfully forward-looking in life.

One may add, too, that the so-called "gentler virtues"—pity, meekness, non-resistance and the like—which Nietzsche wrongly identified as Christian in practice have, in Christian preaching, appeared as poor, mean "virtues": at the best, when sincerely preached as Christianity, they have been futile in their remoteness from life and have, as Nietzsche truly says, been the reflection of weak natures: at the worst, it must be said that Christianity has been pitiless, arrogant, and violent (with a ghastly, barbaric will-to-power indeed!) in enforcing itself upon mankind. There has been much unreal, sickly sentimentalism in Christian preaching though not in Christian practice: but Christianity has been far removed from even the understanding of true humanitarianism—the kind of humanitarianism which Nietzsche, after all, featured in the noble sum and symmetry of his thought.

The Antichrist

Friedrich Nietzsche

Let us face one another. We are Hyperboreans. We know well enough that we dwell apart—"Thou wilt find the way to the Hyperboreans," said Pindar, "neither by water nor by land." This much about us at least was known to him. Further than the north, beyond the ice, beyond death, is our abode and our happiness. We have explored the happy dwelling-place; we know the way there. After thousands of years in the labyrinth we found the way out—and has anybody else found it? Has modern man?—"I do not know where I am," he moans. "I am utterly without knowledge of whence I came or whither I am going"—and this modernity made us feel sick: with its stagnant contentedness, its cowardly compromising, and all the virtuous dirtiness of its modern yes-and-no. The kind of toleration and broad-mindedness that "forgives" all when it "understands" all, is a sirocco to us. Far better to live amidst the ice-floes than in modern virtues and other south-winds! . . . It was not our courage that failed: we spared neither ourselves nor others but we knew not where our courage was most needed. We became sombre and men called us fatalists; but our fatalism was the accumulation, and the tautening, and the storing of energy. We were eager for thunderings and action; we shunned the weakling's joy—resignation . . . A storm was in our air; the sky above us grew dark; at that time we had not found our way. Formula of our happiness: a yes, a no, a straight line, an objective . . .

II

What is good—everything that increases the feeling of power, the will to power, and power itself, in men. What is evil?—everything based in weakness. What is joy?—the emotion of power increasing, of a resistance overcome. Not contentedness, but more power! Not peace at any price, but war! Not "goodness," but more ability! ("Goodness" in the Renaissance-idiom is "virtue," free of moral taint.) The weak and the misbegotten shall sink to the ground: this is our humanitarian slogan: and they should be helped to sink.

What is the most harmful vice?—pity shown to the misbegotten and the feeble—Christianity.

III

The problem I state here is not what will replace man in the evolution of species (for man is an end in himself); but what type of man shall be evolved, shall be willed, as having the highest value, as being the most worthy to live and the best guarantor of the future? Already this higher type of man has appeared occasionally; but always by a stroke of luck, exceptionally, never as the result of an act

of will. On the contrary, far from being desired, he has always been greatly feared; he has inspired a supreme terror—and out of that terror of the higher type of man there arose the desire to evolve or to breed or to achieve the opposite type: the tame beast, the mob-animal, the sick brute-man—the Christ-type . . .

IV

Mankind does not show any evolution toward a better or a stronger or a higher level, as these terms are understood today. "Progress" is merely a modern idea. Hence of course a false idea. The European of today, in his sense of values, falls far below the European of the Renaissance: evolution by no means implies a raising of standards, a step upwards, a strengthening of the species. It does succeed, however, at times, in producing a higher type, in varying civilizations and in isolated cases: and compared to the average man, such types are undoubtedly a kind of beyond-man. The possibility of luck in successfully producing this type has always been present, and perhaps will always be present; and even whole races, tribes and peoples may exemplify such a fortuitously happy achievement.

V

There is no need to deck out Christianity in fine trappings: for it has waged war to the death against this higher type of man; it has laid a ban upon all the basic instincts of this type, it has distilled evil and the voice of evil out of those very instincts, rebuking the strong man as a wrong-doer. Christianity has taken sides with all the feeble, the base, and the misbegotten; it has found its ideal in opposing the instincts which maintain life in a healthy condition: it has even corrupted the reasoning power of strong intelligences by making out that the highest intellectual values are sinful, misleading, and a temptation. As a superb example of this, consider the disruption of Pascal, who believed his reasoning ability was perverted by original sin; whereas it was merely worm-eaten by Christianity!

VI

It is a distressing, a painful spectacle that appears before me: I have drawn back the curtain which conceals the putrescence of mankind. This word, as I use it, at least cannot be suspected of implying any moral stigma. It is, I must again insist, free of moral taint: so much so that I detect the putrescence in question precisely where there has hitherto been most aspiration toward "goodness" and "Godliness." I define putrescence, as may be supposed, in the sense of decadence. My contention is simply that all the values now regarded as most desirable are nothing but decadence-values.

I define an animal, a species, or an individual as decadent when it loses its instincts; when it adopts and when it even prefers what is injurious to itself. A history of the "better feelings," of "Humanmanity's ideals"—and I may have to write this—would almost explain why mankind is so putrescent. In my view life is essentially an instinct towards development, towards survival, towards the conserva-

tion of energies, towards power: degeneration occurs when the will to power fails. My contention is, that all the values now regarded as most desirable are lacking in this will; and that values of degeneration and nihilism hold sway under the holiest of names.

VII

Christianity is known as the religion of pity—and pity stands in opposition to the tonic emotions which stimulate the feeling of being alive: it is a depressant. A man loses power when he pities. Pity intensifies the drain upon strength which suffering already adds to life. Pain itself becomes infectious through pity; in certain cases it may lead to a total sacrifice of life and living energy absurdly out of proportion to the occasion (such as at the death of the Nazarene). That is the first view of it; but there is another still more important. Measuring pity by the value of the reactions it sets up, its destructive effect upon life becomes much more evident. Pity interferes profoundly with the law of development which is the law of selection. It preserves what is ripe for decay, it lends its aid to the disinherited and to those condemned by life. By keeping life in all kinds of misbegotten wretches, it even makes life itself seem a questionable, gloomy affair. Pity has been impertinently described as a virtue (in any decent moral code it is a sign of weakness): going still further, it has even been described as the supreme virtue, the root and fountain-head of all the virtues—but let us not forget that this was from the standpoint of a philosophy of nihilism, which inscribed on its shield the rejection of life. Schopenhauer was within his rights on this point: that by means of pity life is rejected and made more worth rejecting. Pity is the praxis of nihilism. I repeat, this depressing and contagious impulse frustrates the instincts which tend to exalt life and enhance its value. By perpetuating suffering and by multiplying suffering it is the supreme instigator of increasing decadence. Pity leads to nothing! It is a guide to annihilation, though annihilation is not the usual term. Usually they say "the beyond," or "God," or "the true way of life," or nirvana, or salvation, or blessedness . . . Oh, this simple-rhetorical language of the kingdom of religion and morals! It is a good deal less innocent when one realizes that the impulse hiding behind a mantle of wordy sublimity is none other than the impulse of hostility to life. Schopenhauer was hostile to life: therefore he made pity into a virtue . . . Aristotle, as is well known, regarded pity as a sickly and dangerous condition which needed clearing out of the system every now and then by means of a purgative: and he regarded tragedy as a purgative. If we are to preserve the instinct to live we must certainly find some method of lancing the pus-accumulation of pity which is chronic in Schopenhauer (and unfortunately, in the whole literary decadence from St. Petersburg to Paris, from Tolstoi to Wagner): we must puncture the boil till it bursts . . . Nothing is more pathological in our pathological modernity than this disease of Christian pity. To be doctors here, to be inexorable, to wield the knife here—that is our task and

our humanitarian duty; that's what makes us philosophers, we hyperboreans!

VIII

It is necessary to state exactly whom we regard as our opponents: the theologians, and all who have theological blood in their veins—our whole philosophy, this. A man needs to have had his nose close to the malady, or better still, to have been infected with it, almost to have succumbed to it, before he can realize that it is no joke (what seems funny to me is the apathy of our friends the scientists and physiologists: they have no passion in these matters, they have not had the complaint). The infection extends further than people think: I find theological proudflesh extending wherever men profess and call themselves "idealists"—wherever, thanks to inspiration from on high, a man claims the right to rise above actuality and look upon it with suspicion . . . The idealist, like the priest, has all kinds of big ideas in his hand (and elsewhere!) with which he very benevolently bludgeons "the understanding," "sense-perceptions," "a sense of honor," "a sense of decency," "empirical knowledge"—he regards such things as beneath him, as pernicious and seductive forces, above which the "soul" soars ever so purely: as though humility, Christianity, poverty—in one word, holiness—had not already wrought more harm to life than every kind of forbidden horror and wickedness. The pure spirit is a pure lie . . . So long as the priest, that professional negator, slanderer and poisoner of life, is regarded as a superior type of human being, there cannot be any answer to the question: what is truth? Truth has been turned upside down already if the firm advocates of annihilation and negation are accepted as apostles of light . . .

IX

Against this theological instinct I declare war: I find its spoor everywhere. Whoever has theological blood in his veins is naturally shifty and dishonorable in all things. The sickly condition ensuing is called faith: which means wilfully turning the eyes away from self to avoid the painful sight of an incurable mendacity. Thus vision is warped, and in the distorted prospect a virtue, a morality and a holiness is constructed: good conscience is derived from bad sight: and it is claimed that no other kind of vision has value any more, since this one has been made sacrosanct with the names of "God," "salvation," and "eternity." I dig up the traces of this theological instinct in all kinds of places. It is the most widely-occurring and also the most subtly-concealed form of subterranean deceit to be found on the earth. Whatever a theologian regards as true must of necessity be false—this almost provides a criterion of truth, for it is the theological deep-seated instinct of self-protection which prevents actuality from ever being held in esteem, which even prevents it from being defined. Wherever the theological influence reigns value-judgments are inverted, and the concepts "true" and "false" change places automatically: everything most harmful to life is called "true," and whatever exalts life, intensifies it, glories in it, and makes it

triumphant, is called "false" . . . Whence it follows that, whenever the theologians, working upon the "consciences" of princes (or of peoples), stretch out their hands for power, there is never any doubt what fundamental result would follow: the will to end life would begin to operate, the nihilistic will to power . . .

X

Germans will immediately understand me when I say that theological blood is the ruin of philosophy, for the Protestant pastor is the grandfather of German philosophy; and Protestantism is its original sin (a definition of Protestantism:—partial paralysis of Christianity, total paralysis of reason). A mere mention of the words "Tubigen school" is enough to explain that German philosophy is at heart only a form of theology. The Swabians are the best liars in Germany; for they lie without knowing it . . . Why all the rejoicing with which Kant's appearance was greeted by the whole learned world of Germany—of which three-fourths consists of parsons' and schoolmasters' sons? Why the German opinion, which still has an echo, that with Kant there came a change for the better? It was the theological instinct of German scholars which made them realize what had again become possible—a backstairs to the old ideal had been constructed. By means of a cunning semblance of scepticism the old concepts of the "true world" and of morality as the essence of being were shown to be at least not refutable, even if not demonstrable . . . Reason and the prerogative of reason does not govern this territory! Reality was sublimated into "experience," and an utterly false world (of "being") was sanctified as reality . . . The success of Kant was purely a theological success, nothing more. Like Leibnitz and Luther, Kant was one more check upon the German sense of righteousness, which was beginning to wobble . . .

XI

Now to deal with Kant as a moralist. A virtue must be our own invention, our own personal defense and need; otherwise it is harmful, for a foreign body not essential to our organism is always noxious to it. A virtue arising purely from respect for the concept "virtue," as Kant would have it, is noxious . . . "Virtue," "duty," "pure goodness," goodness with the character of impersonality or universal validity—these are not concepts but phantasms; they express the decline and the final enervation of life, the Chinese religion of Konigsberg. Exactly the opposite principle is required if life is to expand and develop: that each man should find his own virtue, his own categorical imperative. A race is sinking downwards when it confounds it own special duty with the concept of duty-in-general. Nothing is more intrinsically ruinous than "impersonal" duties, and in fact all offerings before the Moloch of abstraction . . . To think that Kant's categorical imperative has not yet been recognized as a noxious irritant in living bodies! . . . Only the theological instinct gave it a welcome . . . Any action arising in the instinct to live has its justification in the satisfaction or pleasure it brings: in joy it is

established as a right action. But that nihilist with the guts of a Christian dogmatist actually considered pleasure to be an objection! What destroys a man quicker than to work and think and feel without inner necessity—as a mere automaton of "duty"? This is veritably the recipe for decadence, and, yes, for idiocy. Kant fell into imbecility. And this was in Goethe's life-time! A spinner of fate's cobwebs was taken to be the supreme German philosopher—he still is! I refrain from saying what I think about the Germans after that . . . Did Kant not see in the French revolution a transition from the inorganic to the organic form of society? Did he not ask himself whether there was any event which might possibly be explained on other grounds than as a moral impulse of mankind? So that he could demonstrate finally man's "tendency toward goodness"? Kant would reply, "But that is revolution!"—the instinct to be wrong everywhere and in everything, the instinct to deny nature, German decadence as a philosophy—there you have Kant in a nutshell!

XII

Apart from a few skeptics, the decent types in the history of philosophy, the rest are strangers to the first principles of intellectual honesty. They act just like women, these great gushing prodigies —they mistake "beautiful feelings" for arguments, they look upon the "heaving bosom" as a bellows of divinity, and conviction as the test of truth. In the end, Kant, with typical German ingeniousness, even tried to give a scientific dress to this particular kind of corruption and lack of intellectual scruple. With the aid of his concept of "practical reason," he produced a special kind of reason, for use on occasions when reason cannot function: namely, when the sublime command, "Thou shalt," resounds. And when it is recalled that the philosopher is merely a development from the priest, such a self-deception, such a heritage from priestliness, is not so amazing. When a man has a holy task before him, for example to uplift, save or deliver his fellows; when he carries divinity in his bosom and is the mouthpiece of commands from on high, naturally with such a mission he is above the mere imperatives of ordinary reason. He feels that he is a man apart, sanctified by his task, a celestial being almost! What does a priest care for science? He is superior to it! And hitherto it is the priest who has held sway! It is the priest who has defined the concepts "true" and "not true"!

XIII

There is one fact we should not under-estimate: we ourselves—we free spirits—are already a "reversal of all values," a living declaration of war against all the old concepts of "true" and "untrue," and a triumph over them. The most valuable intuitions are those which come late; and the most valuable of all is that of method. All the methods, all the elementary procedure of our modern scientific knowledge, were held in contempt for centuries: anybody who dabbled in them was excluded from "respectable" company, was looked upon as an "enemy of God," as a mocker of truth and as

"possessed by the devil." A man with a scientific character was classed with Chandala outcasts . . . We have had the whole pathetic opinion of mankind against us—their notion of what should be true and what should take the place of truth was thrust upon us; and their every "thou shalt" was brought into action against us . . . Our motives and our procedure, and our calm, cautious, untrustful way of looking at things, were all vilified and condemned. Perhaps it may be urged with some justification that it was an esthetic impulse which kept men in blindness so long. They wanted truth to seem picturesque. From the learned they demanded an appeal to their senses. It was our moderation which repelled men so long . . . But oh, how well the turkey-cocks of God understood all this!

XIV

We have restated our knowledge. In advancing facts we have become more moderate. No longer do we derive man from the "spirit" or from "God." We have placed him back amongst the beasts. We classify him as the strongest of the animals, because he is the craftiest (hence his spirituality!) But even here we are careful to avoid a delusion which might seem attractive, namely that man is the driving purpose behind evolution in the animal kingdom. He is anything but the crown of creation. Every living creature is comparatively as well developed—even this statement needs a reservation, for man is actually the most ill-adapted of animals, the sickliest, the one which has strayed farthest from its instincts: though withal he is easily the most interesting! Concerning animals, Descartes was the first to postulate, with admirable insight, the mechanism of beasts; and now all our pyysiology is directed toward proving his theory. Moreover, we do not put man in a class by himself, as Descartes did. We regard him also as mechanistic, nowadays. Once upon a time he was endowed with a "free will," the gift of powers from above: nowadays we call in question even the existence of the will itself, in the sense that there is no longer any need to postulate such a faculty. The word "will" in its old use has come to mean merely the effect of an individual reaction which must necessarily follow upon a series of partly unrelated and partly harmonized stimuli—the "will" is no longer a cause, no longer a "motive" . . . Formerly it was held that the man's mind, his "spirit," was a proof of his divine origin. To achieve perfection he was recommended to benumb his senses like the tortoise, to have no truck with earthly things, or to cast off his mortal frame, so that the best part of him, his "pure spirit," would remain . . . We have thought of a better explanation than this: we regard soulfulness, or the "spirit," as a mark of relative imperfection in an organism, as a piece of fumbling guesswork, as a laborious error, as an unnecessary using-up of nervous energy. We deny that anything can be done perfectly by taking thought. The "pure spirit" is a pure humbug. Take away the nervous system and the senses, take away the "mortal frame"—and if anything remains over, it is a miscalculation: that is all!

XV

Neither as an ethical code nor as a religion has Christianity any point of contact with things as they actually are. It is concerned with purely fantastic causes ("God," "the soul," "the self," "the spirit," "freewill"—even "unfree" will); and it is concerned with purely fantastic effects ("sin," "salvation," "grace," "punishment," "forgiveness of sin"). It communes with fantastic creatures ("God," "ghosts," and "souls"); it professes a fantastic science (anthropocentric, with no conception of natural causes); a fantastic psychology (a pure self-deception, which misinterprets feelings, pleasant and unpleasant of, for example, the nervus sympatheticus, in terms of religious and moral symbolism—such as "repentance," "conscience," "possession by the devil," "the voice of God," "the last judgment," and "everlasting life")—this world of pure fantasy is to be differentiated, to its disadvantage, from the world of dreams; for the dream-world at least reflects actuality, whereas the other falsifies, slanders, and denies actuality. Once the concept "nature" is regarded as opposed to the contrary concept "God," the word "natural" has necessarily to take on a meaning of "abominable." The whole Christian fantasy-world is based in an aversion from what is natural (from actuality!) —it is a vote of no-confidence in life as it actually exists . . . Ah, but this explains everything . . . Who would have a reason for escaping from actuality?—the man who suffers from it! And if he suffers from actuality a man must be a misfit in the world as it actually is. A predominance of pain over joy is the explanation of this religion and ethic of escape: just as in the same way a predominance of pain over joy is the formula of decadence . . .

XVI

We are led to a similar conclusion by examining the Christian concept of God. Any nation that believes in itself will hold fast to its own God. In him it honors its own virtues and the qualities which enable it to develop. Such a people projects its own desire, its feeling or power, into a being that consequently has some claim to be honored. To this God the rich will give of their wealth: a dignified nation needs a God, for sacrifices . . . Thus viewed, religion is a kind of gratitude. A man owes gratitude to himself; therefore he requires a God. Such a God must be able to confer benefits, and also to inflict injuries, must be both a friend and a foe. He is marvelous in both good and evil—but the unnatural castration of a God, making him merely good, passes all comprehension. An evil God is quite as necessary as a good God. Surely existence does not derive merely from divine toleration and humanitarianism; what is the use of a God who knows nothing of passion, revenge, envy, scorn, cunning and violence?—who had perhaps never known the rapturous ardors of victory and of destruction? Such a God would not be comprehensible; why should he be needed? Admittedly, when a people is on the downward path, when they feel that their belief in the future, their hope of freedom, is disappearing; when capitulation

seems necessary and submission is advisable in the interests of self-protection; then they have to modify their God! He then becomes a timid and obsequious crawler. He counsels "peace-at-any-price," "hate-no-more," "compromise," and even "love" towards friend and foe alike. He is always moralizing. He creeps into the core of every private virtue. He becomes a God for everybody, he retires from active service, he goes abroad for a trip and becomes a cosmopolitan . . . Formerly he stood for a nation, for all that was ascendant and powerful in the heart of a people: but now he is merely the good God above. For there is only one alternative for Gods: they are either the will to power, in which case they are national-Gods; or they are impotent, and then they must be good . . .

XVII

When the will to power breaks down at some point, the result is invariably a physiological enfeebling, a state of decadence; and this decadence deified (divinity shorn of all manly virtues and passions), naturally takes the form of a God of physical debilitation, a God of the feeble . . . But they don't call themselves the feeble, they call themselves "the good" . . . A wink is as good as a nod to indicate just at what point in history the dualistic fiction of a good and an evil God first became possible. It is the instinct of a people cowed into subjection which compels them to degrade their God into "pure goodness"; and the same instinct prompts them to depreciate the qualities of strength in their conquerors' God. (The good God and the Devil as well; both are abortions conceived by decadence.) Christian theologians claim that the evolution of the idea of God from the "God of Israel," a tribal God, to the Christian God, a concept of universal goodness, is an advance. Why do we make such a concession to simple-mindedness as to grant them this? Yet Renan does—as if Renan had any right to be simple-minded! The contrary is obvious. When all that is strong, and brave, and masterful, and haughty is eliminated from the idea of God; and step by step he has become a staff for the weary, a straw for the drowning; when he has become a poor-box God, a sinner's God, and a God of Gods for invalids; when his highest mark of divinity is that he "redeems" and "saves": then what does the change mean? What is implied in such a lowering of Godly status? Admittedly, the "kingdom of God" by these means extends its boundaries. Once upon a time he ruled only his own people, his "chosen" people; but since then he has gone wandering into foreign lands, just like his chosen people, and he has lost his settled place of abode. Finally he came to feel at home anywhere and everywhere, he became the great cosmopolitan and he got "the greatest number" on his side, half the earth in fact. But the God of the great majority, the democrat amongst Gods, did not hereupon become proud like a heathen God: he remained a Jew, a God of back streets, God of dark holes and corners, God of all the world's slums! His earthly kingdom is still in the underworld, still an "Alsatia," still a tenement area, a ghetto still . . . And he himself

has become so pallid and so rickety, and so decadent . . . Even the palest of the pale can now master him; even the Albinos of intellect —our metaphysicians! They spun their webs about him so long that in the end he was hypnotized, he became a spinner himself, God become a metaphysician. Then he began again spinning the world out of his own innards—Spinoza fashion—he became thinner and paler etc., he became "ideal," "the pure spirit," "the absolute," he actually became the "thing-in-itself" . . . Oh, what a collapse of God —he became a "thing-in-itself"!

XVIII

The Christian idea of God—God as a deity of the sick, God as a spinner of cobwebs, God as a Ghost—is one of the most corrupt ideas that has ever been generated on earth: it is probably low-water-mark in the ebbing evolution of the God-type—God degraded into the negation of life instead of being its glorification and eternal affirmation! This God declares war upon life, upon natural existence, and upon the will to live! This God is the formula for slandering "this world," and for lying about the "next"! In this God annihilation is deified and the desire to be annihilated is made holy!

XIX

The fact that the virile races of northern Europe have not rejected the Christian God, does little credit to their religious ability; not to mention their good taste. They should have been able to deal with such a sickly and decrepit offshoot of decadence. But because they did not, a curse lies upon them: they have added sickliness, decrepitude and a self-division to their instincts—and they have not been able to create any more new Gods! Two thousand years have gone by without even one new God! Instead we still have with us—apparently established by right as the ultimate possible achievement of the God-building trade, the "creator spiritus" in man—this pitiable God of Christian monotono-theism! We still have with us a hybrid dilapidated creature, built from no thinking and subject to no changes of thought: and in him every impulse of decadence, cowardice and weariness of soul finds its sanction!

XX

In my attack upon Christianity I must avoid an injustice to a somewhat similar religion—which has an even greater following—Buddhism. Both are nihilistic religions, religions of decadence, but there is an extraordinary difference between them; and it is owing to the work of Indian scholars that a critic of Christianity can make the study in comparison.

Buddhism is a hundred times more realistic than Christianity. It has the ingrained habit of facing problems objectively and coolly, for it has sprung from hundreds of years of deep philosophical reflection: the idea of God it has disposed of long ago. Buddhism is the only really positive religion known to history; even in its epistemology (which is a strict phenomenalism) it avoids speaking of the "struggle against sin," and refers, more realistically, to the "struggle against

pain." In sharp contradistinction to Christianity, it avoids the self-deception of ideas of morality—it stands, as I phrase it, "beyond good and evil." The two philosophical facts upon which it is based and upon which it focuses attention are: firstly, a keen sensibility, which takes the form of a refined intuition of pain; and secondly, an excessive spirituality, an undue preoccupation with problems of thought and logical procedure, which causes the personal instincts to be subordinate to hte "impersonal." (Both of these states of mind will be familiar to certain of my readers, the "objective" ones, who, like myself, know them in experience.) The genesis of these mental states is in physical depression; which Buddha sought to counteract by rules of hygiene. To cure it, he prescribed life in the open air, a life of travel; moderation and care in the choice of foods; a caution against spirituous liquors; and likewise against all passions which create bile and heat the blood; and no worry, either about oneself or for others. He encourages all ideas which bring peace of mind or cheerfulness, and seeks ways of overcoming other kinds of thoughts. He defines goodness, or being good, as the promotion of health. Prayer is eschewed, and so is asceticism; there is no categorical imperative, no discipline of any kind, not even within the walls of a monastery—it is always possible to leave—for such things would intensify the excessive sensibility already mentioned. For the same reason his advice is against any conflict with infidels; nothing is more repellent to his doctrine than feelings of revenge, aversion and resentment ("hatred does not put an end to hatred," is the pathetic refrain of all Buddhism). And to this extent he was right: that these passions are indeed most antagonistic to his main dietetic purpose. The spiritual lassitude that he finds in excessive "objectivity" (that is, an individual's loss of interest, loss of balance, and of "egotism" he combats by making a strong attempt to reestablish intellectual interest in personality. In Buddha's teaching egotism is a duty: the "one thing needful," that is, "how canst thou overcome pain?" regulates and determines the whole spiritual diet. (Here we should recall that the Athenian who also attacked pure "scientificality," Socrates, raised personal egotism into one of the problems of morality).

XXI

The prerequisites for Buddhism are a very mild climate, gentleness and liberality of manners; and no militarism. The movement must also originate amongst the upper classes, or the learned. Cheerfulness, peace of mind, and a curbing of desire will be sought after, and will be attained. Buddhism is not a religion which merely aspires towards perfection: perfection is the normal state of affairs—in the Christian religion it is the instinct of the subjugated and the oppressed which predominate: the lowest classes look to it for salvation. The Christian cure for monotony is the pastime of playing casuistically with sin, self-abasement, and probings of conscience. A feeling of ease in the presence of a person of rank (called "God")

is ecstatically induced by means of prayer; and influence with the all-highest is vindicated by "gifts" and "acts of grace." In this religion also candor is avoided; concealment and the dim religious light are Christian. In this faith the body is despised, and hygiene is shunned as sensual. The church opposes cleanliness (the first Christian act after the Moors were driven out was to close the baths, of which there were two hundred and seventy in Cordova alone). Christian also is a streak of cruelty towards self and others; hatred of unbelievers; the desire to persecute. Gloomy and disturbing ideas predominate; epileptoid states of mind are held in high regard; a diet is favored which engenders morbid symptoms and frays the nerves. Christian also is a hostility towards the rulers of the earth —towards the "seats of the mighty"—and with this goes a kind of furtive emulation of the mighty ("they may own our bodies, but our souls are our own") . . . Christian also is a hatred of the intellect, of pride, of courage, of freedom, of spiritual profligacy . . . And Christian also is a hatred of the senses and of sensuous joy, in fact of all joy . . .

XXII

When the Christian religion left its home amongst the depressed classes in the underworld of antiquity, and went to seek a foothold amongst barbarian peoples, it was confronted not with exhausted men, but with men who were still instinctively savage and torn by emotional dissensions—with strong, but muddled, men. In such people self-resentment and self-torture do not take the Buddhistic form of a sensibility to and endurance of pain, but instead they take the form of a strong desire to inflict pain on others; to relieve inner tension by warlike acts and ideals. Christianity had need of barbaric ideas and barbaric precepts in order to be able to gain a mastery over the barbarians: ideas such as the sacrifice of the only-begotten son; blood-drinking at supper; sneers at intellect and culture; physical and mental torture; the great pomp of the cult. Buddhism is a religion for urbane men—for a good, kind, highly spiritual people— (Europe is not ripe for it yet, by a long way): its appeal is for peace and cheerfulness, for intellectual discipline and a certain physical endurance. But Christianity wants to domesticate wild animals: its method is to make them sick—"break their spirits" is the Christian way of taming, the Christian recipe for "civilization." Buddhism is a religion for the concluding stages of an exhausted civilization: but Christianity operates where civilization has not yet begun, or where it lays the foundations itself.

XXIII

Buddism, I repeat, is a hundred times more dignified and reasoned and objective. It has got beyond justifying suffering and sensitivity to pain in terms of a theory of sin—it merely says, "I suffer" . . . But to the barbarian pain is something which he cannot understand. For the savage to become aware at all that he is in pain he needs some explanation of the reason for pain. (Left to himself his

instinct is to ignore pain or to suffer it in silence.) Here the word "Devil" came in handy: man has a supernatural and awe-inspiring foe—there is no need to be ashamed of suffering at the hands of such an adversary. One or two deep-rooted subtleties of the Orient are ingrained in the Christian religion. For example, it realizes that, no matter whether a thing be true or not, it is important that it should be believed in as true. But truth and the belief that something is true are two utterly different sets of ideas—almost two contradictory sets of ideas—which are reached separately by two quite different approaches. To understand this is almost the same thing in the East as being a sage: the Brahmins understood it, Plato understood it, every student of the esoteric understands it. For example, when a man gets some satisfaction out of being delivered from sin, it is not necessary that he should have been actually a sinner; he need only have had the feeling of being a sinner. But when the necessity of faith is exalted above everything else, it follows that reason, knowledge, and research must be discredited: the road to truth is closed. As for hope, if sufficiently strong it is a greater encouragement to keep on living than actual joy could ever be. Man needs to be sustained in his suffering by a hope which adversity cannot shake, a hope which can never be put to the test of actual fulfilment: a hope in the world to come. (Precisely because hope has the power to make the wretched linger on, the Greeks regarded it as the evil of evils, as the most mischievous of the evil spirits which were left on earth to generate evil.) As for Christian love, God had to become a person for this to be possible; and, to give suppressed instincts a chance, God had to be young. For the ardor of the women a beautiful saint, and for the men a holy virgin were brought into the picture: this was particularly necessary where the Christian religion set out to win a territory previously cultivated by the religious notions of Aphrodisiac or Adonis worship. In addition an insistence upon chastity strengthens the vehemence and the introverted intensity of the religious impulse: it makes the cult warmer, more enthusiastic, more soulful. Love is a frame of mind in which things seem most different from what they really are: in love the power of illusion reaches its highest degree, and so does the art of sweetening and transfiguration. When a man is in love he endures more than at any other time: he will put up with anything. The problem was to find a religion which made some allowance for love: love which conquers the worst life has to offer, love which is blind . . . These are the three Christian virtues of faith, and love, and hope. I call them the three Christian sophistries. Buddhism is far too old, and too sure of itself, to bother about being superficially clever like this.

XXIV

I have briefly outlined the problem of the origin of Christianity. The first step in its solution is to realize that Christianity can only be understood in terms of the soil from which it sprang. It is not the outcome of a revolt against Jewish ways: it is a product of Jewish

ways, one stage further in the awe-inspiring logic of the Jews. In the words of the Savior, "Salvation is of the Jews." The second step in the solution of the problem is to realize that the psychological type of the Galilean persists, but it had to appear utterly degenerated (muddled and overlaid with non-essentials), before it could be used as a symbol of the salvation of mankind.

The Jews are the most remarkable people in human history because, whenever they have been faced with the question, "to be or not to be," they have always decided, with an uncanny insight, to be at any price: even if that price was the radical falsification of human nature, naturalness, reality, and the entire inner world as well as the external world. They have entrenched themselves within all the provisos under which a people can survive intact or has been allowed to survive. Out of their own consciousness they have evolved a set of ideas in opposition to all natural conditions of living—one by one they have taken religion, culture, morality, history, and psychology, and converted them irreparably into a contradiction of their natural meaning. We meet with the same phenomenon elsewhere, but all disjointed, a mere copy—for the Christian church lacks all claim to originality as compared with the "holy race" . . . Because of their capacity for distortion, the Jews are the most fateful people in human history. In the course of their operations they have hoodwinked mankind so much, that even to this day the Christian can feel anti-Semitic without realizing that he himself is the logical consequence of Judaism.

In my *Genealogy of Morals* I give the first psychological explanation of the distinction between a noble morality and a morality of resentment; the latter being merely a negation of the former—and this latter is the Jewish-Christian morality through and through! In order to be able to say no to life on the up-grade, to success, power, and beauty, and self-affirmation on earth, it was necessary for the instinct of resentment, or for the genius of resentment, to discover another world, one from which that affirmation of life could be regarded as evil and reprehensible. Psychologically considered, the Jews are a people very hard to suppress, who when they had to face impossible surroundings, deliberately selected the part of decadence, and made their choice with a profound worldly wisdom in order to preserve themselves intact. I do not mean that the Jews were overcome by decadence, but that they saw in it a method by which they could assert themselves against the world. The Jews are the opposite of decadent: they have simply been obliged to take on the part, so much so that with an incredible degree of histrionic genius, they have managed to place themselves in control of all decadent movements (such as Paul's Christianity) in order to make themselves stronger than the assertive forces of life. The kind of man who seeks power under Judaism or Christianity (that is, the priest) uses decadence as no more than a means to an end. This kind of fellow has a real interest in making people sick, and in upsetting the ideas of "good"

and "evil," "true" and "false," in a way which is dangerous to life and a slander against this world in which we live.

XXV

The history of Israel is of the utmost importance as an example of the progressive denaturalization of natural values. I give an account of five stages in this history to show what I mean. Originally, and particularly in the time of the kings, even Israel had the right attitude to everything, that is, the natural attitude. Israel's Jehovah expressed Israel's feeling of power: joy in Israel, and hope for Israel. To him the Israelites looked for victory and redemption, and through him they expected nature to give them what they needed—above all, rain. Jehovah is the God of Israel, and consequently a just God: such is the logic of any self-governed people who have a good conscience about their own sovereign power. In the religious ceremonial both aspects of this self-affirmation are expressed: it gives thanks for the great blessings of victory, and it gives thanks for the good seasons of the year, and for the increase of herds and crops.

This view of affairs remained the ideal for a long time, even after it had been woefully subverted by anarchy from within and the Assyrians from without. And the people still clung tenaciously to their loftiest vision of a King of Kings who was a good soldier and an upright judge: especially the typical prophet (critic and satirist) Isaiah. But every hope remained unfulfilled. The old God was unable to do what he used to be able to do. He ought to have been dropped. But what happened?— the idea of him was altered; the idea of him was denaturalized: this was the price they had to pay for keeping him at all. Jehovah, the "just" God, is no longer in harmony with Israel; no longer is he the expression of Israel's self-esteem: he has become a God on certain conditions . . . The idea of him became a weapon in the hands of priestly agitators who began to interpret all happiness as a reward and all misery as a punishment for disobedience to God, or for "sin" . . . And this is the most fraudulent of possible interpretations: by means of it a "moral order" is first established, and the natural ideas of cause and effect are stood upon their heads. Once natural causality has been swept away by "rewards" and "punishments," an unnatural causality is brought into being: and all other kinds of unnaturalness come following it. Behold a God who makes demands—instead of a God who helps, and advises, and is essentially a symbol for the happy inspirations of courage and self-reliance! Morality is no longer the expression of a people's vitality and urge to expansion: it has become abstract; it has become the adversary of life. Morality is now essentially a fantastic perversion, it is the "evil eye" watching everything a man does . . . What is Jewish, Christian, morality? It is fate robbed of its simplicity; misfortune besmirched with the idea of "sin"; prosperity interpreted as a dangerous temptation; physical infirmity made worse by the gnawings of conscience . . .

XXVI

The Jewish priestcraft falsified the idea of God and they falsified the idea of morality; but they did not rest content with this achievement. The whole history of Israel became superfluous—out it had to go! The priests actually achieved this miracle of falsification: witness the greater part of the Bible. With an unparalleled contempt for tradition and historical truth, they put a religious interpretation upon the chronicles of their own people, imposing a stupidly mechanical system of punishment for sins against Jehovah and rewards for piety to Jehovah. If centuries of ecclesiastical interpretation of history had not somewhat blunted our sense of rectitude in historical matters, we would resent such a shameful act of historical falsification far more than we do . . . And the philosophers second the priests. Throughout the whole development of philosophy, even the latest, they have lied about the "moral order." What is this "moral order"? It is a theory which implies that the will of God has established, once and for all, what ought to be done and what ought to be left undone. It implies that the worth of a nation or an individual is estimated by obedience or otherwise to this will of God: that the destinies of a nation or an individual are controlled by this God, who metes out rewards or punishments according to the obedience or otherwise shown to his will . . . And the actual answer to this miserable lie is as follows:—That a parasitical type of man, the priest, who can only live by battening upon healthy organisms, has taken the name of God in vain. The realm in which he as priest sets up standards of value he calls "the kingdom of God": the means by which he sets up his authority he calls "the will of God": and with a cold-blooded cynicism he presumes to judge nations, and individuals, and epochs, in accordance with their submission or otherwise to his priestly sway.

Observe how he sets to work! In the hands of the Jewish priests the Golden Age of Israel was transformed into an age of apostasy; the captivity, the long period of tribulation, was interpreted as a punishment for the Golden Age—in which priests didn't exist. The mighty freeborn heroes of Israel's history were described, for priestly purposes, either as hypocrites and bigots or as "Godless" men. The psychology of every important event was reduced to the idiotic formula of obedience or disobedience to God.

Then they went one stage further. "The will of God" (that is, the means used by priests to increase their power) had to be made known. A "revelation" became necessary. To put it plainly, a gross literary hoax had to be perpetrated: "Holy Scriptures" were brought to light, and were duly published forth with all due heirarchical pomp, and with days of penance and lamentations for the long period of "transgression." The "will of God," it appeared, had long been known; all the tribulation was due to the fact that "Holy Writ" had been disregarded . . . God had appeared to Moses . . . And what was the result? In brief, the priests had formulated, with meticulous pedantry, hard and fast rules for the tithes which were to be

paid to them, from the biggest to the smallest (not forgetting the choicest cuts of meat, for the priest likes beefsteak). Thus the priests made it clear just what the "will of God" is, just what they want for themselves . . .

From this time onward the priest became indispensable in every human event. At every natural function (birth, marriage, the sick-bed, death) the holy parasite puts in an appearance in order to denaturalize, or, in his words, to "bless" the event . . . For this must be noted: that every natural function, and every natural institution (the state, justice, marriage, care of the sick and destitute), every action based in the instinct to live, in fact everything which has a value in itself, is made worthless and even dangerous by the parasitism of the priests (or of the "moral world"): it is a sanction after the event, an artificial authority setting up values against nature, and thereby creating its own values . . . The priest frowns upon what is natural and calls it unholy: that is how he lives. Disobedience to God, that is, to the priest, is now called "sin"; the method of propitiating God, is, of course, the method which gives the priest more sway: it is the priest alone who can be an intermediary for "salvation." Psychologically considered, "sins" are absolutely necessary in every theocracy: they are the actual weapons of power; the priest lives upon sins; he must have people "sinning" . . . First principle: "God forgives those who repent," or in other words, "those who submit to the priest" . . .

XXVII

The Christian religion grew upon a soil of such utter fa'sification, where the deepest instincts of the ruling factions were opposed to nature and natural values to such an extent, that Christianity became a death struggle against reality which has never been surpassed. The "chosen people," who had adopted priestly names and priestly values for everything, who had been terribly logical in rejecting all earthly power as "unholy," "worldly," and "sinful"—this people now created a religious expression which was so logical that it began to attack Judaism itself. In the form of Christianity even the last kind of reality was denied, Jewish reality, the reality of the "people of God," of the "chosen people." The case is of great interest, for the small dissenting movement which grew around the name of Jesus of Nazareth is the same Jewish instinct at work again. The instinct nurtured by the priests has developed until it cannot put up any longer with the authority of the priests themselves: it has invented a new state of affairs even more unreal than the vision of the organized church. Christianity was actually set up in opposition to the church . . . At least, I fail to see against whom the revolt (said rightly or wrongly to have been led by Jesus) was directed if not against the Jewish church—"church" being here used in the same sense it has today.

It was a revolt against the "good and just men," against the "prophets of Israel," against the organized hierarchy—not against the

corruption of the hierarchy, but against caste, privilege, rank, and formalism. It was an expression of unbelief in the "elect," a denial of everything priestly and theological. But this movement itself gave rise to a hierarchy, if only temporarily, which was to become the skeletal structure supporting the Jewish people in "the flood waters." It was the last leg they had to stand on, the last flicker of their political autonomy: an attack upon it was an attack upon the deepest-rooted tribal instinct, the most tenacious national will to live that has ever existed on earth. This holy anarchist, who called upon the meek and lowly, the outcasts and "sinners," the chandala within Judaism, to rise against the ruling caste—using words, if the Gospels are to be believed, which would get him sent to Siberia today—was a political offender, so far as it was possible to be a political offender in such an absurdly non-political community. It was this which brought him to the cross: the proof of which is the inscription which was put upon the cross. He died for his own sins; and there is no ground for believing (no matter how often it is reiterated) that he died for the sins of others.

XXVIII

It is quite another question whether Jesus was aware of this alternative explanation of his acts, or whether his acts merely lent themselves to this alternative explanation. And now, for the first time, I refer to the psychology of the Savior. I confess that there are few books which I find so difficult to read as the Gospels. My difficulties are of another sort from those which enabled the learned curiosity of the German mind to achieve one of its most memorable triumphs. Many years have gone by since I, like every young scholar, enjoyed with the conscientous relish of the pernickity philologist, the work of the incomparable Strauss. I was then twenty years of age: now I am too serious for that sort of thing. What do I care for the contradictions of "tradition"? How far can the holy legends of the Gospel be called "tradition" at all! There is no form of literature more disputable than the legends of the saints: to examine them scientifically, without any contingent documents, seems to me to nullify the whole procedure—to be merely a learned waste of time . . .

XXIX

What interests me is the psychological character of the Savior —which might be studied in the Gospels, and in spite of the Gospels, despite their possible mutilation and irrelevancies: just as Francis of Assisi is revealed in his legends despite his legends. The point is not so much what Jesus did, or what he said, or how he actually met his death: it is whether we can form an idea what kind of man the Savior was, whether his character has been "handed down" to us. All the attempts I know of to construct the history of a "soul" from the Gospels seem to me to imply a deplorable levity in psychological matters. The two most ridiculous contributions to the study of the character of Jesus have been made by that clown in psychological matters, M. Renan: the idea of the "genius" and the idea of the "hero." Could

anything be less according to the Gospels than the heroic idea? The Gospels expound precisely the opposite of heroic conflict and the fighting instinct. They construct a moral code from the absence of pugnacity ("resist not evil" is the profoundest maxim in the Gospels, it provides a kind of key to them). Holiness, according to the Gospels, abides in peace, and gentleness, and the inability to fight. What is the import of the "glad tidings"? It is that true and eternal life has been found; it is not merely promised, it is here, it is in you; it is a life of love, love unabounded and free to all, love beyond measure. Everybody is a child of God—Jesus makes no special claims for himself—and as children of God, all are equal in his sight. Fancy making Jesus a hero!—also, how misleading is the term "genius"! What we mean by "intellect" had no meaning in the life of Jesus. On strictly psychological grounds, a totally different word is required . . . It is known that there is a condition of morbid irritability in the sense of touch, which causes the sufferer to recoil from contact with solid objects. This physical condition can be developed to its logical conclusion—the instinctive hatred of all reality, a flight into the "intangible" and the "incomprehensible"; an opposition to formalism; to the ideas of time and space; to the established order of things; to customs, and institutions; to the church: it can make a man feel at home in his own private world, into which actuality has ceased to intrude; in his "inner" world, his "true" world, his "eternal" world . . . "The Kingdom of God is within you" . . .

XXX

First, the instinctive hatred of actuality—this is the result of an extreme sensibility to pain and an irritability so great that it cannot bear "contact," because all contacts are too strong for it.

Secondly, the instinctive avoidance of conflicts, hatreds, and of all emotional heights and distances—this is the result of an extreme sensibility for pain and an irritability so great that it shrinks from struggling and the obligation to fight as an unbearable anguish (that is as self-destructive); and it finds blessedness (joy) only in non-resistance to evil and to danger—because love is the only and the last hope of keeping alive . . .

These are the two physiological realities upon which and from which the doctrine of salvation has grown. I call them a sublime development of hedonism upon a thoroughly morbid soil. The nearest thing to this was Epicureanism, the pagan view of salvation; even though it retained a big residue of Greek vitality and nervous strength. Epicurus was a decadent type, as I was the first to point out. The fear of pain, even of the slightest pain, can only lead in the end to a religion of love . . .

XXXI

I have already indicated my solution of the problem. The key to it is that we have only a distorted idea of the kind of man the Savior really was. The distortion is quite comprehensible: for many reasons such a type could not pass into legend pure, whole, and free

from additions. The surroundings in which this strange figure operated must have left their mark upon his legend, and even more so must the history and the fate of the early Christian communities: this must have embellished the record retrospectively, with many features that can only be understood in terms of religious war and propaganda. That strange and morbid world into which the Gospels lead us—a world like the plot of a Russian novel, in which the scum of society, neurosis, and "childish" imbecility are brought together—must inevitably have coarsened the legend of Jesus. The first disciples in particular must have transmuted a character full of symbolism and mysteriousness into terms of their own crude experience, in order to be able to understand him at all. For them the character of Jesus could only become real when cast in a more commonplace mold . . . The prophet, the Messiah, the future judge, the moral teacher, the miracle worker, John the Baptist—all of these traditions were only opportunities for misunderstanding the character of Jesus . . . Finally let us not underestimate the essential feature of all great adoration, particularly sectarian adoration: it tends to eliminate the original and often painfully unusual qualities from the object of worship—it doesn't even see them there. It is regrettable that no Dostoievsky lived in the neighborhood of this most interesting decadent—I mean someone who could have felt the poignant charm of such a mixture of the sublime, the sickly, and the childlike.

Finally of course there is always the possibility, not to be overlooked, that the original Savior was not one man only, but a number of complex and contradictory decadence-types. Probabilities, however, are against this, for if such were the case tradition would have been more definite and objective: so we must assume the contrary. Nevertheless there is a contradiction between the mountain-, sea-, and field-preacher, who seems to have been a kind of Buddha on a soil not completely unlike India's; and the aggressive fanatic, the deadly enemy of theologians and priests, who has been maliciously dignified by Renan as "the great master of irony." My own opinion is that most of this spleen (and even wit) in the character of the Master was added to it as a result of the intensity of Christian propaganda. We all know that sectarians have an unscrupulous habit of using their idol as a justification for themselves. When the early Christians needed an adroit, nimble-witted, combative, and maliciously hair-splitting theologian, to use against their theological opponents, they created their "God" according to their own needs: just as they attributed to him, upon occasion, the quite unevangelical ideas of the "second coming," and the "last judgment," and all sorts of hopes and promises in circulation at the time.

XXXII

I can only repeat that I protest against the ascription of the fanatical element to the character of the Savior: the word "imperious," which Renan uses, is utterly out of keeping with the Savior-type. The "glad tidings" of the Gospel mean nothing more than

that all arguments are done away with, for the Kingdom of Heaven belongs to children. This is no new belligerent creed that raises its voice—it is already there, it was there from the beginning: it is a spiritual return to childishness. Physiologists at least are familiar with cases of infantile regression, due to functional atrophy or to delayed puberty . . . Such a condition heaps no scorn, utters no sarcasms, brings no "sword"—it doesn't even define itself. Little does it realize how it will one day set man against man. To become established it requires no miracles, or rewards and promises, or "according-to-the-Scriptures"; for it is perpetually a miracle in itself, a reward and a promise and a "Kingdom of God" all in itself. And likewise this faith needs no formulation, for it exists by protecting itself against formalism.

Admittedly the incidentals of environment, language, and upbringing give a certain color to the ideas: the original Christianity is entirely Jewish and Semitic in conception (ceremonial eating and drinking at supper, for instance—an idea which the church very Jewishly abused). But we must be on our guard against seeing anything beyond symbolism, "Semiotics" and an opportunity for parables in the words of the first Christian. Only on the assumption that nothing he says is to be taken literally, can this anti-realist speak at all. Amongst Indians he would have used the ideas of Sankhya, and amongst Chinese the ideas of Lao-tse—without even noticing the difference. With a little liberty of phrase, Jesus might even be called a "Free Spirit"—he cares not at all for what is: death is in the word, death is in everything fixed and unchanging. The idea and the experience of "life" as he alone views it, is opposed to every kind of word, formalism, law, creed, and dogma. He speaks only of inner things: "life," or "truth" or "light" is his word for the inner sense. Everything else, the whole of reality, the whole of nature, even language, has only the value of a symbol and a metapor for him. It is of the utmost importance not to lose sight of this fact, whatever may be the inducements of Christian (that is, churchy) prejudice. Such a superb symbolist stands apart from all religion, worship, history, science, worldly-wisdom, knowledge, psychology, bookishness, and art—his "wisdom" consists in a "perfect innocence" of all such matters. Culture he has never heard of, consequently he has no need to attack it—he denies it not . . . The same applies to the state, to the whole civil and social organization, to labor, and to war. He has no grounds for denying "the world," for he knows nothing of what the church calls "the world" . . . He is totally incapable of denying anything. In the same way he shuns logic and does not believe that any faith or any "truth" can be provided by argument. His own proofs are "the light within," an internal feeling of blessedness and self-content, and pure "manifestations" of "strength." People who hold such a doctrine cannot contradict anything. They do not even realize that other points of view exist, or can exist. They are absolutely incapable of imagining anything opposed to their own way of thinking. If they happen to come up

against such a thing, they feel a profound sympathy with the "blindness" of the other fellow—for they themselves see the "light"—but they never venture to argue . . .

XXXIII

The essential psychology of the "Gospel" has nothing to do with guilt or punishment, or with reward. "Sin," which puts a barrier between man and God, is done away with—this is the true import of the "glad tidings." Blessedness is not merely promised, it is not offered conditionally, it is the only reality—all the rest is merely a symbolical elaboration of this simple tenet.

The outcome of such a conviction is the projection of a new way of life, the authentic way of life according to the Gospels. The Christly type of man is characterized not by a new "faith," but by a new mode of life, a distinctive new mode of life. He resists not those who do him evil, neither by words nor in his heart. He makes no distinction between strangers and his kindred, between Jews and Gentiles ("neighbor" really means co-religionist, Jew). He is moved to anger against no man. He makes no appeal to the law-courts, and does not acknowledge their jurisdiction; ("swear not at all"). He will not put his wife away from him, even if she be taken in adultery —and all this is based in one principle, it all follows from one instinct.

The life of the Savior was merely putting this into practice; and so was his death. He needed no formalism or ritual in his relationship with God—not even prayers. He abolished all the Jewish doctrines of repentance and atonement. He realized that it is only by a new way of life that man can be made to feel "Godly," "blessed," "saved," and a "child of God." Not by "repentance" and not by "prayers for forgiveness" is God attained: only the Gospel way of life leads to God, verily it is "God"!—the Gospel abolished Judaistic ideas of "sin," "forgiveness of sin," "faith," and "salvation by faith"—the whole Jewish church-lore was denied by the "glad tidings."

It is the deep-rooted instinct which lets a man feel he is "in Heaven" or even feel "eternal," whatever may be his apparent reasons for believing he is not "in Heaven"—this impulse alone is the psychological reality behind "salvation." It is a new way of life, and not a new creed . . .

XXXIV

If I understand anything about this great symbolist, it is this: that the only facts or "truths" for him were inner facts. Everything else, the whole of nature, time, space and history, were to him merely opportunities for parables. The "Son of Man" is not so much a concrete historical person, an isolated individual, as an "eternal" conception, a timeless psychological symbol.

The same applies most definitely to the God of this typical symbolist, to the "fatherhood of God." Nothing could be less Christlike than the churchy crudity about a personal God and a "Kingdom of God" to come, and a "Kingdom of Heaven" beyond, and a "Son of God" as the second person in the Trinity. All this, if I may be for-

given the phrase, is a smack in the eye of truth, or rather in the eye of the Gospels (what an eye!): it is a universal misuse of symbols which amounts to utter cynicism . . . The meaning of the "Father" and "Son" symbolism should be obvious; though not to everybody, I admit; the word "son" expresses a preliminary state of transfiguration (or beatitude), and the word "father" expresses the completed state, the actual feeling of eternity or perfection—I blush to have to mention what the church has done with this symbolism: it has set an amphitryon story upon the doorstep of the Christian "faith"! And in addition a doctrine of "immaculate conception"! . . . thereby defiling conception.

The "Kingdom of Heaven" is a state of the heart—not something which exists "above the earth" or happens "after death." The whole idea of dying naturally is absent from the Gospels: death is not a bridge to eternity, not a gate of entry: it is absent because it is relegated to an entirely different world of mere symbolism and metaphor. The "hour of our death" is not a Christly idea—neither "hours," nor time in general, nor the life of the body and its crises, exist for the bearer of "good tidings." The Kingdom of God is not something to which to look forward: it has no yesterday, no tomorrow, is not to come millennially—for it is a state of the heart—it is everywhere, and it is nowhere . . .

XXXV

This "bearer of glad tidings" died as he lived and as he taught—he died, not to save mankind, but to show men how to live. It was a way of life that he left behind him for men to follow: his attitude toward judges, soldiers, accusers—his attitude upon the Cross. He resists not, he defends himself not, he takes no steps to escape the final penalty; nay, more, he welcomes it . . . And he intercedes, suffers and loves for and on behalf of those who do him hurt . . . Defending himself not, showing no anger, blaming no one . . . Not even resisting evil—loving it . . .

XXXVI

We, who have become free spirits, are the first to understand what nineteen centuries have misunderstood—we have the instinct and the passionate integrity which wages war upon the "holy lie" more vigorously than upon any other lie . . . Mankind has been indescribably remote from our attitude of benevolent and cautious neutrality, from that discipline of the mind which alone enables strange guesses to be made, and subtle things to be received: with a shameless egotism men have always sought self-protection in these matters: in opposition to the Gospel, they set up the church . . .

Anyone seeking to prove that behind the great drama of existence is the finger of an ironical God, would find no small justification of his theory in the stupendous question-mark called Christianity. That mankind should bend the knee before what contradicts the original meaning and purpose of the Gospel: that in the idea of the "church" the very things are declared holy which the "bearer of glad tidings"

considered beneath him, and behind him—this would take some beating as a superb example of historical irony.

XXXVII

Our age prides itself on its historical sense: then how could it accept the nonsensical belief that the crude fable of the miracle-working Savior belongs to original Christianity—and that its spiritual and symbolical side was added later? On the contrary, the history of Christianity—from the death on the Cross onwards—is the history of a progressively clumsy misunderstanding of the original symbols. With every extension of Christianity to wider and ruder masses, who were increasingly less able to grasp its essentials, the need arose to vulgarize and barbarize Christianity more and more. It absorbed the teachings and rites of all the subterranean cults of the *Imperium Romanum*, and the rot of all kinds of sickly reasoning. The fate of Christianity is explained by the fact that it had to minister to sickly, base and vulger people—hence its principle of faith had to become sickly, base, and vulgar. It is as a church that sickly primitivism itself finally attains to power—as a church, organized in deadly hostility to every form of integrity, to nobility of soul, discipline of the mind, to everything humanly free and kindly. There are two sets of values, and it is we freed spirits who have first become aware of and pointed out the contradiction between them—Christian values on the one hand, noble values on the other!

XXXVIII

I cannot, at this point, avoid a sigh. There are days when I am overcome by a feeling blacker than the blackest melancholy—contempt of man. And I shall make it quite clear what I despise, and whom I despise: it is the man of today, the kind of man who is unfortunately my contemporary. The man of today—I am stifled by his fetid breath . . . For the past I feel, like all scholars, a great toleration, that is a generous self-control in judging: with a gloomy caution I review thousands of years of this madhouse-world: and whether it be called "Christendom," the "Christian faith," or the "Christian Church," I am careful not to hold man responsible for its mental disorders. But my gorge rises immediately when I survey the modern period, our period . . . For our age knows better . . . What was in former times merely sickliness, is nowadays positively indecent—it is indecent to be a Christian nowadays. And here is where my disgust begins—I look about me: not a word remains of what was formerly considered to be "truth": we cannot even bear to hear a priest pronounce the word "truth." A man with even the slightest pretensions to integrity must know nowadays that a theologian, a priest or pope, is not merely mistaken in every word he speaks, but that he lies and can no longer escape censure for lying "innocently" or "through ignorance." Even the priest knows, as everybody else knows, that there is no more "God" or "sins" or "Savior"; and that "free-will" and a "moral order" are lies—no serious or self-conscious man can pretend not to know this . . . All the conceptions of the Church are known for what they are—as the worst of counterfeits,

issued to debase nature and natural values: and the priest himself is known for what he is—as the most dangerous type of parasite, as the poison-spider of life . . . We know, and our conscience today tells us—what is the value of all the ghastly inventions of the priests and the church, and we know why they were invented. The state of self-defilement to which they have reduced humanity, is enough to make anybody spew. All the ideas of "the beyond," "the last judgment," the "immortality" of the "soul," and the "soul" itself—these are merely instruments of torture and a systematic cruelty used by priests to get power and to keep power . . . Everybody knows this, and yet things remain as before. What has happened to the last shred of decency and self-respect, when even our statesmen, who are in other ways liberal-minded men, and thoroughly un-Christian in practice, still profess and call themselves Christians and go to communion? . . . And a young prince at the head of his regiment, superb as an expression of the self-esteem and self-certainty of his people—and yet, without any shame, he lets himself be called a Christian! . . . Whom, then, does Christianity deny? What world does it renounce? To be a soldier, to be a judge, to be a patriot, to defend oneself, to set a value upon honor, to be self-seeking, to be proud . . . Every act of every day, every instinct, every principle which leads to action, is today anti-Christian: what an abortion of falsehood the modern man must be, to call himself a Christian without blushing for shame! . . .

XXXIX

I retrace my steps, and recount the authentic history of Christianity. The very word "Christianity" is a misnomer — essentially there was only one Christian, and he died on the Cross. The "Gospel" died on the Cross. What was thenceforward called "the Gospel" was the contradiction of what Christ had lived in his life; it was "evil tidings," a dysangel, not an evangel. It is false to the point of nonsense to see in "faith," particularly in the faith that Christ died to save sinners, a distinguishing mark of the Christian: only the Christly way of life, the life actually lived by him who died on the Cross, is truly Christian . . . Even today such a life is still possible; and for certain men it is even necessary. Genuine, primitive Christianity will be possible in all ages . . . It is not a creed but a course of action, or rather a course of non-action, a different kind of existence . . . As every psychologist knows, the importance of states of consciousness, kinds of faith, and opinions about truth, is absolutely negligible compared with the importance of the instincts: strictly speaking, the whole idea of spiritual causality is false. To define the Christian attitude, or Christliness, in terms of belief or of a state of mind, reduces Christliness to nothing. In fact, there are no Christians. The type that has been called "Christian" for two thousand years is only the effect of a psychological self-deception. Examined more closely, despite all his protestations of "faith," he has been motivated only by his instincts—and what instincts! "Faith" in all ages, for example in Luther's case, has only been a cloak, a pretext,

and a screen behind which the instincts played their game—a shrewd form of blindness to the work of certain of the instincts . . . I have already described "faith" as an essentially Christian form of shrewdness—men always talk about their "faith," but they act according to their instincts . . . In the Christian world of ideas there is nothing which even approaches reality—I have already pointed out that an instinctive hatred of reality is the driving force, in fact the only driving force, at the root of Christianity. What follows from this? That even psychologically, which is fundamentally and substantially, there is an error. Take away one idea and put only one reality in its place—and the whole of Christianity crumbles to nothing!

As seen from Olympus, this strangest of all phenomena—a religion not only specializing in error, but concentrating upon the genial invention of errors which are poisonous to the heart of life—must be a spectacle for the Gods: for the Gods who are philosophers, I mean; those I met, for instance, in the celebrated dialogues at Naxos. When they can overcome their nausea (and when we can!) they will be thankful for the amusing exhibition given by the Christians: perhaps this curious case is the only thing on our wretched little planet, earth, worthy of a Godly glance, and of Godly interest . . . Let us not therefore undervalue the Christian: deceitful to the point of innocence, he is far beyond the apes—in its application to Christians a certain theory of descent is a very pretty compliment.

XL

The fate of the Gospel was decided by a death—it hung upon the "Cross" . . . It was a death, that instrument usually reserved only for *canaille*, it was this appalling paradox which first brought home to the disciples the riddle: "Who was that? What was that?" The feeling of utter dismay, and the sense of deep injury, the suspicion that such a death might overthrow their cause, the terrible questioning "Why just so?" can well be imagined. In such a state of mind everything must be shown as necessary, everything must have a meaning and a reason, the highest reason: the devotion of a disciple makes no allowance for accident. For the first time a chasm stood yawning before them: "Who put him to death? Who was his enemy?"—the question flashed like a stroke of lightning. Answer: The Jewish ruling class, the dominant Judaism! From that moment the disciples were in revolt against the social order; and they attributed to Jesus, somewhat late, an attitude of revolt against the social order. Hitherto this militant, contradictory and pugnacious trait in his character was not noticeable: rather, the contrary was in evidence. Obviously the small sect had no understanding whatever of the principal lesson of Jesus' death: the example of freedom from and superiority to resentment—which shows how little they understood him at all! All that Jesus could hope to achieve by his death, as such, was to give the strongest public example and proof of his teachings . . . But his disciples were far from inclined to forgive his death—which would have been a course of action according to the

Gospel in the highest sense. Neither were they prepared to offer themselves, with meekness and love in their hearts, for a similar sacrifice . . . On the contrary, they now became possessed of the most un-Christly desire for revenge. It was impossible for the movement to die out with his death: "Retribution" and "judgment" were called for (as if anything could be less Christly than "retribution," "punishment" and "sitting-in-judgment"!) Once more the popular hope in a Messiah came into prominence: a great moment in history was anticipated: the "Kingdom of God" is coming to do justice upon God's foes . . . Oh, but this is a complete misunderstanding! The "Kingdom of God" as the last act, as a promise! In his lifetime the evangel had been the incarnation, the fulfilment and the reality of the "Kingdom." His death was a realization of the "Kingdom of God." It was only now that all the anger and bitterness against the Pharisees and theologions became attributed to the Master—and they made him thus into a Pharisee and a theologian himself!—in addition the primitive adoration of these completely unbalanced souls could not be satisfied with the Gospel equality of all men as children of God, which Jesus had taught; and their revenge took the form of elevating him incomprehensibly above themselves: just as, previously, the Jews had sought revenge upon their foes by placing their God on high at a great distance above them. The one God and the only-begotten Son: both were the outcome of resentment.

XLI

And from that time onwards an absurd problem arose: "How could God have allowed it?" To which the disordered minds of the small community gave an answer terrifying in its absurdity: God gave his Son as a sacrifice for the forgiveness of sins. At one stroke the Gospel was abolished! Sin offering, and in its most repellent and barbaric form, the sacrifice of the innocent for the sins of the guilty—how appallingly heathen! Jesus himself had done away with the idea of "guilt"—he denied that there was any guilt fixed between God and men; his life expressed this unity between God and men, which was his "glad tidings" . . . And he did not teach it as a mere privilege!

From that time onwards the character of the Savior was gradually degraded by the addition of the doctrine of the last judgment and the second coming, the doctrine of his death as a sacrifice, the doctrine of the resurrection, by means of which the whole idea of "blessedness," the one and only reality of the Gospels, is conjured away—and replaced by a state of happiness beyond the grave! . . . Paul, with that rabbinical impudence which characterizes everything he did, gave a logical color to this obscene conception, as follows: "Unless Christ rose from the dead, then all our faith is in vain!" And spontaneously there was derived from the Gospel the most contemptible of all unattainable hopes, the impertinent doctrine of personal survival . . . Paul himself even preached it as a reward! . . .

XLII

It is now possible to see what came to an end with the death on the Cross: a new and thoroughly original attempt to establish a Buddhistic pacifist movement, to achieve a real and not merely promised happiness on earth. For, as I have already pointed out, there is an essential difference between these two religions of decadence: Buddhism promises nothing but achieves something; Christiantiy promises everything but achieves nothing—the "glad tidings" were followed closely by the worst of all possible tidings: those of Paul. Paul is the incarnation of a type completely opposed to the "bearer of glad tidings": his genius lies in hate, in the vision of hate, in the remorseless logic of hate. What a sacrifice indeed, this dysangelist made to—hate! Above all he sacrificed the Savior: he nailed him to his own Cross. After this specialist in hate had finished with it, and made it conform to his own purposes, nothing whatever remained of the life and the example and the teachings and the death and the meaning and the law of the Gospel. Certainly not reality, and certainly not historical truth! . . . And once more the priestly instinct of a Jew perpetrated the same old crime against history—he deleted what had gone before in the history of Christianity and himself invented a history of Christian origins. He did more: he submitted the history of Israel to yet another falsification, so as to make it appear as a mere prologue to his own obsession; according to him, all the prophets had his "Savior" in mind . . . Later on the church even falsified the history of mankind so as to make it seem a prologue to Christianity . . . The character of the Savior, his teaching, his way of life, his death, the meaning of his death, and even the sequel to his death—were all altered until nothing in the record even remotely approximated to fact. Paul simply transferred the center of gravity of the whole of Christ's life to a point beyond this life on earth—and his method was the lie about the "resurrection" of Jesus. Basically, he had no use for the life of the Savior—he required the death on the Cross, and then something beyond . . . It would be sheer folly on the part of a psychologist to regard a man like Paul (whose spiritual home was Stoicism) as an honest man, when he constructs out of an hallucination a proof of the resurrection of the Savior; or even to believe that he actually experienced the hallucination. Paul desired the end, and therefore he willed the means. . . What he didn't believe himself, was believed in by the idiots amongst whom he spread his teachings—his lust was for power; Paul is the priest striving for power—he only had use for ideas, teaching and symbols with which to tyrannize over masses and to organize mobs. What was the only tenet of Christianity which Mahomet subsequently borrowed? Paul's invention, his method of setting up priestly tyranny and swaying the mob: the belief in personal survival—namely, the doctrine of the "Judgment."

XLIII

When life's center of gravity is transferred from life itself to

the "beyond"—that is, to annihilation—then life is entirely thrown off its balance. The gross lie of personal survival undermines reason and every natural instinct—henceforth every beneficent instinct that promotes life and guarantees the future is looked upon with suspicion. The meaning of life has now become that there is no meaning in life . . . Why be public-spirited? Why take any pride in origins and ancestry? Why labor together, or trust one another, or be concerned with the general well-being and try to advance it? . . . All this is merely a "temptation," a deviation from the straight and narrow way. Only one thing is needful . . . All "immortal souls" are equal; in an infinite universe the "salvation" of every individual may claim an eternal importance; petty bigots and people three-parts mad may assume that the laws of nature are constantly suspended for their sake—it is impossible to have too much contempt for such an insolent glorification of all kinds of selfishness to infinity. And yet Christianity owes its triumph to just such a miserable flattery of personal vanity. It was by this means that it lured to its side all the misbegotten and depressed, the fallen-upon-evil-days, the whole offal and scum of mankind.

The "salvation of the soul," or in other words, "the world revolves around me" . . . the poisonous doctrine of "equal rights for all"—it is this which Christianity has propagated very efficiently. Issuing from the most secret recesses of bad instinct, the Christian religion has waged a war to the death against all feelings of reverence and distinction amongst men, which is the foundation of every advance in civilization. It has forged the resentment of the masses into a weapon against us; against everything noble, joyous and high-minded on earth—against our happiness on earth . . . The most vicious outrage against a higher type of man was to grant immortality to every Peter and Paul.

And let us not underestimate the fatality which Christianity has inflicted upon political theory! Nowadays no one has the courage to claim privilege and rank, or to exercise the feeling of pride in himself and his peers—the loneliness of the elect. The lack of this courage is what ails our politics! Aristocratic poise has been undermined by the lie of equality of souls. A belief in the "greatest good of the greatest number" causes and will continue to cause revolutions; but it is Christianity—make no mistake—and the values of Christianity which convert every revolution into blood and crime! Christianity is a revolt of all creeping things against the seats of the mighty: the Gospel of the lowly lays low . . .

XLIV

The Gospels are invaluable as evidence of the corruption which had already attacked the early Christian community. At the death of the Savior a process of decay began which Paul, with the cynical logic of a Rabbi, merely developed to its conclusion. These Gospels cannot be read with too much care; there are difficulties in every word of them. I admit, and I hope it will not be held against me, that it

is this very fact which makes them such a delight for a psychologist. For they are the reverse of a merely naive corruption, they represent an ultimate refinement, an artistic triumph of mental rottenness. The Gospels stand by themselves. The Bible as a whole is not to be compared with them.

Here we are among Jews: this is the first thing to be remembered if we don't wish to lose the scent. In this book, the illusion of personal "holiness," which literally amounts to genius, and has never been even approached in other books or by other men; the elevation of deceit in attitude and phrase to the status of an art —is not any accident due to the exceptional talents of any one individual. It is a racial matter. In the formulation of Christianity, the art of concocting holy lies, which is the essence of Jewishness, after many centuries of earnest apprenticeship and practice in Judea, has reached technical perfection. The Christian, who is the last word in falsity, is the Jew repeating his type—thrice a Jew . . . The basic desire only to make use of ideas, symbols, and gestures, which accord with the priestly edifice, and the instinctive rejection of every other way of thinking and every other method of arriving at values and utilities—all this is not merely a matter of tradition, it is something inherited; for only heredity could explain the fact that it works like second nature. The whole of humanity, even the best minds of the best ages (with one exception, who is perhaps hardly human) have let themselves be deceived. The Gospels have been studied as a work of simplicity . . . No small tribute to the technical perfection with which the trick has been accomplished.

Frankly, if we could only see, even for a moment, these prodigious cranks and pseudo-saints, that would be an end of them—and it is because I cannot read a word of theirs without seeing through their pose, that I have made an end of them . . . I can't stand a way they have of rolling up their eyes. (Fortunately books are only something to read for most people.)

We shouldn't let them pull wool over our eyes. "Judge not!" they say, yet they consign to Hell everybody who opposes them. Although they leave judgment to God, yet they sit in judgment themselves: when they glorify God, they glorify themselves: when they require men to profess the virtues which come easy to them (in fact which they must profess if they are not to go under) they assume the appeaance of making an effort to be virtuous, or of letting virtue triumph. They pretend to live, and die, and sacrifice themselves for virtue (or for "truth," or for the "light," or for the Kingdom of God) when as a matter of fact they are only doing what they cannot help doing. It is their nature to be sneaky, to hide away in corners and to slink along in the shadows; and so they hypocritically convert their necessity into a duty. They justify their humble lives on grounds of duty so that even their humility is used as one more proof of their piety . . . Oh what a humble, and chaste, and charitable species of humbug! "Virtue itself shall bear witness for us" . . . The Gospels are handbooks of moral seduction: these petty fellows

appropriate morality—how well they know its use! Morality is the best method of leading humanity by the nose!—the fact is that by means of morality conceited people who believe themselves to be the chosen, put on a cloak of modesty. With conscious conceit they range themselves definitely on the side of the "truth"—and the best of mankind, the "world," they place on the other. This is perhaps the most fatal form of megalomania that has ever existed on the earth: little misgotten bigots and liars began to claim exclusive understanding of the ideals of "God," "truth," "the light," "the spirit," "love," "wisdom," and "life" as if these things were the peculiar property of themselves; and by means of them they sought to fence themselves off from the "world."

Little super-Jews, fit only for the madhouse, reversed all values to suit themselves, as if the followers of Christ alone were the meaning, the salt, the standard, and even the supreme court of mankind . . . Such a calamity was only possible because a species of megalomania, similar to this one, and racially like it (orthodox Jewish) was already in existence. When a division appeared between official Jews and Christian Jews, the latter had no alternative left but to employ the self-protective measures peculiar to the Jewish instinct: and they used this device even against the Jews themselves, whereas the Jews had used it only against Gentiles. The Christian is only a nonconformist Jew.

XLV

I give a few examples of the kind of thing these trivial people stuffed into their heads, the kind of thing they put into the mouth of the Master: the pure and unadulterated creed of "beautiful souls."

And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a temtimony against them. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment, than for that city. (*Mark VI*, 11.)

—What joyful tidings!

And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea. (*Mark IX*, 42.)

—What joyful tidings!

And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. (*Mark IX*, 47.)

—He should pluck out more than his eye . . .

Verily I say unto you, that there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power. (*Mark IX*, 1.)

—Well lied, lion . . .

Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For . . .

(*Mark VIII*, 34.)

—(Note of a psychologist: Christian morality is refuted by its "fors" —its justifications condemn it—this is what makes it Christian.)

Judge not, that ye be not judged. With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. (*Matthew VII*, 1.)

—A curious notion of a "just" judge!

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so? (*Matthew V*, 46.)

—Principle of "Christian" love: it wants to get something extra for itself . . .

But if ye forgive men not their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. (*Matthew VI*, 15.)

—Very embarrassing for the Father!

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. (*Matthew VI*, 33.)

—"All these things" mean food, clothing, and the necessities of life. A mistake, to put it mildly . . . Just before, God appears as a kind of tailor, in special cases . . .

Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets. (*Luke VI*, 23.)

—The impertinent rabble compares itself with the prophets!

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. (*Paul*, 1 *Corinthians, III*, 16.)

—This roundabout argument is utterly beneath contempt.

Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters? (*Paul*, 1 *Corinthians, VI*, 2.)

—Unhappily this is not merely the ravings of a lunatic . . . The frightful impostor continues thus:

Know ye not that we shall judge angels? How much more things that pertain to this life?

Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe . . . not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the Wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence. (*Paul*, 1 *Corinthians, I*, 20 *et seq.*)

—to interpret this passage, which is of considerable importance as an exposition of Chandala-morality, the reader should refer to my "Genealogy of Morals," in which the distinction is plainly stated between a noble morality and a morality of resentment and impotent vengefulness. Paul was the greatest Apostle of revenge who has ever lived.

XLVI

What follows then? That it is advisable to put on gloves before handling the New Testament. The presence of so much filth makes this precaution advisable. We would as soon hob-nob with Polish Jews as with early Christians: and there is no necessity to elaborate our objection . . . Neither smells good—I have searched the New Testament in vain for a single sympathetic touch; there is nothing in it

which is free, kindly, open-hearted or upright. In this book definitely mankind makes no step forward—because it lacks the instinct of cleanliness . . . Only the base instincts are expressed in the New Testament and it lacks even courage in regard to these. The whole thing is cowardice, the whole thing is wilful shutting of the eyes and self-deception. Any other book appears clean when a man has just finished reading the New Testament; to give an example, immediately after laying down Paul, I took up with delight that most charming and wanton scoffer, Petronius, of whom it might be said what Domenico Boccaccio wrote to the Duke of Parma about Cesare Borgia: *"E tutto festo"*—he is immortally healthy, immortally cheerful and well-balanced . . .

These trivial fanatics make a most important mistake in their calculations. They attack, but whatever they attack is thereby distinguished. He whom a Christian father attacks is not injured . . . On the contrary, it is an honor to have a Christian father as an opponent. It is impossible to read the New Testament without a feeling of admiration for everything abused in it, in particular for "worldly wisdom," which an impudent wind-bag tries in vain to abolish by the empty folly of preaching . . . Even the Scribes and Pharisees gain stature by such an attack: they must almost have been worth something to merit such immoderate hate. They were accused of hypocrisy—as if this were a charge that early Christians had any right to make—but after all the Scribes and Pharisees were a privliged class: this is enough to explain the rage of the Chandala. The first Christians, I fear (like the last Christians, whom I may live to see) are rebels by profound instinct against all privilege—they live and struggle perpetually for "equal rights" . . . Strictly speaking, they have no alternative. When people claim to be personally God's chosen or the "Temple of God" or a "Heavenly Host," it follows that every other principle of distinction based upon honesty, intelligence, manliness and pride, or upon beauty and freedom of the spirit, must be dismissed as "worldly" and evil . . .

The moral is that every word in the mouth of a "Christian father" is a lie, and his every action is distinctly dishonest—all his values and his aims are dangerous—but whomever he hates and whatever he hates has a real value . . . It is thus that the Christian and more particularly the Christian priest sets up a standard of value.

Need I add that in the whole of the New Testament there is only one figure worthy of respect? Pilate the Roman Governor. To take a Jewish quarrel seriously was more than he could bring himself to do. One Jew more or less—what did it matter . . . The noble scorn of a Roman, in whose presence the word "truth" had been shamefully bandied about, has enriched the New Testament with the only phrase in it of any value—and this phrase not only criticizes but actually destroys the New Testament—"What is truth?" . . .

XLVII

The distinction between us and Christians is not in the fact that we can find no God in history or nature, but that we look upon what

is called "God" as pitiable, absurd, and dangerous rather than as Godly; and not as a mere error but as a crime against life . . . We deny that "God" is God. Even if somebody showed us this God of the Christians, we should be still less inclined to believe in him. In a formula: God, as Paul created him, is the negation of God.

A religion like Christianity which doesn't come in contact with reality at any point, which collapses if reality intrudes at any point, must inevitably be opposed to "worldly wisdom," that is to science—and it will describe as good any methods which may be used to poison, slander and decry mental discipline, lucidity, intellectual probity, and intellectual aloofness and freedom. "Faith" as an imperative vetoes science, for it is based in lies at any price. Paul knew very well that lying—namely "faith"—was essential. In due course the church learned Paul's lesson.

The God which Paul invented for himself, the God who "reduced the wisdom of the world to absurdity" (particularly philology and medicine, the two great foes of superstition), is in effect simply the expression of Paul's own determination to do this. He called his own will God ("Thora") in a typically Jewish manner. Paul wanted to banish the "wisdom of the world." His enemies were the competent philologists and doctors of the Alexandrine school—it is against them that he contends. As a matter of fact, a man cannot well be a doctor or a philologist without also being an Antichrist. The philologist sees through the "Holy Scriptures," and the doctor sees through the physical degeneracy of the average Christian. The doctor says "incurable": the philologist says "fraud" . . .

XLVIII

Has anybody ever really understood the celebrated story at the beginning of the Bible about God's holy terror of science? . . . It has not been understood. This supreme priestly book naturally begins by stating the chief inner difficulty of the priest, who has only one great danger to face—consequently, God has to face only one great danger. The old God, a pure "spirit," a pure high priest, and wholly perfect, is wandering in a leisurely fashion around his garden: but he is bored. Against boredom even the Gods contend in vain. So what does he do? He creates man—for man is a distraction. . . But behold, man also begins to get bored. God's compassion for the only kind of misery peculiar to all Paradises, is infinite, so he forthwith creates other animals. This is God's first error of judgment: man was not amused—he mastered the animals; he wouldn't remain an animal himself. So God created women and admittedly this put an end to boredom—but also to many other things! Woman was God's second error of judgment. "Woman is a serpent" ("Heva"): every priest knows this—and evil came into the world through woman, every priest knows this also. It follows that she is to blame for knowledge . . . It was woman who prompted man to taste of the tree of knowledge.

What is the explanation of all this? It is that the old God fell into a panic. His greatest blunder had been in creating man, for

man could become a rival to himself. Knowledge makes men like unto Gods—it is all up with priests and Gods when mankind becomes scientific! Knowledge is the first of sins, the germ of all sins, the original sin. One thing alone is moral—ignorance—the rest follows from it.

God's state of panic, however, didn't spoil his cunning. For a long time his chief problem was, how to protect himself against science. Answer: Out of Paradise with man! Happiness and leisure give rise to thought—and all thinking is bad . . . Thou shalt not think.

And so the transcendental priest proceeds to invent suffering, death, the dangers of pregnancy and all kinds misery, decreptitude, affliction, and above all, sickness—and all these are only weapons in God's war upon knowledge! For trouble keeps a man from thinking . . . Yet notwithstanding these precautions—oh horror! the edifice of knowledge begins to arise, towering aloft, storming heaven, threatening the Gods!—what is to be done? The old God invents war, he separates the peoples, makes men destroy one another (the priests always have needed war) . . . War—amongst other things a great disturber of science—but alas! knowledge and emancipation from the priests increases in spite of war. So the old God takes his final decision: "Mankind is becoming too scientific—there is no help for it: let him be drowned!"

XLIX

I have been understood. At the very beginning of the Bible the psychology of the priest is completely exposed. There is only one really great danger for the priest—that is science, or the solid understanding of cause and effect. But the development of science requires on the whole favorable circumstances—leisure, and mental energy to spare, are necessary for the pursuit of knowledge . . . Therefore in all ages the logic of the priest has been to make people miserable.

It will be realized what follows from this line of thought: it was this which brought "sin" first into the world. . . The idea of sin and punishment, the whole "moral order," was invented to be a barrier against knowledge—to prevent men emancipating themselves from the priests . . . It is not the external world which should be investigated, but the internal world. It is wrong to investigate cautiously and thoroughly; it is wrong to make any investigation at all: it is right to keep on suffering . . . to keep on suffering so that the priest will always be needed.

Away with medicine! It is a "Savior" that is needed! The ideas of sin and punishment including the doctrines of "grace," "salvation," and "forgiveness" (all lies through and through without a shred of psychological reality behind them) were invented in order to destroy humanity's sense of causality: they are an attack on cause and effect!—but not an attack with the fist, or the knife, or openly in hate and love; but an attack prompted by the instincts of cowardice, cunning and degeneracy! A priest's attack! A parasite's attack! A blood-sucking attack by subterranean vampires! . . .

When the natural consequences of an action are no longer looked upon as natural, but are considered to be produced by the phantasms of superstition, by "God," "ghosts," and "souls," and appear as "moral" consequences, as rewards, punishments, guidance and revelation—then the whole basis of knowledge is destroyed; and the greatest possible crime against humanity has been committed.

Sin, I repeat, this supreme form of human self-pollution, was invented in order to prevent the development of science and culture and educational advancement; it is thanks to the invention of sin that the priest has become dominant.

L

At this stage I cannot omit dealing with the psychology of faith, naturally so as to be of some assistance to the "faithful" themselves. If there is anybody nowadays who does not realize how disgusting it is to be one of the "faithful"—or what a sign of decadence, and what a breakdown of the will-to-live this implies—then he will have no excuse for ignorance in the future. My word can reach even the deaf . . . Unless I am greatly mistaken, the chief criterion of truth amongst Christians is what is called "proof by grace": faith beatifies, therefore it is true. To this it might be objected that salvation is not proved because it is promised, and that blessedness is an essential condition of faith: blessed are the believers . . . But how can proof be given that what the priest promises to the faithful will really be performed—namely that the undemonstrable life after death is a fact?

The alleged proof by grace is itself essentially an article of belief, inasmuch as it assumes that what faith expects cannot fail to materialize. The syllogism is: "I believe that faith redeems—therefore it is true"—surely this settles the argument! Any such "therefore" would be the *reductio ad adsurdum* of a logical proof.

But let us assume for the sake of politeness that blessedness through faith is proved (not merely desired and not merely promised by the suspect lips of a priest)—even so could such beatitude, or in technical phrase "joy" ever be a demonstration of truth? Sensations of pleasure have so little to do with answering the question, "What is true?" that actually they have to be regarded with suspicion when answering that question. Proof through pleasure is a proof of pleasure—that is all. Why on earth should it be assumed that true judgments give more pleasure than false ones, and that, in accordance with a preestablished harmony, the truth brings pleasure in its train?

The experience of all strong and profound minds is quite the contrary. Man has had to fight every inch of the way to truth. The price paid has been everything that the heart, and our love, and our trust cling to. This needs greatness of soul: for the service of truth is the hardest of all.

What, then, is the meaning of integrity in things of the mind?—that a man must discipline his emotion, eschew "beautiful feelings,"

and be conscientious in his yes and no!—faith beatifies: therefore it lies . . .

LI

The fact that faith in certain circumstances beatifies, the fact that an obsession of beatitude isn't necessarily true beatitude, the fact that faith does not actually move mountains, though it may raise them out of nothing—all this becomes perfectly evident if we happen to take a casual stroll through any madhouse. Not of course, to a priest: for he instinctively denies that sickness is sickness or that a madhouse is a madhouse. Christianity requires sickness just as the Greeks required abounding health—making people sick is actually the ulterior motive of the whole procedure of salvation in the church. And the church aims at being a universal madhouse. Its ultimate ideal is to convert the whole earth into a madhouse.

The kind of proselyte the church requires is the typical decadent. When a religious revival takes hold of any set of people, it is always characterized by neurotic outbreaks; the "world within" religious people is astonishingly like the "world within" overstrung and hysterical people. The "states of exaltation" which Christianity holds up before mankind as being of the highest value, are merely epileptoid in character—the church has canonized only madmen or those who have swindled "to the greater glory of God" . . . At one time I ventured to describe the whole Christian training for penance and salvation (now best studied in England) as a "whirling madness" methodically cultivated upon a soil thoroughly well prepared for it, that is, a profoundly morbid soil. It is not everybody who can be a Christian; a man is not "converted" to Christianity—he merely sickens for it.

We others, who have the courage to be both healthy and also disdainful, have every reason to despise a religion that abuses the body! that clings to the old superstition about the "soul"! that makes a "virtue" out of malnutrition! that fights against health as a kind of enemy, devil, and temptation! We have every reason to despise a religion which considers that it is possible to carry around a "pure" soul in a cadaverous body, and therefore invented for itself a new concept of "perfection," making it a pale, sickly, idiotically-ecstatic expression of "holiness," which is itself merely a symptom of an under-fed, enervated, and incurably disordered body! . . .

The Christian movement in Europe, from the very beginning, was no more than a general conglomeration of all kinds of human refuse and scum (who seek power through Christianity). It did not begin in Europe as the result of the decline and fall of any one nation; but rather was it an accumulation of decadent elements coming from all directions, which flocked together like birds of a feather. Christianity was not, as some believe, produced by the corruption of the ancient world, of the noble ancient world; the learned imbeciles who pretend it was cannot be too strongly contradicted; for at the time when Christianity reached the sickly and decaying rabble

in the Roman empire, the very contrary type, the noble Roman, existed at his mature best.

The majority triumphed; the democracy of Christian instinct became uppermost . . . Christianity was not "national," it was not race-conscious—it made its appeal to the disinherited everywhere, and it had its allies everywhere. The Christian religion is basically an expression of the rancor of the sick directed against the healthy. Everything well-set-up, proud, high-spirited, and above all everything beautiful, is offensive in its sight. Again let me refer to the priceless words of Paul—"And God hath chosen the weak things, the foolish things of the world, the base things of the world, and things which are despised"; this was the rallying-cry: *"In hoc signo"* it was decadence that triumphed.

God on the Cross—will the terrible meaning of this symbolism never be understood? It means that everything that suffers and hangs on crosses is divine . . . We all hang on the Cross, consequently we are all divine . . . We alone are divine . . . It was thus that Christianity triumphed, and a nobler attitude of mind went under before it—to this day Christianity remains the greatest calamity which has befallen mankind . . .

LII

Christianity also stands in opposition to spiritual well-being—it can only make use of sick reasoning; it takes the side of everything morbid; it utters anathemas against "the intellect," and against the arrogance of healthy minds. Since sickness is absolutely essential to the Christian religion, it follows that the Christian prerequisite, "faith," must also be a kind of illness, and that all straight, honest and scholarly paths to knowledge must encounter the ban of the church: thus doubt in itself is sinful . . . The total lack of mental cleanliness in a priest (which shows itself in his looks) is an effect of decadence. One has only to study the bahavior of hysterical women, and rickety children, to observe to what extent instinctive shiftiness, lying for lying's sake, and the inability to look straight or to walk straight, are the expression of decadence.

"Faith" is only the refusal to face facts as they are. Pious people and priests of either sex are shifty, because they are sick: their instinct is against facing what is really wrong with them. In the opinion of the faithful, whatever causes illness is good, and everything arising in superabundance of health and energy, is evil. The sign which I look for in a would-be theologian is the tendency to be shifty.

Another characteristic of the theologian is his inability to understand the use of words, or philology. And what I mean here by philology is its general application—the art of reading properly, without misunderstanding facts in terms of a prior interpretation and without losing patience or neglecting caution and subtlety in the effort to understand. I regard philology as a habit of scepticism in interpretation of everything, from books and newspapers to human

destinies and weather reports—not to mention the salvation of the soul! . . .

The way in which a theologian, whether in Berlin or in Rome, interprets a "passage of Scripture" or a current event, such as a victory of his fatherland, in the light of the Psalms of David, is so audacious that it would make a philologist's hair stand on end. And what shall he do when pietists and other cows from Swabia make use of the "finger of God" to convert their humdrum exitence into a miracle of "grace," of "providence," and of salvation? The most modest exercise of intelligence, not to mention decency, would be enough to convince these professional "interpreters" of the absolute childishness and unworthiness of such an application of God's prestidigitation.

However slight may be our piety, a God who always cured us of a cold in the head at the right time, or who put us into our coach whenever it started to rain would be an absurd God who would have to be abolished even if he did exist. God as a domestic servant, as a messenger, as a chief steward—is essentially the same thing as an utterly stupid calamity. The kind of "Providence" which is believed in at the present day by at least every third man in "scholarly Germany" would be an argument against God, in fact it would be the strongest possible argument against God. But in any case, it is an argument against Germans! . . .

LIII

The idea that martyrdom has anything to do with establishing the truth of a cause is so absurd that I am inclined to deny that martyrs have ever had anything to do with establishing truth. The very tone of voice in which a martyr flings his little piece of truth at humanity's head usually betrays such a low degree of intelligence, and such a disregard for the real problem of truth, that there is never any need even to refute him. Truth is not something which one man has and another man lacks: only peasants and peasant-apostles like Luther could think of truth in such a silly way. We may rest assured that the more conscientious a man is in intellectual matters, the more reticent he will become on this point. Fancy understanding five things, and dismissing all others with a wave of the hand! . . .

Truth as it is understood by every prophet, sectarian, free-thinker, socialist, and churchman is an absolute proof that such people haven't even begun the effort in mental discipline and self-control which is necessary for the discovery of even the smallest grain of truth.

Incidentally the death of the martyrs has been a great misfortune in history—it has led people astray . . . The conclusion which all imbeciles, women, and plebeians arrive at, that there must be something in a cause for which men face death (or which, as in early Christianity, for instance, starts whole epidemics of death-seeking) has been a tremendous brake upon the spirit of cautious

investigation. Martyrs have actually damaged the cause of truth . . . Even to this day the mere fact of persecution is enough to give an honorable name to any obscure sect. What? Is a cause in any way altered by the fact that somebody has died for it? An error which has acquired an honorable name is still an error, but it has acquired one more seductive appeal. Do not imagine, my dear theologians, that we shall allow you to be martyred for your lies!

The best way to dispose of any cause is to put it respectfully on ice—that is the way the theologians will ultimately be disposed of. This has been, throughout all human history, the characteristic folly of all persecutions: they paid too much respect to what they opposed, in conferring upon it the fascination of martyrdom . . . Women still bend on their knees today before an error, because they have been told that someone died on the Cross for it. Then is the Cross an argument?

But about all these matters only one person has said what has been needed for thousands of years—Zarathustra:

They wrote in blood on the way as they passed, and in their folly they taught that blood proves the truth.

But blood is the worst witness to truth; blood envenoms pure doctrine and turns it to madness and hate.

And what is proved when a man goes through fire for his faith?—truly it is better that a man's own wisdom should be fashioned in his own flame!

LIV

Let us make no mistake: great minds are skeptical. Zarathustra is a skeptic. The strength and the freedom which arise from exceptional power of thought express themselves in skepticism. When it is a question of deciding fundamental values or lack of values, men of confirmed prejudices are of no account. Men of prejudices are in chains. They do not see far enough, they do not look down from a height: whereas a man who would venture to discuss values or lack of values must be able to look down upon hundreds of prejudices—to look backwards at them . . . A mind which aspires to great things and is determined to achieve them is of necessity skeptical. Freedom from prejudice and the ability to view things dispassionately are a mark of strength . . . The essential driving force of a skeptic's existence is a great passion, which is more enlightened and more despotic than he is himself, seizes upon his intellect and presses it into service; it makes him unscrupulous; it gives him the courage to use unholy means to achieve his end; and in certain circumstances it even allows him to be prejudiced. If prejudice is used as a means, much may be achieved by it. Great passion utilizes and discards prejudices, according to its purpose in hand; but it does not submit to them, because it is autonomous.

On the other hand, the need of faith, of something which is definitely positive or affirmative (Carlyle-ism, if I may be allowed the phrase) is a sign of weakness. The man of faith, any kind of "believer," is necessarily subservient to something outside himself: he cannot posit himself as an end, and he cannot find ends within

himself. The "believer" does not really belong to himself, he is only a means, he needs to be used, and he needs somebody to use him. His instinct accords the highest place to a morality of abnegation; and everything within him—his prudence, his experience, and his vanity —prompt him to espouse this morality. Any kind of faith is the expression of self-denial, and of estrangement from self . . .

When it is considered that a code of conduct is absolutely essential to the vast majority of people, a code which restrains them and regulates them from without; and when it is considered that external control, or in other words, slavery, is the one and only condition under which weak-willed men, and particularly women, can develop, then at once the meaning of conviction and faith becomes evident. They give a backbone to the man of prejudice. The only conditions under which such a man can survive at all are to avoid looking at most things, never to be impartial, always to belong to some party or another, and to have a clear-cut point of view in forming all his judgments.

And this is precisely the opposite procedure to that followed by the seeker after truth . . . A believer cannot be at liberty to have any conscience for what is true or untrue: any independence in this regard would bring about his collapse. It is merely a pathological development of this defective sight which converts a man of conviction into a fanatic like Savonarola, Luther, Rousseau, Robespierre, Saint-Simon—types which are the exact opposite of strong and freed minds. But the striking poses of these morbid minds, and their epileptic ideas, work upon the masses of mankind: for fanatics are picturesque, and men would much rather be entertained by a pose than listen to reason . . .

LV

Let us now take one step further in our study of the psychology of prejudice, or of "faith." It is some time since I first proposed for consideration the point of view that prejudice is a greater enemy of truth than lying. ("Human, all-too-human," I, Aphorism 483.) This time I wish to state the question more definitely as follows: Is there any distinction whatever between a prejudice and a lie?—Everybody thinks there is, but what doesn't everybody believe? Every prejudice has its own history, its own formative stage, its period of tentativeness and mistakes. It becomes prejudice only after not having been a prejudice for a long time, and then having been nearly a prejudice. What does it matter if in one of these embryonic stages the prejudice was actually a falsehood? Sometimes all that is required is a change in persons: the father's lie becomes an article of faith for the son.

I call it lying to refuse to see a thing in the way it appears; it is another matter whether the lie was committed before witnesses or otherwise; for the most common form of lying is self-deception, and deception of others, compared to this offense, is comparatively rare.

Now this refusal to face things the way they appear is absolutely essential for anybody who joins a party; the party man is invariably

a liar. For example, German historians are convinced that Rome stood for despotism, and that the Teutons introduced the idea of liberty into the world: what is the difference between a conviction like this and a lie? Is it to be wondered at, after this, that all partisans, including German historians, instinctively utter ponderous moral pronunciamentos—or that morality itself has been kept alive by the fact that partisans of every kind constantly stand in need of it?

A remark I have frequently heard used by anti-Semites is the following: "We admit we are prejudiced, and we live and die for our prejudices—everyone's prejudices should be respected!" On the contrary, my dear sirs, an anti-Semite does not become more worthy of respect because he is a liar on principle . . . Priests are much more subtle in these matters because they understand the objections which might be raised against following prejudice (namely against falsehood raised to the status of a principle for some special purpose) and so they have borrowed from the Jews the device of interlarding the ideas of "God," the "will of God," and "God's revelation" at this point. Kant also, with his categorical imperative, was up to the same game—hence his concept of practical reason.

There are some questions to which man cannot give a clear answer; all the important questions, and problems of value are beyond human reason . . . Genuine philosophy consists in understanding just how far reason can go . . . Otherwise why did God reveal himself to men? God does nothing superfluous. Man cannot by himself know anything about good and evil, and so God taught him his will . . . The conclusion of the whole argument is that the priest cannot lie, because questions of truth or otherwise have nothing to do with the matters dealt with by the priests. For in order to lie, it would be necessary to know what the truth should be. But this is more than men can grasp—hence the priest speaks only as an agent of God, who alone understands.

Such is the sacerdotal syllogism, and it is by no means confined to Jewish and Christian priests: the right to lie and the clever trick of "revelation" are characteristic of all priests, whether decadent or pre-Christian. (The pre-Christian priests affirmed life, and "God" for them meant acquiescence in organic life.)

The "law," the "will of God," "Holy Scriptures," and "inspiration," are all merely methods used by priests for attaining power and keeping it. And they are ideas which underlie all theocracies, and all priestly or philosophical forms of government. The "holy lie"—which is common to Confucius, the code of Manu, to Mahomet, and to the Christian church—is even to be found in Plato. Whenever the phrase, "This is truth," is uttered, beware of the priestly lie.

LVI

In the last resort, it boils down to this—what is the purpose of the priestly lie? The fact that from the Christian religion a really "sacred" purpose is absent is my principal objection to the means it employs. Its intentions are evil—to poison, slander, and deny organic life, to despise the body and to degrade and pollute humanity with

the idea of sin—hence it follows that the means it employs are evil.

I have quite a different feeling when I read the book of Manu, an incomparably superior and more intelligent work than the Bible, which it is almost a sin against intellect to mention in the same breath as the Bible. And the reason is obvious: there is genuine thought behind it, not merely an evil-smelling Jewish compilation of rabbinism and superstition—it gives the most pernickety psychologist something to digest. And, even more important, it is entirely different from every kind of Bible because it is intended to help the nobility, the philosophers, and the warriors, to keep a whip-hand over the mob. It is full of dignified values, it is inspired with the idea of attaining perfection by accepting what life has to offer, and it manifests a feeling of exultation in self as a living fact—the sun shines upon the whole book.

Here everything that Christianity besmirches with its bottomless vulgarity—for example, procreation, women, and nuptials—is treated earnestly, reverently, and with affection and certainty.

How could anyone possibly put into the hands of children and ladies a book which contains such filthy words as these: *"To avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband . . . it is better to marry than to burn"?*

And is it possible to be a Christian so long as the actual generation of man is Christianized, or in other words defiled, by the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception? . . .

I know of no book in which so many delicate and kindly things are said of women, as in the book of Manu: these old grey-beards and saints have a way of being polite to women which would be almost impossible to surpass. "The mouth of a woman," says Manu, "the breasts of a maiden, the prayer of a child, and the smoke of sacrifice, are always pure."

And elsewhere he says: "There is nothing purer than the light of the sun, the shadow of a cow, air, water, fire, and the breath of a maid." Finally one more quotation: "All the orifices of the body above the navel are pure, all below the navel are impure; but in the maiden the whole body is pure"—but perhaps this is also a "holy lie"!

LVII

It only needs a comparison of the intention of Christianity with that of Manu to show how utterly unholy is Christian procedure: and to do this these two utterly contrasted ethics should be examined side by side under the strongest light of comparative criticism —though any such critique of the Christian religion must in the end bring Christianity into contempt.

A law-book like the book of Manu has the same origin as any other law-book: it epitomizes the experience, the sagacity and the experimental morality of long centuries: it lays things down definitely, even if it creates nothing new. What is required for a codification of this kind is a recognition of the fact that the means used to secure authority for a hard-won truth, are entirely different from those which would be required to prove it. A law-book never need

recite the utility and the preliminary causistry justifying its laws: for if it did so, it would lose its tone of command—the "Thou shalt" which enforces obedience; and this is the heart of the matter.

At a certain point in the development of a people, the most far-seeing class (that is, the class which can best see both backwards and forwards) declares that the experimental period in arriving at how all the people shall or can live has now come to an end. The object now is to reap as rich and complete an harvest as possible in return for the terrible times of experiment gone through. Consequently what has now to be avoided at all costs is further experiment, or a prolongation of the period of testing, selecting and criticizing values.

To prevent this, a twofold barrier is set up: on the one hand, Revelation, which assumes that the reason behind the laws is superhuman in origin; that these laws were not sought and found by a slow process and after many mistakes, but are of divine origin, in their entirety, perfect, without any development, a gift and a miracle . . .; and on the other hand, tradition, which assumes that the law has been in existence unchanged from time immemorial, and that it is impious and a crime against one's ancestors to cast doubt upon it.

Thus the authority of the law is established on the twofold principle: God gave it, and our ancestors lived it. The best intention behind such a procedure is to lead consciousness step by step away from focusing upon the problem of living correctly (which has now been established by intense effort and carefully scrutinized experience), so that morality may find its expression in an entirely automatic functioning of the instincts: such being the only possible method of mastering and attaining perfection in the art of living.

To draw up a code-book like that of Manu is equivalent to endowing a people with the possibility of future self-mastery and perfection—it gives them the right to aspire to the highest achievement in the art of living. To do this it must be made unconscious—such is the purpose of every "holy lie."

There is an ordering of mankind into castes, and this is the only law of domination, sanction given to a natural law and to natural justice of the highest importance, upon which no innovation, nor any "modern idea" has an effect. According to this law, society is divided into three distinct types, differentiated physically, but mutually interrelated; and each has its own rules of health, its own sphere of work, and its own particular concepts of self-mastery and perfection. It is not Manu but nature that sets apart in one class, the individuals who are predominantly intellectual; and in another class, those who excel in muscular aptitude and strength; and in the third, those who are distinguished neither in body nor in mind—the mediocre—by far the greatest number, the first two categories being those of the elect.

The first of these castes (whom I will call the "few") has the privileges of the few who are perfect: it is their character to express happiness, beauty and goodness on earth; for only intelligent

men have any right to beauty and to the beautiful, as they are the only ones who can be good without being feeble. "Beauty is for the few," and goodness is a privilege. Nothing could be more unworthy in this caste than uncouth manners or a pessimistic view of things, an eye for ugliness . . . or indignation against the general state of affairs. For indignation is a privilege set apart for the Chandala, and so is pessimism. What the instinct of the intellectuals inspires is the opinion that the world is as good as it can be; and this is the instinct of affirmation.

It is even conceded that imperfection, inferiority, distance, the loneliness of superiority, and even the Chandala belong, as parts, to the universal perfection. The intelligent men, in common with the strong men, find their happiness where the others see only disaster. Their delight is in the labyrinth, in being hard to themselves and to others; in strenuous effort; and their joy is in self-mastery. With them asceticism becomes second nature, a need, and an instinct. A difficult task they regard as a privilege; and to lift burdens which would crush their fellow-men is merely a recreation . . . Knowledge for them is actually a form of asceticism. They are the most conscientious of men; which doesn't prevent them from being cheerful and gracious. They are the rulers, not because they desire it, but because of what they are: they are not at liberty to occupy a secondary position.

The second of these castes: To this belong guardians of the law, of order and security, the noble warriors, and in particular the king, as the personification of warrior and judge. The second caste constitutes the executive of the intellectuals, the nearest to them and belonging to them, whose duty it is to relieve their superiors of all the rough tasks in the business of ruling. They are the followers, the assistants and the most apt disciples of the ruling caste. And in all this, I repeat, there is nothing artificial or arbitrary; for nature is put to shame by anything other than this state of affairs . . .

The division of mankind into castes and orders of rank is merely a formulation of a profound law of life itself; and the differentiation of the three types is essential for the maintenance of social amenities, and of the breeding of higher and better types of men. The one thing essential for the maintenance of any rights whatever is that there should be no equality of rights: for a right is the same thing as a privilege, and everyone is entitled to the privileges of his own type.

And let us not underestimate the privileges of mediocrity; for as life gets higher, it gets harder. It is colder on the heights and there are greater responsibilities to face. A highly-developed civilization is a pyramid; it can rest only upon a broad base; and at the bottom there must be a well-packed mass of mediocrity. The handicrafts, commerce, agriculture, science, most of the arts, and in short, most of the professional and business callings, are compatible only with mediocre ability and ambition. Such callings would be unfitting

for exceptional men; the instinct which takes kindly to them is equally unfitted for both aristocracy and anarchism.

If a man is of some public use, a wheel, a function, he has a pre-destination for that sort of thing. It is not society that makes them intelligent machines, but the peculiar kind of happiness of which they alone are capable. The mediocre glory in their mediocrity: their specialty, and their natural instinct, is to master one thing alone. Thus it would be absolutely unworthy of a profound thinker to look down upon mediocrity as such. Indeed mediocrity is essential if superior types are to be produced. It is prerequisite to any high degree of civilization: and if the outstanding man handles the mediocre man more delicately than he handles himself or his equals, it is not merely kindness of heart or "humanitarianism" but his duty.

Whom do I hate most amongst the rabble of today? the Socialistic rabble, the apostles to the Chandala, who undermine the workingman's instincts, destroy his happiness, and his feeling of contentment with his trivial existence—who make him envious and who teach him revenge . . . There is nothing wrong with unequal rights; only in the claim to equal rights . . . What is evil? Ah, but I have already replied to this question; everything arising in weakness, envy, and revenge—the anarchist and the Christian belong to the same family . . .

LVIII

As a matter of fact the purpose for which a man lies makes all the difference in the world; whether it is intended to build up or destroy by the lie in question. There is every reason for comparing the Christian and the anarchist because the impulse of both is towards destruction. History easily proves this proposition, and makes the similarity appallingly clear. In the last chapter we studied a code of religious laws of which the purpose was to transform the means of developing and expanding life into a permanent social format—and Christianity deliberately set out to abolish such a code, for the simple reason that life flourishes under it. Under Manu the advantages of reason acquired through long ages of experimental uncertainty were applied with advantage to all purposes, even the most minute, and some effort was made to reap a harvest as large, and complete, and rich as possible. Under Christianity, on the other hand, this very harvest is blighted in a single night. What stood there, firm through the ages, was the *Imperium Romanum,* the most magnificent form of organization in the teeth of difficulties that has ever been achieved; an organization compared with which every thing that went before and after seems mere patchwork, jerry-building, and amateurishness. When the holy anarchists set out to attack the "world," they meant the *Imperium Romanum,* and they succeeded to such an extent that in the end not one stone was left standing—and even Teutons and other such clod-hoppers were able to overrun it . . . The Christian and the anarchist are both decadents, both are only able to act for the purpose of disintegrating, poisoning, degrading, and blood-suck-

ing; they both have the impulse of mortal hatred towards anything that stands up, and is great, and is lasting and shows promise for the future . . . Christianity was the vampire of the *Imperium Romanum*—almost overnight it shattered the vast achievement of the Romans, who had laid the foundation for a wide culture yet to come. Can it be that this fact is not yet understood? The *Imperium Romanum* that we know, and that the history of the Roman colonies teaches us to know better; this most admirable work of art carried out on a large canvas, was merely the beginning of a construction built to prove its worth over thousands of years. To this day nothing on a like scale has been attempted on the wide earth or even dreamed of!

This organization was strong enough to outlast mad emperors, for the accident of personality has no effect in such a case—the first principle of all monumental architecture. It was not strong enough to stand against the deadliest kind of corruption—against Christians . . . the stealthy worms, that under cover of night, mist, and deceit, bored their way into the heart of every individual, sucking him dry of all interest in serious matters, and all interest in reality—this cowardly, effeminate, and sentimental gang gradually alienated all "souls," one at a time, from that colossal edifice. They sapped the strength of all the significant, manly and noble natures, that had felt the cause of Rome to be their own cause, their own earnest purpose, and their own pride. The stealth of fanaticism, the secrecy of the conventicle, ideas black as hell, such as the sacrifice of the innocent, mystical "communion" in blood-drinking, and above all the slowly-kindled flame of Chandala revenge—this was the sort of thing that became master of Rome: the kind of thing Epicurus had earlier combated in an embryonic form. One has only to read Lucretius to realize that what Epicurus contended against was not paganism but something essentially "Christian," namely the corruption of minds with the ideas of guilt, punishment, and personal survival. He contended against the underground cults, in which Christianity was latent; it was a genuine "salvation" when he denied personal survival.

And Epicurus had triumphed. In fact, every decent Roman with pretensions to intellect was an Epicurean—until Paul appeared on the scene . . . Paul, an incarnation of Chandala hatred against the empire (or the "world"): Paul, the Jew, the eternal and perfect Jew —Paul the genius . . . He realized that, by means of the small sectarian Christian movement which had broken away from Judaism, a world conflagration could be kindled. He realized that by means of "God on the Cross," everything underhand, seditious, and a product of rebellious intrigues within the empire, might be welded together into one immense power. "For salvation is of the Jews."

Thus Christianity supersedes and epitomizes every kind of subterranean worship, such as that of Osiris, of the great mother, and of Mithras, for example—it was in realizing his opportunities in this direction that Paul showed his genius. So sure was his instinct, that with reckless disregard for truth, he actually put into the very lips

of his patent "Savior" all the ideas which made the Chandala sectarian cults so fascinating—he made Christ into something that even a priest of Mithras could understand . . .

This it was which was "revealed" to him at Damascus. He grasped the fact that by means of personal survival he would be able to vilify the "world"; he grasped the fact that he would master Rome by means of Hell; and that "the life beyond" kills this life . . . Nihilist and Christ rhyme in German, and also they mean the same thing . . .

LIX

The whole labor of the ancient world gone for naught—I have no word for this, I cannot express my emotion at this atrocity—and, considering that its work was merely preparatory, that with granitic self-consciousness it laid only the foundations of a work which was to have gone on for thousands of years, the whole meaning of antiquity disappears! . . . To what end the Greeks? to what end the Romans?—all the essentials of a cultivated civilization were already there; all the methods of knowledge had been attained; the great and incomparable art of reading well had been established—a prerequisite to the tradition of culture and the unity of knowledge.

The natural sciences, hand in hand with mathematics and mechanics, were on the right road. The sense of fact, which is the last and most valuable of all the senses, was in their blood, and had been for centuries. Can it be that this is fully understood? Everything essential to the beginning of the work had been arrived at—and I must again repeat that the most essential thing, and the the thing most difficult to arrive at, is method; because method has to encounter the longest and strongest opposition from habits of laziness.

Today we have reconquered, after an incredible self-discipline (for all of us are afflicted at some point with relics of the Christian instincts) an impartial attitude towards reality, a cautious hand in experiment, patience and reverence in minute details, and everything which constitutes integrity in the attainment of knowledge. All these things were already on the earth two thousand years ago! In addition, there was also a refined and subtle sense of tact and taste! Science was not a matter of automatic brain-drill; it was not German "culture" with the manners of a boor! But it was intuitive, it showed itself naturally in men's demeanor, almost as an instinct —and this frame of mind was able to understand reality . . .

Yet all this was in vain! Overnight it became merely a memory! —The Greeks! the Romans! nobility of the instincts, taste, methodical research, genius for organization and administration; a faith in and a will to the future of humanity, a terrific affirmation of everything crystallized in the *Imperium Romanum,* manifesting itself in every form of activity, the grand manner not merely expressed in art, but in actuality, in truth, and in living.

And all this was buried in a night, though not by a cataclysm of nature! Not trampled to death by Germans and others of heavy

foot! But brought to shame by crafty, stealthy, invisible, anemic vampires! Not conquered—merely sucked dry! . . .

Hidden vengefulness, petty envy, became master! Everything that is degenerate, based in suffering, soaked in ignoble feelings, was uppermost in a trice! One need only read any of the early Christian agitators (Saint Augustine, for example) in order to realize or rather in order to smell what filthy fellows came to the top. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the leaders of the early Christian agitation were without intelligence. Oh, they were shrewd, shrewd to the point of holiness, were these fathers of the church! What they lacked was something else altogether. Nature had neglected them in one respect. Nature forgot to give them even a modest endowment of decent, respectable and cleanly instinct . . . Between ourselves, they are not even men . . . If Mohammedans despise Christians, they have a perfectly good reason for doing so; because the Mohammedan religion assumes that it has to do with men . . .

LX

Christianity destroyed for us the harvest we might have reaped from ancient civilization; and then later it went further and prevented us from harvesting the culture of Islam. The wonderful culture of the Moors in Spain, which was more closely related to our modern problems, and consequently could have made a nearer appeal to our senses and inclinations than that of Rome and Greece, was trampled down (by feet I prefer not to describe)—and why? Because in its origin it arose from a noble and manly impulse, because it affirmed life, even the refined and rare sensuousness of Moorish life! . . . Later on the crusaders conducted a war against a civilization before which they should rather have grovelled in the dust—a civilization compared with which our nineteenth century existence seems feeble and decrepit.

What the Crusaders wanted, of course, was plunder: for the east was rich . . . Prejudices must be set on one side! The Crusades were a superior kind of piracy, nothing more. The German nobility, essentially Viking in origin, was in its element in wars of this kind; and the church knew only too well the best way to get the German nobility on its side . . . The German nobles were always the "Swiss guard" of the church, they were always at the service of the church's instinct for destruction—but they had to be well paid for what they did . . . Just to think that it was with German swords, with German blood and courage, that the church waged mortal conflict against everything noble on earth! This raises a great number of painful questions. The German nobility has had nothing to do with the actual development of a higher civilization: and the reason is obvious . . . Christianity and heavy drinking—the two great stultifiers . . . Essentially the difference between Mohammedanism and Christianity is the difference between an Arab and a Jew. There is no need to pause for choice between them—the decision is obvious. A man either belongs to the Chandala or he doesn't. That great free

spirit, Frederick the Second, a genius among German emperors, did not hesitate: "War to the knife with Rome! Peace and friendship with Islam!"—this was not only what he felt, but also how he acted. What! has a German to be actually a genius, a free spirit, before he can have decent feelings? It always amazes me how a German could possibly have Christian feelings . . .

LXI

At this point we have to revive a memory which must be a hundred times more mortifying to Germans. It was Germans who destroyed in Europe the last great harvest of culture which Europe was to garner—the Renaissance. Is it understood even now, will it ever be understood, what the Renaissance meant? It was an overthrowing of the Christian values, an attempt made with every possible means available, and with every impulse and resource of genius, to set up the opposite scale of values, the scale of noble values . . . Until now this has been the one supreme struggle; there has never been any question more important than that of the Renaissance—and it is my question too.

There has never been a more fundamental, a more direct, and a more severe attack, launched upon the whole front at the foe's stronghold. It was an attack at the strategical point, at the very seat of Christianity, with the intention of enthroning noble values there—that is, of insinuating them into the instincts, and the most fundamental needs and desires of those in authority there . . . I see before me a possibility magical in its charm and colorfulness. It seems to me to scintillate with all the shimmering lucency of a delicate and refined beauty. It generates an art so divine, so devilishly divine, that it may take thousands of years before another such occasion will arise. I see a spectacle so rich in meaning, so wonderfully paradoxical, that it is enough to make all the Gods on Olympus roar with laughter—Caesar Borgia as Pope! . . . Do I make myself plain? . . . That is the kind of triumph for which I alone am longing today; for it would have swept Christianity into oblivion.

But what happened? It was a German monk, Luther, who came to Rome, filled with all the thwarted and vengeful instincts of an unsuccessful priest; and gnashed his teeth over what he saw of the Renaissance in Rome. Instead of comprehending, with a profound thankfulness, the miracle that had occurred—Christianity beaten in its own stronghold—the sight merely moved him to rage. A religious man thinks only in terms of himself—Luther could only see the corruption of the Papacy, at a time when the very opposite was becoming evident; when the old corruption, the original sin, Christianity, sat on the throne of the Popes no more! But life! the triumph of life! was there instead. An acceptance of loftiness, beauty and courage sat on the throne of the Popes. . . . And Luther put the church back where it was . . . Luther attacked the Papacy.

Thus the Renaissance became a meaningless event, all to no purpose—ah, these Germans! What a lot they have cost mankind already! Their achievement has always been something to no purpose—the

reformation, Leibnitz, Kant, and what is called German philosophy, the wars of "liberation," the empire—in every case something to no purpose in replacement of what had already existed, in replacement of what was irrecoverable . . .

These Germans are my foes, I boast of it; I despise all their muddiness of thought and morality, all their cowardice in the face of an honest yes-or-no. For nearly a thousand years they have muddled and confused everything they laid hands on. They have on their conscience all the half-measures and less-than-half-measures, from which Europe is suffering. They also have on their conscience the uncleanest, and the most incurable, and the most irremovable species of Christianity—Protestantism . . . If Christianity is never abolished the Germans will be to blame . . .

LXII

With this I complete my indictment and pronounce my judgment: I condemn Christianity! I bring against the Christian Church the most terrible accusation that has ever been uttered. I say that it is the worst of possible corruptions, that it seeks to effect the ultimate corruption, the most dreadful corruption. The Christian Church has befouled everything with its touch; it has reversed every sound value, turned every truth into a lie, and every impulse of integrity it has stigmatized with baseness. Then let no one dare to speak to me of its "humanitarian" blessings! By its inmost necessity it must stand forever opposed to the effort to abolish suffering; for it battens upon suffering—it requires and it creates suffering to ensure its own continuance . . . The canker of sin, for example; it was the church which first conferred this misery upon mankind: or the "equality of souls before God"—this utter lie, this excuse for the rancors of all base minds, this bombshell concept, bursting out in modern religiousness and subversion of human discipline—this is none other than Christian dynamite . . . The humanitarian blessings of Christianity indeed! My view of the so-called humanitarianism of Christianity is that it contradicts true humanism: it splits the human core with the art of self-pollution, the desire to escape from actuality at all costs, a mistrust of all healthy instincts, a contempt for them, even.

And parasitism is the one method by which the church lives: sucking all the blood, all the love, all the hope out of life with its anemic, holy ideals—the beyond used as a symbol of escape from the here and now; the Cross as a sign of the most subterranean conspiracy ever revealed, a conspiracy against health, beauty, self-integration, courage, intellect, spiritual tenderness—against the very heart of life.

This is the undying denunciation of Christianity which I shall write upon all walls, wherever there are walls. I have letters that will burn even upon the eyeballs of the blind. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one intrinsic depravity, the one black impulse of resentment, for which no subterfuge is too vile, or too furtive, or too underhand, or too mean. I say this thing is the one indelible

blot upon the achievement of man . . . Yet time is reckoned from the ill-omened day when such a calamity occurred! From the first day of the Christian era! Why not rather from its last day? From today? . . . The transvaluation of all values . . .

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 671
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Moral Discourses of Epictetus

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FOREWORD

Epictetus, Greek philosopher, was born about 60 A. D.—his name is merely the Greek for *acquired*, and his real name is not known. He was a slave when a boy, and later a freedman and courtier of the notorious Nero. Lame and of poor health, he attended lectures of a Stoic philosopher, and in the year 90 he was banished with other philosophers by Domitian (51-96). So, for the rest of his life, he lived in southern Epirus, northwest of Greece. The date of his death is uncertain, some authorities extending his life into the time of Hadrian (117-138).

Like Socrates, Epictetus wrote nothing of his own. The philosophy that has come down to us is in the words of his pupil, Flavius Arrianus, and consists of the *Discourses* (in Four Books, of which the present text is an abridgment); the *Encheiridion*, or the "Handbook," which consists of aphorisms summarizing in brief and pungent paragraphs the main trends of philosophy in the *Discourses*, and which is available as Little Blue Book No. 576; and some isolated *Fragments* of which the origin is uncertain or unknown altogether.

The key to Epictetus is that he is intensely *practical*. Always a preacher of righteousness, he taught that man's will was absolutely and eternally his own, and that nothing, evil, pain, pleasure, or death, could thwart its determination. His will is man's only absolute possession—his ideas may not be his own, but the

manner in which he employs them is wholly so. "Two maxims we must ever bear in mind —that apart from the will there is nothing either good or bad, and that he must not try to anticipate or direct events, but merely accept them with intelligence." Man is the "citizen" of the universe, a part among many parts of one composite whole, and, as such, he must conduct himself as a disciple of reason. Thus he must not only look out for himself, but for the welfare of all—he is not only a "rational" but also a "social" animal. The will of nature, that is, of the Supreme Ruler—the one Law that runs through all things—is man's guiding principle, and anything conforming to that, which means everything that happens, he should accept *stoically*.

Readers interested in a more detailed exposition of Stoicism are referred to *A Guide to Stoicism*, by St. George Stock (Little Blue Book No. 347), and the *Stoic Philosophy*, by Prof. Gilbert Murray (Little Blue Book No. 210).

MORAL DISCOURSES OF EPICTETUS

(The text is based on that of T. W. Higginson, first published in 1865, which is a translation based on that of Elizabeth Carter, first published in 1758. Higginson has the advantage of more modern diction than the older translations, and hence is easier reading.)

ARRIAN[1] TO LUCIUS GELLIUS

WISHETH ALL HAPPINESS

"I neither composed the Discourses of Epictetus in such a manner as things of this nature are commonly composed, nor did I myself produce them to public view, any more than I composed them. But whatever sentiments I heard from his own mouth, the very same I endeavored to set down in the very same words, so far as possible, and to preserve as memorials for my own use, of his manner of thinking, and freedom of speech.

"These Discourses are such as one person would naturally deliver from his own thoughts, *extempore*, to another; not such as he would prepare to read by numbers afterwards. Yet, notwithstanding this, I cannot tell how, without either my consent or knowledge, they have fallen into the hands of the public. But it is of little consequence to me, if I do not appear an able writer, and of none to Epictetus, if anyone treats his Discourses with contempt; since it was very evident, even when he uttered them, that he aimed at nothing more

[1]See Foreword.

than to excite his hearers to virtue. If they produce that one effect, they have in them what, I think, philosophical discourses ought to have. And should they fail of it, let the readers however be assured, that when Epictetus himself pronounced them, his audience could not help being affected in the very manner he intended they should. If by themselves they have less efficacy, perhaps it is my fault, or perhaps it is unavoidable. *Farewell.*"

BOOK I

1. OF THE THINGS WHICH ARE AND THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT IN OUR POWER

(Grammar tells what to write, but not when to write; music tells of tunes, but not when it is proper to play them; so what will tell these latter things?)

The Reasoning Faculty; for that alone is found to consider both itself, its powers, its value, and likewise all the rest. For what is it else that says, Gold is beautiful; for the gold itself does not speak? Evidently that faculty which judges of the appearances of things. What else distinguishes music, grammar, the other faculties, proves their uses, and shows their proper occasions? Nothing but this.

As it was fit then, this most excellent and superior faculty alone, a right use of the appearances of things, the gods have placed in our own power; but all other matters they have not placed in our power. Was it because they would not? I rather think, that if they could, they had granted us these too; but they cer-

tainly could not. For, placed upon earth, and confined to such a body, and to such companions, how was it possible that, in these respects, we should not be hindered by things outside of us?

What then is to be done? To make the best of what is in our power, and take the rest as it occurs. And how does it occur? As it pleases God.

You may fetter my leg, but not Zeus himself can get the better of my free will.

I must die: if instantly, I will die instantly; if in a short time, I will dine first; and when the hour comes, then I will die. How? As becomes one who restores what is not his own.

2. IN WHAT MANNER, UPON EVERY OCCASION, TO PRESERVE OUR CHARACTER

To a reasonable creature, that alone is insupportable which is unreasonable; but everything reasonable may be supported. In short we shall find by observation that no creature is oppressed so much by anything as by what is unreasonable; nor, on the other hand, attracted to anything so strongly as to what is reasonable.

But it happens that different things are reasonable and unreasonable, as well as good and bad, advantageous and disadvantageous, to different persons. On this account, chiefly, we stand in need of a liberal education, to teach us to adapt the preconceptions of reasonable and unreasonable to particular cases, conformably to nature. But to judge of reasonable and unreasonable, we make use not only of a due estimation of things outside of us, but

of what relates to each person's particular character. Thus, it is reasonable for one man to submit to a menial office, who considers this only, that if he does not submit to it, he shall be whipped, and lose his dinner, but that if he does, he has nothing hard or disagreeable to suffer; whereas to another it appears insupportable, not only to submit to such an office himself, but to respect anyone else who does. If you ask me, then, whether you shall do this menial office or not, I will tell you, it is a more valuable thing to get a dinner than not; and a greater disgrace to be whipped than not to be whipped;—so that, if you measure yourself by these things, go and do your office.

"Ay, but this is not suitable to my character."

It is you who are to consider that, not I; for it is you who know yourself, what value you set upon yourself, and at what rate you sell yourself; for different people sell themselves at different prices.

It was asked, How shall each of us perceive what belongs to his character? Whence, replied Epictetus, does a bull, when the lion approaches, alone recognize his own qualifications and expose himself alone for the whole herd? It is evident that with the qualifications occurs, at the same time, the consciousness of being endowed with them. And in the same manner, whoever of us hath such qualifications will not be ignorant of them. But neither is a bull, nor a gallant-spirited man, formed all at once. We are to exercise, and

qualify ourselves, and not to run rashly upon what doth not concern us.

4. OF PROGRESS

He who is entering on a state of progress, having learned from the philosophers that good should be sought and evil shunned; and having learned too that prosperity and peace are not otherwise attainable by man than in not missing what he seeks nor incurring what he shuns; such a one removes totally from himself and banishes all wayward desire, and shuns only those things over which he can have control. For if he should attempt to shun those things over which he has no control, he knows that he must sometimes incur that which he shuns, and be unhappy. Now if virtue promises happiness, prosperity, and peace, then progress in virtue is certainly progress in each of these. For to whatever point the perfection of anything absolutely brings us, progress is always an approach towards it.

How happens it, then, that when we confess virtue to be such, yet we seek and make an ostentatious show of progress in other things? What is the business of virtue? A life truly prosperous.

Seek progress where your work lies. And where doth your work lie? In learning what to seek and what to shun, that you may neither be disappointed of the one, nor incur the other; in practising how to pursue and how to avoid, that you may not be liable to fail; in practising intellectual assent and doubt, that you may not be liable to be deceived. These are the first and most necessary things. But if you merely

seek, in trembling and lamentation, to keep away all possible ills, what real progress have you made?

Where is progress, then?

If any of you, withdrawing himself from externals, turn to his own will, to train, and perfect and render it conformable to nature; noble, free, unrestrained, unhindered, faithful, humble; if he hath learned, too, that whoever desires or shuns things beyond his own power can neither be faithful nor free, but must necessarily take his chance with them, must necessarily too be subject to others, to such as can procure or prevent what he desires or shuns; if, rising in the morning, he observes and keeps to these rules; bathes regularly, eats frugally; and to every subject of action, applies the same fixed principles,—if a racer to racing, if an orator to oratory; this is he who truly makes progress; this is he who hath not labored in vain. But if he is wholly intent on reading books, and hath labored that point only, and traveled for that, I bid him go home immediately, and do his daily duties, since that which he sought is nothing.

7. OF THE USE OF THE FORMS OF RIGHT REASONING

It is not understood by most persons that the proper use of inferences and hypotheses and interrogations, and logical forms generally, has any relation to the duties of life. In every subject of action, the question is, how a wise and good man may come honestly and consistently out of it. We must admit, therefore, either that the wise man will not engage in

difficult problems; or that, if he does, he will not think it worth his care to deal with them thoroughly; or if we allow neither of these alternatives, it is necessary to confess that some examination ought to be made of those points on which the solution of these problems chiefly depends. For what is reasoning? To lay down true positions; to reject false ones; and to suspend the judgment in doubtful ones.—In reasoning the definition just given is not enough; but it is necessary that we should be able to prove and distinguish between the true, and the false, and the doubtful. This is clear.

Is it not moreover necessary that he who would behave skilfully in reasoning should both himself demonstrate whatever he asserts, and be able to comprehend the demonstrations of others; and not be deceived by such as sophisticate, as if they were demonstrating? Hence arises the use and practice of logical forms; and it appears to be indispensable.

Is it no fault to treat rashly and vainly and heedlessly the things which pass before our eyes; not to comprehend a reason, nor a demonstration, nor a sophism; nor, in short, to see what is strong in reasoning and what is weak? Is there nothing wrong in this?

12. OF CONTENTMENT

You are wretched and discontented. If you are alone, you term it a desert; and if with men, you call them cheats and robbers. You find fault too with your parents, and children, and brothers, and neighbors. Whereas you ought, if you live alone, to call that repose and freedom, and to esteem yourself as resembling the

gods; and when you are in company, not to call it a crowd, and a tumult, and a trouble, but an assembly, and a festival; and thus to take all things contentedly. What then is the punishment of those who do not so accept them? To be—as they are. Is anyone discontented with being alone? Let him remain in his desert. Discontented with his parents? Let him be a son; and let him mourn. Discontented with his children? Let him be a bad father. Shall we throw him into prison? What prison? Where he already is, for he is in a situation against his will, and wherever anyone is against his will, that is to him a prison; just as Socrates was not truly in prison, for he was willingly there.[2]

18. THAT WE OUGHT NOT TO BE ANGRY WITH THE ERRING

If what the philosophers say be true, that all men's actions proceed from one source; that, as they assent, from a persuasion that a thing is so, and dissent, from a persuasion that it is not, and suspend their judgment, from a persuasian that it is uncertain; so, likewise, they seek a thing, from a persuasion that it is for their advantage;—and it is impossible to esteem one thing advantageous, and yet desire another; to esteem one thing a duty, and yet pursue another;—why, after all, should we be angry at the multitude?

"They are thieves and robbers."

What do you mean by thieves and robbers? They are in error concerning good and evil. Ought you, then, to be angry, or rather pity

[2]See "The Trial and Death of Socrates" (Little Blue Book No. 94).

them? Do but show them their error, and you will see that they will amend their faults; but, if they do not see the error, they will rise no higher than their convictions.

22. OF GENERAL PRINCIPLES

The same general principles are common to all men, nor does one such principle contradict another. For which of us does not admit that good is advantageous and eligible, and in all cases to be pursued and followed? Who does not admit that justice is fair and becoming? Where, then, arises the dispute? In adapting these principles to particular cases. As when one cries, "Such a person has acted well; he is a gallant man"; and another, "No; he has acted like a fool." Hence arises dispute among men.

What then is it to be properly educated? To learn how to apply the principles of natural right to particular cases, and, for the rest, to distinguish that some things are in our power, while others are not. In our own power are the will, and all voluntary actions; out of our power, the body and its parts, property, parents, brothers, children, country; and, in short, all our fellow-beings. Where, then, shall we place good? In what shall we define it to consist? In things within our power.

(Property and material things are goods, some say. But if to have riches were good, then it would be right to take them away from one's neighbor. But this is not right.)

24. HOW WE OUGHT TO STRUGGLE WITH DIFFICULTIES

Difficulties are things that show what men are. For the future, in case of any difficulty,

remember, that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic[3] conqueror; and this cannot be without toil. No man, in my opinion, has a more profitable difficulty on his hands than you have; provided you will but use it, as an athletic champion uses his antagonist.

26. WHAT THE RULE OF LIFE IS

(The one rule of life is to live in accordance with nature.)

For, if we desire in every matter and on every occasion to conform to nature; we must, on every occasion, evidently make it our aim neither to omit anything thus conformable, nor to admit anything inconsistent. Philosophers, therefore, first exercise us in theory, which is the more easy task, and then lead us to the more difficult; for in theory, there is nothing to hinder our following what we are taught, but in life there are many things to draw us aside.

The first step towards becoming a philosopher is to be sensible in what state the ruling faculty of the mind is; for on knowing it to be weak, no person will immediately employ it in great attempts. But, for want of this, some, who can scarce digest a crumb, will yet buy and swallow whole treatises; and so they throw them up again, or cannot digest them; and then come colics, fluxes, and fevers. Such persons ought to consider what they can bear. Indeed, it is easy to convince an ignorant person, so far as

[3]In the Olympic games: athletic contests in ancient Greece.

concerns theory; but in matters relating to life, no one offers himself to conviction, and we hate those who have convinced us. Socrates used to say that we ought not to live a life unexamined.

27. OF THE VARIED APPEARANCES OF THINGS TO THE MIND

Appearances to the mind are of four kinds. Things either are what they appear to be; or they neither are, nor appear to be; or they are, and do not appear to be; or they are not, and yet appear to be. Rightly to aim, in all these cases, is the wise man's task. Whatever unduly constrains us, to that a remedy must be applied.

28. THAT WE OUGHT NOT TO BE ANGRY WITH MANKIND

What is the cause of assent to anything? Its appearing to be true. It is not possible, therefore, to assent to what appears to be not true. Why? Because it is the very nature of the understanding to agree to truth, to be dissatisfied with falsehood, and to suspend its belief, in doubtful cases.

What is the proof of this?

Persuade yourself, if you can, that it is now night. Impossible. Dissuade yourself from the belief that it is day. Impossible. Persuade yourself that the number of the stars is even or odd. Impossible.

When anyone, then, assents to what is false, be assured that he doth not willfully assent to it, as false; for, as Plato affirms, the soul is unwillingly deprived of truth; but what is false appears to him to be true. Well, then; have we,

in actions, anything corresponding to this distinction between true and false?

Right and wrong; advantageous and disadvantageous; desirable and undesirable; and the like.

A person then cannot think a thing truly advantageous to him, and not choose it? He cannot.

(Then why be angry with those who unhappily are deceived, and take the false for the true?) Why do you not rather, as we pity the blind and lame, so likewise pity those who are blinded and lamed in their superior faculties? Whoever, therefore, duly remembers that the appearance of things to the mind is the standard of every action to man; that this is either right or wrong, and, if right, he is without fault, if wrong, he himself suffers punishment; for that one man cannot be the person deceived, and another the only sufferer;—such a person will not be outrageous and angry at anyone; will not revile, or reproach, or hate, or quarrel with anyone.

29. OF COURAGE

The essence of good and evil is a certain disposition of the will.

What are things outward then? Materials on which the will may act, in attaining its own good or evil.

How, then, will it attain good?

If it be not dazzled by its own materials; for right principles concerning these materials keep the will in a good state; but perverse and distorted principles, in a bad one. This law hath God ordained, who says, "If you wish for good,

receive it from yourself." You say, No; but from another. "Nay; but from yourself."

Accordingly, when a tyrant threatens, and sends for me, I say, Against what is your threatening pointed? If he says, "I will chain you," I answer, It is my hands and feet that you threaten. If he says, "I will cut off your head," I answer, It is my head that you threaten. If he says, "I will throw you into prison," I answer, It is the whole of this paltry body that you threaten; and if he threatens banishment, just the same.

"Does not he threaten *you*, then?"

If I am persuaded that these things are nothing to me, he does not; but, if I fear any of them, it is me that he threatens. Who is it, after all, that I fear? The master of what? Of things in my own power? Of these no one is the master. Of things not in my power? And what are these to me?

"What, then! Do you philosophers teach us a contempt of kings?"

By no means. Which of us teaches anyone to contend with them about things of which they have the command? Take my body; take my possessions; take my reputation; take away even my friends. If I persuade anyone to claim these things as his own, you may justly accuse me. "Ay; but I would command your principles, too." And who hath given you that power? How can you conquer the principle of another? "By applying terror, I will conquer it." Do you not see, that what conquers itself, is not conquered by another? And nothing but itself can conquer the will. Hence, too, the most excellent and

equitable law of God; that the better should always prevail over the worse. Ten are better than one.

"For what purpose?"

For chaining, killing, dragging where they please; for taking away an estate. Thus ten conquer one, in the cases wherein they are better.

"In what, then, are they worse?"

When the one has right principles, and the others have not. For can they conquer in this case? How should they? If we were weighed in a scale, must not the heavier outweigh?

"How then came Socrates to suffer such things from the Athenians?"

O foolish man! what mean you by Socrates? Express the fact as it is. Are you surprised that the mere body of Socrates should be carried away, and dragged to prison, by such as were stronger; that it should be poisoned by hemlock and die? Do these things appear wonderful to you? These things unjust? Is it for such things as these that you accuse God? Had Socrates, then, no compensation for them? In what, then, to him, did the essence of good consist? Whom shall we regard; you, or him? And what says he? "Anytus and Melitus may indeed kill; but hurt me they cannot." And again: "If it so pleases God, so let it be."

But show me that he who has the worse principles can get the advantage over him who has the better. You never will show it, nor anything like it; for the Law of Nature and of God is this,—let the better always prevail over the worse.

BOOK II

1. THAT COURAGE IS NOT INCONSISTENT WITH CAUTION

There is an assertion of the philosophers which may perhaps appear a paradox to many; yet let us fairly examine whether it be true:—that it is possible in all things to act at once with caution and courage. For caution seems, in some measure, contrary to courage; and contraries are by no means consistent. The appearance of a paradox in the present case seems to me to arise as follows. If indeed we assert that courage and caution are to be used in the same instances, we might justly be accused of uniting contradictions; but, in the way that we affirm it, where is the absurdity? For, if what has been so often said, and so often demonstrated, be certain, that the essence of good and evil consists in the use of things as they appear, and that things inevitable are not to be classed either as good or evil, what paradox do the philosophers assert, if they say, "Where events are inevitable, meet them with courage, but otherwise, with caution?" For in these last cases only, if evil lies in a perverted will, is caution to be used. And if things inevitable and uncontrollable are nothing to us, in these we are to make use of courage. Thus we shall be at once cautious and courageous; and, indeed, courageous on account of this very caution; for by using caution, with regard to things really evil, we shall gain courage, with regard to what are not so.

Courage, then, ought to be opposed to death, and caution to the *fear* of death; whereas, we,

on the contrary, oppose to death, flight; and to these our false convictions concerning it, recklessness, and desperation, and assumed indifference.

This weak flesh is sometimes affected by harsh, sometimes by smooth impressions. If suffering be beyond endurance, the door is open; till then, bear it. It is fit that the final door should be open against all accidents, since thus we escape all trouble.

What, then, is the fruit of these principles? What it ought to be; the most noble, and the most suitable to the wise,—tranquillity, security, freedom. For in this case, we are not to give credit to the many, who say that none ought to be educated but the free; but rather to the philosophers, who say that the wise alone are free.

6. OF CIRCUMSTANCES

A process of reasoning may be an indifferent thing; but our judgment concerning it is not indifferent; for it is either knowledge, or opinion, or mistake. So the events of life occur indifferently, but the use of it is not indifferent. When you are told, therefore, that these things are indifferent, do not, on that account, ever be careless; nor yet, when you are governed by prudence, be abject, and dazzled by externals. It is good to know your own qualifications and powers; that, where you are not qualified, you may be quiet, and not angry that others have there the advantage of you. For you too will think it reasonable, that you should have the advantage in the art of reasoning; and, if others should be angry at it, you will tell them,

by way of consolation, "This I have learned, and you have not." Thus, too, wherever practice is necessary, do not pretend to what can only be attained by practice; but leave the matter to those who are practised, and do you be contented in your own security.

Not one of us, even when necessity calls, is ready and willing to obey it; but we weep and groan over painful events, calling them our "circumstances." What circumstances, man? For if you call what surrounds you circumstances, everything is a circumstance; but if by this you mean hardships, where is the hardship, that whatever is born must die? The instrument is either a sword, or a wheel, or the sea, or a tyrant. And what does it signify to you by what way you descend to Hades? All are equal; but, if you would hear the truth, the shortest is that by which a tyrant sends you. No tyrant was ever six months in cutting any man's throat; but a fever often takes a year. All these things are mere sound, and the rumor of empty names.

Only remember the distinction between what is your own, and what is not your own, and you will never claim what belongs to others. Judicial bench or dungeon, each is but a place, one high, the other low; but your will is equal to either condition, and if you have a mind to keep it so, it may be so kept.

8. WHEREIN CONSISTS THE ESSENCE OF GOOD

God is beneficial. Good is also beneficial. It should seem, then, that where the essence of God is, there too is the essence of good. What then is the essence of God? Flesh? By no

means. An estate? Fame? By no means. Intelligence? Knowledge? Right reason? Certainly. Here, then, without more ado, seek the essence of good. For do you seek that quality in a plant? No. Or in a brute? No. If, then, you seek it only in a rational subject, why do you seek it anywhere but in what distinguishes that from things irrational? Plants make no voluntary use of things; and therefore you do not apply the term of *good* to them.—*Good*, then, implies such use. If so, you may say that good, and happiness, and unhappiness, belong to mere animals. But this you do not say, and you are right; for, how much soever they have the use of things, they have not the intelligent use; and with good reason, for they are made to be subservient to others, and not of primary importance. Why was an ass made? Was it as being of primary importance? No; but because we had need of a back, able to carry burdens. We had need too that he should be capable of locomotion; therefore he had the voluntary use of things added; otherwise he could not have moved. But here his endowments end; for, if an understanding of that use had been added, he would not, in reason, have been subject to us, nor have done us these services; but would have been like and equal to ourselves. Why will you not, therefore, seek the essence of good in that without which you cannot say that there is good in anything?

9. WHAT THE NATURE OF MAN IMPLIES

It were no slight attainment could we merely fulfil what the nature of man implies. For what is man? A rational and mortal being.

Well; from what are we distinguished by reason? From wild beasts. From what else? From sheep, and the like.

Take care, then, to do nothing like a wild beast; otherwise you have destroyed the man; you have not fulfilled what your nature promises. Take care too to do nothing like cattle; for thus likewise the man is destroyed.

In what do we act like cattle? When we act gluttonously, lewdly, rashly, sordidly, inconsiderately, into what are we sunk? Into cattle. What have we destroyed? The rational being.

When we behave contentiously, injuriously, passionately, and violently, into what have we sunk? Into wild beasts. And further, some of us are wild beasts of a larger size; others, little mischievous vermin; such as suggest the proverb, Let me rather be eaten by a lion.

By all these means, that is destroyed which the nature of man implies.

10. HOW WE MAY INFER THE DUTIES OF LIFE FROM ITS NOMINAL FUNCTIONS

Consider who you are. In the first place, a man; that is, one who recognizes nothing superior to the faculty of free will, but all things as subject to this; and this itself as not to be enslaved or subjected to anything. Consider, then, from what you are distinguished by reason. You are distinguished from wild beasts: you are distinguished from cattle. Besides, you are a citizen of the universe, and a part of it; not a subordinate, but a principal part. You are capable of comprehending the Divine economy; and of considering the connections of things. What then does the character of a

citizen imply? To hold no private interest; to deliberate of nothing as a separate individual, but rather like the hand or the foot, which, if they had reason, and comprehended the constitution of nature, would never pursue, or desire, but with a reference to the whole. Hence the philosophers rightly say that, if it were possible for a wise and good man to foresee what was to happen, he might co-operate in bringing on himself sickness, and death, and mutilation, being sensible that these things are appointed in the order of the universe; and that the whole is superior to a part, and the city to the citizen. But, since we do not foreknow what is to happen, it becomes our duty to hold to what is more agreeable to our choice, for this too is a part of our birthright.

(Duties are implied by the name of what you are: if you are a son, act like a dutiful son; if a brother, like an affectionate brother; if a senator, like a responsible public official.)

If, instead of a man, a gentle, social creature, you have become a wild beast, mischievous, insidious, biting; have you lost nothing? Is it only the loss of money which is reckoned damage; and is there no other thing, the loss of which damages a man? If you were to part with your skill in grammar, or in music, would you think the loss of these a damage; and yet, if you part with honor, decency, and gentleness, do you think that no matter? Yet the first may be lost by some cause external and inevitable; but the last only by your own fault. There is no shame in not having, or in losing the one; but either not to have, or to lose the

other, is equally shameful, and reproachful, and unhappy. What does the debauchee lose? Manhood. What does he lose who made him such? Many things, but manhood also. What does an angry person lose? A coward? Each loses his portion. No one is wicked without some loss or damage.

(When seeking revenge, remember this, that a man who hurts you hurts himself, and say to yourself: "Since he has hurt himself by injuring me, shall I not hurt myself by injuring him?")

11. THE BEGINNING OF PHILOSOPHY

The beginning of philosophy is this: the being sensible of the disagreement of men with each other; an inquiry into the cause of this disagreement; and a disapprobation, and distrust of what merely seems; a careful examination into what seems, whether it seem rightly; and the discovery of some rule which shall serve like a balance, for the determination of weights; like a square, for distinguishing straight and crooked. This is the beginning of philosophy.

15. CONCERNING THOSE WHO OBSTINATELY PERSIST IN WHAT THEY HAVE DETERMINED

Some, when they hear such discourses as these, "That we ought to be steadfast; that the will is by nature free and unconstrained; and that all else is liable to restraint, compulsion, slavery, and tyranny," imagine that they must remain immutably fixed to everything which they have determined. But it is first necessary that the determination should be a wise one.

Suppose, by any means, it should ever come into your head to kill me; must you keep such a determination?

18. HOW THE SEMBLANCE OF THINGS ARE TO BE COMBATED

Every habit and faculty is preserved and increased by correspondent actions; as the habit of walking, by walking; of running, by running. If you would be a reader, read; if a writer, write. But if you do not read for a month together, but do something else, you will see what will be the consequence. So, after sitting still for ten days, get up and attempt to take a long walk, and you will find how your legs are weakened. Upon the whole, then, whatever you would make habitual, practice it; and, if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practice it, but habituate yourself to something else.

It is the same with regard to the operations of the soul. Whenever you are angry, be assured that it is not only a present evil, but that you have increased a habit, and added fuel to a fire. When you are overcome by the seductions of a woman, do not consider it as a single defeat alone, but that you have fed, that you have increased, your dissoluteness. For it is impossible, but that habits and faculties must either be first produced, or strengthened and increased, by corresponding actions. Hence the philosophers derive the growth of all maladies.

If you would not be of an angry temper, then, do not feed the habit. Give it nothing to help its increase. Be quiet at first, and reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I

used to be angry every day; then every third and fourth day; and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God. For habit is first weakened, and then entirely destroyed.

By placing a good example before you, you will conquer any alluring semblance, and not be drawn away by it. But in the first place, be not hurried away by excitement; but say, Semblance, wait for me a little. Let me see what you are, and what you represent. Let me try you. Then, afterwards, do not suffer it to go on drawing gay pictures of what will follow; if you do, it will lead you wherever it pleases. But rather oppose to it some good and noble semblance, and banish this base one. If you are habituated to this kind of exercise, you will see what shoulders, what nerves, what sinews, you will have. But now it is mere trifling talk, and nothing more. He is the true athlete, who trains himself against such semblances as these. The combat is great, the achievement divine; for empire, for freedom, for prosperity, for tranquillity. Remember God. Invoke him for your aid and protector; as sailors do Castor and Pollux, in a storm. For what storm is greater than that which arises from these perilous semblances, contending to overset our reason? Indeed, what is the storm itself, but a semblance? For do but take away the fear of death, and let there be as many thunders and lightnings as you please, you will find that to the reason all is serenity and calm; but if you are once defeated, and say you will get the victory another time, and then the same thing over again; as-

sure yourself that you will at last be reduced to so weak and wretched a condition, that you will not so much as know when you do amiss; but you will even begin to make defenses for your behavior, and thus verify the saying of Hesiod: "With constant ills, the dilatory strive."

21. OF INCONSISTENCY

There are some things which men confess with ease; and others with difficulty. No one, for instance, will confess himself a fool, or a blockhead; but, on the contrary, you will hear everyone say, "I wish my fortune were in proportion to my abilities." But they easily confess themselves fearful, and say, "I am somewhat timorous, I confess; but in other respects you will not find me a fool." No one will easily confess himself intemperate in his desires; upon no account dishonest, nor indeed very envious, or meddling; but many confess themselves to have the weakness of being compassionate. What is the reason of all this? The principal reason is an inconsistency and confusion in what relates to good and evil. But different people have different motives, and, in general, whatever they imagine to be base, they do not absolutely confess. Fear and compassion they imagine to belong to a well-meaning disposition; but stupidity, to a slave. Offenses against society they do not own; but, in most faults, they are brought to a confession, chiefly from imagining that there is something involuntary in them; as in fear and compassion. And, though a person should in some measure confess himself intemperate in his desires, he

accuses his passion, and expects forgiveness, as for an involuntary fault. But dishonesty is not imagined to be, by any means, involuntary. In jealousy, too, there is something they suppose involuntary; and this, likewise, in some degree, they confess.

Conversing therefore with such men, thus confused, thus ignorant what they say, and what are or are not their ills, whence they have them, and how they may be delivered from them; it is worthwhile, I think, to ask oneself continually, "Am I too one of these? What do I imagine myself to be? How do I conduct myself? As a prudent, as a temperate man? Do I, too, ever talk at this rate; that I am sufficiently instructed for what may happen? Have I that persuasion, that I know nothing, which becomes one who knows nothing? Do I go to a master, as to an oracle, prepared to obey; or do I also, like a mere driveller, enter the school, only to learn and understand books which I did not understand before; or, perhaps, to explain them to others?"

22. OF FRIENDSHIP

To whatever objects a person devotes his attention, these objects he probably loves. Do men ever devote their attention, then, to what they regard as evils? By no means. Or even to things indifferent? No, nor this. It remains, then, that good must be the sole object of their attention; and, if of their attention, of their love too. Whoever, therefore, understands good, is capable likewise of love; and he who cannot distinguish good from evil, and things indifferent from both, how is it possible that

he can love? The wise person alone, then, is capable of loving.

No living being is held by anything so strongly as by its own needs. Whatever therefore appears a hindrance to these, be it brother, or father, or child, or mistress, or friend, is hated, abhorred, execrated; for by nature it loves nothing like its own needs. This motive is father, and brother, and family, and country, and God. Whenever, therefore, the gods seem to hinder this, we vilify even them, and throw down their statues, and burn their temples.

When therefore anyone identifies his interest with those of sanctity, virtue, country, parents, and friends, all these are secured; but whenever he places his interest in anything else than friends, country, family, and justice, then these all give way, borne down by the weight of self-interest. For wherever *I* and *mine* are placed, thither must every living being gravitate. If in body, that will sway us; if in our own will, that; if in externals, these. If, therefore, I rest my personality in the will, then only shall I be a friend, a son, or a father, such as I ought. For, in that case, it will be for my interest to preserve the faithful, the modest, the patient, the abstinent, the beneficent character; to keep the relations of life inviolate. But, if I place my personality in one thing, and virtue in another, the doctrine of Epicurus will stand its ground, that virtue is nothing, or mere opinion.

And the governing faculty of a bad man is faithless, unsettled, undiscriminating, successively vanquished by different semblances. In-

quire, not whether two men were born of the same parents, and brought up together, and under the same preceptor; but this thing only, in what they place their interest; in externals, or in their own wills. If in externals, you can no more pronounce them friends, than you can call them faithful, or constant, or brave, or free; nay, nor even truly men, if you are wise. For it is no principle of humanity that makes them bite and vilify each other, and take possession of public assemblies, as wild beasts do of solitudes and mountains; and convert courts of justice into dens of robbers; that prompts them to be intemperate, adulterers, seducers; or leads them into other offenses that men commit against each other,—all from that one single error, by which they risk themselves and their own concerns on things uncontrollable by will.

But if you hear that these men in reality suppose good to be placed only in the will, and in a right use of things as they appear; no longer take the trouble to inquire whether they are father and son, or old companions and acquaintances; but boldly pronounce that they are friends, and also that they are faithful and just. For where else can friendship be met, but joined with fidelity and modesty, and the intercommunication of virtue alone?

Whoever, therefore, among you studies either to be or to gain a friend, let him cut up all false convictions by the root, hate them, drive them utterly out of his soul. Thus, in the first place, he will be secure from inward reproaches and contests; from vacillation and self-torment.

Then with respect to others; to every like-minded person he will be without disguise; to such as are unlike he will be patient, mild, gentle, and ready to forgive them, as failing in points of the greatest importance; but severe to none, being fully convinced of Plato's doctrine that the soul is never willingly deprived of truth. Without all this, you may, in many respects, live as friends do; and drink, and lodge, and travel together, and even be born of the same parents; and so many serpents too; but neither they nor you can ever be really friends, while your accustomed principles remain brutal and execrable.

(In the remaining chapters of Book II, Epictetus emphasizes once more the dominating faculty of the Will, bringing out the same points that he discussed in the opening chapter of the discourses: the eyes can see, but how they shall interpret what they see is determined only by the will; the ears hear, but how they shall make use of what they hear depends on the Will; and so forth. It is also demonstrated that the philosopher must not only have the art of speaking well, but his listener must possess the art of hearing well. Thus, though an artist must have talent to make a statue or a painting, there is an art also required for viewing the statue and for appreciating the painting. Incidentally, a very interesting argument is set forth for the necessity of logic, separated as Chapter 25. It follows.)

When one of the company said to him, "Convince me that logic is necessary?" he replied,

Would you have me demonstrate it to you? "Yes." Then I must use a demonstrative form of argument? "Granted." How will you know, then, whether I argue falsely? On this, the man being silent, You see, says he, even by your own confession logic is necessary; since without it, you cannot even learn whether it be necessary or not.

BOOK III

3. THE CHIEF CONCERN OF A GOOD MAN

The chief concern of a wise and good man is his own Reason. The body is the concern of a physician, and of a gymnastic trainer; and the fields, of the husbandman. The business of a wise and good man is to use the phenomena of existence conformably to Nature. Now, every soul, as it is naturally formed for an assent to truth, a dissent from falsehood, and a suspense of judgment with regard to things uncertain, so it is moved by a desire of good, an aversion from evil, and an indifference to what is neither good nor evil. For, as a money-changer, or a gardener, is not at liberty to reject Cæsar's coin; but when once it is shown, is obliged, whether he will or not, to deliver his wares in exchange for it; so is it with the soul. Apparent good at first sight attracts, and evil repels. Nor will the soul any more reject an evident appearance of good, than Cæsar's coin.

Hence depends every movement, both of God and man; and hence good is preferred to every obligation, however near. My connection is not with my father; but with good.—Are you

so hard-hearted?—Such is my nature, and such is the coin which God hath given me. If therefore good is interpreted to be anything but what is fair and just, away go father, and brother, and country, and everything. What! Shall I overlook my own good, and give it up to you? For what? "I am your father." But not my good. "I am your brother." But not my good. But, if we place it in a rightly trained Will, good must then consist in an observance of the several relations of life; and then, he who gives up mere externals, acquires good. Your father deprives you of your money; but he does not hurt you. He will possess more land than you, as much more as he pleases; but will he possess more honor? More fidelity? More affection? Who can deprive you of this possession? Not even Zeus; for he did not will it so, since he has put this good into my own power, and given it me, like his own, uncompelled, unrestrained, and unhindered. But when anyone deals in coin different from this, then whoever shows it to him may have whatever is sold for it in return.

In this manner ought everyone chiefly to train himself. When you go out in the morning, examine whomsoever you see, or hear; and answer as if to a question. What have you seen? A handsome person? Apply the rule. Is this a thing controllable by Will, or uncontrollable? Uncontrollable. Then discard it. What have you seen? One in agony for the death of a child. Apply the rule. Death is inevitable. Banish this despair then. Has a consul met you? Apply the rule. What kind

of thing is the consular office? Controllable by Will, or uncontrollable? Uncontrollable. Throw aside this too. It will not pass. Cast it away. It is nothing to you.

If we acted thus, and practised in this manner from morning till night, by Heaven, something would be done. Whereas now, on the contrary, we are allured by every semblance, half asleep; and, if we are ever awake, it is only a little in the school; but as soon as we go out, if we meet anyone grieving, we say, "He is undone." If a consul, "How happy is he!" If an exile, "How miserable." If a poor man, "How wretched; he has nothing to eat!"

These miserable prejudices then are to be lopped off; and here is our whole strength to be applied. For what is weeping and groaning? Prejudice. What is misfortune? Prejudice. What is sedition, discord, complaint, accusation, impiety, levity? All these are prejudices, and nothing more; and prejudices concerning things uncontrollable by Will, as if they could be either good or evil. Let anyone transfer these convictions to things controllable by Will, and I will engage that he will preserve his constancy, whatever be the state of things about him.

The soul is like a vase filled with water; while the semblances of things fall like rays upon its surface. If the water is moved, the ray will seem to be moved likewise, though it is in reality without motion. When, therefore, anyone is seized with a giddiness in his head, it is not the arts and virtues that are bewildered, but the mind in which they lie; when

this recovers its composure, so will they likewise.

8. HOW WE ARE TO EXERCISE OURSELVES AGAINST THE SEMBLANCES OF THINGS

In the same manner as we exercise ourselves against sophistical questions, we should exercise ourselves likewise in relation to such semblances as every day occur; for these, too, offer questions to us. Such a one's son is dead. What think you of it? Answer: it is a thing inevitable, and therefore not an evil. Such a one is disinherited by his father. What think you of it? It is inevitable, and so not an evil. Cæsar has condemned him. This is inevitable, and so not an evil. He has been afflicted by it. This is controllable by Will; it is an evil. He has supported it bravely. This is within the control of Will; it is a good.

If we train ourselves in this manner we shall make improvement; for we shall never assent to anything but what the semblance itself includes. A son is dead. What then? A son is dead. Nothing more? Nothing. A ship is lost. What then? A ship is lost. He is carried to prison. What then? He is carried to prison. That he is *unhappy* is an addition that everyone must make for himself. "But Zeus does not order these things rightly." Why so? Because he has made you to be patient? Because he has made you to be brave? Because he has made them to be no evils? Because it is permitted you, while you suffer them, to be happy? Because he has opened you the door whenever they do not suit you? Go out, man, and do not complain!

10. IN WHAT MANNER WE OUGHT TO BEAR SICKNESS

We should have all our principles ready for use on every occasion. At dinner, such as relate to dinner; in the bath, such as relate to the bath; in the bed, such as relate to the bed.

Again; in a fever, we should have such principles ready as relate to a fever; and not, as soon as we are taken ill, forget all. Provided I do but act like a philosopher, let what will happen. Some way or other depart I must from this frail body, whether a fever comes or not. What is it to be a philosopher? Is it not to be prepared against events? Do you not comprehend that you then say, in effect, "If I am but prepared to bear all events with calmness, let what will happen;" otherwise, you are like an athlete, who, after receiving a blow, should quit the combat. In that case, indeed, you might leave off without a penalty. But what shall we get by leaving off philosophy?

Now is your time for a fever. Bear it well. For thirst; bear it well. For hunger; bear it well. Is it not in your power? Who shall restrain you? A physician may restrain you from drinking; but he cannot restrain you from bearing your thirst well. He may restrain you from eating; but he cannot restrain you from bearing hunger well.

What is it to bear a fever well? Not to blame either God or man; not to be afflicted at what happens; to wait death in a right and becoming manner; and to do what is to be done. When the physician enters, not to dread what

he may say; nor, if he should tell you that you are doing well, to be too much rejoiced; for what good has he told you? When you were in health, what good did it do you? Not to be dejected when he tells you that you are very ill; for what is it to be very ill? To be near the separation of soul and body. What harm is there in this, then? If you are not near it now, will you not be near it hereafter? What, will the world be quite overturned when you die? Why, then, do you flatter your physician? Why do you say, "If you please, sir, I shall do well?" Why do you furnish an occasion to his pride? Why do you not treat a physician with regard to an insignificant body, —which is not yours, but by nature mortal,— as you do a shoemaker about your foot, or a carpenter about your house? It is the season for these things, to one in a fever. If he fulfills these, he has what belongs to him. For it is not the business of a philosopher to take care of these mere externals, of his wine, his oil, or his body; but of his Reason. And how with regard to externals? Not to behave inconsiderately about them.

What occasion is there, then, for fear? What occasion for anger, for desire, about things that belong to others, or are of no value? For two rules we should always have ready,—*that there is nothing good or evil in the Will;* and *that we are not to lead events, but to follow them.* "My brother ought not to have treated me so." Very true; but he must see to that. However he treats me, I am to act rightly with regard to him; for the one is my own concern,

the other is not; the one cannot be restrained, the other may.

14. MISCELLANEOUS

Two things must be rooted out of men, conceit and diffidence. Conceit lies in thinking that you want nothing; and diffidence in supposing it impossible that under such adverse circumstances you should ever succeed. Now conceit is removed by confutation; and of this Socrates set the example. And consider and ascertain that the undertaking is not impracticable. The inquiry itself will do you no harm; and it is almost being a philosopher to inquire how it is possible to employ our desire and aversion without hindrance.

"I am better than you; for my father has been consul."—"I have been a tribune," says another, "and you not." If we were horses, would you say, "My father was swifter than yours? I have abundance of oats and hay and fine trappings?" What now, if, while you were saying this, I should answer: "Be it so. Let us run a race then." Is there nothing in man analogous to a race in horses, by which it may be decided which is better or worse? Is there not honor, fidelity, justice? Show yourself the better in these, that you may be the better as a man. But if you only tell me that you can kick violently, I will tell you again that you value yourself on what is the property of an ass.

16. THAT CAUTION SHOULD BE USED AS TO PERSONAL FAMILIARITY

He who frequently mingles with others, either in conversation or at entertainments, or

in any familiar way of living, must necessarily either become like his companions, or bring them over to his own way. For, if a dead coal be applied to a live one, either the first will quench the last, or the last kindle the first. Since, then, the danger is so great, caution must be used in entering into these familiarities with the crowd; remembering that it is impossible to touch a chimney-sweeper without being partaker of his soot.

19. THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CROWD

The first difference between one of the crowd and a philosopher is this: the one says, "I am undone on account of my child, my brother, my father"; but the other, if ever he be obliged to say, "I am undone!" reflects, and adds, "on account of myself." For the Will cannot be restrained or hurt by anything to which the Will does not extend, but only by itself. If, therefore, we always would incline this way, and, whenever we are unsuccessful, would lay the fault on ourselves, and remember that there is no cause of perturbation and inconstancy but wrong principles, I pledge myself to you that we should make some proficiency.

20. THAT SOME ADVANTAGE MAY BE GAINED FROM EVERY OUTWARD CIRCUMSTANCE

In considering sensible phenomena, almost all persons admit good and evil to lie in ourselves and not in externals. No one says it is good to be day; evil to be night; and the greatest evil that three should be four; but what? That knowledge is good and error evil. Even in connection with falsehood itself there

may be one good thing; the knowledge that it is falsehood. Thus, then, should it be in life also. "Health is a good; sickness an evil." No, sir. But what? A right use of health is a good; a wrong one, an evil. So that, in truth, it is possible to be a gainer even by sickness. And is it not possible by death too? By mutilation?

Cease to make yourselves slaves; first, of things, and, then, upon their account, of the men who have the power either to bestow or to take them away. Is there any advantage, then, to be gained from these men? From all; even from a reviler. What advantage does a wrestler gain from him with whom he exercises himself before the combat? The greatest. And just in the same manner I exercise myself with this man. He exercises me in patience, in gentleness, in meekness. I am to suppose, then, that I gain an advantage from him who exercises my neck, and puts my back and shoulders in order; so that the trainer may well bid me grapple him, with both hands, and the heavier he is the better for me; and yet it is no advantage to me when I am exercised in gentleness of temper! This is not to know how to gain an advantage from men.

24. THAT WE OUGHT NOT TO BE AFFECTED BY THINGS NOT IN OUR OWN POWER.

Let not another's disobedience to Nature become an ill to you; for you were not born to be depressed and unhappy with others, but to be happy with them. And if any is unhappy, remember that he is so for himself; for God made all men to enjoy felicity and peace. He

hath furnished all with means for this purpose; having given them some things for their own; others, not for their own. Whatever is subject to restraint, compulsion, or deprivation is not their own; whatever is not subject to restraint is their own. And the essence of good and evil He has placed in things which are our own; as it became Him who provides for, and protects us, with paternal care.

"But I have parted with such a one, and he is therefore in grief."

And why did he esteem what belonged to another his own? Why did he not consider, while he was happy in seeing you, that you are mortal, that you are liable to change your abode? Therefore, he bears the punishment of his own folly. But to what purpose, or for what cause, do you too suffer depression of spirits? Have *you* not studied these things? Like trifling, silly women, have you regarded the things you took delight in, the places, the persons, the conversations, as if they were to last forever; and do you now sit crying, because you do not see the same people, nor live in the same place? Indeed, you deserve to be so overcome, and thus to become more wretched than ravens or crows, which, without groaning or longing for their former state, can fly where they will, build their nests in another place, and cross the seas.

"Ay, but this happens from their want of reason."

Was reason then given to us by the gods for the purpose of unhappiness and misery, to make us live wretched and lamenting? O, by

all means, let everyone be deathless! Let nobody go from home! Let us never go from home ourselves, but remain rooted to a spot, like plants! And if any of our acquaintance should quit his abode, let us sit and cry; and when he comes back, let us dance and clap our hands like children. Shall we never wean ourselves, and remember what we have heard from the philosophers,—unless we have heard them only as juggling enchanters;—that the universe is one great city, and the substance one of which it is formed; that there must necessarily be a certain rotation of things; that some must give way to others, some be dissolved, and others rise in their stead; some remain in the same situation, and others be moved; but that all is full of beloved ones, first of the gods, and then of men, by nature endeared to each other; that some must be separated, others live together, rejoicing in the present and not grieving for the absent: and that man, besides a natural greatness of mind and contempt of things independent of his own will, is likewise formed not to be rooted to the earth, but to go at different times to different places; sometimes on urgent occasions, and sometimes merely for the sake of observation.

"But my mother grieves when she does not see me."

And why has not she learned these doctrines? I do not say that care ought to be taken that she may not lament; but that we are not to insist absolutely upon what is not in our own power. Now the grief of another

is not in my power; but my own grief is. I will therefore absolutely suppress my own, for that is in my power; and I will endeavor to suppress another's grief so far as I am able; but I will not insist upon it absolutely, otherwise I shall fight against God; I shall resist Zeus, and oppose him in the administration of the universe. And not only my children's children will bear the punishment of this disobedience and fighting against God, but I myself too; starting, and full of perturbation, both in the daytime and in my nightly dreams; trembling at every message, and having my peace dependent on intelligence from others. "Somebody is come from Rome." "I trust no harm has happened." Why, what harm can happen to you where you are not? "From Greece."—"No harm, I hope?" Why, at this rate, every place may be the cause of misfortune for you. Is it not enough for you to be unfortunate where you are, but it must happen beyond sea, too, and by letters? Such is the security of your condition!

"But what if my friends there should be dead?"

What, indeed, but that those are dead who were born to die? Do you at once wish to grow old, and yet not see the death of anyone you love? Do you not know that, in a long course of time, many and various events must necessarily happen? That a fever must get the better of one; a highwayman, of another; a tyrant, of a third? For such is the world we live in; such they who live in it with us. Heats and colds, improper diet, journeys, voyages, winds, and

various accidents destroy some, banish others; destine one to an embassy, another to a camp. And now, pray, will you sit in consternation about all these things; lamenting, disappointed, wretched, dependent on another; and not on one or two only, but ten thousand times ten thousand!

Everyone's life is a warfare, and that long and various. You must observe the duty of a soldier, and perform everything at the nod of your General, and even, if possible, divine what he would have done. You are placed in an extensive command, and not in a mean post; your life is a perpetual magistracy.

Did you never visit anyone at Athens at his own house?

"Yes; whomsoever I pleased."

Why; now you are here, be willing to visit this person, and you will still see whom you please; only let it be without meanness, without undue desire or aversion, and your affairs will go well; but their going well, or not, does not consist in going to the house and standing at the door, or the contrary; but lies within, in your own principles; when you have acquired a contempt for things uncontrollable by Will, and esteem none of them your own, but hold that what belongs to you is only to judge and think, to exert rightly your aims, your desires, and aversions. What further room is there after this for flattery, for meanness? Why do you still long for the quiet you elsewhere enjoyed; for places familiar to you? Stay a little, and these will become familiar to you in their turn;

and, then, if you are so mean-spirited, you may weep and lament again on leaving these.

"How, then, am I to preserve an affectionate disposition?"

As becomes a noble-spirited and happy person. For reason will never tell you to be dejected and broken-hearted; or to depend on another; or to reproach either God or man. Be affectionate in such a manner as to observe all this. But if, from affection, as you call it, you are to be a slave and miserable, it is not worth your while to be affectionate. And what restrains you from loving anyone as a mortal,—as a person who may be obliged to quit you? (Are you going to grieve for the loss of one to whom you gave affection? If you are, consider this.) If you ever get any new acquaintance and friends, you will find fresh causes for groaning; and, in like manner, if you attach yourself to another country. To what purpose, therefore, do you live? To heap sorrow upon sorrow, to make you wretched? And then you tell me this is affection. What affection, man? If it be good, it cannot be the cause of any ill; if ill, I will have nothing to do with it. I was born for my own good, not ill.

"What, then, is the proper training for these cases?"

First, the highest and principal means, and as obvious as if at your very door, is this,—that when you attach yourself to anything, it may not be as to a secure possession.

"How then?"

As to something brittle as glass or earthenware; that, when it happens to be broken, you

may not lose your self-command. So here, too; when you embrace your child, or your brother, or your friend, never yield yourself wholly to the fair semblance, nor let the passion pass into excess; but curb it, restrain it,—like those who stand behind triumphant victors, and remind them that they are men. Do you likewise remind yourself that you love what is mortal; that you love what is not your own. It is allowed you for the present, not irrevocably, nor forever; but as a fig, or a bunch of grapes, in the appointed season. If you long for these in winter you are foolish. So, if you long for your son, or your friend, when you cannot have him, remember that you are wishing for figs in winter. For as winter is to a fig, so is every accident in the universe to those things with which it interferes. In the next place, whatever objects give you pleasure, call before yourself the opposite images. What harm is there, while you kiss your child, in saying softly, "Tomorrow you may die"; and so to your friend, "Tomorrow either you or I may go away, and we may see each other no more."

"But these sayings are ominous."

And so are some incantations; but, because they are useful, I do not mind it; only let them be useful. But do you call anything ominous except what implies some ill? Cowardice is ominous; baseness is ominous; lamentation, grief, shamelessness. These are words of bad omen; and yet we ought not to shrink from using them, as a guard against the things they mean. But do you tell me that a word is

ominous which is significant of anything natural? Say, too, that it is ominous for ears of corn to be reaped; for this signifies the destruction of the corn; but not of the world. Say, too, that the fall of the leaf is ominous; and that confectionery should be produced from figs, and raisins from grapes. For all these are changes from a former state into another; not a destruction, but a certain appointed economy and administration. Such is absence, a slight change; such is death, a greater change; not from what now is nothing, but to what now is not.

"What, then, shall I be no more?"

True; but you will be something else, of which at present the world has no need; for even *you* were not produced when you pleased, but when the world had need of you. Hence a wise and good man, mindful who he is and whence he came, and by whom he was produced, is attentive only how he may fill his post regularly and dutifully before God.

For all other pleasures substitute the consciousness that you are obeying God, and performing not in word, but in deed, the duty of a wise and good man. How great a thing is it to be able to say to yourself: "What others are now solemnly arguing in the schools, and can state in paradoxes this I put in practice. Those qualities which are there discussed, disputed, celebrated, I have made my own."

Having these principles always at hand, and practising them by yourself, and making them ready for use, you will never want anyone to comfort and strengthen you. For shame does

not consist in having nothing to eat, but in not having wisdom enough to exempt you from fear and sorrow. But if you once acquire that exemption, will a tyrant, or his guards, or courtiers, be anything to you? Only do not make a parade over it, nor grow insolent about it. But show it by your actions; and though no one else should notice it, be content that you are well and blessed.

BOOK IV

1. OF FREEDOM

He is free who lives as he likes; who is not subject to compulsion, to restraint, or to violence; whose pursuits are unhindered, his desires unsuccessful, his aversions unincurred. Who, then, would wish to lead a wrong course of life? "No one." Who would live deceived, erring, unjust, dissolute, discontented, dejected? "No one." No wicked man, then, lives as he likes; therefore no such man is free. And who would live in sorrow, fear, envy, pity, with disappointed desires and unavailing aversions? "No one." Do we then find any of the wicked exempt from these evils? "Not one." Consequently, then, they are not free.

Do you think freedom to be something great and noble and valuable? "How should I not?" Is it possible, then, that he who acquires anything so great and valuable and noble should be of an abject spirit? "It is not." Whenever, then, you see anyone subject to another, and flattering him contrary to his own opinion, confidently say that he too is not free; and not only when he does this for a supper, but

even if it be for a government, nay, a consulship. Call those indeed little slaves who act thus for the sake of little things; and call the others as they deserve, great slaves. "Be this, too, agreed." Well; do you think freedom to be something independent and self-determined? "How can it be otherwise?"

What is it, then, that makes a man free and independent? For neither riches, nor consulship, nor the command of provinces, nor of kingdoms, can make him so; but something else must be found. What is it that keeps anyone from being hindered and restrained in penmanship, for instance? "The science of penmanship." Therefore in life, too, it must be the science of living. As you have heard it in general, then, consider it likewise in particulars. Is it possible for him to be unrestrained who desires any of those things that are within the power of others? "No." Can he avoid being hindered? "No." Therefore neither can he be free. Consider, then, whether we have nothing or everything in our own sole power,—or whether some things are in our own power and some in that of others.

Is there nothing independent, which is in your own power alone, and unalienable? See if you have anything of this sort. "I do not know." But, consider it thus: can anyone make you assent to a falsehood? "No one." In the matter of assent, then, you are unrestrained and unhindered. "Agreed." Well, and can anyone compel you to exert your aims towards what you do not like?" "He can. For when he threatens me with death, or fetters,

he thus compels me." If, then, you were to despise dying or being fettered, would you any longer regard him? "No." Is despising death, then, an action in your power, or is it not? "It is." Is it therefore in your power also to exert your aims towards anything, or is it not? "Agreed that it is. But in whose power is my avoiding anything?" This, too, is in your own. "What then if, when I am exerting myself to walk, anyone should restrain me?" What part of you can he restrain? Can he restrain your assent? "No, but my body." Ay, as he may a stone. "Be it so. But still I cease to walk." And who claimed that walking was one of the actions that cannot be restrained? For I only said that your exerting yourself towards it could not be restrained. But where there is need of body and its assistance, you have already heard that nothing is in your power. "Be this, too, agreed."

What is not in your own power, either to procure or to preserve when you will, *that* belongs to another. Keep off not only your hands from it, but even more than these, your desires. Otherwise you have given yourself up as a slave; you have put your neck under the yoke, if you admire any of the things which are not your own, but which are subject and mortal, to which of them soever you are attached. "Is not my hand my own?" It is a part of you, but it is by nature clay, liable to restraint, to compulsion; a slave to everything stronger than itself. And why do I say your hand? You ought to hold your whole body but

as a useful ass, with a packsaddle on, so long as may be, so long as it is allowed you. But if there should come a military conscription, and a soldier should lay hold on it, let it go. Do not resist, or murmur; otherwise you will be first beaten and lose the ass after all. And since you are thus to regard even the body itself, think what remains to do concerning things to be provided for the sake of the body. If that be an ass, the rest are but bridles, pack-saddles, shoes, oats, hay, for him. Let these go, too. Quit them yet more easily and expeditiously. And when you are thus prepared and trained to distinguish what belongs to others from your own, what is liable to restraint from what is not; to esteem the one your own property, but not the other; to keep your desire, to keep your aversion carefully regulated by this point; whom have you any longer to fear? "No one." For about what should you be afraid? About what is your own, in which consists the essence of good and evil? And who has any power over *this?* Who can take it away? Who can hinder you, any more than God can be hindered.

Study from morning till night, beginning with the least and frailest things, as with earthenware and glassware. Afterwards, proceed to a suit of clothes, a dog, a horse, an estate; thence to yourself, body, members, children, wife, brothers. Look everywhere around you, and be able to detach yourself from these things. Correct your principles. Permit nothing to cleave to you that is not your own; nothing to grow to you that may give you

agony when it is torn away. And say, when you are daily training yourself as you do here, not that you act the philosopher, which may be a presumptuous claim, but that you are asserting your freedom. For this is true freedom.

Come, then; let us recapitulate what has been granted. The man who is unrestrained, who has all things in his power as he wills, is free; but he who may be restrained, or compelled, or hindered, or thrown into any condition against his will, is a slave. "And who is unrestrained?" He who desires none of those things that belong to others. "And what are those things which belong to others?" Those which are not in our own power, either to have or not to have; or to have them thus or so. Body, therefore, belongs to another; its parts to another; property to another. If, then, you attach yourself to any of these as your own you will be punished, as he deserves who desires what belongs to others. This is the way that leads to freedom; this the only deliverance from slavery; to be able at length to say, from the bottom of one's soul: "Conduct me, Zeus, and thou, O destiny, wherever your decrees have fixed my lot."

Study these points, these principles, these discourses; contemplate these examples if you would be free, if you desire the thing in proportion to its value. And where is the wonder that you should purchase so good a thing at the price of others, so many, and so great? Some hang themselves, others break their necks, and some times even whole cities have

been destroyed for that which is reputed freedom; and will not you for the sake of the true and secure and inviolable freedom, repay God what he hath given when he demands it? Will you not study, not only, as Plato says, how to die, but how to be tortured and banished and scourged; and, in short, how to give up all that belongs to others? If not, you will be a slave among slaves, though you were ten thousand times a consul; and even though you should rise to the palace you will never be the less so. And you will feel that, though philosophers do, perhaps, talk contrary to common opinion, yet it is not contrary to reason. For you will find it true, in fact, that the things that are eagerly followed and admired are of no use to those who have gained them; while they who have not yet gained them imagine that, if they are acquired, every good will come along with them; and, then, when they are acquired, there is the same feverishness, the same agitation, the same nausea, and the same desire for what is absent. For freedom is not procured by a full enjoyment of what is desired, but by controlling the desire. And in order to know that this is true, take the same pains about these which you have taken about other things. Hold vigils to acquire a set of principles that will make you free. Instead of a rich old man pay your court to a philosopher. Be seen about his doors. You will not get any disgrace by being seen there. You will not return empty or unprofited if you go as you ought. However, try at least. The trial is not dishonorable.

3. WHAT THINGS ARE TO BE EXCHANGED FOR OTHERS

When you have lost anything external, have always at hand the consideration of what you have got instead of it; and if that be of more value, do not by any means call yourself a loser; whether it be a horse for an ass; an ox for a sheep; a good action for a piece of money; a due composure of mind for a dull jest; or modesty for indecent talk. By continually remembering this, you will preserve your character such as it ought to be. Otherwise, consider that you are spending your time in vain; and all that to which you are now applying your mind, you are about to spill and overturn. And there needs but little, merely a small deviation from reason, to destroy and overset all. A pilot does not need so much apparatus to overturn a ship as to save it; but if he exposes it a little too much to the wind, it is lost; even if he should not do it by design, but only for a moment be thinking of something else, it is lost. Such is the case here, too. If you do but nod a little, all that you have hitherto accomplished is gone. Take heed, then, to the appearances of things. Keep yourself watchful over them. It is no inconsiderable matter that you have to guard; but modesty, fidelity, constancy, docility, innocence, fearlessness, serenity; in short, freedom. For what will you sell these? Consider what the purchase is worth.

5. CONCERNING THE QUARRELSOME AND FEROCIOUS

A wise and good person neither quarrels with anyone himself, nor, as far as possible, suffers another to do so. (For, what is it to quarrel about a person's lack of wisdom, lack of manners, or anything in him that does not suit you? You quarrel with the ruling faculty of someone else, with something that is not yours and is beyond your control.)

What room is there then for quarrelling, to a person thus disposed? For does he wonder at anything that happens? Does it appear strange to him? Does he not prepare for worse and more grievous injuries from bad people than actually happen to him? Does he not reckon it so much gained if they come short of the last extremities? Such a one has reviled you. You are much obliged to him that he has not struck you. But he has struck you too. You are much obliged to him that he has not wounded you too. But he has wounded you too. You are much obliged to him that he has not killed you. For when did he ever learn, or from whom, that he is gentle, that he is a social animal; that the very injury itself is a great mischief to him who inflicts it? As, then, he has not learned those things, nor believes them, why should he not follow what appears to be for his interest? Your neighbor has thrown stones. What then? Is it any fault of yours? But your goods are broken. What then? Are you a piece of furniture? No; but your essence consists in the faculty of will.

What behavior then is assigned to you in return? If you consider yourself a wolf,—then, to bite again, to throw more stones. But if you ask the question as a man, then examine your treasure; see what faculties you have brought into the world with you. Are they fitted for ferocity? For revenge? When is a horse miserable? When he is deprived of his natural faculties. Not when he cannot crow, but when he cannot run. And a dog? Not when he cannot fly, but when he cannot hunt. Is not a man, then, also unhappy in the same manner? Not he who cannot strangle lions or perform athletic feats (for he has received no faculties for this purpose from nature); but who has lost his rectitude of mind, his fidelity. This is he who ought to receive public condolence for the misfortunes into which he is fallen; not, by Heaven, either he who has the misfortune to be born or to die; but he whom it has befallen while he lives to lose what is properly his own. Not his paternal possessions, his paltry estate or his house, his lodging or his slaves, for none of these are a man's own; but all these belong to others, are servile, dependent, and very variously assigned by the disposers of them. But his personal qualifications as a man, the impressions which he brought into the world stamped upon his mind; such as we look for in money, accepting or rejecting it accordingly.

7. OF FEARLESSNESS

What makes a tyrant formidable? His guards, say you, and their swords; they who protect his bedchamber; and they who keep out intruders. Why, then, if you bring a child

to him amidst these guards, is it not afraid? Is it because the child does not know what they mean? Suppose, then, that anyone knows what is meant by guards, and that they are armed with swords; and for that very reason comes in the tyrant's way, being desirous, on account of some misfortune, to die, and seeking to die easily by the hand of another. Does such a man fear the guards? No; for he desires the very thing that renders them formidable. Well, then, if anyone being without an absolute desire to live or die, but indifferent to it, comes in the way of a tyrant, what prevents his approaching him without fear? Nothing. If, then, another should think concerning his estate, or wife, or children, as this man thinks concerning his body; and, in short, from some madness or folly should be of such a disposition as not to care whether he has them or not; but just as children, playing with shells, are busied with the play, but not with the shells, so he should pay no regard to these affairs, except to carry on the play with them, what tyrant, what guards or swords are any longer formidable to such a man?

Show me the swords of the guards. "See how long and sharp they are." What, then, can these great and sharp swords do? "They kill." And what can a fever do? "Nothing else." And a falling tile? "Nothing else." Do you then wish me to be bewildered by all these things, and to worship them, and to go about as a slave to them all? Heaven forbid! But having once learned that everything that is born must likewise die, (that the world may

not be at a stand, nor the course of it hindered,) I no longer see any difference whether this be effected by a fever, a tile, or a soldier; but if any comparison is to be made, I know that the soldier will effect it with less pain and more speedily. Since then I neither fear any of those things which he can inflict upon me, nor covet anything which he can bestow, why do I stand any longer in awe of a tyrant? Why am I amazed at him? Why do I fear his guards?

But to keep up the play [that is, of life, as an actor on the stage of life] I go to him and serve him, so long as he commands nothing unreasonable or improper. (It makes no difference, though, if he threatens me.) These things are frightful to children and fools. But if anyone, who has once entered into the school of a philosopher, knows not what he himself is, then he deserves to be frightened, and to flatter the last object of flattery; if he has not yet learnt that he is neither flesh, nor bones, nor nerves, but is that which makes use of these, and regulates and comprehends the phenomena of existence.

8. CONCERNING SUCH AS HASTILY ASSUME THE PHILOSOPHIC DRESS

Never commend or censure anyone for common actions, nor attribute to them either skilfulness or unskilfulness; and thus you will at once be free both from rashness and ill-nature. Till you know from what principle anyone acts, neither commend nor censure the action.

If we hear anyone sing badly, we do not say,

"Observe how musicians sing," but rather, "This fellow is no musician." It is with regard to philosophy alone that people are thus affected. When they see anyone acting inconsistently with the profession of a philosopher, they do not take away his title; but assuming that he is a philosopher, and then reasoning from his improper behavior, they infer that philosophy is of no use.

Why, then, will you not first see, whether when acting improperly he fulfils his profession, ere you proceed to blame the study? Whereas now, when acting soberly yourself, you say, in regard to whatever he appears to do amiss, "Observe the philosopher!" As if it were proper to call a person who does such things a philosopher. And, indeed, even those called philosophers enter upon their profession by commonplace beginnings. As soon as they have put on the cloak and let their beards grow, they cry, "I am a philosopher." Yet no one says, "I am a musician," merely because he has bought a fiddle and fiddlestick: nor, "I am a smith," because he is dressed in the cap and apron. But they take their name from their art, not from their garb.

But now they who have only such an inclination to philosophy as weak stomachs have to some kinds of food, of which they will presently grow sick, expect to hasten to the scepter, to the kingdom. They let their hair grow, assume the cloak, bare the shoulder, wrangle with all they meet; and if they see any one in a thick, warm coat, must needs wrangle with him. First harden yourself against all

weather, man. Consider your inclination; whether it be not that of a weak stomach, or of a longing woman. First study to conceal what you are; philosophize a little while by yourself. Fruit is produced thus. The seed must first be buried in the ground, lie hid there some time, and grow up by degrees, that it may come to perfection. But if it produces the ear before the stalk has its proper joints, it is imperfect. Now *you* are a poor plant of this kind. You have blossomed too soon: the winter will kill you. Beware you too, O man. You have shot out luxuriantly; you have sprung forth towards a trifling fame, before thy proper season. You seem to be somebody, as a fool may among fools. You will be taken by the frost; or rather, you are already frozen downward at the root; you still blossom indeed a little at the top, and therefore you think you are still alive and flourishing.

Let us, at least, ripen naturally. Why do you lay us open? Why do you force us? We cannot yet bear the air. Suffer the root to grow; then the first, then the second, then the third joint of the stalk to spring from it; and thus nature will force out the fruit, whether I will or not. For who that is charged with such principles, but must perceive, too, his own powers, and strive to put them in practice. Not even a bull is ignorant of his own powers, when any wild beast approaches the herd, nor waits he for anyone to encourage him; nor does a dog when he spies any game. And if I have the powers of a good man, shall I wait for you to qualify me for my own prop-

er actions? But believe me, I have them not quite yet. Why, then, would you wish me to be withered before my time, as you are?

11. OF PURITY

Some doubt whether the love of society be comprehended in the nature of man; and yet these very persons do not seem to me to doubt but that purity is by all means comprehended in it; and that by this, if by anything, it is distinguished from brute animals. When, therefore, we see any animal cleaning itself, we are apt to cry with wonder that it is like a human creature. On the contrary, if an animal is censured, we are presently apt to say, by way of excuse, that it is not a human creature. Such excellence do we suppose to be in man, which we first received from the gods. For as they are by nature pure and uncorrupt, in proportion as men approach to them by reason, they are tenacious of purity and incorruption. But since it is impracticable that their essence, composed of such materials, should be absolutely pure, it is the office of reason to endeavor to render it as pure as possible.

The first and highest purity or impurity, then, is that which is formed in the soul. But you will not find the impurity of the soul and body to be alike. For what stain can you find in the soul, unless it be something which renders it impure in its operations? Now the operations of the soul are its pursuits and avoidances, its desires, aversions, preparations, intentions, assents. What, then, is that which

renders it defiled and impure in these operations? Nothing else than its perverse judgments. So that the impurity of the soul consists in wicked principles, and its purification in forming right principles; and that is pure which has right principles, for that alone is unmixed and undefiled in its operations.

Now we should, as far as possible, endeavor after something like this in the body, too. It is impossible but that in such a composition as man, there must be a discharge of superfluous phlegm. For this reason, Nature has made hands, and the nostrils themselves as channels to let out the moisture; nor can this be neglected with propriety. (And so on, with the toilet of the rest of the body. You owe a clean body not only to yourself, but to the rest of society, that you may associate with them as a man, not as a brute.)

12. OF TAKING PAINS

When you cease to take pains for a little while, do not fancy you may recommence whenever you please, but remember this: that by means of a fault today, your affairs must necessarily be in a worse condition for the future. The first and worst evil is that there arises a habit of neglect; and then a habit of postponing effort, and constantly procrastinating as to one's successes and good behavior and orderly thought and action. Now if procrastination as to anything is advantageous, it must be still more advantageous to omit it altogether; but if it be not advantageous, why do you not take pains all the time? For there is no part of life exempted, about which pains are not needed.

Other Little Blue Books

Biography

5 Life of Samuel Johnson. Macaulay.
393 Life of Frederick the Great. Macaulay.
33 Brann: Smasher of Shams. Gunn.
312 Life and Works of Laurence Sterne. Gunn.
429 Life and Works of Jonathan Swift. Gunn.
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523 Life of Benjamin Franklin. Gunn.
51 Bruno. His Life and Martyrdom. Turnbull.
69 Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas.
88 Vindication of Paine. Ingersoll.
123 Life of Madame du Barry. Tichenor.
183 Life of Jack London. Tichenor.
323 Life of Joan of Arc. Tichenor.
343 Life of Columbus. Tichenor.
128 Julius Caesar: Who He Was and What He Accomplished.
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141 Life of Napoleon. Finger.
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395 Autobiography of Cellini. Finger.
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537 Life of Barnum: The Man Who Lured the Herd. Finger.
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227 Keats: The Man, His Works, and His Friends.
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269-270-271-272 Contemporary Portraits. 4 Vols. Harris.
324 Life of Lincoln. Bowers.
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506 Life of Voltaire (as Seen by Georg Brandes). Moritzen.
525 Life of Goethe (as Seen by Georg Brandes). Moritzen.
526 Life of Julius Caesar (as Seen by Georg Brandes). Moritzen.
518 The Life and Works of Charles Dickens. Swasey.
521 Life of John Brown. Gold.
666-667 Sarah Bernhardt As I Knew Her. 2 Vols. Dorian.

Drama

(See "Literature (Ancient)" for Greek and Roman Drama. See "Shakespeare" for Shakespearean Plays and Criticism. See "Oscar Wilde." See "French Literature" for Moliere, Victor Hugo and Maeterlinck. See "Ibsen, Henrik.")
90 The Mikado. Gilbert.
226 The Anti-Semites. Schnitzler.
308 She Stoops to Conquer. Goldsmith.
335 The Land of Heart's Desire. Yeats
337 Pippa Passes. Browning.

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 642
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

New Atlantis

Francis Bacon

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HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
GIRARD, KANSAS

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

NEW ATLANTIS

TO THE READER

This fable my lord devised, to the end that he might exhibit therein a model or description of a college, instituted for the interpreting of nature, and the producing of great and marvellous works, for the benefit of men; under the name of Solomon's House, or the College of the Six Days' Works. And even so far his lordship hath proceeded, as to finish that part. Certainly the model is more vast and high, than can possibly be imitated in all things; notwithstanding most things therein are within men's power to effect. His lordship thought also in this present fable, to have composed a frame of laws, or of the best state or mould of a commonwealth; but foreseeing it would be a long work, his desire of collecting the Natural History diverted him, which he preferred many degrees before it.

W. RAWLEY.

NEW ATLANTIS

We sailed from Peru, where we had continued by the space of one whole year, for China and Japan, by the South Sea, taking with us victuals for twelve months; and had good winds from the east, though soft and weak, for five months space and more. But then the wind came about, and settled in the west for many days, so as we could make little or no way, and were sometimes in purpose to turn back. But then again there arose strong and great winds from the south, with a point east, which carried us up, for all that we could do, towards the north; by which time our victuals failed us, though we had made good spare of them. So that finding ourselves in the midst of the greatest wilderness of waters in the world, without victual, we gave ourselves for lost men, and prepared for death. Yet we did lift up our hearts and voices to God above, who showeth "his wonders in the deep;" beseeching him of his mercy, that as in the beginning he discovered the face of the deep, and brought forth dry land; so he would now discover land to us, that we might not perish. And it came to pass, that the next day about evening, we saw within a kenning before us, towards the north, as it were thick clouds, which did put us in some hope of land; knowing how that part of the South Sea was utterly unknown; and might have islands or conti-

nents, that hitherto were not come to light. Wherefore we bent our course thither, where we saw the appearance of land all that night; and in the dawning of the next day, we might plainly discern that it was a land, flat to our sight, and full of boscage, which made it show the more dark. And after an hour and a half's sailing, we entered into a good haven, being the port of a fair city; not great indeed, but well built, and that gave a pleasant view from the sea; and we thinking every minute long till we were on land, came close to the shore, and offered to land. But straightways we saw divers of the people with batons in their hands, as it were, forbidding us to land; yet without any cries or fierceness, but only as warning us off by signs that they made. Whereupon being not a little discomforted, we were advising with ourselves what we should do. During which time there made forth to us a small boat, with about eight persons in it; whereof one of them had in his hand a tipstaff of a yellow cane, tipped at both ends with blue, who came aboard our ship, without any show of distrust at all. And when he saw one of our number present himself somewhat afore the rest, he drew forth a little scroll of parchment, somewhat yellower than our parchment, and shining like the leaves of writing-tables, but otherwise soft and flexible, and delivered it to our foremost man. In which scroll were written in ancient Hebrew, and in ancient Greek, and in good Latin of the school, and in Spanish these words; "Land ye not, none of you,

and provide to be gone from this coast within sixteen days, except you have further time given you; meanwhile, if you want fresh water, or victual, or help for your sick, or that your ship needeth repair, write down your wants, and you shall have that which belongeth to mercy." This scroll was signed with a stamp of cherubim's wings, not spread, but hanging downwards, and by them a cross. This being delivered, the officer returned, and left only a servant with us to receive our answer. Consulting hereupon amongst ourselves, we were much perplexed. The denial of landing, and hasty warning us away, troubled us much; on the other side, to find that the people had languages, and were so full of humanity, did comfort us not a little. And above all, the sign of the cross to that instrument was to us a great rejoicing, and as it were a certain presage of good. Our answer was in the Spanish tongue; "That for our ship, it was well; for we had rather met with calms and contrary winds than any tempests. For our sick, they were many, and in very ill case; so that if they were not permitted to land, they ran in danger of their lives." Our other wants we set down in particular; adding, "that we had some little store of merchandise, which if it pleased them to deal for, it might supply our wants without being chargeable unto them." We offered some reward in pistolets unto the servant, and a piece of crimson velvet to be presented to the officer; but the servant took them not, nor would scarce look upon them; and so left

us, and went back in another little boat which was sent for him.

About three hours after we had despatched our answer, there came towards us a person, as it seemed, of place. He had on him a gown with wide sleeves, of a kind of water-chamblet, of an excellent azure colour, far more glossy than ours; his under apparel was green, and so was his hat, being in the form of a turbane, daintily made, and not so huge as the Turkish turbans; and the locks of his hair came down below the brims of it. A reverend man was he to behold. He came in a boat, gilt in some part of it, with four persons more only in that boat; and was followed by another boat, wherein were some twenty. When he was come within a flight shot of our ship, signs were made to us, that we should send forth some to meet him upon the water, which we presently did in our ship-boat, sending the principal man amongst us save one, and four of our number with him. When we were come within six yards of their boat, they called to us to stay, and not to approach farther; which we did. And thereupon the man, whom I before described, stood up, and with a loud voice in Spanish, asked, "Are ye Christians?" We answered, "we were;" fearing the less, because of the cross we had seen in the subscription. At which answer the said person lifted up his right hand towards heaven, and drew it softly to his mouth, which is the gesture they use when they thank God, and then said: "If ye will swear, all of you, by the merits of the

Saviour, that ye are no pirates; nor have shed blood lawfully nor unlawfully within forty days past; you may have licence to come on land." We said, "we were all ready to take that oath." Whereupon one of those that were with him, being, as it seemed, a notary, made entry of this act. Which done, another of the attendants of the great person, which was with him in the same boat, after his lord had spoken a little to him, said aloud; "My lord would have you know, that it is not of pride or greatness, that he cometh not aboard your ship; but for that in your answer you declare, that you have many sick amongst you, he was warned by the conservator of health of the city, that he should keep a distance." We bowed ourselves towards him and answered, "We were his humble servants; and accounted for great honour, and singular humanity towards us, that which was already done; but hoped well, that the nature of the sickness of our men was not infectious." So he returned; and a while after came the notary to us aboard our ship; holding in his hand a fruit of that country, like an orange, but of colour between orange tawny and scarlet, which cast a most excellent odour. He used it, as it seemeth, for a preservative against infection. He gave us our oath; "By the name of Jesus and his merits:" and after told us, that the next day by six of the clock in the morning we should be sent to, and brought to the Strangers' house, so he called it, where we should be accommodated of things, both for our whole, and for

our sick. So he left us; and when we offered him some pistolets, he smiling, said, "he must not be twice paid for one labour:" meaning, as I take it, that he had a salary sufficient of the state for his service. For, as I after learned, they call an officer that taketh rewards, Twice-paid.

The next morning early, there came to us the officer that came to us at first with his cane, and told us, "he came to conduct us to the Strangers' house; and that he had prevented the hour, because we might have the whole day before us for our business. For," said he, "if you will follow my advice, there shall first go with me, some few of you, and see the place, and how it may be made convenient for you: and then you may send for your sick, and the rest of your number, which we will bring on land." We thanked him, and said, that this care, which he took of desolate strangers, God would reward. And so six of us went on land with him: and when we were on land, he went before us, and turned to us, and said, "he was but our servant, and our guide." He led us through three fair streets; and all the way we went there were gathered some people on both sides, standing in a row; but in so civil a fashion, as if it had been, not to wonder at us, but to welcome us; and divers of them, as we passed by them, put their arms a little abroad; which is their gesture when they bid any welcome. The Strangers' house is a fair and spacious house, built of brick of somewhat a bluer colour than our brick; and with handsome

windows, some of glass, some of a kind of cambric oiled. He brought us first into a fair parlour above stairs, and then asked us, "What number of persons we were? And how many sick?" We answered, "we are in all, sick and whole, one and fifty persons, whereof our sick were seventeen." He desired us to have patience a little, and to stay till he came back to us, which was about an hour later; and then he led us to see the chambers, which were provided for us, being in number nineteen: they having cast it, as it seemeth, that four of those chambers, which were better than the rest, might receive four of the principal men of our company, and lodge them alone by themselves; and the other fifteen chambers, were to lodge us two and two together. The chambers were handsome and cheerful chambers, and furnished civilly. Then he led us to a long gallery, like a dorture, where he showed us along the one side, for the other side was but wall and window, seventeen cells, very neat ones, having partitions of cedar wood. Which gallery and cells, being in all forty, many more than we needed, were instituted as an infirmary for sick persons. And he told us withal, that as any of our sick waxed well, he might be removed from his cell to a chamber: for which purpose there were set forth ten spare chambers, besides the number we spake of before. This done, he brought us back to the parlour, and lifting up his cane a little, as they do when they give and charge or command, said to us, "Ye are to know that the

custom of the land requireth, that after this day and tomorrow, which we give you for removing of your people from your ship, you are to keep within doors for three days. But let it not trouble you, nor do not think yourselves restrained, but rather left to your rest and ease. You shall want nothing, and there are six of our people appointed to attend you, for any business you may have abroad." We gave him thanks, with all affection and respect, and said, "God surely is manifested in this land." We offered him also twenty pistolets; but he smiled, and only said: "What? twice paid." And so left us. Soon after our dinner was served in; which was right good viands, both for bread and meat: better than any collegiate diet that I have known in Europe. We had also drink of three sorts, all wholesome and good; wine of the grape; a drink of grain, such as is with us our ale, but more clear; and a kind of cider made of a fruit of that country; a wonderful pleasing and refreshing drink. Besides, there were brought in to us great store of those scarlet oranges for our sick: which, they said, were an assured remedy for sickness taken at sea. There was given us also a box of small grey or whitish pills, which they wished our sick should take, one of the pills every night before sleep; which, they said, would hasten their recovery. The next day, after that our trouble of carriage, and removing of our men and goods out of our ship, was somewhat settled and quiet, I thought good to call our company together; and when they were

assembled said unto them; "My dear friends, let us know ourselves, and how it standeth with us. We are men cast on land, as Jonas was, out of the whale's belly, when we were as buried in the deep: and now we are on land, we are but between death and life; for we are beyond both the old world and the new; and whether ever we shall see Europe, God only knoweth. It is a kind of miracle hath brought us hither: and it must be little less that shall bring us hence. Therefore in regard of our deliverance past, and our danger present and to come, let us look up to God, and every man reform his own ways. Besides we are come here amongst a christian people, full of piety and humanity: let us not bring that confusion of face upon ourselves, as to show our vices or unworthiness before them. Yet there is more: for they have by commandment, though in form of courtesy, cloistered us within these walls for three days: who knoweth whether it be not to take some taste of our manners and conditions? And if they find them bad, to banish us straightways; if good, to give us farther time. For these men, that they have given us for attendance, may withal have an eye upon us. Therefore for God's love, and as we love the weal of our souls and bodies, let us so behave ourselves as we may be at peace with God, and may find grace in the eyes of this people." Our company with one voice thanked me for my good admonition, and promised me to live soberly and civilly, and without giving any the least occasion of offence. So we spent

our three days joyfully, and without care, in expectation what would be done with us when they were expired. During which time, we had every hour joy of the amendment of our sick; who thought themselves cast into some divine pool of healing; they mended so kindly and so fast.

The morrow after our three days were past, there came to us a new man, that we had not seen before, clothed in blue as the former was, save that his turban was white, with a small red cross on the top. He had also a tippet of fine linen. At his coming in he did bend to us a little, and put his arms abroad. We of our parts saluted him in a very lowly and submissive manner; as looking that from him we should receive sentence of life or death. He desired to speak with some few of us: whereupon six of us only stayed, and the rest avoided the room. He said, "I am office governor of this House of Strangers, and by vocation I am a christian priest; and therefore am come to you, to offer you my service, both as strangers. and chiefly as Christians. Some things I may tell you, which I think you will not be unwilling to hear. The state hath given you licence to stay on land for the space of six weeks: and let it not trouble you if your occasions ask farther time, for the law in this point is not precise; and I do not doubt but myself shall be able to obtain for you such farther time as may be convenient. Ye shall also understand, that the Strangers' house is at this time rich, and much aforehand; for it hath laid

up revenue these thirty-seven years; for so long it is since any stranger arrived in this part: and therefore take ye no care; the state will defray you all the time you stay; neither shall you stay one day less for that. As for any merchandise you have brought, ye shall be well used, and have your return either in merchandise, or in gold and silver: for to us it is all one. And if you have any other request to make, hide it not. For ye shall find, we will not make your countenance to fall by the answer ye shall receive. Only this I must tell you, that none of you must go above a *karan*," that is with them a mile and a half, "from the walls of the city without special leave." We answered after we had looked awhile one upon another, admiring this gracious and parent-like usage; "that we could not tell what to say: for we wanted words to express our thanks; and his noble free offers left us nothing to ask. It seemed to us, that we had before us a picture of our salvation in heaven: for we that were awhile since in the jaws of death, were now brought into a place where we found nothing but consolations. For the commandment paid upon us, we would not fail to obey it, though it was impossible but our hearts should be inflamed to tread farther upon this happy and holy ground." We added: "that our tongues should first cleave to the roofs of our mouths, ere we should forget either his reverend person, or this whole nation in our prayers." We also most humbly besought him to accept of us as his true servants, by as

just a right as ever men on earth were bounden, laying and presenting both our persons and all we had at his feet. He said: "he was a priest, and looked for a priest's reward; which was our brotherly love, and the good of our souls and bodies." So he went from us, not without tears of tenderness in his eyes; and left us also confused with joy and kindness, saying amongst ourselves, "that we were come into a land of angels, which did appear to us daily, and prevent us with comforts which we thought not of, much less expected."

The next day, about ten of the clock, the governor came to us again, and after salutations said familiarly, that he was come to visit us; and called for a chair, and sat him down: and we being some ten of us, the rest were of the meaner sort, or else gone abroad, sat down with him. And when we were set, he began thus: "We of this island of Bensalem," for so they call it in their language, "have this; that by means of our solitary situation, and of the laws of secrecy which we have for our travellers, and our rare admission of strangers; we know well most part of the habitable world, and are ourselves unknown. Therefore because he that knoweth least is fittest to ask questions, it is more reason for the entertainment of the time, that ye ask me questions, than that I ask you." We answered; "That we humbly thanked him that he would give us leave so to do: and that we conceived by the taste we had already, that there was no worldly thing on earth more worthy to be

known than the state of that happy land. But above all," we said, "since that we were met from the several ends of the world, and hoped assuredly that we should meet one day in the kingdom of heaven, for that we were both parts Christians, we desired to know, in respect that land was so remote, and so divided by vast and unknown seas, from the land where our Saviour walked on earth, who was the apostle of that nation, and how it was converted to the faith?" It appeared in his face that he took great contentment in this our question: he said, "Ye knit my heart to you, by asking this question in the first place; for it showeth that you 'first' seek the kingdom of heaven;' and I shall gladly and briefly satisfy your demand.

"About twenty years after the ascension of our Saviour, it came to pass, that there was seen by the people of Renfusa, a city upon the eastern coast of our island, within night, the night was cloudy and calm, as it might be some mile into the sea, a great pillar of light; not sharp, but in form of a column or cylinder rising from the sea, a great way up towards heaven: and on the top of it was seen a large cross of light, more bright and resplendent than the body of the pillar. Upon which so strange a spectacle, the people of the city gathered apace together upon the sands to wonder; and so after put themselves into a number of small boats, to go nearer to this marvellous sight. But when the boats were come within about sixty yards of the pillar,

they found themselves all bound, and could go no farther, yet so as they might move to go about, but might not approach nearer: so as the boats stood all as in a theatre, beholding this light as a heavenly sign. It so fell out, that there was in one of the boats one of those wise men of the society of Solomon's house, which house or college, my good brethren, is the very eye of this kingdom; who having awhile attentively and devoutly viewed and contemplated this pillar and cross, fell down upon his face; and then raising himself up upon his knees, and lifting up his hands to heaven, made his prayers in this manner:

"'Lord God of heaven and earth; thou hast vouchsafed of thy grace, to those of our order, to know thy works of creation, and the secrets of them; and to discern, as far as appertaineth to the generations of men, between divine miracles, works of nature, works of art, and impostures and illusions of all sorts. I do here acknowledge and testify before this people, that the thing which we now see before our eyes, is thy finger, and a true miracle; and forasmuch as we learn in our books, that thou never workest miracles, but to a divine and excellent end, for the laws of nature are thine own laws, and thou exceedest them not but upon great cause, we most humbly beseech thee to prosper this great sign, and to give us the interpretation and use of it in mercy; which thou dost in some part secretly promise by sending it unto us.'

"When he had made this prayer, he presently

found the boat he was in movable and unbound; whereas all the rest remained still fast; and taking that for an assurance of leave to approach, he caused the boat to be softly and with silence rowed towards the pillar. But ere he came near it, the pillar and cross of light brake up, and cast itself abroad, as it were into a firmament of many stars; which also vanished soon after, and there was nothing left to be seen but a small ark or chest of cedar, dry, and not wet at all with water, though it swam. And in the fore-end of it which was towards him, grew a small green branch of palm; and when the wise man had taken it with all reverence into his boat, it opened of itself, and there were found in it a book and a letter; both written in fine parchment, and wrapped in sindons of linen. The book contained all the canonical books of the Old and New Testament, according as you have them, for we know well what the churches with you receive, and the Apocalypse itself: and some other books of the New Testament, which were not at that time written, were nevertheless in the book: and for the letter it was in these words:

"'I Bartholomew, a servant of the Highest, and apostle of Jesus Christ, was warned by an angel that appeared to me in a vision of glory, that I should commit this ark to the floods of the sea. Therefore I do testify and declare, unto that people where God shall ordain this ark to come to land, that in the same days is come unto them salvation, and peace, and good-

will, from the Father, and from the Lord Jesus.'

"There was also in both these writings, as well the book as the letter, wrought a great miracle, conform to that of the apostles in the original gift of the tongues. For there being at that time in this land, Hebrews, Persians, and Indians, besides the natives, every one read upon the book and letter, as if they had been written in his own language. And thus was this land saved from infidelity, as the remain of the old world was from water, by an ark, through the apostolical and miraculous evangelism of St. Bartholomew." And here he paused, and a messenger came and called him from us. So this was all that passed in that conference.

The next day the same governor came again to us immediately after dinner, and excused himself, saying; "that the day before he was called from us somewhat abruptly, but now he would make us amends, and spend time with us, if we held his company and conference agreeable." We answered, "that we held it so agreeable and pleasing to us, as we forgot both dangers past and fears to come, for the time we heard him speak; and that we thought an hour spent with him, was worth years of our former life." He bowed himself a little to us, and after we were set again, he said; "Well, the questions are on your part." One of our number said, after a little pause; "that there was a matter we were no less desirous to know, than fearful to ask, lest we might presume too

far. But encouraged by his rare humanity towards us, that could scarce think ourselves strangers, being his vowed and professed servants, we would take the hardiness to propound it: humbly beseeching him if he thought it not fit to be answered, that he would pardon it, though he rejected it." We said; "we well observed those his words, which he formerly spake, that this happy island where we now stood, was known to few, and yet knew most of the nations of the world; which we found to be true, considering they had the languages of Europe, and knew much of our state and business; and yet we in Europe, notwithstanding all the remote discoveries and navigations of this last age, never heard any of the least inkling of glimpse of this island. This we found wonderful strange; for that all nations have interknowledge of one another, either by voyage into foreign parts, or by strangers that come to them: and though the traveller into a foreign country doth commonly know more by the eye, than he that stayeth at home can by relation of the traveller; yet both ways suffice to make a mutual knowledge, in some degree, on both parts. But for this is land, we never heard tell of any ship of theirs, that had been seen to arrive upon any shore of Europe; no, nor of either the East or West Indies, nor yet of any ship of any other part of the world, that he made return from them. And yet the marvel rested not in this. For the situation of it, as his lordship said, in the secret conclave of such a vast sea might

cause it. But then, that they should have knowledge of the languages, books, affairs of those that lie at such a distance from them, it was a thing we could not tell what to make of; for that it seemed to us a condition and propriety of divine powers and beings, to be hidden and unseen to others, and yet to have others open, and as in a light to them." At this speech the governor gave a gracious smile, and said; "that we did well to ask pardon for this question we now asked; for that it imported, as if we thought this land a land of magicians, that sent forth spirits of the air into all parts, to bring them news and intelligence of other countries." It was answered by telling us all, in all possible humbleness, but yet with a countenance taking knowledge that we knew that he spake it but merrily, "That we were apt enough to think there was something supernatural in this land, but yet rather as angelical than magical. But to let his lordship know truly, what it was that made us tender and doubtful to ask this question, it was not any such conceit, but because we remembered, he had given a touch in his former speech, that this land had laws of secrecy touching strangers." To this he said: "You remember it aright; and therefore in that I shall say to you, I must reserve some particulars, which it is not lawful for me to reveal; but there will be enough left to give you satisfaction.

"You shall understand, that which perhaps you will scarce think credible, that about three

thousand years ago, or somewhat more, the navigation of the world, especially for remote voyages, was greater than at this day. Do not think with yourselves, that I know not how much it is increased with you within these six-score years: I know it well; and yet I say greater then than now: whether it was, that the example of the ark, that saved the remnant of men from the universal deluge, gave men confidence to adventure upon the waters, or what it was, but such is the truth. The Phoenicians, and especially the Tyrians, had great fleets. So had the Carthaginians their colony, which is yet farthest west. Toward the east, the shipping of Egypt, and of Palestine, was likewise great. China also, and the great Atlantis, that you call America, which have now but junks and canoes, abounded then in tall ships. This island, as appeareth by faithful registers of those times, had then fifteen hundred strong ships of great content. Of all this there is with you sparing memory, or none; but we have large knowledge thereof.

"At that time, this land was known and frequented by the ships and vessels of all the nations before named. And, as it cometh to pass, they had many times men of other countries, that were no sailors, that came with them; as Persians, Chaldeans, Arabians, so as almost all nations of might and fame resorted hither; of whom we have some stirps and little tribe with us at this day. And for our own ships, they went sundry voyages, as well to your Straits, which you call the pillars of Hercules, as to

other parts in the Atlantic and Mediterranean seas; as to Peguin, which is the same with Cambaline, and Quinzy, upon the Oriental seas, as far as to the borders of the East Tartary.

"At the same time, and an age after, or more, the inhabitants of the great Atlantis did flourish. For though the narration and description which is made by a great man with you, that the descendants of Neptune planted there; and of the magnificent temple, palace, city, and hill; and the manifold streams of goodly navigable rivers, which, as so many chains, environed the same site and temple; and the several degrees of ascent, whereby men did climb up to the same, as if it had been a scala cœli; be all poetical and fabulous: yet so much is true, that the said country of Atlantis, as well that of Peru, then Coya, as that of Mexico, then named Tyrambel, were mighty and proud kingdoms, in arms, shipping, and riches: so mighty, as at one time, or at least within the space of ten years, they both made two great expeditions, they of Tyrambel, through the Atlantic to the Mediterranean sea; and they of Coya, through the South sea upon this our island: and for the former of these, which was into Europe, the same author amongst you, as it seemeth, had some relation from the Ægyptian priest whom he citeth. For assuredly, such a thing there was. But whether it were the ancient Athenians that had the glory of the repulse and resistance of those forces, I can say nothing: but certain it is, there never came back either ship, or man, from that voyage. Neither had the other voyage of those of Coya upon us had bet-

ter fortune, if they had not met with enemies of greater clemency. For the king of this island, by name Altabin, a wise man, and a great warrior; knowing well both his own strength, and that of his enemies; handled the matter so, as he cut off their land-forces from their ships, and entoiled both their navy and their camp, with a greater power than theirs, both by sea and land; and compelled them to render themselves without striking stroke: and after they were at his mercy, contenting himself only with their oath, that they should no more bear arms against him, dismissed them all in safety. But the divine revenge overtook not long after those proud enterprises. For within less than the space of one hundred years, the great Atlantis was utterly lost and destroyed: not by a great earthquake, as your man saith, for that whole tract is little subject to earthquakes, but by a particular deluge or inundation: those countries having, at this day, far greater rivers, and far higher mountains, to pour down waters, than any part of the old world. But it is true, that the same inundation was not deep; not past forty foot, in most places, from the ground: so that although it destroyed man and beast generally, yet some few wild inhabitants of the woods escaped. Birds also were saved by flying to the high trees and woods. For as for men, although they had buildings in many places higher than the depth of the water; yet that inundation, though it were shallow, had a long continuance, whereby they of the vale, that were not drowned, perished for want of food, and other

things necessary. So as marvel you not at the thin population of America, nor at the rudeness and ignorance of the people; for you must account your inhabitants of America as a young people; younger a thousand years, at the least, than the rest of the world; for that there was so much time between the universal flood and their particular inundation. For the poor remnant of human seed, which remained in their mountains, peopled the country again slowly, by little and little; and being simple and savage people, not like Noah and his sons, which was the chief family of the earth, they were not able to leave letters, arts, and civility to their posterity, and having likewise in their mountainous habitations been used, in respect of the extreme cold of those regions, to clothe themselves with the skins of tigers, bears, and great hairy goats, that they have in those parts: when after they came down into the valley, and found the intolerable heats which are there, and knew no means of lighter apparel, they were forced to begin the custom of going naked, which continueth at this day. Only they take great pride and delight in the feathers of birds; and this also they took from those their ancestors of the mountains, who were invited unto it by the infinite flights of birds, that came up to the high grounds, while the waters stood below. So you see, by this main accident of time, we lost our traffic with the Americans, with whom, of all others, in regard they lay nearest to us, we had most commerce. As for the other parts of the world, it is most manifest, that in the ages following, whether it

were in respect of wars, or by a natural revolution of time, navigation did every where greatly decay; and especially far voyages, the rather by the use of galleys, and such vessels as could hardly brook the ocean, were altogether left and omitted. So then, that part of intercourse which could be from other nations to sail to us, you see how it hath long since ceased; except it were by some rare accident, as this of yours. But now of the cessation of that other part of intercourse, which might be by our sailing to other nations, I must yield you some other cause. For I cannot say, if I shall say truly, but our shipping, for number, strength, mariners, pilots, and all things that appertain to navigation, is as great as ever: and therefore why we should sit at home, I shall now give you an account by itself: and it will draw nearer to give you satisfaction to your principal question.

"There reigned in this island, about nineteen hundred years ago, a king whose memory of all others we most adore; not superstitiously, but as a divine instrument, though a mortal man; his name was Solomona: and we esteem him as the lawgiver of our nation. This king had a large heart, inscrutable for good, and was wholly bent to make his kingdom and people happy. He therefore taking into consideration, how sufficient and substantive this land was to maintain itself without any aid at all of the foreigner, being five thousand six hundred miles in circuit, and of rare fertility of soil, in the greatest part thereof; and finding also the shipping of this country might be plentifully

set on work, both by fishing and by transportations from port to port, and likewise by sailing unto some small islands that are not far from us, and are under the crown and laws of this state; and recalling into his memory the happy and flourishing estate wherein this land then was; so as it might be a thousand ways altered to the worse, but scarce any one way to the better; thought nothing wanted to his noble and heroical intentions, but only, as far as human foresight might reach, to give perpetuity to that, which was in his time so happily established. Therefore amongst his other fundamental laws of this kingdom, he did ordain the interdicts and prohibitions, which we have, touching entrance of strangers; which at that time, though it was after the calamity of America, was frequent; doubting novelties, and commixture of manners. It is true, the like law, against the admission of strangers without licence, is an ancient law in the kingdom of China, and yet continued in use: but there it is a poor thing; and hath made them a curious, ignorant, fearful, foolish nation. But our lawgiver made his law of another temper. For first, he hath preserved all points of humanity, in taking order, and making provision for the relief of strangers distressed, whereof you have tasted." At which speech, as reason was, we all rose up and bowed ourselves. He went on. "That king also, still desiring to join humanity and policy together; and thinking it against humanity to detain strangers here against their wills; and against policy that they should return, and discover their knowledge of this

estate, he took this course: he did ordain, that of the strangers that should be permitted to land, as many, at all times, might depart as would; but as many as would stay, should have very good conditions, and means to live, from the state. Wherein he saw so far, that now in so many ages since the prohibition, we have memory, not of one ship that ever returned, and but of thirteen persons only, at several times, that chose to return in our bottoms. What those few that have returned may have reported abroad I know not: but you must think, whatsoever they have said, could be taken where they came but for a dream. Now for our traveling from hence into parts abroad, our lawgiver thought fit altogether to restrain it. So is it not in China. For the Chinese sail where they will or can; which showeth that their law of keeping out strangers is a law of pusillanimity and fear. But this restraint of ours hath one only exception, which is admirable; preserving the good which cometh by communicating with strangers, and avoiding the hurt; and I will now open it to you. And here I shall seem a little to digress, but you will by and by find it pertinent. Ye shall understand, my dear friends, that amongst the excellent acts of that king, one above all hath the pre-eminence. It was the erection and institution of an order or society which we call Solomon's House; the noblest foundation, as we think, that ever was upon the earth, and the lanthorn of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God. Some think it beareth the founder's name a lit-

tle corrupted, as if it should be Solomona's House. But the records write it as it is spoken. So as I take it to be denominate of the king of the Hebrews, which is famous with you, and no stranger to us; for we have some parts of his works, which with you are lost; namely, that Natural History which he wrote of all plants, 'from the cedar of Libanus, to the moss that groweth out of the wall;' and of all things that have life and motion. This maketh me think, that our king finding himself to symbolize in many things with that king of the Hebrews, which lived many years before him, honoured him with the title of this foundation. And I am the rather induced to be of this opinion, for that I find in ancient records this order or society is sometimes called Solomon's House, and sometimes the college of the six days works: whereby I am satisfied, that our excellent king had learned from the Hebrews, that God had created the world, and all that therein is, within six days; and therefore he instituting that house for the finding out the true nature of all things, whereby God might have the more glory in the workmanship of them, and men the more fruit in the use of them, did give it also that second name. But now to come to our present purpose. When the king had forbidden to all his people navigation into any part, that was not under his crown, he made nevertheless this ordinance; that every twelve years there should be set forth, out of this kingdom, two ships appointed to several voyages; that in either of these ships there should be a mission of three of the fellows

or brethren of Solomon's House; whose errand was only to give us knowledge of the affairs and state of those countries to which they were designed; and especially of the sciences, arts, manufactures, and inventions of all the world; and withal to bring unto us books, instruments, and patterns in every kind: that the ships, after they had landed the brethren, should return; and that the brethren should stay abroad till the new mission. These ships are not otherwise fraught, than with store of victuals, and good quantity of treasure to remain with the brethren, for the buying of such things, and rewarding of such persons, as they should think fit. Now for me to tell you how the vulgar sort of mariners are contained from being discovered at land; and how they that must be put on shore for any time, colour themselves under the names of other nations; and to what places these voyages have been designed; and what places of rendezvous are appointed for the new missions; and the like circumstances of the practice; I may not do it: neither is it much to your desire. But thus you see we maintain a trade, not for gold, silver, or jewels; nor for silks; nor for spices; nor any other commodity of matter; but only for God's first creature, which was light: to have light, I say, of the growth of all parts of the world." And when he had said this, he was silent; and so were we all. For indeed we were all astonished to hear so strange things so probably told. And he perceiving that we were willing to say somewhat, but had it not ready, in great courtesy took us off, and descended to ask us questions

of our voyage and fortunes, and in the end concluded, that we might do well to think with ourselves, what time of stay we would demand of the state; and bade us not to scant ourselves; for he would procure such time as we desired. Whereupon we all rose up, and presented ourselves to kiss the skirt of his tippet, but he would not suffer us; and so took his leave. But when it came once amongst our people, that the state used to offer conditions to strangers that would stay, we had work enough to get any of our men to look to our ship; and to keep them from going presently to the governor to crave conditions. But with much ado we refrained them, till we might agree what course to take.

We took ourselves now for free men, seeing there was no danger of our utter perdition; and lived most joyfully, going abroad and seeing what was to be seen in the city and places adjacent within our tedder; and obtaining acquaintance with many of the city, not of the meanest quality; at whose hands we found such humanity, and such a freedom and desire to take strangers as it were into their bosom, as was enough to make us forget all that was dear to us in our own countries: and continually we met with many things, right worthy of observation and relation; as indeed, if there be a mirror in the world worthy to hold men's eyes, it is that country. One day there were two of our company bidden to a feast of the family, as they call it. A most natural, pious, and reverend custom it is, showing that nation to be compounded of all goodness. This is the manner of it. It is granted to any man,

that shall live to see thirty persons descended of his body alive together and all above three years old, to make this feast, which is done at the cost of the state. The father of the family, whom they call the Tirsan, two days before the feast, taketh to him three of such friends as he liketh to choose; and is assisted also by the governor of the city, or place, where the feast is celebrated; and all the persons of the family of both sexes are summoned to attend him. These two days the Tirsan sitteth in consultation concerning the good estate of the family. There, if there be any discords or suits between any of the family, they are compounded and appeased. There, if any of the family be distressed or decayed, order is taken for their relief, and competent means to live. There, if any be subject to vice, or take ill courses, they are reproved and censured. So likewise direction is given touching marriages, and the course of life which any of them should take, with divers other the like orders and advices. The governor assisteth, to the end to put in execution, by his public authority, the decrees and orders of the Tirsan, if they should be disobeyed; though that seldom needeth; such reverence and obedience they give to the order of nature. The Tirsan doth also then ever choose one man from amongst his sons, to live in the house with him: who is called ever after the Son of the Vine. The reason will hereafter appear. On the feast-day, the father, or Tirsan, cometh forth after divine service into a large room where the feast is celebrated;

which room hath a half pace at the upper end. Against the wall, in the middle of the half pace, is a chair placed for him, with a table and carpet before it. Over the chair is a state made round or oval, and it is of ivy; an ivy somewhat whiter than ours, like the leaf of a silver asp, but more shining: for it is green all winter. And the state is curiously wrought with silver and silk of divers colours, broiding or binding in the ivy; and is ever of the work of some of the daughters of the family; and veiled over at the top with a fine net of silk and silver. But the substance of it is true ivy, whereof, after it is taken down, the friends of the family are desirous to have some leaf or sprig to keep. The Tirsan cometh forth with all his generation or lineage, the males before him, and the females following him; and if there be a mother, from whose body the whole lineage is descended, there is a traverse placed in a loft above on the right hand of the chair, with a privy door, and a carved window of glass, leaded with gold and blue; where she sitteth, but is not seen. When the Tirsan is come forth, he sitteth down in the chair; and all the lineage place themselves against the wall, both at his back, and upon the return of the half pace, in order of their years, without difference of sex, and stand upon their feet. When he is set, the room being always full of company, but well kept, and without disorder; after some pause there cometh in from the lower end of the room a taratan, which is as much as a herald, and on either side of him two young

lads; whereof one carrieth a scroll of their shining yellow parchment; and the other a cluster of grapes of gold, with a long foot or stalk. The herald and children are clothed with mantles of sea-water green sattin; but the herald's mantle is streamed with gold, and hath a train. Then the herald with three curtesies, or rather inclinations, cometh up as far as the half pace; and there first taketh into his hand the scroll. This scroll is the king's charter, containing gift of revenue, and many privileges, exemptions, and points of honour, granted to the father of the family; and is ever styled and directed, 'To such an one, our well-beloved friend and creditor:" which is a title proper only to this case. For they say, the king is debtor to no man, but for propagation of his subjects. The seal set to the king's charter, is the king's image, imbossed or moulded in gold; and though such charters be expedited of course, and as of right, yet they are varied by discretion, according to the number and dignity of the family. This charter the herald readeth aloud: and while it is read, the father or Tirsan standeth up, supported by two of his sons, such as he chooseth. Then the herald mounteth the half pace, and delivereth the charter into his hand: and with that there is an acclamation by all that are present in their language, which is thus much: "Happy are the people of Bensalem." Then the herald taketh into his hand from the other child the cluster of grapes, which is of gold; both the stalk and the grapes. But the grapes are daintily enameled; and if the males of the

family be the greater number, the grapes are enameled purple, with a little sun set on the top; if the females, then they are enameled into a greenish yellow, with a crescent on the top. The grapes are in number as many as there are descendants of the family. This golden cluster the herald delivereth also to the Tirsan; who presently delivereth it over to that son, that he had formerly chosen to be in the house with him: who beareth it before his father as an ensign of honour, when he goeth in public, ever after; and is thereupon called the Son of the Vine. After this ceremony ended, the father or Tirsan retireth; and after some time cometh forth again to dinner, where he sitteth alone under the state as before; and none of his descendants sit with him, of what degree or dignity soever, except he hap to be of Solomon's House. He is served only by his own children, such as are male; who perform unto him all service of the table upon the knee; and the women only stand about him, leaning against the wall. The room below the half pace hath tables on the sides for the guests that are bidden; who are served with great and comely order; and towards the end of dinner, which, in the greatest feasts with them, lasteth never above an hour and a half, there is a hymn sung, varied according to the invention of him that composeth it, for they have excellent poesy, but the subject of it is, always, the praises of Adam, and Noah, and Abraham; whereof the former two peopled the world, and the last was the father of the faithful: concluding ever with a thanksgiving for

the nativity of our Savior, in whose birth the births of all are only blessed. Dinner being done, the Tirsan retireth again; and having withdrawn himself alone into a place, where he maketh some private prayers, he cometh forth the third time, to give the blessing; with all his descendants, who stand about him as at the first. Then he calleth them forth by one and by one, by name, as he pleaseth, though seldom the order of age be inverted. The person that is called, the table being before removed, kneeleth down before the chair, and the father layeth his hand upon his head, or her head, and giveth the blessing in these words: "Son of Bensalem, or daughter of Bensalem, thy father saith it; the man by whom thou hast breath and life speaketh the word; The blessing of the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace, and the Holy Dove be upon thee, and make the days of thy pilgrimage good and many." This he saith to every of them; and that done, if there be any of his sons of eminent merit and virtue, so they be not above two, he calleth for them again; and saith, laying his arm over their shoulders, they standing; "Sons, it is well ye are born, give God the praise, and persevere to the end." And withal he delivereth to either of them a jewel, made in the figure of an ear of wheat, which they ever after wear in the front of their turban or hat. This done, they fall to music and dances, and other recreations, after their manner, for the rest of the day. This is the full order of that feast.

By that time six or seven days were spent,

I was fallen into strait acquaintance with a merchant of that city, whose name was Joabin. He was a Jew, and circumcised; for they have some few stirps of Jews yet remaining among them, whom they leave to their own religion: which they may the better do, because they are of a far differing disposition from Jews in other parts. For whereas they hate the name of Christ, and have a secret inbred rancour against the people amongst whom they live; these, contrariwise, give unto our Savior many high attributes, and love the nation of Bensalem extremely. Surely this man of whom I speak, would ever acknowledge that Christ was born of a virgin; and that he was more than a man; and he would tell how God made him ruler of the seraphims which guard his throne; and they call him also the milken way, and the Eliah of the Messias; and many other high names; which though they be inferior to his divine Majesty, yet they are far from the language of other Jews. And for the country of Bensalem, this man would make no end of commending it: being desirous by tradition among the Jews there, to have it believed, that the people thereof were of the generations of Abraham, by another son, whom they called Nachoran; and that Moses, by a secret cabala, ordained the laws of Bensalem which they now use; and that when the Messias should come, and set in his throne at Hierusalem, the king of Bensalem should set at his feet, whereas other kings should keep a great distance. But yet setting aside these Jewish dreams, the man was a wise man, and learned, and of great

policy, and excellently seen in the laws and customs of that nation. Amongst other discourses, one day I told him I was much affected with the relation I had from some of the company, of their custom in holding the feast of the family; for that, methought, I had never heard of a solemnity wherein nature did so much preside. And because propagation of families proceedeth from the nuptial copulation, I desired to know of him, what laws and customs they had concerning marriage; and whether they kept marriage well; and whether they were tied to one wife? For that where population is so much affected, and such as with them it seemed to be, there is commonly permission of plurality of wives. To this he said, "You have reason for to commend that excellent institution of the feast of the family; and indeed we have experience, that those families that are partakers of the blessing of that feast, do flourish and prosper ever after in an extraordinary manner. But hear me now, and I will tell you what I know. You shall understand, that there is not under the heavens so chaste a nation as this of Bensalem; nor so free from all pollution or foulness. It is the virgin of the world. I remember I have read in one of our European books, of an holy hermit among you, that desired to see the spirit of fornication; and there appeared to him a little foul ugly Æthiop: but if he had desired to see the spirit of chastity of Bensalem, it would have appeared to him in the likeness of a fair beautiful cherubim. For there is nothing amongst mortal men more fair

and admirable, than the chaste minds of this people. Know therefore that with them there are no stews, no dissolute houses, no courtesans, nor any thing of that kind. Nay, they wonder, with detestation, at you in Europe, which permit such things. They say, ye have put marriage out of office; for marriage is ordained a remedy for unlawful concupiscence; and natural concupiscence seemeth as a spur to marriage. But when men have at hand a remedy more agreeable to their corrupt will, marriage is almost expulsed. And therefore there are with you seen infinite men that marry not, but choose rather a libertine and impure single life, than to be yoked in marriage; and many that do marry, marry late, when the prime and strength of their years is past. And when they do marry, what is marriage to them but a very bargain; wherein is sought alliance, or portion, or reputation, with some desire, almost indifferent, of issue; and not the faithful nuptial union of man and wife, that was first instituted. Neither is it possible, that those that have cast way so basely esteem children, being of the same matter, as chaste men do. So likewise during marriage, is the case much amended, as it ought to be if those things were tolerated only for necessity? No, but they remain still as a very affront to marriage. The haunting of those dissolute places, or resort to courtesans, are no more punished in married men than in bachelors. And the depraved custom of change, and the delight in meretricious embracements, where sin is turned into art, maketh marriage

a dull thing, and a kind of imposition or tax. They hear you defend these things, as done to avoid greater evils; as advoutries, deflouring of virgins, unnatural lust, and the like. But they say, this is a preposterous wisdom; and they call it Lot's offer, who to save his guests from abusing, offered his daughters: nay, they say farther, that there is little gained in this; for that the same vices and appetites do still remain and abound; unlawful lust being like a furnace, that if you stop the flames altogether it will quench; but if you give it any vent it will rage. As for masculine love, they have no touch of it; and yet there are not so faithful and inviolate friendships in the world again as are there; and to speak generally, as I said before, I have not read of any such chastity in any people as theirs. And their usual saying is, That whosoever is unchaste cannot reverence himself: and they say, That the reverence of a man's self is next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices." And when he had said this, the good Jew paused a little; whereupon I, far more willing to hear him speak on than to speak myself; yet thinking it decent, that upon his pause of speech I should not be altogether silent, said only this; "that I would say to him, as the widow of Sarepta said to Elias; that he was come to bring to memory our sins; and that I confess the righteousness of Bensalem was greater than the righteousness of Europe." At which speech he bowed his head, and went on in this manner: "They have also many wise and excellent laws touching marriage. They allow

no polygamy; they have ordained that none do intermarry, or contract, until a month be passed from their first interview. Marriage without consent of parents they do not make void, but they mulct it in the inheritors: for the children of such marriages are not admitted to inherit above a third part of their parents' inheritance. I have read in a book of one of your men, of a feigned commonwealth, where the married couple are permitted before they contract, to see one another naked. This they dislike; for they think it a scorn to give a refusal after so familiar knowledge: but because of many hidden defects in men and women's bodies, they have a more civil way; for they have near every town a couple of pools, which they call Adam and Eve's pools, where it is permitted to one of the friends of the man, and another of the friends of the woman, to see them severally bathe naked."

And as we were thus in conference, there came one that seemed to be a messenger, in a rich huke, that spake with the Jew: whereupon he turned to me and said; "You will pardon me, for I am commanded away in haste." The next morning he came to me again joyful, as it seemed, and said, "There is word come to the governor of the city, that one of the fathers of Solomon's House will be here this day seven-night; we have seen none of them this dozen years. His coming is in state; but the cause of his coming is secret. I will provide you and your fellows of a good standing to see his entry." I thanked him, and told him, I was most glad of the news. The day being come,

he made his entry. He was a man of middle stature and age, comely of person, and had an aspect as if he pitied men. He was clothed in a robe of fine black cloth, with wide sleeves and a cape. His undergarment was of excellent white linen down to the foot, girt with a girdle of the same; and a sindon or tippet of the same about his neck. He had gloves that were curious, and set with stone; and shoes of peach-colored velvet. His neck was bare to the shoulders. His hat was like a helmet, or Spanish Montera; and his locks curled below it decently: they were of color brown. His beard was cut round, and of the same color with his hair, somewhat lighter. He was carried in a rich chariot without wheels, litter-wise, with two horses at either end, richly trapped in blue velvet embroidered; and two footmen on each side in the like attire. The chariot was all of cedar, gilt, and adorned with crystal; save that the fore-end had pannels of sapphires, set in borders of gold, and the hinder-end the like of emeralds of the Peru color. There was also a sun of gold, radiant upon the top, in the midst; and on the top before a small cherub of gold, with wings displayed. The chariot was covered with cloth of gold tissued upon blue. He had before him fifty attendants, young men all, in white sattin loose coats to the mid-leg, and stocks of white silk; and shoes of blue velvet; and hats of blue velvet; with fine plumes of divers colors, set round like hatbands. Next before the chariot went two men bare-headed, in linen garments down to the foot, girt, and shoes of blue velvet, who carried the one a

crosier, the other a pastoral staff, like a sheep-hook: neither of them of metal, but the crosier of balm-wood, the pastoral staff of cedar. Horsemen he had none, neither before nor behind his chariot: as it seemeth, to avoid all tumult and trouble. Behind his chariot went all the officers and principals of the companies of the city. He sat alone, upon cushions of a kind of excellent plush, blue; and under his foot curious carpets of silk of divers colors, like the Persian, but far finer. He held up his bare hand as he went, as blessing the people, but in silence. The street was wonderfully well kept; so that there was never any army had their men stand in better battle-array, than the people stood. The windows likewise were not crowded, but every one stood in them as if they had been placed. When the show was past, the Jew said to me; "I shall not be able to attend you as I would, in regard of some charge the city hath laid upon me, for the entertaining of this great person." Three days after the Jew came to me again, and said; "Ye are happy men; for the father of Solomon's House taketh knowledge of your being here, and commanded me to tell you, that he will admit all your company to his presence, and have private conference with one of you that ye shall choose: and for this hath appointed the next day after to-morrow. And because he meaneth to give you his blessing, he hath appointed it in the fore-noon." We came at our day and hour, and I was chosen by my fellows for the private access. We found him in a fair chamber, richly hanged, and carpeted under

foot, without any degrees to the state; he was set upon a low throne richly adorned, and a rich cloth of state over his head, of blue sattin embroidered. He was alone, save that he had two pages of honour, on either hand one, finely attired in white. His under-garments were the like that we saw him wear in the chariot; but instead of his gown, he had on him a mantle with a cape, of the same fine black, fastened about him. When we came in, as we were taught, we bowed low at our first entrance; and when we were come near his chair, he stood up, holding forth his hand ungloved, and in posture of blessing; and we every one of us stooped down, and kissed the hem of his tippet. That done, the rest departed, and I remained. Then he warned the pages forth of the room, and caused me to sit down beside him, and spake to me thus in the Spanish tongue:

"God bless thee, my son; I will give thee the greatest jewel I have. For I will impart unto thee, for the love of God and men, a relation of the true state of Solomon's House. Son, to make you know the true state of Solomon's House, I will keep this order. First, I will set forth unto you the end of our foundation. Secondly, the preparations and instruments we have for our works. Thirdly, the several employments and functions whereto our fellows are assigned. And, fourthly, the ordinances and rites which we observe.

"The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes, and secret motions of things; and the

enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible.

"The preparations and instruments are these. We have large and deep caves of several depths: the deepest are sunk six hundred fathom; and some of them are digged and made under great hills and mountains: so that if you reckon together the depth of the hill and the depth of the cave, they are, some of them, above three miles deep. For we find that the depth of a hill, and the depth of a cave from the flat, is the same thing; both remote alike from the sun and heaven's beams, and from the open air. These caves we call the lower region. And we use them for all coagulations, indurations, refrigerations, and conservations of bodies. We use them likewise for the imitation of natural mines: and the producing also of new artificial metals, by compositions and materials which we use and lay there for many years. We use them also sometimes, which may seem strange, for curing of some diseases, and for prolongation of life, in some hermits that choose to live there, well accommodated of all things necessary, and indeed live very long; by whom also we learn many things.

"We have burials in several earths, where we put divers cements, as the Chinese do their porcellane. But we have them in greater variety, and some of them more fine. We have also great variety of composts, and soils, for the making of the earth fruitful.

"We have high towers; the highest about

half a mile in height; and some of them likewise set upon high mountains; so that the vantage of the hill with the tower, is in the highest of them three miles at least. And these places we call the upper region; accounting the air between the high places and the low, as a middle region. We use these towers, according to their several heights and situations, for insolation, refrigeration, conservation, and for the view of divers meteors; as winds, rain, snow, hail, and some of the fiery meteors also. And upon them, in some places, are dwellings of hermits, whom we visit sometimes, and instruct what to observe.

"We have great lakes both salt and fresh, whereof we have use for the fish and fowl. We use them also for burials of some natural bodies: for we find a difference in things buried in earth, or in air below the earth; and things buried in water. We have also pools of which some do strain fresh water out of salt; and others by art do turn fresh water into salt. We have also some rocks in the midst of the sea: and some bays upon the shore for some words, wherein is required the air and vapour of the sea. We have likewise violent streams and cataracts, which serve us for many motions: and likewise engines for multiplying and enforcing of winds, to set also on going divers motions.

"We have also a number of artificial wells and fountains, made in imitation of the natural sources and baths; as tincted upon vitriol, sulphur, steel, brass, lead, nitre, and other min-

erals. And again, we have little wells for infusions of many things, where the waters take the virtue quicker and better than in vessels or basons. And amongst them we have a water, which we call water of paradise, being, by that we do it, made very sovereign for health and prolongation of life.

"We have also great and spacious houses, where we imitate and demonstrate meteors; as snow, hail, rain, some artificial rains of bodies, and not of water, thunders, lightnings; also generations of bodies in air; as frogs, flies, and divers others.

"We have also certain chambers, which we call chambers of health, where we qualify the air as we think good and proper for the cure of divers diseases, and preservation of health.

"We have also fair and large baths, of several mixtures, for the cure of diseases, and the restoring of man's body from arefaction: and others, for the confirming of it in strength of sinews, vital parts, and the very juice and substance of the body.

"We have also large and various orchards and gardens, wherein we do not so much respect beauty, as variety of ground and soil, proper for divers trees and herbs: and some very spacious, where trees and berries are set, whereof we make divers kinds of drinks, besides the vineyards. In these we practise likewise all conclusions of grafting and inoculating, as well of wild trees as fruit trees, which produceth many effects. And we make, by art, in the same orchards and gardens, trees and

flowers to come earlier or later than their seasons; and to come up and bear more speedily than by their natural course they do. We make them also by art greater much than their nature; and their fruit greater and sweeter, and of differing taste, smell, color, and figure, from their nature. And many of them we so order, as they become of medicinal use.

"We have also means to make divers plants rise by mixtures of earths without seeds; and likewise to make divers new plants, differing from the vulgar; and to make one tree or plant turn into another.

"We have also parks and enclosures of all sorts of beasts and birds, which we use not only for view or rareness, but likewise for dissections and trials; that thereby we may take light what may be wrought upon the body of man. Wherein we find many strange effects; as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished, and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seem dead in appearance; and the like. We try also all poisons and other medicines upon them, as well of chirurgery as physic. By art likewise, we make them greater or taller than their kind is; and contrariwise dwarf them, and stay their growth: we make them more fruitful and bearing than their kind is; and contrariwise barren, and not generative. Also we make them differ in color, shape, activity, many ways. We find means to make commixtures and copulations of divers kinds; which have produced many new kinds, and them not barren, as the general opinion is. We make a number of kinds of ser-

pents, worms, flies, fishes, of putrefaction; whereof some are advanced in effect to be perfect creatures, like beasts, or birds; and have sexes, and de propagate. Neither do we this by chance, but we know before hand, of what matter and commixture, what kind of those creatures will arise.

"We have also particular pools, where we make trials upon fishes, as we have said before of beasts and birds.

"We have also places for breed and generation of those kinds of worms, and flies, which are of special use; such as are with you your silkworms and bees.

"I will not hold you long with recounting of our brew-houses, bake-houses, and kitchens, where are made divers drinks, breads, and meats, rare and of special effects. Wines we have of grapes; and drinks of other juice, of fruits, of grains, and of roots: and of mixtures with honey, sugar, manna, and fruits dried and decocted. Also of the tears or wounding of trees, and of pulp of canes. And these drinks are of several ages, some to the age or last of forty years. We have drinks also brewed with several herbs, and roots, and spices; yea, with several fleshes, and white meats; whereof some of the drinks are such as they are in effect meat and drink both: so that divers, especially in age, do desire to live with them, with little or no meat or bread. And above all, we strive to have drinks of extreme thin parts, to insinuate into the body, and yet without all biting, sharpness, or fretting; insomuch as some of

them put upon the back of your hand, will, with a little stay; pass through to the palm, and yet taste mild to the mouth. We have also waters which we ripen in that fashion as they become nourishing; so that they are indeed excellent drink; and many will use no other. Breads we have of several grains, roots and kernels: yea and some of flesh and fish dried; with divers kinds of leavenings and seasonings: so that some do extremely move appetites; some do nourish so as divers do live on them, without any other meat; who live very long. So for meats, we have some of them so beaten, and made tender, and mortified, yet without all corrupting, as a weak heat of the stomach will turn them into good chylus, as well as a strong heat would meat otherwise prepared. We have some meats also, and breads and drinks, which taken by men enable them to fast long after: and some other, that used make the flesh of men's bodies sensibly more hard and tough, and their strength far greater than otherwise it would be.

"We have dispensatories, or shops of medicines; wherein you may easily think, if we have such variety of plants and living creatures more than you have in Europe, (for we know what you have,) the simples, drugs, and ingredients of medicines must likewise be in so much the greater variety. We have them likewise of divers ages, and long fermentations. And for their preparations, we have not only all manner of exquisite distillations and separations, and especially by gentle heats and percolations through divers strainers, yea, and

substances: but also exact forms of composition whereby they incorporate almost as they were natural simples.

"We have also divers mechanical arts, which you have not: and stuffs made by them; as papers, linen, silks, tissues; dainty works of feathers of wonderful lustre; excellent dyes, and many others: and shops likewise as well for such as are not brought into vulgar use amongst us, as for those that are. For you must know, that of the things before recited, many of them are grown into use throughout the kingdom; but yet, if they did flow from our invention, we have of them also for patterns and principals.

"We have also furnaces of great diversities, and that keep great diversity of heats; fierce and quick; strong and constant; soft and mild; blown, quiet, dry, moist; and the like. But above all, we have heats in imitation of the sun's and heavenly bodies' heats, that pass divers inequalities, and, as it were, orbs, progresses, and returns, whereby we produce admirable effects. Besides, we have heats of dungs, and of bellies and maws of living creatures, and of their bloods and bodies; and of hays and herbs laid up moist; of lime unquenched; and such like. Instruments also which generate heat only by motion. And farther, places for strong insolations: and again, places under the earth, which, by nature or art, yield heat. These divers heats we use, as the nature of the operation which we intend requireth.

"We have also perspective houses, where we

make demonstrations of all lights and radiations; and of all colors; and out of things uncolored and transparent, we can represent unto you all several colors: not in rainbows, as it is in gems and prisms, but of themselves single. We represent also all multiplications of light, which we carry to great distance: and make so sharp, as to discern small points and lines: also all colorations of light: all delusions and deceits of the sight, in figures, magnitudes, motions, colors: all demonstrations of shadows. We find also divers means yet unknown to you, of producing of light originally from divers bodies. We procure means of seeing objects afar off; as in the heaven and remote places; and represent things near as far off; and things afar off as near; making feigned distances. We have also helps for the sight, far above spectacles and glasses in use. We have also glasses and means, to see small and minute bodies perfectly and distinctly; as the shapes and colors of small flies and worms, grains, and flaws in gems, which cannot otherwise be seen; observations in urine and blood, not otherwise to be seen. We make artificial rainbows, halos, and circles about light. We represent also all manner of reflections, refractions, and multiplications of visual beams of objects.

"We have also precious stones of all kinds, many of them of great beauty, and to you unknown; crystals likewise; and glasses of divers kinds; and amongst them some of metals vitrificated, and other materials, besides those of which you make glass. Also a number of fossils,

and imperfect minerals, which you have not. Likewise loadstones of prodigious virtue; and other rare stones, both natural and artificial.

"We have also sound-houses, where we practice and demonstrate all sounds, and their generation. We have harmonies which you have not, of quarter-sounds, and lesser slides of sounds. Divers instruments of music likewise to you unknown, some sweeter than any you have; together with bells and rings that are dainty and sweet. We represent small sounds as great and deep; likewise great sounds extenuate and sharp; we make divers tremblings and warblings of sounds, which in their original are entire. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters, and the voices and notes of beasts and birds. We have certain helps, which set to the ear do farther the hearing greatly. We have also divers strange and artificial echoes, reflecting the voice many times, and as it were tossing it: and some that give back the voice louder than it came; some shriller, and some deeper; yea, some rendering the voice differing in the letters or articulate sound from that they receive. We have also means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes, in strange lines and distances.

"We have also perfume-houses; wherewith we join also practices of taste. We multiply smells, which may seem strange. We imitate smells, making all smells to breathe out of other mixtures than those that give them. We make divers imitations of taste likewise, so that they will deceive any man's taste. And in

this house we contain also a confiture-house; where we make all sweat-meats, dry and moist; and divers pleasant wines, milks, broths, and salads, in far greater variety than you have.

"We have also engine-houses, where are prepared engines and instruments for all sorts of motions. There we imitate and practice to make swifter motions than any you have, either out of your muskets, or any engine that you have; and to make them, and multiply them more easily, and with small force, by wheels and other means: and to make them stronger, and more violent than yours are; exceeding your greatest cannons and basilisks. We represent also ordnance and instruments of war, and engines of all kinds: and likewise new mixtures and compositions of gun-powder, wild-fires burning in water, and unquenchable. Also fire-works of all variety both for pleasure and use. We imitate also flights of birds; we have some degrees of flying in the air; we have ships and boats for going under water, and brooking of seas; also swimming-girdles and supporters. We have divers curious clocks, and other like motions of return, and some perpetual motions. We imitate also motions of living creatures, by images of men, beasts, birds, fishes, and serpents; we have also a great number of other various motions, strange for equality, fineness and subtilty.

"We have also a mathematical house, where are represented all instruments, as well of geometry as astronomy, exquisitely made.

"We have also houses of deceits of the senses;

where we represent all manner of feats of juggling, false apparitions, impostures, and illusions; and their fallacies. And surely you will easily believe, that we that have so many things truly natural, which induce admiration, could in a world of particulars deceive the senses, if we would disguise those things, and labor to make them seem more miraculous. But we do hate all impostures and lies: insomuch as we have severely forbidden it to all our fellows, under pain of ignominy and fines, that they do not show any natural work or thing, adorned or swelling; but only pure as it is, and without all affectation of strangeness.

"These are, my son, the riches of Solomon's House.

"For the several employments and offices of our fellows; we have twelve that sail into foreign countries, under the names of other nations, for our own we conceal, who bring us the books, and abstracts, and patterns of experiments of all other parts. These we call merchants of light.

"We have three that collect the experiments which are in all books. These we call depredators.

"We have three that collect the experiments of all mechanical arts; and also of liberal sciences; and also of practices which are not brought into arts. These we call mystery-men.

"We have three that try new experiments, such as themselves think good. These we call pioneers or miners.

"We have three that draw the experiments

of the former four into titles, and tables, to give the better light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them. These we call compilers.

"We have three that bend themselves, looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life and knowledge, as well for works, as for plain demonstrations of causes, means of natural divinations, and the easy and clear discovery of the virtues and parts of bodies. These we call dowry-men or benefactors.

"Then after divers meetings and consults of our whole number, to consider of the former labors and collections, we have three that take care, out of them, to direct new experiments, of a higher light, more penetrating into nature than the former. These we call lamps.

"We have three others that do execute the experiments so directed, and report them. These we call inoculators.

"Lastly, we have three that raise the former discoveries by experiments into greater observations, axioms and aphorisms. These we call interpreters of nature.

"We have also, as you must think, novices and apprentices, that the succession of the former employed men do not fail: besides a great number of servants, and attendants, men and women. And this we do also: we have consulations, which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published, and which not: and take all an oath

of secrecy, for the concealing of those which we think fit to keep secret: though some of those we do reveal sometimes to the state, and some not.

"For our ordinances and rites: we have two very long and fair galleries: in one of these we place patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions; in the other we place the statues of all principal inventors. There we have the statue of your Columbus that discovered the West Indies: also the inventor of ships: your monk that was the inventor of ordnance, and of gunpowder: the inventor of music: the inventor of letters: the inventor of printing: the inventor of observations of astronomy: the inventor of works in metal: the inventor of glass: the inventor of silk of the worm: the inventor of wine: the inventor of corn and bread: the inventor of sugars: and all these by more certain tradition than you have. Then have we divers inventors of our own of excellent works; which since you have not seen, it were too long to make descriptions of them; and besides, in the right understanding of those descriptions, you might easily err. For every invention of value, we erect a statue to the inventor, and give him a liberal and honourable reward. These statues are, some of brass; some of marble and touchstone; some of cedar, and other special woods gilt and adorned; some of iron; some of silver; some of gold.

"We have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of laud and thanks to God for his marvellous works: and forms of prayers, im-

ploring his aid and blessing for the illumination of our labors; and the turning of them into good and holy uses.

"Lastly, we have circuits or visits of divers principal cities of the kingdom; where, as it cometh to pass, we do publish such new profitable inventions as we think good. And we do also declare natural divinations of diseases, plagues, swarms of hurtful creatures, scarcity, tempests, earthquakes, great inundations, comets, temperature of the year, and divers other things; and we give counsel thereupon what the people shall do for the prevention and remedy of them."

And when he had said this, he stood up; and I, as I had been taught, kneeled down; and he laid his right hand upon my head and said: "God bless thee, my son, and God bless this relation which I have made. I give thee leave to publish it for the good of other nations; for we here are in God's bosom, a land unknown." And so he left me; having assigned a value of about two thousand ducats, for a bounty to me and my fellows. For they give great largesses where they come upon all occasions

(The rest was not perfected.)

Other Little Blue Books

Biography

5 Life of Samuel Johnson. Macaulay.
393 Life of Frederick the Great. Macaulay.
33 Brann: Smasher of Shams. Gunn.
312 Life and Works of Laurence Sterne. Gunn.
429 Life and Works of Jonathan Swift. Gunn.
522 Life of Thomas Paine. Gunn.
523 Life of Benjamin Franklin. Gunn.
51 Bruno. His Life and Martyrdom. Turnbull.
69 Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas.
88 Vindication of Paine. Ingersoll.
123 Life of Madame du Barry. Tichenor.
183 Life of Jack London. Tichenor.
323 Life of Joan of Arc. Tichenor.
343 Life of Columbus. Tichenor.
128 Julius Caesar: Who He Was and What He Accomplished.
139 Life of Dante.
141 Life of Napoleon. Finger.
328 Joseph Addison and His Time. Finger.
339 Thoreau: The Man Who Escaped From the Herd. Finger.
394 Boswell's Life of Johnson. Finger.
395 Autobiography of Cellini. Finger.
112 Life of Mahomet. Finger.
537 Life of Barnum: The Man Who Lured the Herd. Finger.
565 Magellan and the Pacific. Finger.
142 Bismarck and the German Empire. Bowicke.
147 Cromwell and His Times.
227 Keats: The Man, His Works, and His Friends.
236 State and Heart Affairs of Henry VIII.
269-270-271-272 Contemporary Portraits. 4 Vols. Harris.
324 Life of Lincoln. Bowers.
433 Life of Marat. Gottschalk.
438-439 Secret Memoirs of Madame de Pompadour. 2 Vols. Collected and arranged by Jules Beaujoint.
490 Life of Michelangelo (as Seen by Georg Brandes). Moritzen.
506 Life of Voltaire (as Seen by Georg Brandes). Moritzen.
525 Life of Goethe (as Seen by Georg Brandes). Moritzen.
526 Life of Julius Caesar (as Seen by Georg Brandes). Moritzen.
518 The Life and Works of Charles Dickens. Swasey.
521 Life of John Brown. Gold.
666-667 Sarah Bernhardt As I Knew Her. 2 Vols. Dorian.

Drama

(See "Literature (Ancient)" for Greek and Roman Drama. See "Shakespeare" for Shakespearean Plays and Criticism. See "Oscar Wilde." See "French Literature" for Moliere, Victor Hugo and Maeterlinck. See "Ibsen, Henrik.")
90 The Mikado. Gilbert.
226 The Anti-Semites. Schnitzler.
308 She Stoops to Conquer. Goldsmith.
335 The Land of Heart's Desire. Yeats.
337 Pippa Passes. Browning.

371 Empedocles on Etna. Arnold.
378 The Maid of Orleans. Samuels.
383 The Creditor. Strindberg.
384 Four One-Act Plays. Strindberg
396 Embers. Haldeman-Julius.
406 The Pierrot of the Minute. Dowson.
416 The God of Vengeance. Asch. Translated by Isaac Goldberg.
462 Everyman. A Morality Play.
539 None Beneath the King. Zorrilla Trans. by Isaac Goldberg.
572 The Beggar's Opera Gay.
589 The Pot-Boiler. Sinclair.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo

60 Essays on Compensation and Friendship.
179 Gems from Emerson.
423-424-425-426 Representative Men. 4 Vols.
542 Essays on Power and Behavior.
543 Essays on Experience and Politics.
544 Essays on the Poet and Nature
545 Essays on Character and Manners
546 Essays on Love, Heroism, and Prudence.
547 Essays on Spiritual Laws and Circles.
548 Essays on History and Intellect
549 Essays on Nominalist and Realist, Gifts, and the Over-Soul.
550 Essays on Art and Self-Reliance
551 Essays on Beauty and Worship.
552 Essays on Fate and Illusions.
553 Essays on Wealth and Culture.
338 A Guide to the Philosophy of Emerson. Tichenor.

Essays—(Collections)

(See "Emerson, Ralph Waldo.")
48 Truth, and Other Essays. Bacon.
70 Charles Lamb's Essays.
176 Four Essays. Ellis.
235 Essays. Chesterton.
278 Friendship, and Other Essays. Thoreau.
448 Essays on Montaigne, Pascal and Voltaire. Powys.
449 Essays on Rousseau, Balzac and Hugo. Powys.
450 Essays on De Maupassant, Anatole France and William Blake. Powys.
451 Essays on Remy de Gourmont and Byron. Powys.
452 Essays on Emily Bronte and Henry James Powys
453 Essays on Joseph Conrad and Oscar Wilde. Powys.
460 Miscellaneous Essays. Haldeman-Julius.
461 Literary Essays. Haldeman-Julius.
534 Honey and Gall. Powys.

Fiction

21 Carmen. Merimee.
23 Great Stories of the Sea. Cooper, Loti and Marryat.
29 Dreams. Schreiner.
37 Dream of John Ball. Morris.
352 XIIIth Century Prose Tales. Morris
40 The House and the Brain. Lytton
41 A Christmas Carol. Dickens.
58 Tales from the Decameron. Boccaccio.
72 The Color of Life. Haldeman-Julius.
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales. Doyle.
107 The Dream Woman. Collins
145 Great Ghost Stories.
148 The Strength of the Strong. London.
151 The Man Who Would Be King. Kipling.

331 The Finest Story in the
332 The Man Who Was, and Other Stories. Kipling.
333 Mulvaney Stories. Kipling.
336 The Mark of the Beast. Kipling.
357 City of the Dreadful Night. Kipling.
161 The Country of the Blind. Wells.
182 Daisy Miller. James.
307 A Tillyloss Scandal. Barrie.
215 The Miraculous Revenge. Shaw.
232 The Three Strangers. Hardy.
277 The Man Without a Country. Hale.
285 Euphorian in Texas. Moore.
355 Aucassin and Nicolete. Lang.
363 Miggles and Other Stories. Harte.
397 Irish Fairy Tales.
420 Short Stories from the Spanish.
454 The Unworthy Coopers, etc. Haldeman-Julius.
334 Caught and Other Stories. Haldeman-Julius.
489 Great Yiddish Short Stories. Edited by Goldberg.
577 The Lifted Veil. Eliot.
583-584-585-586-587-588 The Jungle. 6 Vols. Sinclair.
590-591-592 The Millennium. 3 Vols. Sinclair.
594 The Overman. Sinclair.
595 The Happy Hypocrite. Beerbohm.

Fine Arts

476 A Handbook on the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. Goldberg.
287 Whistler: The Man and His Work.
387 History of Painting. Sheehan.
403 History of Music. Sheehan.
466 A History of Sculpture. Sheehan.
468 A History of Architecture. Sheehan.
413 The Need for Art in Life. Holborn.
507 Richard Wagner: An Introduction. Goldberg.

(Note: In the operatic titles listed below, Mr. Theo. M. R. von Keler gives short biographical sketches, the story of the opera and helpful criticism of the music, illustrated by excerpts from the score.)

410 Die Walkuere. Wagner.
440 Cavalleria Rusticana. Mascagni.
441 I Pagliacci. Leoncavallo.
455 Richard Strauss's Salome.
456 Carmen. Bizet.
457 Lohengrin. Wagner.
458 Tannhauser. Wagner.
459 Das Rheingold. Wagner.
494 Siegfried. Wagner.
495 Rigoletto. Verdi.
569 Gotterdammerung. Wagner.

History

50 Paine's Common Sense.
34 The Mystery of the Iron Mask. Von Keler.
67 Church History. Tichenor.
83 Marriage: Its Past, Present and Future. Besant.
125 War Speeches of Woodrow Wilson. Edited by Smith.
126 History of Rome. Giles.
149 Historic Crimes and Criminals. Finger.
150 Lost Civilizations. Finger.
169 Voices From the Past. Tichenor.
174 Trial of William Penn.
185 History of Printing. Disraeli.
201 Satan and the Saints. Tichenor.
214 Speeches of Lincoln.
276 Speeches and Letters of George Washington.
236 When the Puritans Were in Power. Tichenor.
469 The Egypt of Yesterday: A History of Exploring and Excavation. Moritzen.
[illegible] A History of Polar Exploration and Adventure. Van Dicklen.

509 The Ancient Regime (France Before the Revolution). Gottschalk.
515 The Fall of Louis XVI. Gottschalk.
558 Great Pirates. Finger.
175 Science of History. Froude.
596 A History of Modern Mexico. Parker.

French Literature (In English)

15 The Atheist's Mass, and An Accursed House. Balzac.
143 In the Time of Terror, and Other Stories. Balzac.
318 Christ in Flanders, and Other Stories. Balzac.
344 Don Juan, and A Passion in the Desert. Balzac.
237 Poems in Prose. Baudelaire.
665 Sarah Bernhardt's Love Letters to Sardou.
314 Short Stories. Daudet.
6 Love, and Other Stories. Maupassant.
199 The Tallow Ball (Boule de Suif). Maupassant.
292 Mademoiselle Fifi, and Other Stories. Maupassant.
66 Crimes of the Borgias. Dumas. (Edited by H. M. Tichenor).
300 Terrorism in France. Dumas.
319 Comtesse de Saint-Geran. Dumas.
570 The Legend of Saint Julian the Hospitaller. Flaubert.
198 The Majesty of Justice. France.
219 The Human Tragedy. France.
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier
230 The Fleece of Gold Gautier
345 Clarimonde. Gautier.
377 A Night in the Luxembourg. Gourmont.
540 Stories in Yellow, Black White, Blue, Violet and Red. Gourmont. Trans. by Isaac Goldberg.
541 Stories in Green, Rose, Purple, Lilac and Orange Gourmont. Trans. by Goldberg.
582 Philosophic Nights in Paris. Gourmont. Trans. by Goldberg.
27 Last Days of a Condemned Man. Hugo.
52 Oration on Voltaire. Hugo.
104 Battle of Waterloo. Hugo.
379 The King Enjoys Himself (Le Roi s'Amuse). Hugo.
99 Tartuffe. Moliere.
134 The Misanthrope. Moliere.
229 Les Precieuses Ridicules. Moliere.
309 The Nobody Who Apes Nobility (Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme). Moliere.
87 Love: an Essay. Montaigne.
31 Pelleas and Melisande. Maeterlinck.
221 Women, and Other Essays. Maeterlinck.
340 Life of Jesus. Renan (Condensed by H. M. Tichenor).
273 Chapters from the Social Contract. Rousseau.
288 Essays on Chesterfield and Rabelais. Sainte-Beuve.
196 The Marquise. Sand.
564 Volney's Ruins of Empires. (Condensed by John Mason).
3 Eighteen Little Essays. Voltaire.
28 Toleration. Voltaire.
103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire.
200 The Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire.
85 The Attack on the Mill. Zola.

Humor

18 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome.
20 Let's Laugh Nasby.
166 English as She Is Spoke. Twain.
231 Eight Humorous Sketches. Twain.

291 The Jumping Frog, and Other Humorous Tales. Twain.
662 Amusing Answers to Correspondents. Mark Twain.
668 Humorous Fables. Mark Twain.
187 Whistler's Humor.
205 Artemus Ward, His Book.
368 To California and Back. Ward.
369 Artemus Ward's Travels.
216 Wit of Heinrich Heine. Eliot.
381 Wit and Wisdom of Dickens. Swasey.
382 Humor and Wisdom of Lincoln. Gunn.

Ibsen, Henrik

16 Ghosts.
80 Pillars of Society.
295 The Master Builder.
302 The Wild Duck.
303 Rosmersholm.
350 Hedda Gabbler.
353 A Doll's House.
354 The League of Youth.
154 Epigrams of Ibsen.
436 Henrik Ibsen: His Life, Aim and Influence. Moritzen.

Juvenile

44 Aesop's Fables.
57 Rip Van Winkle, and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Irving.
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales.
158 Alice in Wonderland. Carroll.
188 Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen. (Edited by Charles J. Finger).
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Dante's Inferno

Volume I

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Dante's Inferno

Volume I

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DANTE'S INFERNO.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell, and afterwards of Purgatory; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise. He follows the Roman poet.

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell,
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.
Yet to discourse of what there good befell,
All else will I relate discovered there.
How first I entered it I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dulness in that instant weighed
My senses down, when the true path I left;
But when a mountain's foot I reached, where closed

The valley that had pierced my heart with
dread,
I looked aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam,
Who leads all wanderers safe through every
way.
Then was a little respite to the fear,
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain,
All of that night, so pitifully past:
And as a man, with difficult short breath,
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to
shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet failed
Struggling with terror, turned to view the
straits,
That none hath past and lived. My weary
frame
After short pause recomforted, again
I journeyed on over that lonely steep,
The hinder foot still firmer. Scarce the ascent
Began, when, lo! a panther, nimble, light,
And covered with a speckled skin, appeared;
Nor, when it saw me, vanished, rather strove
To check my onward going; that ofttimes,
With purpose to retrace my steps, I turned.
The hour was morning's prime, and on his
way
Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,
That with him rose when Love divine first
moved

Those its fair works; so that with joyous hope
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn
And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased,
And by a new dread succeeded, when in view
A lion came, 'gainst me, as it appeared,
With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf
Was at his heels, who in her leanness seemed
Full of all wants, and many a land hath made
Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear
O'erwhelmed me, at the sight of her appalled,
That of the height all hope I lost. As one,
Who, with his gain elated, sees the time
When all unwares is gone, he inwardly
Mourns with heart-griping anguish; such was I,
Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
Who coming o'er against me, by degrees
Impelled me where the sun in silence rests.
While to the lower space with backward step
I fell, my ken discerned the form of one,
Whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech.
When him in that great desert I espied,
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be!"
He answered: "Now not man, man once I was,
And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was past
Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time

Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,
When the flames preyed on Ilium's haughty towers.
But thou, say wherefore to such perils past
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant mount
Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"
"And art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring,
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?" I with front abashed replied.
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conned it o'er. My master thou, and guide!
Thou be from whom alone I have derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.
O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!
For every vein and pulse throughout my frame
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw
That I was weeping, answered, "Thou must needs
Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape
From out that savage wilderness. This beast,
At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none

To pass, and no less hindrance makes than
death:
So bad and so accursed in her kind,
That never sated is her ravenous will,
Still after food more craving than before,
To many an animal in wedlock vile
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,
Until that greyhound come, who shall destroy
Her with sharp pain. He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love,
Wisdom, and virtue, and his land shall be
The land 'twixt either Feltro. In his might
Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,
For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,
Nisus Euryalus, and Turnus fell.
He, with incessant chase, through every town
Shall worry, until he to hell at length
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.
I for thy profit pondering now devise,
That thou mayst follow me; and I, thy guide,
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and
see
Spirits of old tormented, who invoke
A second death; and those next view, who
dwell
Content in fire, for that they hope to come,
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
Into whose regions if thou then desire
To ascend, a spirit worthier than I [part.
Must lead thee, in whose charge when I de-

Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty King,
Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed
That, to his city, none through me should come. [holds
He in all parts hath sway; there rules, there
His citadel and throne. O happy those,
Whom there he chooses!" I to him in few:
"Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not adore,
I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse
I may escape) to lead me, where thou said'st,
That I Saint Peter's gate may view, and those
Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."
Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

After the invocation, which poets are used to prefix to their works, he shows that, on a consideration of his own strength, he doubted whether it sufficed for the journey proposed to him, but that, being comforted by Virgil, he at last took courage, and followed him as his guide and master.

Now was the day departing, and the air,
Imbrowned with shadows, from their toils released
All animals on earth; and I alone

Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,
Both of sad pity, and that perilous road,
Which my unerring memory shall retrace.
O Muses! O high genius! now vouchsafe
Your aid! O mind! that all I saw hast kept
Safe in a written record, here thy worth
And eminent endowments come to proof.
I thus began: "Bard! thou who art my guide,
Consider well, if virtue be in me
Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise
Thou trust me. Thou hast told that Silvius' sire,
Yet clothed in corruptible flesh, among
The immortal tribes had entrance, and was there
Sensibly present. Yet if heaven's great Lord,
Almighty foe to ill, such favor showed,
In contemplation of the high effect,
Both what and who from him should issue forth,
It seems in reason's judgment well deserved:
Sith he of Rome and of Rome's empire wide,
In heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire:
Both which, if truth be spoken, were ordained
And 'stablished for the holy place, where sits
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.
He from this journey, in thy song renowned,
Learned things, that to his victory gave rise
And to the papal robe. In after-times
The chosen vessel also travelled there.

To bring us back assurance in that faith
Which is the entrance to salvation's way.
But I, why should I there presume? or who
Permits it? not Æneas I, nor Paul,
Myself I deem not worthy, and none else
Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then
I venture, fear it will in folly end.
Thou, who art wise, better my meaning know'st
Than I can speak." As one, who unresolves
What he hath late resolved, and with new thoughts
Changes his purpose, from his first intent
Removed; e'en such was I on that dun coast,
Wasting in thought my enterprise, at first
So eagerly embraced. "If right thy words
I scan," replied that shade magnanimous,
"Thy soul is by vile fear assailed, which oft
So overcasts a man, that he recoils
From noblest resolution, like a beast
At some false semblance in the twilight gloom.
That from this terror thou mayst free thyself,
I will instruct thee why I came, and what
I heard in that same instant, when for thee
Grief touched me first. I was among the tribe,
Who rest suspended, when a dame, so blest
And lovely I besought her to command,
Called me; her eyes were brighter than the star
Of day; and she with gentle voice and soft,

Angelically tuned, her speech addressed:
'O courteous shade of Mantua! thou whose fame
Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts!
A friend, not of my fortune but myself,
On the wide desert in his road has met
Hindrance so great, that he through fear has turned.
Now much I dread lest he past help have strayed,
And I be risen too late for his relief,
From what in heaven of him I heard. Speed now,
And by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,
And by all means for his deliverance meet,
Assist him. So to me will comfort spring.
I, who bid thee on this errand forth,
Am Beatrice; from a place I come
Revisited with joy. Love brought me thence,
Who prompts my speech. When in my Master's sight
I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell.'
"She then was silent, and I thus began:
'O Lady! by whose influence alone,
Mankind excels whatever is contained
Within that heaven which hath the smallest orb,
So thy command delights me, that to obey,
If it were done already, would seem late.
No need hast thou further to speak thy will;
Yet tell the reason, why thou art not loth

To leave that ample space, where to return
Thou burnest, for this centre here beneath.
"She then: 'Since thou so deeply wouldst inquire,
I will instruct thee briefly, why no dread
Hinders my entrance here. Those things alone
Are to be feared, whence evil may proceed;
None else, for none are terrible beside.
I am so framed by God, thanks to his grace!
That any sufferance of your misery
Touches me not, nor flame of that fierce fire
Assails me. In high heaven a blessed dame
Resides, who mourns with such effectual grief
That hindrance, which I send thee to remove,
That God's stern judgment to her will inclines.
To Lucia calling, her she thus bespake:
"Now doth thy faithful servant need thy aid,
And I commend him to thee." At her word
Sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe,
And coming to the place, where I abode
Seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,
She thus addressed me: "Thou true praise of God!
Beatrice! why is not thy succor lent
To him, who so much loved thee, as to leave
For thy sake all the multitude admires?
Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,
Nor mark the death, which in the torrent flood,
Swoln mightier than a sea, him struggling holds?"

Ne'er among men did any with such speed
Haste to their profit, flee from their annoy,
As, when these words were spoken, I came here,
Down from my blessed seat, trusting the force
Of thy pure eloquence, which thee, and all
Who well have marked it, into honor brings.'
"When she had ended, her bright beaming eyes
Tearful she turned aside; whereat I felt
Redoubled zeal to serve thee. As she willed,
Thus am I come: I saved thee from the beast,
Who thy near way across the goodly mount
Prevented. What is this comes o'er thee then?
Why, why dost thou hang back? why in thy breast
Harbor vile fear? why hast not courage there,
And noble daring; since three maids, so blest,
Thy safety plan, e'en in the court of heaven;
And so much certain good my words forebode?"
As florets, by the frosty air of night
Bent down and closed, when day has blanched their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;
So was my fainting vigor new restored,
And to my heart such kindly courage ran,
That I as one undaunted soon replied:
"O full of pity she, who undertook
My succor! and thou kind who didst perform
So soon her true behest! With such desire

Thou hast disposed me to renew my voyage,
That my first purpose fully is resumed.
Lead on: one only will is in us both.
Thou art my guide, my master thou, and lord."
So spake I; and when he had onward moved,
I entered on the deep and woody way.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Dante, following Virgil, comes to the gate of Hell; where, after having read the dreadful words that are written thereon, they both enter. Here, as he understands from Virgil, those were punished who had past their time (for living it could not be called) in a state of apathy and indifference both to good and evil. Then pursuing their way, they arrive at the river Acheron; and there find the old ferryman Charon, who takes the spirits over to the opposite shore; which as soon as Dante reaches, he is seized with terror, and falls into a trance.

"THROUGH me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.

All hope abandon, ye who enter here."
Such characters in color dim, I marked
Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed:
Whereat I thus: "Master, these words import
Hard meaning." He as one prepared replied:
"Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave;
Here be vile fear extinguished. We are come
Where I have told thee we shall see the souls
To misery doomed, who intellectual good
Have lost." And when his hand he had stretched forth [cheered,
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was
Into that secret place he led me on.
Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swelled the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.
I then, with error yet encompast, cried:
"O master! what is this I hear? what race
Are these, who seem so overcome with woe?"
He thus to me: "This miserable fate
Suffer the wretched souls of those, who lived

Without or praise or blame, with that ill band
Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved
Or yet were true to God, but for themselves
Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them forth,
Not to impair his lustre; nor the depth
Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed tribe
Should glory thence with exultation vain."
I then: "Master! what doth aggrieve them thus,
That they lament so loud?" He straight replied:
"That will I tell thee briefly. These of death
No hope may entertain; and their blind life
So meanly passes, that all other lots
They envy. Fame of them the world hath none,
Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.
Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."
And I, who straightway looked, beheld a flag,
Which whirling ran around so rapidly,
That it no pause obtained: and following came
Such a long train of spirits, I should ne'er
Have thought that death so many had despoiled.
When some of these I recognized, I saw
And knew the shade of him, who to base fear
Yielding, abjured his high estate. Forthwith
I understood, for certain, this the tribe

Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing
And to his foes. These wretches, who ne'er lived,
Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung
By wasps and hornets, which bedewed their cheeks
With blood, that, mixed with tears, dropped to their feet,
And by disgustful worms was gathered there.
Then looking farther onwards, I beheld
A throng upon the shore of a great stream:
Whereat I thus: "Sir! grant me now to know
Whom here we view, and whence impelled they seem
So eager to pass o'er, as I discern
Through the blear light?" He thus to me in few:
"This shalt thou know, soon as our steps arrive
Beside the woeful tide of Acheron."
Then with eyes downward cast, and filled with shame,
Fearing my words offensive to his ear,
Till we had reached the river, I from speech
Abstained. And lo! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man, hoary white with eld,
Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits! hope not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across,
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice. And thou, who there

Standest, live spirit! get thee hence, and leave
These who are dead." But soon as he beheld
I left them not, "By other way," said he,
"By other haven shalt thou come to shore,
Not by this passage; thee a nimbler boat
Must carry." Then to him thus spake my guide:
"Charon! thyself torment not: so 'tis willed,
Where will and power are one: ask thou no more."
Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks
Of him, the boatman o'er the livid lake,
Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames. Meanwhile
Those spirits, faint and naked, color changed,
And gnashed their teeth, soon as the cruel words [blasphemed,
They heard. God and their parents they
The human kind, the place, the time, and seed,
That did engender them and give them birth.
Then all together sorely wailing drew
To the curst strand, that every man must pass
Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beckoning, and each, that lingers, with his oar
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
One still another following, till the bough
Strews all its honors on the earth beneath;
E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
Cast themselves, one by one, down from the shore,

Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.
Thus go they over through the umbered wave;
And even they on the opposing bank
Be landed, on this side another throng
Still gathers. "Son," thus spake the courteous guide,
"Those who die subject to the wrath of God
All here together come from every clime,
And to o'erpass the river are not loth:
For so heaven's justice goads them on, that fear
Is turned into desire. Hence ne'er hath past
Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,
Now mayst thou know the import of his words."
This said, the gloomy region trembling shook
So terribly, that yet with clammy dews
Fear chills my brow. The sad earth gave a blast,
That, lightening, shot forth a vermilion flame,
Which all my senses conquered quite, and I
Down dropped, as one with sudden slumber seized.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, being roused by a clap of thunder, and following his guide onwards, descends into Limbo, which is the first circle of Hell, where he finds the souls of those, who, although they

have lived virtuously and have not to suffer for great sins, nevertheless, through lack of baptism, merit not the bliss of Paradise. Hence he is led on by Virgil to descend into the second circle.

Broke the deep slumber in my brain a crash
Of heavy thunder, that I shook myself,
As one by main force roused. Risen upright,
My rested eyes I moved around, and searched,
With fixed ken, to know what place it was
Wherein I stood. For certain, on the brink
I found me of the lamentable vale,
The dread abyss, that joins a thunderous sound
Of plaints innumerable. Dark and deep,
And thick with clouds o'erspread, mine eye in vain
Explored its bottom, nor could aught discern.
"Now let us to the blind world there beneath
Descend;" the bard began, all pale of look:
"I go the first, and thou shalt follow next."
Then I, his altered hue perceiving, thus:
"How may I speed, if thou yieldest to dread,
Who still art wont to comfort me in doubt?"
He then: "The anguish of that race below
With pity stains my cheek, which thou for fear
Mistakest. Let us on. Our length of way
Urges haste." Onward, this said, he moved;
And entering led me with him, on the bounds
Of the first circle that surrounds the abyss.
Here, as mine ear could note, no plaint was heard

Except of sighs, that made the eternal air
Tremble, not caused by tortures, but from grief
Felt by those multitudes, many and vast,
Of men, women, and infants. Then to me
The gentle guide: "Inquirest thou not what spirits
Are these, which thou beholdest? Ere thou pass
Farther, I would thou know, that these of sin
Were blameless; and if aught they merited,
It profits not, since baptism was not theirs,
The portal to thy faith. If they before
The Gospel lived, they served not God aright;
And among such am I. For these defects,
And for no other evil, we are lost;
Only so far afflicted, that we live
Desiring without hope." Sore grief assailed
My heart at hearing this, for well I knew
Suspended in that Limbo many a soul
Of mighty worth. "O tell me, sire revered!
Tell me, my master!" I began, through wish
Of full assurance in that holy faith
Which vanquishes all error; "say, did e'er
Any, or through his own or other's merit,
Come forth from thence, who afterward was blest?"

Piercing the secret purport of my speech,
He answered: "I was new to that estate,
When I beheld a puissant one arrive
Amongst us, with victorious trophy crowned.
He forth the shade of our first parent drew

Abel his child, and Noah righteous man,
Of Moses lawgiver for faith approved,
Of patriarch Abraham, and David king,
Israel with his sire and with his sons,
Nor without Rachel whom so hard he won,
And others many more, whom he to bliss
Exalted. Before these, be thou assured,
No spirit of human kind was ever saved."
We, while he spake, ceased not our onward road,
Still passing through the wood; for so I name
Those spirits thick beset. We were not far
On this side from the summit, when I kenned
A flame, that o'er the darkened hemisphere
Prevailing shined. Yet we a little space
Were distant, not so far but I in part
Discovered, that a tribe in honor high
That place possessed. "O thou, who every art
And science valuest! who are these, that boast
Such honor, separate from all the rest?"
He answered: "The renown of their great names,
That echoes through your world above, acquires
Favor in heaven, which holds them thus advanced."
Meantime a voice I heard: "Honor the bard
Sublime! his shade returns, that left us late!"
No sooner ceased the sound, than I beheld
Four mighty spirits toward us bend their steps,
Of semblance neither sorrowful nor glad.

When thus my master kind began: "Mark him,
Who in his right hand bears that falchion keen,
The other three preceding, as their lord.
This is that Homer, of all bards supreme:
Flaccus the next, in satire's vein excelling;
The third is Naso; Lucan is the last.
Because they all that appellation own,
With which the voice singly accosted me,
Honoring they greet me thus, and well they judge."
So I beheld united the bright school
Of him the monarch of sublimest song,
That o'er the others like an eagle soars.
When they together short discourse had held,
They turned to me, with salutation kind
Beckoning me; at the which my master smiled:
Nor was this all; but greater honor still
They gave me, for they made me of their tribe;
And I was sixth amid so learned a band.
Far as the luminous beacon on we passed
Speaking of matters, then befitting well
To speak, now fitter left untold. At foot
Of a magnificent castle we arrived,
Seven times with lofty walls begirt, and round
Defended by a pleasant stream. O'er this
As o'er dry land we passed. Next, through seven gates,
I with those sages entered, and we came
Into a mead with lively verdure fresh.

There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around
Majestically moved, and in their port
Bore eminent authority; they spake
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.
We to one side retired, into a place
Open and bright and lofty, whence each one
Stood manifest to view. Incontinent
There on the green enamel of the plain
Were shown me the great spirits, by whose sight
I am exalted in my own esteem.
Electra there I saw accompanied
By many, among whom Hector I knew,
Anchises' pious son, and with hawk's eye
Caesar all armed, and by Camilla there
Penthesilea. On the other side,
Old King Latinus, seated by his child
Lavinia, and that Brutus I beheld,
Who Tarquin chased, Lucretia, Cato's wife,
Marcia, with Julia and Cornelia there;
And sole apart retired, the Soldan fierce.
Then when a little more I raised my brow,
I spied the master of the sapient throng,
Seated amid the philosophic train.
Him all admire, all pay him reverence due.
There Socrates and Plato both I marked,
Nearest to him in rank, Democritus,
Who sets the world at chance, Diogenes,
With Heraclitus, and Empedocles,
And Anaxagoras, and Thales sage,

Zeno, and Dioscorides well read
In nature's secret lore. Orpheus I marked
And Linus, Tully and moral Seneca,
Euclid and Ptolemy, Hippocrates,
Galenus, Avicen, and him who made
That commentary vast, Averroes.
Of all to speak at full were vain attempt;
For my wide theme so urges, that ofttimes
My words fall short of what bechanced. In two
The six associates part. Another way
My sage guide leads me, from that air serene,
Into a climate ever vexed with storms:
And to a part I come, where no light shines.

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

Coming into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance beholds Minos the Infernal Judge, by whom he is admonished to beware how he enters those regions. Here he witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by the most furious winds. Amongst these, he meets with Francesca of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls fainting to the ground.

From the first circle I descended thus
Down to the second, which, a lesser space
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,
Provoking bitter moans. Their Minos stands
Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,

Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
According as he foldeth him around:
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand
Always a numerous throng; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurled.
"O thou! who to this residence of woe
Approachest?" when he saw me coming, cried
Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
"Look how thou enter here; beware in whom
Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance broad
Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide:
"Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his way
By destiny appointed; so 'tis willed
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more."
Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
Now am I come where many a plaining voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groaned
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring wings. The stormy blast of hell

With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy.
When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.
I understood that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemned, in whom
Reason by lust is swayed. As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls
On this side and on that, above, below,
It drives them: hope of rest to solace them
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,
Stretched out in long array; so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! who
Are these, by the black air so scourged?"— "The first
'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he replied,
"O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice
Of luxury was so shameless, that she made
Liking be lawful by promulged decree,

To clear the blame she had herself incurred.
This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ,
That she succeeded Ninus her espoused;
And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.
The next in amorous fury slew herself,
And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:
Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."
There marked I Helen, for whose sake so long
The time was fraught with evil; there the great
Achilles, who with love fought to the end.
Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,
A thousand more he showed me, and by name
Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.
When I had heard my sage instructor name
Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpowered
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind
Swayed them toward us, I thus framed my speech:
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse

With us, if by none else restrained." As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop, where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding; with such force
My cry prevailed by strong affection urged.
"O gracious creature and benign! who goest
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
If, for a friend the King of all, we owned,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land, that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caina waits

The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their
words:
At hearing which downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard
cried:
"What art thou pond'ring?" I in answer thus:
"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond
desire
Must they at length to that ill pass have
reached!"
Then turning, I to them my speech addressed.
And thus began: "Francesca! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what, and how love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:
"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand! That kens
Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do,
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight we read of Lancelot,
How him love thralled. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er

From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,
The other wailed so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death, and like a corpse fell to the ground.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

On his recovery, the Poet finds himself in the third circle, where the gluttonous are punished. Their torment is, to lie in the mire, under a continual and heavy storm of hail, snow, and discolored water; Cerberus meanwhile barking over them with his threefold throat, and rending them piecemeal. One of these, who on earth was named Ciacco, foretells the divisions with which Florence is about to be distracted. Dante proposes a question to his guide, who solves it and they proceed towards the fourth circle.

My sense reviving, that erewhile had drooped
With pity for the kindred shades, whence grief
O'ercame me wholly, straight around I see
New torments, new tormented souls, which way
Soe'er I move, or turn, or bend my sight.
In the third circle I arrive, of showers

Ceaseless, accursed, heavy and cold, unchanged
Forever, both in kind and in degree.
Large hail, discolored water, sleety flaw
Through the dun midnight air streamed down amain:
Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell.
Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
Through his wide threefold throat, barks as a dog
Over the multitude immersed beneath.
His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard,
His belly large, and clawed the hands, with which
He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limbs
Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread, as curs,
Under the rainy deluge, with one side
The other screening, oft they roll them round,
A wretched, godless crew. When that great worm
Descried us, savage Cerberus, he oped
His jaws, and the fangs showed us; not a limb
Of him but trembled. Then my guide, his palms
Expanding on the ground, thence filled with earth
Raised them, and cast it in his ravenous maw.
E'en as a dog, that yelling bays for food

His keeper, when the morsel comes, lets fall
His fury, bent alone with eager haste
To swallow it; so dropped the loathsome cheeks
Of demon Cerberus, who thundering stuns
The spirits, that they for deafness wish in vain.
We, o'er the shades thrown prostrate by the brunt
Of the heavy tempest passing, set our feet
Upon their emptiness, that substance seemed.
They all along the earth extended lay,
Save one, that sudden raised himself to sit,
Soon as that way he saw us pass. "O thou!"
He cried, "who through the infernal shades art led,
Own, if again thou know'st me. Thou wast framed
Or ere my frame was broken." I replied:
"The anguish thou endurest perchance so takes
Thy form from my remembrance, that it seems
As if I saw thee never. But inform
Me who thou art, that in a place so sad
Art set, and in such torment, that although
Other be greater, none disgusteth more."
He thus in answer to my words rejoined:
"Thy city heaped with envy to the brim,
Aye, that the measure overflows its bounds,
Held me in brighter days. Ye citizens
Were wont to name me Ciacco. For the sin
Of gluttony, damned vice, beneath this rain,

E'en as thou seest, I with fatigue am worn;
Nor I sole spirit in this woe: all these
Have by like crime incurred like punishment."
No more he said, and I my speech resumed:
"Ciacco! thy dire affliction grieves me much,
Even to tears. But tell me, if thou knowest,
What shall at length befall the citizens
Of the divided city; whether any
Just one inhabit there: and tell the cause,
Whence jarring discord hath assailed it thus?"
He then: "After long striving they will come
To blood; and the wild party from the woods
Will chase the other with much injury forth.
Then it behoves, that this must fall, within
Three solar circles; and the other rise
By borrowed force of one, who under shore
Now rests. It shall a long space hold aloof
Its forehead, keeping under heavy weight
The other opprest, indignant at the load,
And grieving sore. The just are two in number,
But they neglected. Avarice, envy, pride,
Three fatal sparks, have set the hearts of all
On fire." Here ceased the lamentable sound;
And I continued thus: "Still would I learn
More from thee, further parley still entreat.
Of Farinata and Tegghiaio say,
They who so well deserved; of Giacopo,
Arrigo, Mosca, and the rest, who bent

Their minds on working good. Oh! tell me where
They bide, and to their knowledge let me come.
For I am prest with keen desire to hear
If heaven's sweet cup or poisonous drug of hell,
Be to their lips assigned." He answered straight:
"These are yet blacker spirits. Various crimes
Have sunk them deeper in the dark abyss.
If thou so far descendest, thou mayst see them.
But to the pleasant world when thou returnest,
Of me make mention, I entreat thee, there.
No more I tell thee, answer thee no more."
This said, his fixed eyes he turned askance,
A little eyed me, then bent down his head,
And 'midst his blind companions with it fell.
When thus my guide: "No more his bed he leaves,
Ere the last angel-trumpet blow. The Power
Adverse to these shall then in glory come,
Each one forthwith to his sad tomb repair,
Resume his fleshly vesture and his form,
And hear the eternal doom re-echoing rend
The vault." So passed we through that mixture foul
Of spirits and rain, with tardy steps; meanwhile
Touching, though slightly, on the life to come.

For thus I questioned: "Shall these tortures, Sir!
When the great sentence passes, be increased,
Or mitigated, or as now severe?"
He then: "Consult thy knowledge; that decides
That, as each thing to more perfection grows,
It feels more sensibly both good and pain.
Though ne'er to true perfection may arrive
This race accurst, yet nearer then, than now,
They shall approach it." Compassing that path,
Circuitous we journeyed, and discourse,
Much more than I relate between us passed:
Till at the point, whence the steps led below,
Arrived, there Plutus, the great foe, we found.

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

In the present Canto, Dante describes his descent into the fourth circle, at the beginning of which he sees Plutus stationed. Here one like doom awaits the prodigal and the avaricious; which is, to meet in direful conflict, rolling great weights against each other with mutual upbraidings. From hence Virgil takes occasion to show how vain the goods that are committed into the charge of Fortune; and this moves our author to inquire what being that Fortune is, of whom he speaks: which question being resolved, they go down into the fifth circle, where they find the wrathful and slothful tormented in the Stygian lake. Having made a compass round great part of this lake, they come at last to the base of a lofty tower.

"Ah me! O Satan! Satan!" loud exclaimed
Plutus, in accent hoarse of wild alarm:
And the kind sage, whom no event surprised,
To comfort me thus spake: "Let not thy fear
Harm thee, for power in him, be sure, is none
To hinder down this rock thy safe descent."
Then to that swoln lip turning, "Peace!" he cried,
"Curst wolf! thy fury inward on thyself
Prey, and consume thee! Through the dark profound
Not without cause he passes. So 'tis willed
On high, there where the great Archangel poured
Heaven's vengeance on the first adulterer proud."
As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind,
Drop suddenly collapsed, if the mast split;
So to the ground down dropped the cruel fiend.
Thus we, descending to the fourth steep ledge,
Gained on the dismal shore, that all the woe
Hems in of all the universe. Ah me!
Almighty Justice! in what store thou heap'st
New pains, new troubles, as I here beheld.
Wherefore doth fault of ours bring us to this?
E'en as a billow, on Charybdis rising,
Against encountered billow dashing breaks;
Such is the dance this wretched race must lead.

Whom more than elsewhere numerous here I found,
From one side and the other, with loud voice,
Both rolled on weights, by main force of their breasts,
Then smote together, and each one forthwith
Rolled them back voluble, turning again;
Exclaiming these, "Why holdest thou so fast?"
Those answering, "And why castest thou away!"
So, still repeating their despiteful song,
They to the opposite point on either hand,
Traversed the horrid circle: then arrived,
Both turned them round, and through the middle space
Conflicting met again. At sight whereof
I, stung with grief, thus spake: "O say, my guide!
What race is this? Were these, whose heads are shorn,
On our left hand, all separate to the church?"
He straight replied: "In their first life, these all
In mind were so distorted, that they made,
According to due measure, of their wealth
No use. This clearly from their words collect,
Which they howl forth, at each extremity
Arriving of the circle, where their crime
Contrary in kind disparts them. To the church
Were separate those, that with no hairy cowls

Are crowned, both Popes and Cardinals, o'er whom
Avarice dominion absolute maintains."
I then: "'Mid such as these some needs must be,
Whom I shall recognize, that with the blot
Of these foul sins were stained." He answering thus:
"Vain thought conceivest thou. That ignoble life,
Which made them vile before, now makes them dark,
And to all knowledge indiscernible.
Forever they shall meet in this rude shock:
These from the tomb with clenched grasp shall rise,
Those with close-shaven locks. That ill they gave,
And ill they kept, hath of the beauteous world
Deprived, and set them at this strife, which needs
No labored phrase of mine to set it off.
Now mayest thou see, my son! how brief. how vain,
The goods committed into Fortune's hands,
For which the human race keep such a coil!
Not all the gold that is beneath the moon,
Or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls
Might purchase rest for one." I thus rejoined:
"My guide! of thee this also would I learn;
This fortune, that thou speakest of, what it is,

Whose talons grasp the blessings of the world?"
He thus: "O beings blind! what ignorance
Besets you? Now my judgment hear and mark.
He, whose transcendent wisdom passes all,
The heavens creating, gave them ruling powers
To guide them; so that each part shines to each,
Their light in equal distribution poured.
By similar appointment he ordained
Over the world's bright images to rule,
Superintendence of a guiding hand
And general minister, which, at due time
May change the empty vantages of life
From race to race, from one to other's blood,
Beyond prevention of man's wisest care:
Wherefore one nation rises into sway,
Another languishes, e'en as her will
Decrees, from us concealed, as in the grass
The serpent train. Against her naught avails
Your utmost wisdom. She with foresight plans,
Judges, and carries on her reign, as theirs
The other powers divine. Her changes know
None intermission: by necessity
She is made swift, so frequent come who claim
Succession in her favors. This is she,
So execrated e'en by those whose debt
To her is rather praise; they wrongfully

With blame requite her, and with evil word;
But she is blessed, and for that recks not:
Amidst the other primal beings glad,
Rolls on her sphere, and in her bliss exults.
Now on our way pass we, to heavier woe
Descending: for each star is falling now,
That mounted at our entrance, and forbids
Too long our tarrying." We the circle crossed
To the next steep, arriving at a well,
That boiling pours itself down to a foss
Sluiced from its source. Far murkier was the wave
Than sablest grain: and we in company
Of the inky waters, journeying by their side,
Entered, though by a different track, beneath.
Into a lake, the Stygian named, expands
The dismal stream, when it hath reached the foot
Of the gray withered cliffs. Intent I stood
To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried
A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
Betokening rage. They with their hands alone
Stuck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,
Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.
The good instructor spake: "Now seest thou, son!
The souls of those, whom anger overcame.
This too for certain know, that underneath
The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs
Into these bubbles make the surface heave

As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn.
Fixed in the slime, they say: 'Sad once were we
In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:
Now in these murky settlings are we sad.
Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats.
But word distinct can utter none." Our route
Thus compassed we, a segment widely stretched
Between the dry embankment, and the core
Of the loathed pool, turning meanwhile our eyes
Downward on those who gulped its muddy lees;
Nor stopped, till to a tower's low base we come.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

A signal having been made from the tower, Phlegyas, the ferryman of the lake, speedily crosses it, and conveys Virgil and Dante to the other side. On their passage, they meet with Filippo Argenti, whose fury and torment are described. They then arrive at the city of Dis, the entrance whereto is denied, and the portals closed against them by many Demons.

My theme pursuing, I relate, that ere
We reached the lofty turret's base, our eyes
Its height ascended, where we marked uphung

Two cressets, and another saw from far
Return the signal, so remote, that scarce
The eye could catch its beam. I, turning 'round [quired:
To the deep source of knowledge, thus in-
"Say what this means; and what, that other light
In answer set: what agency doth this?"
"There on the filthy waters," he replied,
"E'en now what next awaits us mayst thou see,
If the marsh-gendered fog conceal it not."
Never was arrow from the cord dismissed,
That ran its way so nimbly through the air,
As a small bark, that through the waves I spied
Toward us coming, under the sole sway
Of one that ferried it, who cried aloud:
"Art thou arrived, fell spirit?"—"Phlegyas, Phlegyas,
This time thou criest in vain," my lord replied;
"No longer shalt thou have us, but while o'er
The slimy pool we pass." As one who hears
Of some great wrong he hath sustained, whereat
Inly he pines: so Phlegyas inly pined
In his fierce ire. My guide, descending, stepped
In to the skiff, and bade me enter next,
Close at his side; nor, till my entrance, seemed
The vessel freighted. Soon as both embarked,

Cutting the waves, goes on the ancient prow,
More deeply than with others it is wont.
While we our course o'er the dead channel held,
One drenched in mire before me came, and said:
"Who art thou, that thus comest ere thine hour?"
I answered: "Though I come, I tarry not:
But who art thou, that art become so foul?"
"One, as thou seest, who mourns:" he straight replied.
To which I thus: "In mourning and in woe,
Curst spirit! tarry thou. I know thee well,
E'en thus in filth disguised." Then stretched he forth
Hands to the bark; whereof my teacher sage
Aware, thrusting him back: "Away! down there
To the other dogs!" then with his arms my neck
Encircling, kissed my cheek, and spake: "O soul,
Justly disdainful! blest was she in whom
Thou wast conceived. He in the world was one
For arrogance noted: to his memory
No virtue lends its lustre; even so
Here is his shadow furious. There above,
How many now hold themselves mighty kings,
Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire,
Leaving behind them horrible dispraise."
I then: "Master! him fain would I behold

Whelmed in these dregs, before we quit the lake."
He thus: "Or ever to thy view the shore
Be offered, satisfied shall be that wish,
Which well deserves completion." Scarce his words
Were ended, when I saw the miry tribes
Set on him with such violence, that yet
For that render I thanks to God, and praise
"To Filippo Argenti!" cried they all:
And on himself the moody Florentine
Turned his avenging fangs. Him here we left,
Nor speak I of him more. But on mine ear
Sudden a sound of lamentation smote,
Whereat mine eye unbarred I sent abroad.
And thus the good instructor: "Now, my son
Draws near the city, that of Dis is named,
With its grave denizens, a mighty throng."
I thus: "The minarets already, Sir!
There, certes, in the valley I descry,
Gleaming vermilion, as if they from fire
Had issued." He replied: "Eternal fire,
That inward burns, shows them with ruddy flame
Illumed; as in this nether hell thou seest."
We came within the fosses deep, that moat
This region comfortless. The walls appeared
As they were framed of iron. We had made
Wide circuit, ere a place we reached, where loud
The mariner cried vehement: "Go forth:

The entrance is here." Upon the gates I spied
More than a thousand, who of old from heaven
Were showered. With ireful gestures, "Who is this,"
They cried, "that, without death first felt, goes through
The regions of the dead?" My sapient guide
Made sign that he for secret parley wished:
Whereat their angry scorn abating, thus
They spake: "Come thou alone; and let him go,
Who hath so hardily entered this realm.
Alone return he by his witless way;
If well he know it, let him prove. For thee,
Here shalt thou tarry, who through clime so dark
Hast been his escort." Now bethink thee, reader!
What cheer was fine at sound of those curst words.
I did believe I never should return.
"O my loved guide! who more than seven times
Security hast rendered me, and drawn
From peril deep, whereto I stood exposed,
Desert me not," I cried, "in this extreme.
And, if our onward going be denied,
Together trace we back our steps with speed."
My liege, who thither had conducted me,
Replied: "Fear not: for of our passage none
Hath power to disappoint us, by such high
Authority permitted. But do thou

Expect me here; meanwhile, thy wearied spirit
Comfort, and feed with kindly hope, assured
I will not leave thee in this lower world."
This said, departs the sire benevolent,
And quits me. Hesitating I remain
At war, 'twixt will and will not, in my thoughts.
I could not hear what terms he offered them,
But they conferred not long, for all at once
Pellmell rushed back within. Closed were the gates,
By those our adversaries, on the breast
Of my liege lord: excluded, he returned
To me with tardy steps. Upon the ground
His eyes were bent, and from his brow erased
All confidence, while thus in sighs he spake:
"Who hath denied me these abodes of woe?"
Then thus to me: "That I am angered, think
No ground of terror; in this trial I
Shall vanquish, use what arts they may within
For hindrance. This their insolence, not new,
Erewhile at gate less secret they displayed,
Which still is without bolt; upon its arch
Thou saw'st the deadly scroll; and even now,
On this side of its entrance, down the steep,
Passing the circles, unescorted, comes
One whose strong might can open us this land."

CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.

After some hindrances, and having seen the hellish furies and other monsters, the Poet, by the help of an angel, enters the city of Dis.

wherein he discovers that the heretics are punished in tombs burning with intense fire: and he, together with Virgil, passes onwards between the sepulchres and the walls of the city.

THE hue, which coward dread on my pale cheeks
Imprinted when I saw my guide turn back,
Chased that from his which newly they had worn,
And inwardly restrained it. He, as one
Who listens, stood attentive: for his eye
Not far could lead him through the sable air,
And the thick-gathering cloud. "It yet behoves
We win this fight;" thus he began: "if not—
Such aid to us is offered.—Oh! how long
Meseems it, ere the promised help arrive."
I noted how the sequel of his words
Cloaked their beginning; for the last he spake
Agreed not with the first. But not the less
My fear was at his saying; sith I drew
To import worse, perchance, than that he held,
His mutilated speech. "Doth ever any
Into his rueful concave's extreme depth
Descend out of the first degree, whose pain
Is deprivation merely of sweet hope?"
Thus I inquiring, "Rarely," he replied,
"It chances, that among us any makes
This journey, which I wend. Erewhile, 'tis true,
Once came I here beneath, conjured by fell
Erictho, sorceress, who compelled the shades
Back to their bodies. No long space my flesh

Was naked of me, when within these walls
She made me enter, to draw forth a spirit
From out of Judas' circle. Lowest place
Is that of all, obscurest, and removed
Furthest from heaven's all circling orb. The road
Full well I know; thou therefore rest secure.
That lake, the noisome stench exhaling, round
The city of grief encompasses, which now
We may not enter without rage." Yet more
He added: but I hold it not in mind,
For that mine eye toward the lofty tower
Had drawn me wholly, to its burning top;
Where, in an instant, I beheld uprisen
At once three hellish furies stained with blood.
In limb and motion feminine they seemed;
Around them greenest hydras twisting rolled
Their volumes; adders and cerastes crept
Instead of hair, and their fierce temples bound.
He, knowing well the miserable hags
Who tend the queen of endless woe, thus spake:
"Mark thou each dire Erinnyes. To the left,
This is Megaera; on the right hand, she
Who wails, Alecto; and Tisiphone
I' th' midst." This said, in silence he remained.
Their breast they each one clawing tore; themselves
Smote with their palms, and such thrill clamor raised

That to the bard I clung, suspicion-bound.
"Hasten Medusa: so to adamant
Him shall we change;" all looking down exclaimed:
"E'en when by Thesseus' might assailed, we took
No ill revenge." "Turn thyself around, and keep
Thy countenance hid; for if the Gorgon dire
Be shown, and thou shouldst view it, thy return
Upwards would be forever lost." This said,
Himself, my gentle master, turned me round;
Nor trusted he my hands, but with his own
He also hid me. Ye of intellect
Sound and entire, mark well the lore concealed
Under close texture of the mystic strain.

And now there came o'er the perturbed waves
Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made
Either shore tremble, as if of a wind
Impetuous, from conflicting vapors sprung,
That 'gainst some forest driving all his might,
Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and hurls
Afar; then onward passing, proudly sweeps
His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.
Mine eyes he loosed, and spake: "And now direct
Thy visual nerve along that ancient foam,
There, thickest where the smoke ascends." As frogs

Before their foe the serpent, through the wave
Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one
Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits
Destroyed, so saw I fleeing before one
Who passed with unwet feet the Stygian sound
He, from his face removing the gross air,
Oft his left hand forth stretched, and seemed alone
By that annoyance wearied. I perceived
That he was sent from heaven; and to my guide
Turned me, who signal made, that I should stand
Quiet, and bend to him. Ah me! how full
Of noble anger seemed he. To the gate
He came, and with his wand touched it, whereat
Open without impediment it flew.
"Outcasts of heaven! O abject race, and scorned!"
Began he, on the horrid grunsel standing,
"Whence doth this wild excess of insolence
Lodge in you? wherefore kick you 'gainst that will
Ne'er frustrate of its end, and which so oft
Hath laid on you enforcement of your pangs?
What profits, at the fates to butt the horn?
Your Cerberus, if ye remember, hence
Bears still, peeled of their hair, his throat and maw."
This said, he turned back o'er the filthy way

And syllable to us spake none; but wore
The semblance of a man by other care
Beset, and keenly prest, than thought of him
Who in his presence stands. Then we our steps
Toward that territory moved, secure
After the hallowed words. We, unopposed,
There entered; and, my mind eager to learn
What state a fortress like to that might hold,
I, soon as entered, throw mine eye around,
And see, on every part, wide-stretching space,
Replete with bitter pain and torment ill.
As where Rhone stagnates on the plans of Arles,
Or as at Pola, near Quarnaro's gulf,
That closes Italy and laves her bounds,
The place is all thick spread with sepulchres;
So was it here, save what in horror here
Excelled: for 'midst the graves were scattered flames,
Wherewith intensely all throughout they burned,
That iron for no craft there hotter needs.
Their lids all hung suspended; and beneath
From them forth issued lamentable moans,
Such as the sad and tortured will might raise
I thus: "Master! say who are these, interred
Within these vaults, of whom distinct we hear
The dolorous sighs." He answer thus returned:
"The arch-heretics are here, accompanied
By every sect their followers; and much more,
Than thou believest, the tombs are freighted: like

With like is buried; and the monuments
Are different in degrees of heat." This said,
He to the right hand turning, on we passed
Betwixt the afflicted and the ramparts high.

CANTO X.

ARGUMENT.

Dante, having obtained permission from his guide, holds discourse with Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcanti, who lie in their fiery tombs that are yet open, and not to be closed up till after the last judgment. Farinata predicts the Poet's exile from Florence; and shows him that the condemned have knowledge of future things, but are ignorant of what is at present passing, unless it be revealed by some new-comer from earth.

Now by a secret pathway we proceed,
Between the walls, that hem the region round,
And the tormented souls: my master first.
I close behind his steps. "Virtue supreme!"
I thus began: "Who through these ample orbs
In circuit lead'st me, even as thou will'st;
Speak thou, and satisfy my wish. May those,
Who lie within these sepulchres, be seen?
Already all the lids are raised, and none
O'er them keeps watch." He thus in answer spake:
"They shall be closed all, what-time they here
From Josaphat returned shall come, and bring
Their bodies, which above they now have left.
The cemetery on this part obtain,
With Epicurus, all his followers,

Who with the body make the spirit die.
Here therefore satisfaction shall be soon,
Both to the question asked, and to the wish
Which thou conceal'st in silence." I replied:
"I keep not, guide beloved! from thee my heart
Secreted, but to shun vain length of words:
A lesson erewhile taught me by thyself."
"O Tuscan! thou, who through the city of fire
Alive art passing, so discreet of speech:
Here, please thee, stay awhile. Thy utterance
Declares the place of thy nativity
To be that noble land, with which perchance
I too severely dealt." Sudden that sound
Forth issued from a vault, whereat, in fear,
I somewhat closer to my leader's side
Approaching, he thus spake: "What dost thou? Turn:
Lo! Farinata there, who hath himself
Uplifted: from his girdle upwards, all
Exposed, behold him." On his face was mine
Already fixed: his breast and forehead there
Erecting, seemed as in high scorn he held
E'en hell. Between the sepulchres, to him
My guide thrust me, with fearless hands and prompt;
This warning added: "See thy words be clear."
He, soon as there I stood at the tomb's foot,
Eyed me a space; then in disdainful mood
Addressed me: "Say what ancestors were thine."
I. willing to obey him, straight revealed

The whole, nor kept back aught: whence he, his brow
Somewhat uplifting, cried: 'Fiercely were they
Adverse to me, my party, and the blood
From whence I sprang: twice, therefore, I abroad
Scattered them." "Though driven out, yet they each time
From all parts," answered I, "returned; an art
Which yours have shown they are not skilled to learn."

Then, peering forth from the unclosed jaw,
Rose from his side a shade, high as the chin,
Leaning, methought, upon its knees upraised.
It looked around, as eager to explore
If there were other with me; but perceiving
That fond imagination quenched, with tears
Thus spake: "If thou through this blind prison go'st,
Led by thy lofty genius and profound,
Where is my son? and wherefore not with thee?"

I straight replied: "Not of myself I come;
By him, who there expects me, through this clime
Conducted, whom perchance Guido thy son
Had in contempt." Already had his words
And mode of punishment read me his name,
Whence I so fully answered. He at once
Exclaimed, up starting, "How! said'st thou, he *had?*

No longer lives he? Strikes not on his eye
The blessed daylight?" Then, of some delay
I made ere my reply, aware, down fell
Supine, nor after forth appeared he more.
Meanwhile the other, great of soul, near whom
I yet was stationed, changed not countenance stern,
Nor moved the neck, nor bent his ribbed side.
"And if," continuing the first discourse,
"They in this art," he cried, "small skill have shown;
That doth torment me more e'en than this bed.
But not yet fifty times shall be relumed
Her aspect, who reigns here queen of this realm,
Ere thou shalt know the full weight of that art,
So to the pleasant world mayst thou return,
As thou shalt tell me why, in all their laws,
Against my kin this people is so fell."
"The slaughter and great havoc," I replied,
"That colored Arbia's food with crimson stain—
To these impute, that in our hallowed dome
Such orisons ascend." Sighing he shook
The head, then thus resumed: "In that affray
I stood not singly, nor, without just cause,
Assuredly, should with the rest have stirred;
But singly there I stood, when, by consent
Of all, Florence had to the ground been razed,

The one who openly forbade the deed."
"So may thy lineage find at last repose,"
I thus adjured him, "as thou solve this knot,
Which now involves my mind. If right, I hear
Ye seem to view beforehand that which time
Leads with him, of the present uninformed."
"We view, as one who hath an evil sight,"
He answered, "plainly, objects far remote;
So much of his large splendor yet imparts
The Almighty Ruler: but when they approach
Or actually exist, our intellect
Then wholly fails; nor of your human state,
Except what others bring us, know we aught
Hence therefore mayst thou understand, that all
Our knowledge in that instant shall expire,
When on futurity the portals close."
Then conscious of my fault, and by remorse
Smitten, I added thus: "Now shalt thou say
To him there fallen, that his offspring still
Is to the living joined; and bid him know,
That if from answer, silent, I abstained,
'Twas that my thought was occupied, intent
Upon that error, which thy help hath solved."
But now my master summoning me back
I heard, and with more eager haste besought
The spirit to inform me, who with him
Partook his lot. He answer thus returned:
"More than a thousand with me here are laid.
Within is Frederick, second of that name,
And the Lord Cardinal; and of the rest

I speak not." He, this said, from sight with
drew.
But I my steps toward the ancient bard
Reverting ruminated on the words
Betokening me such ill. Onward he moved,
And thus, in going, questioned: "Whence the
amaze
That holds thy senses wrapt?" I satisfied
The inquiry, and the sage enjoined me
straight:
"Let thy safe memory store what thou hast
heard
To thee importing harm; and note thou this,"
With his raised finger bidding me take heed,
"When thou shalt stand before her gracious
beam,
Whose bright eye all surveys, she of thy life
The future tenor will to thee unfold."
Forthwith he to the left hand turned his
feet:
We left the wall, and towards the middle space
Went by a path that to a valley strikes,
Which e'en thus high exhaled its noisome
steam.

CANTO XI.

ARGUMENT

Dante arrives at the verge of a rocky precipice which encloses the seventh circle, where he sees the sepulchre of Anastasius the Heretic; behind the lid of which pausing a little, to make himself capable by degrees of enduring the fetid

smell that steamed upward from the abyss, he is instructed by Virgil concerning the manner in which the three following circles are disposed, and what description of sinners is punished in each. He then inquires the reason why the carnal, the gluttonous, the avaricious and prodigal, the wrathful and gloomy, suffer not their punishments within the city of Dis. He next asks how the crime of usury is an offence against God; and at length the two Poets go towards the place from whence a passage leads down to the seventh circle.

Upon the utmost verge of a high bank,
By craggy rocks environed round, we came,
Where woes beneath, more cruel yet, were stowed:
And here, to shun the horrible excess
Of fetid exhalation upward cast
From the profound abyss, behind the lid
Of a great monument we stood retired,
Whereon this scroll I marked: "I have in charge
Pope Anastasius, whom Photinus drew
From the right path."—"Ere our descent, behoves
We make delay, that somewhat first the sense,
To the dire breath accustomed, afterward
Regard it not." My master thus; to whom
Answering I spake: "Some compensation find,
That the time pass not wholly lost." He then,
"Lo! how my thoughts e'en to thy wishes tend.
My son! within these rocks," he thus began,
"Are three close circles in gradation placed,
As these which now thou leavest. Each one is full

Of spirits accurst; but that the sight alone
Hereafter may suffice thee, listen how
And for what cause in durance they abide.
"Of all malicious act abhorred in heaven,
The end is injury; and all such end
Either by force or fraud works other's woe.
But fraud, because of man peculiar evil,
To God is more displeasing; and beneath,
The fraudulent are therefore doomed to endure
Severer pang. The violent occupy
All the first circle; and because, to force,
Three persons are obnoxious, in three rounds.
Each within other separate, is it framed.
To God, his neighbor, and himself, by man
Force may be offered; to himself I say,
And his possessions, as thou shalt hear
At full. Death, violent death, and painful wounds
Upon his neighbor he inflicts; and wastes,
By devastation, pillage, and the flames,
His substance. Slayers, and each one that smites
In malice, plunderers, and all robbers, hence
The torment undergo of the first round,
In different herds. Man can do violence
To himself and his own blessings: and for this,
He, in the second round must aye deplore
With unavailing penitence his crime,
Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light,
In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,

And sorrows there where he should dwell in joy
To God may force be offered, in the heart
Denying and blaspheming his high power,
And Nature with her kindly law contemning.
And thence the inmost round marks with its seal
Sodom, and Cahors, and all such as speak
Contemptuously of the Godhead in their hearts.
"Fraud, that in every conscience leaves a sting,
May be by man employed on one, whose trust
He wins, or on another who withholds
Strict confidence. Seems as the latter way
Broke but the bond of love which Nature makes.
Whence in the second circle have their nest,
Dissimulation, witchcraft, flatteries,
Theft, falsehood, simony, all who seduce
To lust, or set their honesty at pawn,
With such vile scum as these. The other way
Forgets both Nature's general love, and that
Which thereto added afterwards gives birth
To special faith. Whence in the lesser circle,
Point of the universe, dread seat of Dis,
The traitor is eternally consumed."
I thus: "Instructor, clearly thy discourse
Proceeds, distinguishing the hideous chasm
And its inhabitants with skill exact.
But tell me this: they of the dull, fat pool,
Whom the rain beats, or whom the tempest drives,

Or who with tongues so fierce conflicting meet,
Wherefore within the city fire-illumed
Are not these punished, if God's wrath be on them?
And if it be not, wherefore in such guise
Are they condemned?" He answer thus returned:
"Wherefore in dotage wanders thus thy mind,
Not so accustomed? or what other thoughts
Possess it? Dwell not in thy memory
Incontinence, malice, and mad brutishness.
And how incontinence the least offends
God, and least guilt incurs? If well thou note
This judgment, and remember who they are,
Without these walls to vain repentance doomed,
Thou shalt discern why they apart are placed
From these fell spirits, and less wreakful pours
Justice divine on them its vengeance down."
"O sun! who healest all imperfect sight,
The words, wherein thy ethic page describes
Thou so content'st me, when thou solvest my doubt,
That ignorance not less than knowledge charms.
Yet somewhat turn thee back," I in these words
Continued, "where thou said'st, that usury
Offends celestial Goodness; and this knot
Perplexed unravel." He thus made reply:
"Philosophy, to an attentive ear,
Clearly points out, not in one part alone,

How imitative Nature takes her course
From the celestial mind, and from its art:
And where her laws the Stagirite unfolds,
Not many leaves scanned o'er, observing well
Thou shalt discover, that your art on her
Obsequious follows, as the learner treads
In his instructor's step; so that your art
Deserves the name of second in descent
From God. These two, if thou recall to mind
Creation's holy book, from the beginning
Were the right source of life and excellence
To human kind. But in another path
The usurer walks; and Nature in herself
And in her follower thus he sets at naught,
Placing elsewhere his hope. But follow now
My steps on forward journey bent; for now
The Pisces play with undulating glance
Along the horizon, and the Wain lies all
O'er the northwest; and onward there a space
Is our steep passage down the rocky height."

CANTO XII.

ARGUMENT.

Descending by a very rugged way into the seventh circle, where the violent are punished, Dante and his leader find it guarded by the Minotaur; whose fury being pacified by Virgil, they step downwards from crag to crag; till, drawing near the bottom, they descry a river of blood, wherein are tormented such as have committed violence against their neighbor. At these, when they strive to emerge from the blood, a troop of Centaurs, running along the side of the river, aim their arrows; and three

of their band opposing our travellers at the foot of the steep, Virgil prevails so far, that one consents to carry them both across the stream; and on their passage, Dante is informed by him of the course of the river, and of those that are punished therein.

THE place, where to descend the precipice
We came, was rough as Alp; and on its verge
Such object lay, as every eye would shun.
As is that ruin, which Adices' stream
On this side Trento struck, shouldering the wave,
Or loosed by earthquake or for lack of prop;
For from the mountain's summit, whence it moved
To the low level, so the headlong rock
Is shivered, that some passage it might give
To him who from above would pass; e'en such
Into the chasm was that descent: and there
At point of the disparted ridge lay stretched
The infamy of Crete, detested brood
Of the feigned heifer: and at sight of us
It gnawed itself, as one with rage distract.
To him my guide exclaimed: "Perchance thou deem'st
The King of Athens here, who, in the world
Above, thy death contrived. Monster! avaunt!
He comes not tutored by thy sister's art,
But to behold your torments is he come."
Like to a bull, that with impetuous spring
Darts, at the moment when the fatal blow
Hath struck him, but unable to proceed
Plunges on either side; so saw I plunge

The Minotaur; whereat the sage exclaimed:
"Run to the passage! while he storms, 't is well
That thou descend." Thus down our road we took
Through those dilapidated crags, that oft
Moved underneath my feet, to weight like theirs
Unused. I pondering went, and thus he spake:
"Perhaps my thoughts are of this ruined steep,
Guarded by the brute violence, which I
Have vanquished now. Know then, that when I erst
Hither descended to the nether hell,
This rock was not yet fallen. But past doubt,
(If well I mark) not long ere He arrived,
Who carried off from Dis the mighty spoil
Of the highest circle, then through all its bounds
Such trembling seized the deep concave and foul,
I thought the universe was thrilled with love,
Whereby, there are who deem, the world hath oft
Been into chaos turned; and in that point
Here, and elsewhere, that old rock toppled down.
But fix thine eyes beneath: the river of blood
Approaches, in the which all those are steeped
Who have by violence injured." O blind lust!
O foolish wrath! who so dost goad us on
In the brief life, and in the eternal then

Thus miserably o'erwhelm us. I beheld
An ample foss, that in a bow was bent,
As circling all the plain; for so my guide
Had told. Between it and the ramparts base,
On trail ran Centaurs, with keen arrows armed,
As to the chase they on earth were wont.
At seeing us descend they each one stood;
And issuing from the troop, three sped with bows
And missile weapons chosen first; of whom
One cried from far: "Say, to what pain ye come
Condemned, who down this steep have journeyed. Speak
From whence ye stand, or else the bow I draw."
To whom my guide: "Our answer shall be made
To Chiron, there, when nearer him we come.
Ill was thy mind, thus ever quick and rash."
Then me he touched, and spake: "Nessus is this,
Who for the fair Deianira died,
And wrought himself revenge for his own fate.
He in the midst, that on his breast looks down,
Is the great Chiron who Achilles nursed;
That other, Pholus, prone to wrath." Around
The foss these go by thousands, aiming shafts
At whatsoever spirit dares emerge
From out the blood, more than his guilt allows.
We to those beasts, that rapid strode along.

Drew near; when Chiron took an arrow forth,
And with the notch pushed back his shaggy beard
To the cheek-bone, then, his great mouth to view
Exposing to his fellows thus exclaimed:
"Are ye aware, that he who comes behind
Moves what he touches? The feet of the dead
Are not so wont." My trusty guide, who now
Stood near his breast, where the two natures join,
Thus made reply: "He is indeed alive,
And solitary so must needs by me
Be shown the gloomy vale, thereto induced
By strict necessity, not by delight.
She left her joyful harpings in the sky,
Who this new office to my care consigned.
He is no robber, no dark spirit I.
But by that virtue, which empowers my step
To tread so wild a path, grant us, I pray,
One of thy band, whom we may trust secure.
Who to the ford may lead us, and convey
Across, him mounted on his back; for he
Is not a spirit that may walk the air."
Then on his right breast turning, Chiron thus
To Nessus spake: "Return, and be their guide.
And if ye chance to cross another troop,
Command them keep aloof." Onward we moved,
The faithful escort by our side, along
The border of the crimson-seething flood,

Whence, from those steeped within, loud
shrieks arose.
Some there I marked, as high as to their
brow
Immersed, of whom the mighty Centaur thus:
"These are the souls of tyrants. who were
given
To blood and rapine. Here they wail aloud
Their merciless wrongs. Here Alexander
dwells,
And Dionysius fell, who many a year
Of woe wrought for fair Sicily. That brow,
Whereon the hair so jetty clustering hangs,
Is Ezzolino; that with flaxen locks
Obizzo of Este, in the world destroyed
By his foul step-son." To the bard revered
I turned me round, and thus he spake: "Let
him
Be to thee now first leader, me but next
To him in rank." Then further on a space
The Centaur paused, near some, who at the
throat
Were extant from the wave; and, showing us
A spirit by itself apart retired,
Exclaimed: "He in God's bosom smote the
heart,
Which yet is honored on the bank of Thames."
A race I next espied who held the head,
And even all the bust, above the stream.
'Midst these I many a face remembered well.
Thus shallow more and more the blood be-
came,

So that at last it but imbrued the feet;
And there our passage lay athwart the foss.
"As ever on this side the boiling wave
Thou seest diminishing," the Centaur said,
"So on the other, be thou well assured,
It lower still and lower sinks its bed,
Till in that part it re-uniting join,
Where 't is the lot of tyranny to mourn.
There Heaven's stern justice lays chastising hand
On Attila, who was the scourge of earth,
On Sextus and on Pyrrhus, and extracts
Tears ever by the seething flood unlocked
From the Rineri, of Corneto this,
Passo the other named, who filled the ways
With violence and war." This said, he turned,
And quitting us, alone repassed the ford.

CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.

Still in the seventh circle, Dante enters its second compartment, which contains both those who have done violence on their own persons and those who have violently consumed their goods; the first changed into rough and knotted trees whereon the Harpies build their nests, the latter chased and torn by black female mastiffs. Among the former, Piero delle Vigne is one who tells him the cause of his having committed suicide, and moreover in what manner the souls are transformed into those trunks. Of the latter crew, he recognizes Lano, a Siennese, and Giacomo, a Paduan: and lastly, a Florentine, who had hung himself from his own roof, speaks to him of the calamities of his countrymen.

Ere Nessus yet had reached the other bank,

We entered on a forest, where no track
Of steps had worn a way. Not verdant there
The foliage, but of dusky hue; not light
The boughs and tapering, but with knares deformed
And matted thick: fruits there were none, but thorns
Instead, with venom filled. Less sharp than these
Less intricate the brakes, wherein abide
Those animals, that hate the cultured fields
Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.
Here the brute Harpies make their nest, the same
Who from the Strophades the Trojan band
Drove with dire boding of their future woe,
Broad are their pennons of the human form
Their neck and countenance, armed with talons keen
The feet, and the huge belly fledge with wings.
These sit and wail on the drear mystic wood.
The kind instructor in the words began:
"Ere further thou proceed, know thou art now
I' th' second round, and shalt be, till thou come
Upon the horrid sand; look therefore well
Around thee, and such things thou shalt behold,
As would my speech discredit." On all sides
I heard sad plainings breathe, and none could see
From whom they might have issued. In amaze

Fast bound I stood. He, as it seemed, believed
That I had thought so many voices came
From some amid those thickets close concealed,
And thus his speech resumed: "If thou lop off
A single twig from one of those ill plants,
The thought thou hast conceived shall vanish quite."
Thereat a little stretching forth my hand,
From a great wilding gathered I a branch,
And straight the trunk exclaimed: "Why pluck'st thou me?"
Then, as the dark blood trickled down its side
These words it added: "Wherefore tear'st me thus?
Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast?
Men once were we, that now are rooted here.
Thy hand might well have spared us, had we been
The souls of serpents." As a brand yet green
That burning at one end from the other sends
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind
That forces out its way, so burst at once
Forth from the broken splinter words and blood.
I, letting fall the bough, remained as one
Assailed by terror; and the sage replied:
"If he, O injured spirit! could have believed
What he hath seen but in my verse described,
He never against thee had stretched his hand.
But I, because the thing surpassed belief,
Prompted him to this deed, which even now

Myself I rue. But tell me, who thou wast;
That, for this wrong to do thee some amends,
In the upper world (for thither to return
Is granted him) thy fame he may revive."
"That pleasant word of thine," the trunk replied,
"Hath so inveigled me, that I from speech
Cannot refrain, wherein if I indulge
A little longer, in the snare detained.
Count it not grievous. I it was, who held
Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turned the wards,
Opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet.
That besides me, into his inmost breast
Scarce any other could admittance find.
The faith I bore to my high charge was such,
It cost me the life-blood that warmed my veins.
The harlot, who ne'er turned her gloating eyes
From Caesar's household, common vice and pest
Of courts, 'gainst me inflamed the minds of all;
And to Augustus they so spread the flames,
That my glad honors changed to bitter woes.
My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought
Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,
Just as I was, unjust toward myself.
By the new roots, which fix this stem, I swear,
That never faith I broke to my liege lord,
Who merited such honor; and of you,
If any to the world indeed return,
Clear he from wrong my memory, that lies

Yet prostrate under envy's cruel blow."
First somewhat pausing, till the mournful words
Were ended, then to me the bard began:
"Lose not the time; but speak, and of him ask, [plied:
If more thou wish to learn." Whence I re-
"Question thou him again of whatsoe'r
Will, as thou think'st, content me; for no power
Have I to ask, such pity is at my heart."
He thus resumed: "So may he do for thee
Freely what thou entreatest, as thou yet
Be pleased, imprisoned spirit! to declare,
How in these gnarled joints the soul is tied;
And whether any ever from such frame
Be loosened, if thou canst, that also tell."
Thereat the trunk breathed hard, and the wind soon
Changed into sounds articulate like these:
"Briefly ye shall be answered. When departs
The fierce soul from the body, by itself
Thence torn asunder, to the seventh gulf
By Minos doomed, into the wood it falls,
No place assigned, but wheresoever chance
Hurls it; there sprouting, as a grain of spelt,
It rises to a sapling, growing thence
A savage plant. The Harpies, on its leaves
Then feeding, cause both pain, and for the pain
A vent to grief. We, as the rest shall cor
For our own spoils, yet not so that with the

We may again be clad; for what a man
Takes from himself it is not just he have.
Here we perforce shall drag them; and throughout
The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,
Each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade."
Attentive yet to listen to the trunk
We stood, expecting further speech, when us
A noise surprised; as when a man perceives
The wild boar and the hunt approach his place
Of stationed watch, who of the beasts and boughs
Loud rustling round him hears. And lo! there came
Two naked, torn with briers, in headlong flight,
That they before them broke each fan o' th' wood.
"Haste now," the foremost cried, "now haste thee, death!"
The other, as seemed, impatient of delay,
Exclaiming, "Lano! not so bent for speed
Thy sinews, in the lists of Toppo's field."
And then, for that perchance no longer breath
Sufficed him, of himself and of a bush
One group he made. Behind them was the wood
Full of black female mastiffs, gaunt and fleet,
As greyhounds that have newly slipt the leash.
On him, who squatted down, they stuck their fangs,

And having rent him piecemeal bore away
The tortured limbs. My guide then seized my hand,
And led me to the thicket, which in vain
Mourned through its bleeding wounds: "O Giacomo
Of Sant' Andrea! what avails it thee,"
It cried, "that of me thou hast made thy screen
For thy ill life, what blame on me recoils?"
When o'er it he had paused, my master spake:
"Say who wast thou, that at so many points
Breathest out with blood thy lamentable speech?"
He answered: "O ye spirits! arrived in time
To spy the shameful havoc that from me
My leaves hath severed thus, gather them up,
And at the foot of their sad parent-tree
Carefully lay them. In that city I dwelt,
Who for the Baptist her first patrons changed,
Whence he for this shall cease not with his art [not
To work her woe: and if there still remained
On Arno's passage some faint glimpse of him,
Those citizens, who reared once more her walls
Upon the ashes left by Attila,
Had labored without profit of their toil
I slung the fatal noose from my own roof."

CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.

They arrive at the beginning of the third of those compartments into which this seventh circle is divided. It is a plain of dry and hot sand, where three kinds of violence are punished; namely, against God, against Nature, and against Art; and those who have thus sinned, are tormented by flakes of fire, which are eternally showering down upon them. Among the violent against God is found Capaneus, whose blasphemies they hear. Next, turning to the left along the forest of self-slayers, and having journeyed a little onwards, they meet with a streamlet of blood that issues from the forest and traverses the sandy plain. Here Virgil speaks to our Poet of a huge ancient statue that stands within Mount Ida in Crete, from a fissure in which statue there is a dripping of tears, from which the said streamlet, together with the three other infernal rivers, are formed.

Soon as the charity of native land
Wrought in my bosom, I the scattered leaves
Collected, and to him restored, who now
Was hoarse with utterance. To the limit thence
We came, which from the third the second round
Divides, and where of justice is displayed
Contrivance horrible. Things then first seen
Clearer to manifest, I tell how next
A plain we reached, that from its sterile bed
Each plant repelled. The mournful wood waves round
Its garland on all sides, as round the wood

Spreads the sad foss. There, on the very edge,
Our steps we stayed. It was an area wide
Of arid sand and thick, resembling most
The soil that erst by Cato's foot was trod.
Vengeance of heaven! Oh! how shouldst thou be feared
By all, who read what here mine eyes beheld.
Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,
All weeping piteously, to different laws
Subjected; for on the earth some lay supine,
Some crouching close were seated, others paced
Incessantly around; the latter tribe
More numerous, those fewer who beneath
The torment lay, but louder in their grief.
O'er all the sand fell snowy wafting down
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
On Alpine summit, when the wind is hushed.
As, in the torrid Indian clime, the son
Of Ammon saw, upon his warrior band
Descending, solid flames, that to the ground
Came down; when he bethought him with his troop
To trample on the soil; for easier thus
The vapor was extinguished, while alone:
So fell the eternal fiery flood, wherewith
The marble glowed underneath, as under stove
The viands, doubly to augment the pain.
Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,
Now this, now that way glancing, to shake off
The heat, still falling fresh. I thus began:
"Instructor! thou who all things overcomest,
Except the hardy demons that rushed forth

To stop our entrance at the gate, say who
Is yon huge spirit, that, as seems, heeds not
The burning, but lies writhen in proud scorn,
As by the sultry tempest immatured?"
Straight he himself, who was aware I asked
My guide of him, exclaimed: "Such as I was
When living, dead such now I am. If Jove
Weary his workman out, from whom in ire
He snatched the lightnings, that at my last day
Transfixed me; if the rest he weary out,
At their black smithy laboring by turns,
In Mongibello, while he cries aloud,
'Help, help, good Mulciber!' as erst he cried
In the Phlegraean warfare; and the bolts
Launch he, full aimed at me, with all his might;
He never should enjoy a sweet revenge."
Then thus my guide, in accents higher raised
Than I before had heard him: "Capaneus!
Thou art more punished, in that this thy pride
Lives yet unquenched: no torment, save thy rage,
Were to thy fury pain proportioned full."
Next turning round to me, with milder lip
He spake: "This of the seven kings was one,
Who girt the Theban walls with siege, and held,
As still he seems to hold, God in disdain,
And sets his high omnipotence at naught.
But, as I told him, his despiteful mood
Is ornament well suits the breast that wears it.
Follow me now: and look thou set not yet
Thy foot in the hot sand, but to the wood
Keep ever close." Silently on we passed

To where there gushes from the forest's bound
A little brook, whose crimsoned wave yet lifts
My hair with horror. As the rill, that runs
From Bulicame, to be portioned out
Among the sinful women, so ran this
Down through the sand; its bottom and each bank
Stone-built, and either margin at its side,
Whereon I straight perceived our passage lay.
"Of all that I have shown thee, since that gate
We entered first, whose threshold is to none
Denied, naught else so worthy of regard,
As is this river, has thine eye discerned,
O'er which the flaming volley all is quenched."
So spake my guide; and I him thence be sought,
That having given me appetite to know,
The food he too would give, that hunger craved.
"In midst of ocean," forthwith he began,
"A desolate country lies, which Crete is named;
Under whose monarch, in old times, the world
Lived pure and chaste. A mountain rises there,
Called Ida, joyous once with leaves and streams,
Deserted now like a forbidden thing.
It was the spot which Rhea, Saturn's spouse,
Chose for the secret cradle of her son;
And better to conceal him, drowned in shouts
His infant cries. Within the mount, upright
An ancient form there stands, and huge, that turns

His shoulders towards Damietta; and at Rome.
As in his mirror, looks. Of finest gold
His head is shaped, pure silver are the breast
And arms, thence to the middle is of brass,
And downward all beneath well-tempered steel,
Save the right foot of potter's clay, on which
Than on the other more erect he stands.
Each part, except the gold, is rent throughout;
And from the fissure tears distil, which joined
Penetrate to that cave. They in their course,
Thus far precipitated down the rock,
Form Acheron, and Styx, and Phlegethon;
Then by this straitened channel passing hence
Beneath, e'en to the lowest depth of all,
Form there Cocytus, of whose lake (thyself
Shalt see it) I here give thee no account."
  Then I to him: "If from our world this sluice
Be thus derived; wherefore to us but now
Appears it at this edge?" He straight replied:
"The place, thou know'st, is round. and though great part
Thou hast already past, still to the left
Descending to the nethermost, not yet
Hast thou the circuit made of the whole orb.
Wherefore, if aught of new to us appear,
It needs not bring up yonder in thy looks."
  Then I again inquired: "Where flow the streams
Of Phlegethon and Lethe? for of one
Thou tell'st not; and the other, of that shower,
Thou say'st, is formed." He answer thus returned:

"Doubtless thy questions all well pleased I hear.
Yet the red seething wave might have resolved
One thou proposest. Lethe thou shalt see,
But not within this hollow, in the place
Whither, to lave themselves, the spirits go.
Whose blame hath been by penitence removed."
He added: "Time is now we quit the wood.
Look thou my steps pursue: the margins give
Safe passage, unimpeded by the flames;
For over them all vapor is extinct."

CANTO XV.

One of the solid margins bear us now
Enveloped in the mist, that, from the stream
Arising, hovers o'er, and saves from fire
Both piers and water. As the Flemings rear
Their mound, 'twixt Ghent and Bruges, to chase back
The ocean, fearing his tumultuous tide
That drives toward them; or the Paduans theirs
Along the Brenta, to defend their towns
And castles, ere the genial warmth be felt
On Chiarentana's top; such were the mounds,
So framed, though not in height or bulk to these
Made equal, by the master, whoso'er
He was, that raised them here. We from the wood
Were now so far removed, that turning round
I might not have discerned it, when we met
A troop of spirits, who came beside the pier.
They each one eyed us, as at eventide

One eyes another under a new moon;
And toward us sharpened their sight, as keen
As an old tailor at his needle's eye.
  Thus narrowly explored by all the tribe,
I was agonized of one, who by the skirt
Caught me, and cried, "What wonder have we here?"
  And I, when he to me outstretched his arm,
Intently fixed by ken on his parched looks,
That although smirched with fire, they hindered not
But I remembered him; and towards his face
My hand inclining, answered: "Sir! Brunetto!
And are ye here?" He thus at me: "My son!
Oh let it not displease thee, if Brunetto
Latini but a little space with thee
Turn back, and leave his fellows to proceed."
  I thus to him replied: "Much as I can,
I thereto pray thee; and if thou be willing
That I here seat me with thee, I consent;
His leave, with whom I journey, first obtained."
  "Oh son!" said he, "whoever of this throng
One instant stops, lies then a hundred years,
No fan to ventilate him, when the fire
Smites sorest. Pass thou therefore on. I close
Will at thy garments walk, and then rejoin
My troop, who go mourning their endless doom."
  I dared not from the path descend to tread
On ground equal with him, but held my head
Bent down as one who walks in reverent guise.
  "What chance or destiny," thus he began,

"Ere the last day, conducts thee here below?
And who is this that shows to thee the way?"
"There up aloft," I answered, "in the life
Serene, I wandered in a valley lost,
Before mine age had to its fulness reached.
But yester-morn I left it: then once more
Into that vale returning, him I met;
And by this path homeward he leads me back."
"If thou," he answered, "follow but thy star,
Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven;
Unless in fairer days my judgment erred.
And if my fate so early had not chanced,
Seeing the heavens thus bounteous to thee, I
Had gladly given thee comfort in thy work.
But that ungrateful and malignant race,
Who in old times came down from Fiesole,
Ay and still smack of their rough mountain-flint,
Will for thy good deeds show thee enmity.
Nor wonder; for amongst ill-savored crabs
It suits not the sweet fig-tree lay her fruit.
Old fame reports them in the world for blind,
Covetous, envious, proud. Look to it well:
Take heed thou cleanse thee of their wares. For thee,
Thy fortune hath such honor in reserve,
That thou by either party shalt be craved
With hunger keen: but be the fresh herb far
From the goat's tooth. The herd of Fiesole
May of themselves make little, not touch the plant,
If any such yet spring on their rank bed,

in which the holy seed revives, transmitted
From those true Romans, who still there remained,
When it was made the nest of so much ill."
"Were all my wish fulfilled," I straight replied,
"Thou from the confines of man's nature yet
Hadst not been driven forth; for in my mind
Is fixed, and now strikes full upon my heart,
The dear, benign, paternal image, such
As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach me
The way for man to win eternity.
And how I prized the lesson, it behoves,
That long as life endures, my tongue should speak
What of my fate thou tellest, that I write down;
And, with another text to comment on,
For her I keep it, the celestial dame,
Who will know all, if I to her arrive.
This only would I have thee clearly note:
That, so my conscience have no plea against me,
Do Fortune as she list, I stand prepared.
Not new or strange such earnest to mine ear.
Speed Fortune then her wheel, as likes her best;
The clown his mattock; all things have their course."
Thereat my sapient guide upon his right

Turned himself back, then looked at me, and spake:
"He listens to good purpose who takes note."
I not the less still on my way proceed,
Discoursing with Brunetto and inquire,
Who are most known as chief among his tribe.
"To know of some is well;" he thus replied.
"But of the rest silence may best beseem.
Time would not serve us for report so long.
In brief I tell thee, that all these were clerks,
Men of great learning and no less renown,
By one same sin polluted in the world.
With them is Priscian; and Accorso's son.
Francesco, herds among that wretched throng:
And, if the wish or so impure a blotch
Possessed thee, him thou also mightst have seen,
Who by the servants' servant was transferred
From Arno's seat to Bacchiglione, where
His ill-strained nerves he left. I more would add,
But must from further speech and onward way
Alike desist; for yonder I behold
A mist new-risen on the sandy plain.
A company, with whom I may not sort,
Approaches. I commend my *Treasure* to thee,
Wherein I yet survive; my sole request."
This said, he turned, and seem as one of those
Who o'er Verona's champion try their speed
For the green mantle; and of them he seemed,
Not he who loses but who gains the prize.

CANTO XVI.

Now came I where the water's din was heard,
As down it fell into the other round,
Resounding like the hum of swarming bees:
When forth together issued from a troop,
That passed beneath the fierce tormenting storm,
Three spirits, running swift. They towards us came,
And each one cried aloud, "Oh! do thou stay,
Whom, by the fashion of thy garb, we deem
To be some inmate of our evil land."
Ah me! what wounds I marked upon their limbs,
Recent and old, inflicted by the flames.
E'en the remembrance of them grieves me yet.
Attentive to their cry, my teacher paused,
And turned to me his visage, and then spake:
"Wait now: our courtesy these merit well:
And were't not for the nature of the place,
Whence glide the fiery darts, I should have said,
That haste had better suited thee than them."
They, when we stopped, resumed their ancient wail,
And, soon as they had reached us, all the three
Whirled round together in one restless wheel.
As naked champions, smeared with slippery oil
Are wont, intent, to watch their place of hold
And vantage, ere in closer strife they meet;
Thus each one as he wheeled, his countenance
At me directed, so that opposite

The neck moved ever to the twinkling feet.
"If woe of this unsound and dreary waste,"
Thus one began, "added to our sad cheer
Thus peeled with flame, do call forth scorn on us
And our entreaties, let our great renown
Incline thee to inform us who thou art,
That dost imprint, with living feet unharmed,
The soil of Hell. He, in whose track thou seest
My steps pursuing, naked though he be
And reft of all, was of more high estate
Than thou believest; grandchild of the chaste
Gualdrada, him they Guldoguerra called.
Who in his lifetime many a noble act
Achieved, both by his wisdom and his sword.
The other, next to me that beats the sand,
Is Aldobrandi, name deserving well,
In the upper world, of honor; and myself,
Who in this torment do partake with them,
Am Rusticucci, whom, past doubt, my wife,
Of savage temper, more than aught beside
Hath to this evil brought." If from the fire
I had been sheltered, down amidst them straight
I then had cast me; nor my guide, I deem,
Would have restrained my going; but that fear
Of the dire burning vanquished the desire,
Which made me eager of their wished embrace.
I then began: "Not scorn, but grief much more,
Such as long time alone can cure, your doom

Fixed deep within me, soon this my lord
Spake words, whose tenor taught me to expect
That such a race, as ye are, was at hand
I am a countryman of yours, who still
Affectionate have uttered, and have heard
Your deeds and names renowned. Leaving the gall,
For the sweet fruit I go, that a sure guide
Hath promised to me. But behoves, that far
As to the centre first I downward tend."
"So may long space thy spirit guide thy limbs,"
He answer straight returned; "and so thy fame
Shine bright when thou art gone, as thou shalt tell,
If courtesy and valor, as they wont,
Dwell in our city, or have vanished clean:
For one amidst us late condemned to wail,
Borsiere, yonder walking with his peers,
Grieves us no little by the news he brings."
"An upstart multitude and sudden gains,
Pride and excess, O Florence. have in thee
Engendered, so that now in tears thou mourn'st!"
Thus cried I, with my face upraised, and they
All three, who for an answer took my words,
looked at each other, as men look when truth
Comes to their ear. "If at so little cost,"
They all at once rejoined, "thou satisfy
Others who question thee, O happy thou!

Gifted with words so apt to speak thy thought
Wherefore, if thou escape this darksome clime,
Returning to behold the radiant stars,
When thou with pleasure shalt retrace the past,
See that of us thou speak among mankind."
This said, they broke the circle, and so swift
Fled, that as pinions seemed their nimble feet.
Not in so short a time might one have said
"Amen," as they had vanished. Straight my guide
Pursued his track. I followed: and small space
Had we past onward, when the water's sound
Was now so near at hand, that we had scarce
Heard one another's speech for the loud din.
E'en as the river, that first holds its course
Unmingled from the Mount of Vesulo,
On the left side of Apennine, toward
The east, which Acquacheta higher up
They call, ere it descend into the vale,
At Forli, by that name no longer known,
Rebellows o'er Saint Benedict, rolled on
From the Alpine summit down a precipice,
Where space enough to lodge a thousand spreads;
Thus downward from a craggy steep we found
That this dark wave resounded, roaring loud,
So that the ear its clamor soon had stunned.
I had a cord that graced my girdle round,
Wherewith I erst had thought fast bound to

The painted leopard. This when I had all
Unloosened from me (so my master bade)
I gathered up, and stretched it forth to him.
Then to the right he turned and from the brink
Standing few paces distant, cast it down
Into the deep abyss. "And somewhat strange,"
Thus to myself I spake, "signal so strange
Betokens, which my guide with earnest eye
Thus follows." Ah! what caution must men use
With those who look not at the deed alone,
But spy into the thoughts with subtle skill.
"Quickly shall come," he said, "what I expect;
Thine eye discover quickly that, whereof
Thy thought is reaming." Ever to that truth,
Which but the semblance of a falsehood wears,
A man, if possible, should bar his lip;
Since, although blameless, he incurs reproach.
But silence here were vain; and by these notes,
Which now I sing, reader, I swear to thee,
So may they favor find to latest times!
That through the gross and murky air I spied
A shape come swimming up, that might have quelled
The stoutest heart with wonder; in such guise
As one returns, who hath been down to loose
An anchor grappled fast against some rock,
Or to aught else that in the salt wave lies,
Who, upward springing, close draws in his feet.

CANTO XVII.

"Lo! the fell monster with the deadly sting,
Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls
And firm embattled spears, and with his filth
Taints all the world." Thus me my guide addressed,
And beckoned him, that he should come to shore,
Near to the stony causeway's utmost edge.
Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appeared.
His head and upper part exposed on land,
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.
His face the semblance of a just man's wore
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer,
The rest was serpent all; two shaggy claws
Reached to the arm-pits; and the back and breast,
And either side, were painted o'er with nodes
And orbits. Colors variegated more
Nor Turks nor Tartars e'er on cloth of state
With interchangeable embroidery wove,
Nor spread Arachne o'er her curious loom.
As oft-times a light skiff, moored to the shore,
Stands part in water, part upon the land;
Or, as where dwells the greedy German boor,
The beaver settles, watching for his prey;
So on the rim, that fenced the sand with rock,
Sat perched the fiend of evil. In the void

Glancing, his tail upturned its venomous fork,
With sting like scorpions armed. Then thus my guide:
"Now need our way must turn few steps apart,
Far as to that ill beast, who couches there."
Thereat, toward the right our downward course
We shaped, and, better to escape the flame
And burning marle, ten paces on the verge
Proceeded. Soon as we to him arrive,
A little further on mine eye beholds
A tribe of spirits, seated on the sand
Near to the void. Forthwith my master spake:
"That to the full thy knowledge may extend
Of all this round contains, go now, and mark
The mien these wear: but hold not long discourse.
Till thou returnest, I with him meantime
Will parley, that to us he may vouchsafe
The aid of his strong shoulders." Thus alone,
Yet forward on the extremity I paced
Of that seventh circle, where the mournful tribe [pangs.
Were seated. At the eyes forth gushed their
Against the vapors and the torrid soil
Alternately their shifting hands they plied.
Thus use the dogs in summer still to ply
Their jaws and feet by turns, when bitten sore
By gnats, or flies, or gadflies swarming round.
Noting the visages of some, who lay
Beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,
One of them all I knew not; but perceived,

That pendent from his neck each bore a pouch
With colors and with emblems various marked,
On which it seemed as if their eye did feed.
And when, amongst them, looking round I came,
A yellow purse I saw with azure wrought,
That wore a lion's countenance and port.
Then, still my sight pursuing its career,
Another I beheld, than blood more red
A goose display of white wing than curd.
And one, who bore a fat and azure swine
Pictured on his white scrip, addressed me thus:
"What dost thou in this deep? Go now and know,
Since yet thou livest, that my neighbor here
Vitaliano on my left shall sit.
A Paduan with these Florentines am I
Oft-times thy thunder in mine ears, exclaiming,
'Oh! haste that noble knight, he who the pouch
With the three goats will bring.'" This said, he writhed
The mouth, and lolled the tongue out, like an ox
That licks his nostrils. I, lest longer stay
He ill might brook, who bade me stay not long,
Backward my steps from those sad spirits turned.
My guide already seated on the haunch
Of the fierce animal I found; and thus
He me encouraged. "Be thou stout: be bold.
Down such a steep flight must we now descend,
Mount thou before: for, that no power the tail

May have to harm thee, I will be i' th' midst."
As one, who hath an ague fit so near,
His nails already are turned blue, and he
Quivers all o'er, if he but eye the shade;
Such was my cheer at hearing of his words.
But shame soon interposed her threat, who makes
The servant bold in presence of his lord.
I settled me upon those shoulders huge,
And would have said, but that the words to aid
My purpose came not, "Look thou clasp me firm."
But he whose succor then not first I proved,
Soon as I mounted, in his arms aloft,
Embracing, held me up; and thus he spake:
"Geryon! now move thee: be thy wheeling gyres
Om ample circuit, easy they descend.
Think on the unusual burden thou sustainest."
As a small vessel, backening out from land.
Her station quits; so thence the monster loosed,
And, when he felt himself at large, turned round
There, where the breast had been, his forked tail,
Thus, like an eel, outstretched at length he steered
Gathering the air up with retractile claws.
Not greater was the dread, when Phaethon
The reins let drop at random, whence high heaven,

Whereof signs yet appear, was wrapt in flames;
Nor when ill-fated Icarus perceived,
By liquefaction of the scalded wax,
The trusted pennons loosened from his loins,
His sire exclaiming loud, "Ill way thou keep'st,"
Than was my dread, when round me on each part
The air I viewed, and other object none
Save the fell beast. He, slowly sailing, wheels
His downward motion, unobserved of me,
But that the wind, arising to my face,
Breathes on me from below. Now on our right
I heard the cataract beneath us leap
With hideous crash; whence bending down to explore,
New terror I conceived at the steep plunge;
For flames I saw, and wailings smote mine ear;
So that, all trembling, close I crouched my limbs,
And then distinguished, unperceived before,
By the dread torments that on every side
Drew nearer, how our downward course we wound.
As falcon, that hath long been on the wing,
But lure nor bird hath seen, while in despair,
The falconer cries, "Ah me! thou stoop'st to earth."
Wearied descends, whence nimbly he arose
In many an air wheel, and lighting
At distance from his lord in angry mood

So Geryon lighting places us on foot
Low down at base of the deep-furrowed rock,
And, of his burden there discharged, forthwith
Sprang forward, like an arrow from the string.

End of Volume I.

Anno 1778.

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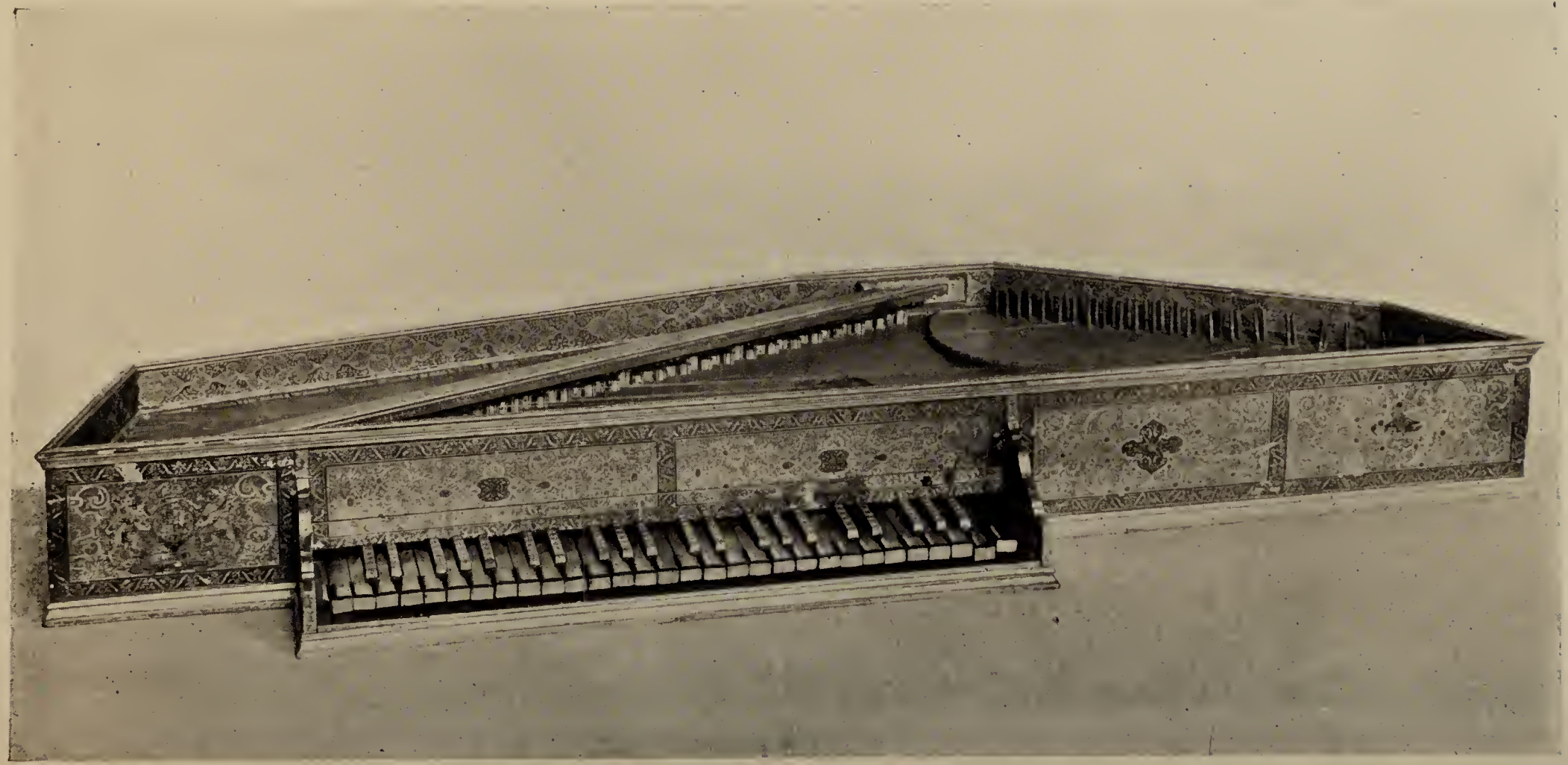
A DICTIONARY OF OLD ENGLISH MUSIC

To those who planted an acorn and to her who tended the oak and had the courage to wait, this book in gratitude is dedicated.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VIRGINAL

(*Victoria and Albert Museum*)

[*front.*

5-2/5

A DICTIONARY OF OLD ENGLISH MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

BY

JEFFREY PULVER

"Qui Satyros Musis praefert et Apollinis artes
Spernit, is humanae nil rationis habet."

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PREFACE

The present revival of interest in our later Tudor and early Stuart music is the healthiest sign that English musicians could hope for. It is a revival of interest rather than a continuance only because Charles II, with his French tastes in music, commenced a cult of foreign art that was still more actively followed by the Hanoverians. Alien influence need not always be harmful; Elizabethan music would probably have been different, though not necessarily lower in quality, had the Netherlandish and Italian ingredients been wanting. What caused the break in the continuity of our national music was the intrusion of styles and manners alien to the British character and temperament, and hostile to the development of the native genius. We have outgrown the artificialities of the late Seventeenth and the Eighteenth Centuries, and most of us fear the possibly greater artificialities that may be called into being by the demand for something new in the coming generation. To save us from a return of the former, and to rescue our children from the latter, there is an antidote in the honesty of purpose, the plain directness of speech, the cleanliness of workmanship of the early Tudors; and the artistry, the poetry, the imagination, and the healthy, clean, but never weak, character of the writers active during the reign of the last sovereign of that virile house.

The revival of our ancient music has brought with it a vocabulary that needs some explanation; and while supplying the present-day musician with an account of the forms, instruments, and terms used by his forbears, a book of reference on this subject would also give to the student of literature contemporary with their music a source of information not always afforded in the glossaries attached to the modern reprints of our early writers' works.

There must be a great many readers of Chaucer's

> And pleyen songes on a small rubible;
> Ther-to he song som-tyme a loud quinible,

who have had to ask themselves, What is a Rubible, and what a Quinible ? Perhaps an even greater number of present-day students of Shakespeare have been puzzled by such lines as, " Gamut I am, the ground of all accord," or " Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin." So also the music-student who has read the works of John Playford, Christopher Simpson, Thomas Mace, etc., must have encountered many expressions like Alteration, Hocket, Lyraway, Mutation, Naker, Organum, Prolation, Relish, and many others that have brought him to a standstill and cost him many a fruitless enquiry. It is to help such students of music and of our older literature that this book has been written.

While feeling the need for an apology on account of the unavoidable shortcomings of the present work, I also feel comforted by the thought that only the most unreasonable would expect a book of this magnitude to be all-embracing. After much consideration I decided that to include every word present in the vocabulary of the ancient musician would render the work a mere list of bare definitions. It has not been altogether easy to know which terms to omit, and to which the space thereby gained should be allotted. I am conscious of the fact that it would have been impossible to please everybody ; for what one reader can afford to ignore, another finds most necessary to know. The plan I have followed was that of omitting such articles as have been adequately treated in the existing dictionaries, or in the standard text-books on harmony, counterpoint, form, etc. On this account such headings as Fugue, Counterpoint, and many others, find no place in the following pages, while many subjects not even mentioned in our most generally accepted Dictionary of Music have been included here. It is possible that musicians will think the inclusion of some of the terms unnecessary ; these I would ask to be generous enough to allow space for the sake of the students of Tudor literature. A few subjects have been included that are neither specifically English nor obsolete. These have been added to assist in explaining other articles without the help of a further book of reference.

JEFFREY PULVER.

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A DICTIONARY OF OLD ENGLISH MUSIC

ACCENT: In Plain-Song, the raising of the voice at a comma and its descent at a full stop, from the monotone on which the Lessons, Collects, Apostles, *etc.*, are read. The rules governing the proper accents for the comma, semicolon, colon, interrogation, and full stop having been learned, these parts of the divine service can be correctly rendered without the aid of books containing the music. The accents must be as old as the reading of the Scriptures and were doubtlessly suggested by, if not actually derived from, the practice of the Jews in their cantillation. Originating in the natural elocutionary desire to suggest finality at the end of a sentence and to give point to the sense of the text in other places, the accent was developed until the elements of true melody were evolved, and it was certainly varied until true recitative was arrived at. The accents used in Plain Song will be sufficiently familiar not to need illustration. Furthermore, accents varied and vary considerably in different churches and at different times, and thus a really full account of them cannot be given in a work of this magnitude. The so-called accents of the Jews, too, although handed down according to what is supposed to be unaltered tradition, vary in different countries and rites. Moreover, they differ from the Plain-Song accents in so far that they combine the whole of the Scripture-reading into a sort of chant to the general exclusion of monotone recitation.

A study of the accents used in Plain-Song is of the utmost importance, since they form a vital part in the history of notation in general; the signs used to express them having suggested the notes used later—first to determine pitch and later, after further development, value.

ACCORD: A term used in Elizabethan England to convey the sense of "harmony." The verb from which it was derived (Late Latin *accordare*, to agree) gave the Middle English *accorden*. Shakespeare, in *Taming of the Shrew* (iii. 1), has: "Gamut (*q.v.*) I am, the ground of all accord."

ACCORDANCE: An early name for a Tuning derived from the same source as Accord.

ACT-TUNE: A piece of entr'acte music in the Seventeenth Century was called an "Act-Tune" or "Curtain Tune," its function being to fill the interval during which the curtain obscured the stage. Before the end of the century such pieces were expressly written to suit each play, and a large number of very short airs labelled "Act-Tune" or "Curtain Tune" may be seen in the publications of John and Henry Playford.

ALMAIN: A dance-form originating, as its name implies, in Germany and coming to England *via* France where it was known as the Allemande. A good deal of uncertainty exists concerning its history, due, no doubt, to the confusion of different forms which, at various periods, were given the same name. This circumstance also must account for some authorities even asserting that the Allemande was not a true dance-form, and that it was never actually danced. In order, therefore, to understand fully the specimens written in England, it will be necessary to consider first the history of the various forms of the Almain abroad.

The original Allemande was in duple time, and in this measure it remained for the rest of its artistic career—until it ended as the opening movement of the Suite or Partita. Another form, which still survives in some parts of Germany (notably Suabia) and Switzerland, in the nature of a national dance, was in triple time. The two forms may have had nothing to do with one another; they may, on the other hand, have been both derived from a common source which had a duple and a triple form, as was the case with so many of the early dances. If the latter supposition is correct, the triple form followed the duple; and when the Courante rose in favour it usurped the place of the triple Allemande, leaving the duple form to continue alone. The Allemande and Courante (Almain and Coranto) were then used as a contrasting pair of forms which at first followed the Pavane and

Galliard (*q.v.*). When the latter pair became antiquated and the Saraband and Jig acquired popularity, the Allemande and Courante remained as the opening pair of forms in the Suite.

The typical Allemande was fairly simple in its harmonies, the melody (often highly ornamented) being kept to a single part. The semiquaver was the commonest time-value, and the dance commenced on the up-beat. The movement was generally moderate, but varied considerably in different countries. In common with the other dances of that era, the Allemande was sung as well as danced, and many examples with singing text are available in contemporary publications. Many specimens show much imagination and power of invention, but when the form ceased to be danced and became purely a piece of instrumental music, it lost many of its terpsichorean characteristics and became more sedate. Johann Mattheson said it reflected "a picture of a contented mind that delights in order and calm"; it was neither grave nor gay, neither slow nor quick. But "Allemandes to dance and Allemandes to play," said Mattheson, "are as different as Heaven and Earth." This must be borne in mind when we try to reconcile the Allemande of the Bach suite with the Almain of Shakespeare's England.

Exactly when the form originated on the Continent is not easy to decide; many specimens are to be found almost as soon as music-printing became common. And even at that early period some writers said that the form was already old and going out of fashion. Judging from Mattheson's remarks we must take it that the Allemande was still used as a dance in Germany while in France it had ceased to be danced, and was used only as an instrumental piece, before the middle of the Seventeenth Century (Mersenne, *Harmonie Universelle*, 1636). This statement is supported by the circumstance that the operas of Lully, Destouches, and Colasse, usually so rich in contemporary dance-forms, contain no Allemandes. The Suites of Marais, being purely instrumental music, provide several examples. Italy seems to have borrowed the form from France, and produced some specimens that are of a very high musical standard. Walther (*Lexicon*, 1732), as a truly patriotic German, asserted that the Germans excelled in the form, though Hawkins thought "this assertion rather too bold." The Allemandes of Corelli, Albinoni, and Geminiani,

were " inferior to none we know." A glance at the Allemandes of Ariosti, Corelli, Vitali, Pergolesi, *etc.*, will prove the justice of Hawkins' claim. These Eighteenth-century writers, however, soon lost sight of the form's dance origin and wrote specimens that varied very much in treatment; Corelli, for example, composing Allemandes *Presto* as well as *Adagio*, and G. B. Vitali writing examples *Largo* and *Allegro*.

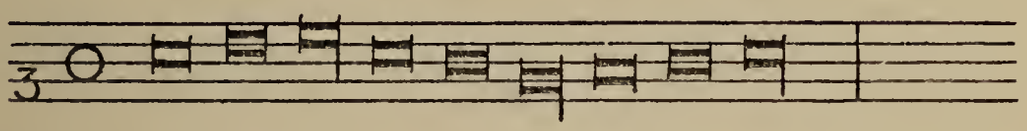
In England the dance, as such, enjoyed a very great vogue during the reign of Elizabeth. The music-books of the time contain a considerable number of specimens, and so popular did it become that its name is often mentioned in contemporary works. Shakespeare has it in *Hamlet*, and Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass* (I. 1): " And take his almain leap into a custard." The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book contains Almains by such writers as William Byrd, Robert Johnson, and Thomas Morley. Elizabeth Roger's Virginal Book also includes it. The interesting set of books containing Anthony Holborne's " Pavanes, Galliards, Almains, *etc.*" (1599), gives two specimens. Further examples may be seen in Thomas Ford's *Musicke of Sundrie Kindes* (1607), in William Corkine's *Ayres to Sing and Play to the Lute and Basse Violl* (1610), in the second part of the same (1612), and in *Melothesia* issued by Matthew Locke (1673, Part II). These, of course, do not exhaust the enormous stock of pieces written in this form, but sufficient has been said to give the locality of examples should they be needed. In the English " Sets " or suites, the Almain became almost as popular as it did abroad, and J. Eccles, Jeremiah Clarke, William Richardson, D. Purcell, and Henry Purcell, to mention only a few of the better-known composers, contributed specimens of the Almain to the already rich literature of the form.

It is curious that a dance called " the German dance " should first be met with in France. I do not think that the Allemande had anything in common with the so-called *Deutscher Tanz*. The latter was generally in a triple measure, and was a favourite form with German composers. It was descended, in my opinion, from the Suabian (triple) form already mentioned, and the same source, no doubt, supplied the triple *Alemanas* of Merula and other non-German composers.

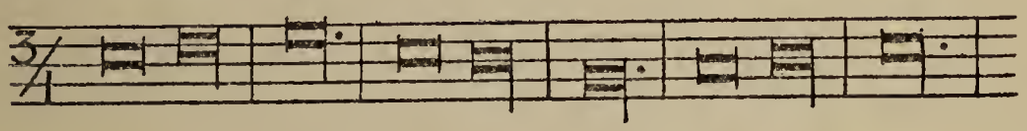
ALMAND. *v.* ALMAIN.

ALMOND. *v.* ALMAIN.

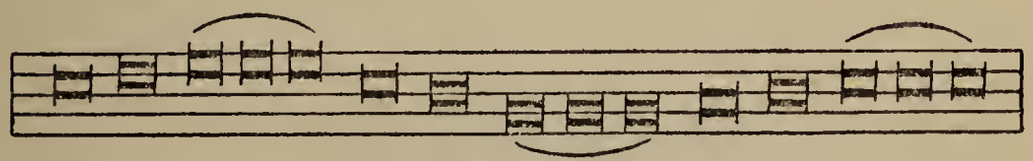
ALTERATION : In Mensurable Music (*q.v.*) a device employed to ensure the rhythm intended by the composer being retained. It occurred in the Perfect Mood and Time—*i.e.* in triple measures, and consisted of doubling the value of the second of two notes equal in themselves, but which do not total the contents of a perfect measure. For example :



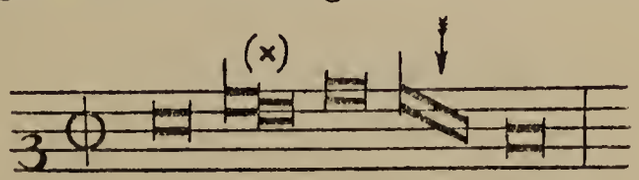
would be performed :



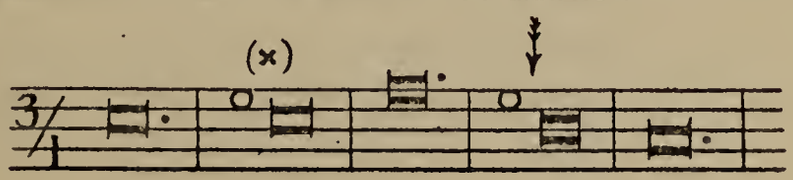
Remembering that the Long in Perfect Mood (or triple measure) must contain three Breves, it is obvious that no music in a triple rhythm could be made out of the first example unless some such practice were resorted to. It is equally obvious that the longs in the quoted passage must all completely fill a bar (as we understand this term to-day), and thus nothing else could be done but alter the value of one of the breves ; and the canon of the early writers made it the second one. This breve was called an " altered breve." Supposing Alteration were not resorted to, the example above would have to be translated :



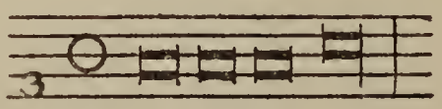
which does not give the rhythm indicated in the signature. In such a passage as the following :



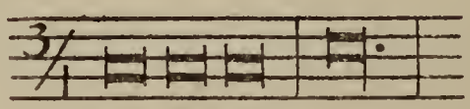
the second of the two semibreves in the Ligature (*q.v.*) marked with the arrow would be altered to make :



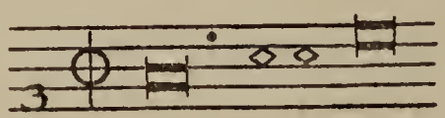
The reason for interpreting the first ligature as marked at (x) will be found *s.v.* LIGATURES. It will be observed that despite the apparent complexity of the Alteration, it is really very simple, and resolves itself into nothing more formidable than this : If two notes which appear to be equal have to be made to fit a measure in triple time, one of them is doubled in value to secure this object. Naturally, if the note following the two equal ones is a similar note, no alteration will be needed, for the three together will equal the measure required :



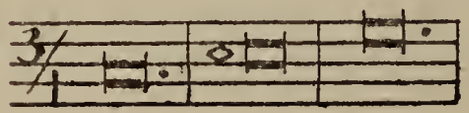
would be simply :



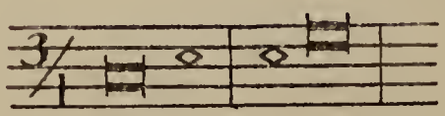
If a pair of semibreves were followed and preceded by longer notes there might have been a risk of misreading : and to avoid this a dot or a sign like a direct (√) was placed before them to indicate that the second of the semibreves was to undergo alteration, or, which is the same thing, that the breve before the dot comprised a complete measure in triple time :



was read :



and not :



This dot or sign was called the *Punctum alterationis*, or " Point of Alteration " (*v. also* MOOD, TIME (*Tempus*), LIGATURES, *and* MENSURABLE MUSIC).

ALTUS : In old part-music, at a period when Latin designations were largely used, the term for the Alto voice or part.

AMBROSIAN CHANT: A modal system of chanting the divine service, organised and introduced, first in the Cathedral of Milan, by St. Ambrose (333–397). How far he himself based his chant on four of the older Greek modes (since called Authentic Modes), or how far he evolved his system directly from the tetrachords, cannot be determined. On his own evidence he appears only to have brought some existing manner of chanting into regular order. But the important and far-reaching effects produced by this organising of the hitherto vague and fluctuating methods of conducting the musical parts of the service, cannot be overlooked. Furthermore, Ambrose introduced many forms from the East and popularised antiphonal singing in the Western Church. Beyond this, to which a good deal of legendary matter is often added, very little is known of his work. It should be noted, however, that certain Ambrosian features were preserved in some districts even after the Gregorian system had become largely used, and the differences between the two methods may explain some otherwise puzzling remarks made by old writers. Whether we regard Ambrose as the inventor of a well-ordered, rhythmical, and dignified method of chanting, or merely as the organiser of existing traditions, he must certainly be considered the first great figure in the history of music in general, and in that of church-music in particular. Additional MS. 34,209 (British Museum) is a valuable Ambrosian antiphonary of the Twelfth Century, worthy of very careful study.

ANTHEM: Originally, as its name implies, the Anthem was a composition set to words taken from some part of the Scriptures (most commonly from the Psalms) and set in antiphonal manner. This latter characteristic was, however, soon overlooked, and the anthem as used in the Anglican Church became more in the nature of a motet or simply a sung form without any such distinguishing feature. The "Full Anthem" is entirely choral in treatment, while the "Verse Anthem" has as its chief feature soli, or maybe duets, trios, quartets, *etc.*, the choir frequently playing no greater part than that of supplying an overture and a coda. Other anthems contain both forms blended. Great freedom of treatment gradually entered, and by the time the great English musicians of the

Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries worked, the anthem had risen to a most important place in the church service of this country.

The anthem served another and highly important function in requiring the assistance of an instrumental accompaniment, especially in the " verses." Thus the flimsy support of a small organ (portative, positive, or regal) was gradually magnified by the addition of other instruments until the result was a very satisfying one musically. Wind music was added, and eventually the new violins, all-conquering, ousted both viols and cornets. Evelyn (*Diary*, December 21, 1662) says : " One of his Majesty's chaplains preached ; after which, instead of the ancient, grave, and solemn wind music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins between every pause, after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern or playhouse, than a church. This was the first time of change, and now we no more heard the cornet which gave life to the organ. . . ." By the time Handel was composing, the instrumentation of the accompaniment to the anthem had been expanded to include wood-wind and brass. This, of course, already foreshadowed the full orchestral support that later anthems were given.

The word *antym*, defined as *antiphona*, already appears in the *Promptorium Parvulorum* (1440), and is to be derived from the earlier *antefn* (*cf.* " biginneth thesne antefne," *Ancren Riwle*, *c.* 1230, *ed.* James Morton, Camden Soc.), its ultimate source being the Latin *antiphona*. Anthem is thus a doublet of Antiphon (*q.v.*), and, as we have seen, its earliest form was antiphonal. At the middle of the Sixteenth Century the service was concluded at the third Collect, and when the Anthem came to be adopted as an integral part of English divine worship, it took its place after this. Some of the greatest of native composers have left work in this form, and perhaps one of the best methods of studying the vocal writing of Tudor and Stuart England is in a careful analysis of the anthems of Tallis, Tye, William Byrd, and Orlando Gibbons among the earlier writers ; of John Blow, Jeremiah Clarke, Henry Purcell, Pelham Humphreys, Wise, *etc.*, in the middle period ; and of Boyce, Attwood, Battishill, and others too recent and too well-known to need naming. The earliest specimens are generally " Full " ; choral work was excellent

in that age, and the talents of the writers of the period lay in that direction. The "Verse" anthem became more popular as the solo voice was developed and written for in a more virtuose manner; the increased instrumental support, also, made the solo anthem more acceptable. Men like Humphreys cannot but have been influenced by French customs, and this circumstance, added to the predilection of the second Charles for all things French, may have had a good deal to do with the later tendency.

ANTIPHON: One of the earliest forms used in rendering the Psalms, in which two half-choirs sang alternately as in response to one another; a form probably introduced into Europe from the Eastern Church by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan. Another class of antiphonal singing consisted of a solo voice alternating with choral responses. Later the two uses were kept less distinctly apart, and gradually they merged into one. The Antiphon, without doubt, had its origin in the psalmody of the Jews.

ANTIPHONAL: The book containing the antiphonary music of the Mass. Another collection bearing the name was the one containing the service of the Hours (*Antiphonale Officii*). Later the two terms became hopelessly mixed. After a period of careless nomenclature, the last-named book came to be called the Antiphonal, while the Mass music was given in what became known as the Gradual (*q.v.*). An alternative name in England was *Antiphoner*, and thus it is to be found in the correspondence between Cardinal Wolsey and the sixth Earl of Northumberland when the former requisitioned the books belonging to the fifth Earl. One of Northumberland's letters contains the passage: "I do perceaff my Lorde Cardinall's pleasour ys to have such Boks as was in the Chapell of my lat Lord and ffayther. . . . I am conformable, notwithstandinge I trust to be able ons to set up a Chapell off myne owne. I shall with all sped send up the Boks unto my Lords Grace, as to say iiij Antiffoners, such as I think wher not seen a great wyll, v. Gralls (Graduals), *etc.*"

Chaucer already uses the word Antiphoner in the Canterbury Tales:

> He *Alma redemptoris* herde singe,
> As children lerned hir antiphoner. (*Prioresses Tale, l.* 1708).

And in the *Promptorium Parvulorum* (1440) we find the form *Antyfenere* defined as *Antiphonarius.*

ANTIPHONER. *v.* ANTIPHONAL.

ARCH. *v.* HOLD.

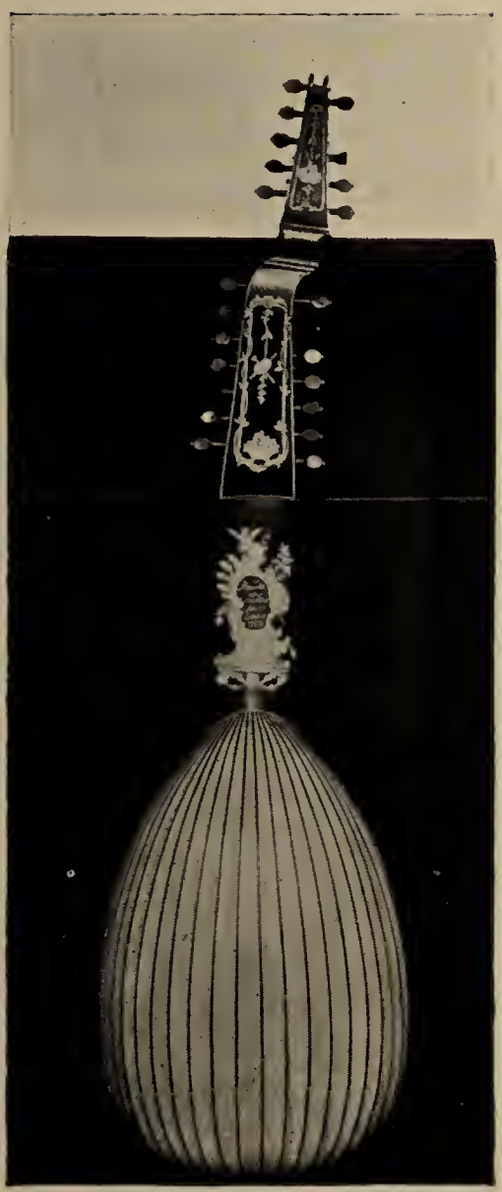
ARCH-LUTE: A bass-lute of large size (some specimens being over six feet in height), rendered rather cumbersome by its great length. As in the Theorbo, the Arch-lute had the ordinary fingered strings running over the fingerboard and the extra bass strings (plucked open) at the side, and operated from a second peg-box situated at the end of a long extension of the first peg-box. This arrangement gave the bass strings a tremendous length, and consequently gravity of tone. It was used as the bass of the consort, and as an accompanying instrument we find it made and used after the middle of the Eighteenth Century. Its tone and effect were distinctive and no keyboard instrument could really replace it; but the difficulties inherent to strings of such length and such great numbers, were responsible for the eclipse of this member of the lute family by the mechanically-plucked instruments—the spinet and the harpsichord. The arch-lute was the *Chitarrone* of the Italians, and it was often elaborately ornamented, some specimens having three sound-holes grouped in the form of a triangle.

ARE, or A-RE. *v.* GAMUT.

ARETINIAN SYLLABLES: The initial syllables of the lines of a stanza to St. John used by Guido d'Arezzo (Guido Aretinus) as a help to the memory in learning the notes and intervals in Solmisation (*q.v.*). The ascription of this verse to Guido has been alternately granted and denied; but on the evidence contained in a letter of this great musical reformer, it is clear that he used it; and there is no reason for denying him the honour of this invention. The hymn reads:

Ut queant laxis *re*sonare fibris,
*Mi*ra gestorum *fa*muli tuorum,
*Sol*ve polluti *la*bii reatum,
Sante Johannes.

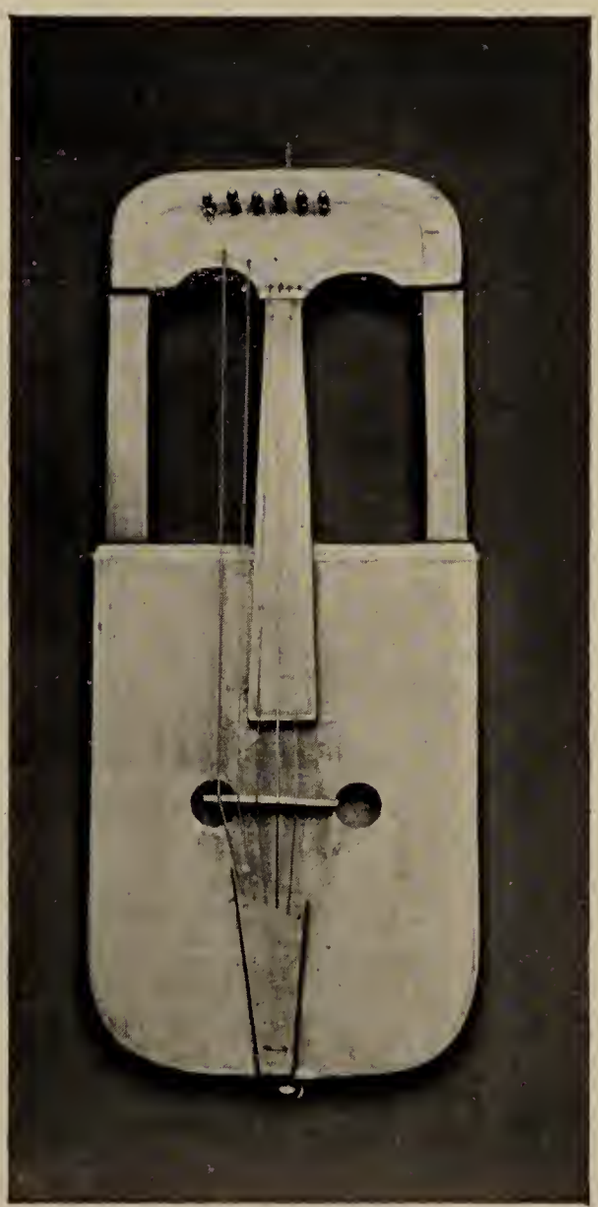
It was used for the purpose indicated in the early years of the Eleventh Century. The music to which this text was set, was so arranged that the notes falling to the syllables *Ut*, *Re*,



ARCHLUTE

By Rauche, Chandos Street, London

(*Victoria and Albert Museum*)



CRWTH

18th Century Welsh

(*Victoria and Albert Museum*)

[*face p.* 10

Mi, etc., were those which received these names (*v. also* GAMUT *and* SOLMISATION).

ASPIRATION : An obsolete ornament consisting of the written note preceded by the notes below and above it in rapid succession. It is not included in Playford's or Christopher Simpson's list of "graces," and was used only in music imported from the Continent of Europe.

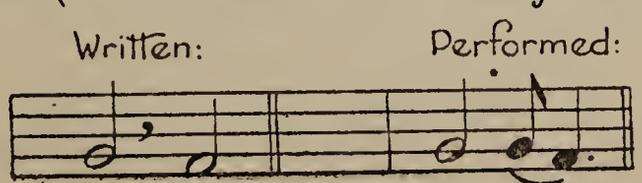
AUGMENTATION : 1. In Mensurable Music, the reverse of Diminution, and most commonly used to restore a composition, halved in note-value by the latter, to its original state (*v.* DIMINUTION, 1).

2. In contrapuntal music the reintroduction of a subject in notes that are double the value of those in the original version (*cf.* DIMINUTION, 2).

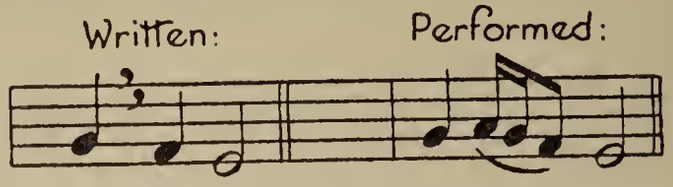
AUTHENTIC MODES. *v.* CHURCH MODES.

AYRES : Melodies for which the composers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries could not easily find suitable titles, were often simply dubbed Airs or Ayres. A large number of publications appeared in Seventeenth-Century England with no other title than "Book of Songs and Ayres," or "Ayres and Dialogues," and often the word was employed as a synonym for Canzonet. In purist quarters the term was more narrowly applied, and there the Ayre was supposed to have the melody confined to one part or voice. The Ayre, to live up to the requirements of the academics, had to be a tune for any voice or instrument provided with a simple accompaniment. The chief interest in the composition was to lie in the solo-part, and not in the way the composer could reintroduce the melody in the other parts of the harmony. The accompaniment to the Ayre was thus comparatively unimportant; and in this form the composition can be looked upon as the beginning of the modern "ballad," where the melody, such as it often is, counts for everything not covered by the stupidly sentimental words, while the accompaniment is valued at next to nothing.

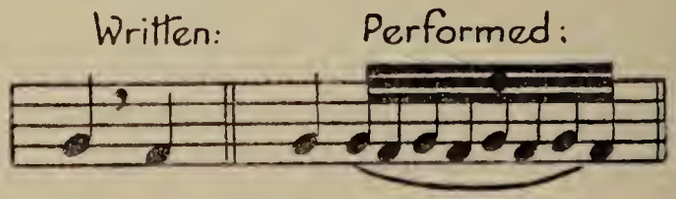
BACKFALL : An obsolete ornament of a very simple nature. John Playford (*Introduction to the Skill of Musick*) gives it as follows :



A Double Backfall was a variation of this :



A Backfall Shaked was a frequentative of the ordinary Backfall :



The sign for this ornament (as given by Playford) was the same as that for the ordinary Backfall, and the choice of interpretation was probably left to the taste of the performer.

BAGPIPE : An exceedingly ancient wind-instrument, having been used as early as the classic days of Greece and Rome. In principle the Bagpipe is fairly simple. It consists of a leather bag, or air-container, which is filled from the mouth of the performer by means of a tube. A second tube, termed the Chanter (or Chaunter), emerges from the bag and is in principle nothing but a sort of Shalm with finger-holes and double-reed. Two or three additional pipes (with single reeds) provide a persistent drone bass, and are called *drones* or *bourdons*.

The Scotch Bagpipe has three drones which sound continuously, tuned in various ways, but nearly always containing a fifth between two of them. Some Scottish publications give the tuning as two G's (an octave apart) for the highest and lowest of the drones, with a D between them ; while others mention the tuning D and its octave with an intermediate A. The chanter has eight holes, seven in front stopped with the fingers, and one at the back of the pipe for the thumb. The series of notes produced are contained within a compass of an octave and a note, but they are tuned to no particular scale, nor is their intonation perfect. The Irish bagpipe is of very great antiquity, there being references to it in manuscripts dating from the Fifth Century.

The French form of the instrument was known as the *Cornemuse*, a word frequently used early in the history of English literature. The Encyclopedia of De Felice (1772) says that the *Chalumeau* (Shalm or chanter) had eight holes,

one being underneath for the thumb; that the *gros bourdon* was an octave below the *petit bourdon*, and the small drone an octave below the chanter when all the holes were closed, and a fifth below when all the holes were open. The *Musette* was of similar construction and effect, but had the bag (which in the Eighteenth Century was often covered with silk and elaborately embroidered) filled from small bellows under the arm of the player instead of through a mouthpiece.

Many references to the bagpipe are to be found in the works of our early writers, but one or two examples will suffice to illustrate the use of the word. Chaucer has it in the *Canterbury Tales:*

> A baggepipe wel couthe he blowe and soun,
> And therwithal he brought us out of toun. (*Miller's Tale.*)

The household expense-book of a Fifteenth-Century nobleman contains the entry: "To him that played upon the bagpipe . . . xd."

BALLAD: A form of vocal composition that was developed from the song accompanying the dance in ancient times. Derived from the Late Latin (and Italian) *ballare*, to dance, through Provençal (Fourteenth Century) *balada*, a dancing-song, and Old French *balade*, the word was used by Chaucer (*Legende of Goode Women*, 1385) in the last-mentioned spelling:

> This balade may ful wel y-songen be. (*l.* 270),

and by Gower in *Confessio Amantis* (1393):

> And ek he can carolles make,
> Rondeal, balade and virelai. (*l.* 2708/9, *Lib.* I.)

The spelling *ballet* is from the Italian form *ballata* (from the same source), Milton having Ballats and Ballatry in *Areopagitica.*

It will be seen from the articles dealing with most of the ancient dance-forms that the earliest dances had vocal accompaniments, and these rhythmic pieces, when sung alone, were the first ballads. The Troubadours and Minstrels of the Middle Ages, singing of romantic and historical events, were clearly influenced by this form, and their generally improvised music followed the same lines. Later on the same class of text was used, wedded to music written with greater freedom, and the ballad which became so popular in England was evolved.

Indeed, it is not too much said if we assert that the minstrels who composed these early ballads saved from oblivion many romantic legends and preserved many an historical fact. The state of music in England from the Eleventh Century to the Sixteenth, although varying with the period, was always of a comparatively high standard, and there is no reason for doubting that the more modern ballad owes its existence to the further development of the work of these early musicians. The term was applied to compositions of very varied character, and Coverdale (1535) even calls the Song of Songs "Salomon's Balettes."

From the Eighteenth Century onwards, the ballad gradually degenerated, until it bore no resemblance whatever to the fine work of earlier times. Some excellent examples of the form were written on the Continent during the Nineteenth Century, but in England any maudlin text and any childish music, especially to-day, seems to be sufficient to qualify the joint production to use the term "Ballad." This decadence is to be deplored, since a really good romantic or historical text could give composers a splendid opportunity for vocal work of the highest class.

BALLAD OPERA: An essentially English production consisting of spoken dialogue interspersed with songs having a bearing upon the action. The peculiarity of these songs, and the feature which differentiates the Ballad Opera from the ordinary English Opera, lay in the fact that no special music was composed for them, and that they were adapted to existing tunes of a popular, and often traditional, character. They belong exclusively to the first half of the Eighteenth Century, and although a long succession of similar works followed the successful performance of the first—*The Beggar's Opera*—a success that probably caused the creation of the others—none made the same appeal to the public taste. Pope tells us how the idea of such an opera grew. Swift once remarked to Gay what a quaint notion a play in a Newgate setting would be. The latter thought the matter over for some time, and eventually decided to use the plan for a comedy, a procedure that did not win Swift's approval. Gay, however, persisted; and when the finished work was shown to Swift and Pope, they both thought sufficiently well of it to offer slight hints for its

betterment, although neither thought that it had much chance of success. It was laid before Congreve, who said it "would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly." Dr. Pepusch supplied an overture and accompaniments to the tunes. What Eighteenth-century Burney thought of the melodies need not be gone into here; but he considered Pepusch's "basses so excellent that no sound contrapuntist will ever attempt to alter them." Later producers, however, did alter them. The songs were set to such tunes as: "An Old Woman Cloathed in Gray," "Why is Your Faithful Slave Disdained?" "O, London is a Fine Town," "Thomas, I Cannot," "Pretty Polly Say," "Over the Hills and Far Away," "Fill Every Glass," "Lilliburlero," "Bonnie Dundee," "Old Simon the King," "Greensleeves," "Lumps of Pudding," and many others familiar to all who have looked through Elizabethan and Stuart music-books.

The opera was first performed on January 29th, 1728, and the Gay, Swift, and Pope coterie watched its fortunes with much trepidation. When the Duke of Argyll, who occupied the neighbouring box, was heard to say, "It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them," the success of the *Beggar's Opera* was assured. Pope says that the "good nature of the audience appeared stronger in every act, and ended in a clamour of applause." It had an unprecedented run for those days, and did as well in the Provinces and Colonies. Soon the craze for the *Beggar's Opera* amounted to a mania, and at every turn allusions to it were to be met with. The heroine of the period was Lavinia Fenton, who played the part of Polly; she was fêted and petted; written about; talked about; and rose from the position of an actress with fifteen shillings a week to the dubious celebrity of being the mistress of the Duke of Bolton and eventually, on the death of the Duchess twenty-three years later, his wife.

The success of this work was due in some measure to the love of burlesque and satire that marked this era, and many political allusions were made. An excellent account of the whole story of the Ballad Opera is given by George Hogarth in his *Memoirs of the Musical Drama* (1838), a writer to whom I am indebted for much information on this subject. The opera was first offered to Cibber of Drury Lane and refused, a circumstance that made of Rich (Covent Garden) a richer man.

Puritanical minds thought that the glorification of a highwayman and his escape unpunished at the end, would damage public morals, and an attempt was made in 1777 to produce the *Beggar's Opera* with an ending that shows Macheath undergoing hard labour in a contrite spirit. The public, however, did not approve of the change, and as Hogarth says: "the piece was damned accordingly."

The fortunes of the *Beggar's Opera* encouraged Gay to write a sequel called *Polly;* but its success was not nearly so great, nor was the work so good. A long list of subsequent works of this kind can be seen in Hogarth's book already mentioned, and in a note of Rimbault's to North's *Memoires of Musick.*

BANDORA, BANDORE. *v.* PANDORA.

BARBER'S MUSIC. *v.* CITTERN.

BARRING: Before the introduction of the bar, or the line which crosses the stave to divide a composition into periods of equal length, music was measured according to the rules which governed the relative values of the notes (*v.* MENSURABLE MUSIC). In order to facilitate the reading of such music, the *punctum divisionis*, or "Point of Division," was evolved and used to indicate in doubtful cases the point at which the rhythmic figure of what we should to-day call a measure was completed (*v.* POINT OF DIVISION). With the laws relating to Alteration (*q.v.*) in force, some such device as the Point of Division was necessary to prevent a rhythm being given to the music that was not intended by the composer. And it was in all probability this point of Division that first suggested the bar.

The first attempt at a bar appears to have been a v-shaped mark, or one or more oblique lines to show the end of a strain of music; but no attempt seems to have been made to subdivide these sentences into smaller measures all equal to each other. Butler (*Principles of Musick*, 1636) called this "single" or "lesser" bar, an "imperfect close." When dealing with counterpoint Butler says that the composer should "divide each strain with a dubble cros-bar drawn straight through all the four lines; and subdivide them in the middle with a single bar." In Tablatures, it should be mentioned, bars were used very early, and may have been transferred thence to ordinary notation. The use of bars was very irregular for

more than a century. We meet with the line printed in for each measure very early in some works, and absent in others a hundred years later. Generally speaking, the early examples are in score, the common use of the bar for single voice-parts being of much later date. Scores were barred irregularly at the commencement of the Sixteenth Century (*v.* Rastell's Interlude of the *Four Elements*, 1519). It was not until the middle of the Seventeenth Century that we meet with publications properly barred throughout, and Henry Lawes enjoys the honour of producing a work thus distinguished. His *Ayres and Dialogues* of 1653 is fully barred, while the *Choice Psalms*, in which he collaborated with his brother William five years earlier, is still unbarred. Morley, using bars in his scores (1597), left the single parts unbarred. There were English music-books printed as late as 1652 which were still innocent of bars. The 1697 edition of Playford's *Introduction to the Skill of Musick* mentions " a bar containing six crotchets," showing the wrong use of the word " bar " where " measure " is meant, to be very ancient.

BARS, or BARRS: In addition to the usual application of this term—to the lines which divide a piece of music into equal measures—it was used in the Seventeenth Century to name the strips of wood employed to support the belly of the lute, and to keep it taut and straight.

BARYTONE: A bass-viol strung with six or seven strings played with the bow, and a variable number of metal strings which passed under the others and through a double neck. The last-mentioned strings vibrated sympathetically with the bowed strings, and they were also sometimes plucked with the left thumb. The barytone enjoyed considerable popularity, and was to the bass-viol players what the *viola d'amore* was to the tenor violists.

BASE: 1. The Old English spelling for " Bass," or lowest part of the harmony.

2. The word Base was frequently used as a colloquialism for Bass-Viol or Viola da Gamba. In the Lord Chamberlain's Records, for example, we read of a payment of " £12 for a base " (*Vol.* 738, *p.* 174, February 20, 1629–30).

BASE VIOL. *v.* VIOLS.

BASE VIOLIN: A term often applied in the Seventeenth Century to the violoncello, and not to be confounded with Bass-Viol.

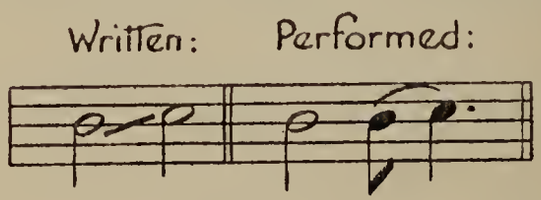
BASS STRING: The lowest string on the viols and the unfingered strings of the lutes. From the circumstance that the bass string produced the lowest note that was obtainable on a viol, Shakespeare took the metaphor: "I have sounded the very base-string of humility" (*I Henry IV*, II, 4).

BASSUS: The bass-part in old polyphonic music was often given the Latin form of the name, *bassus*.

BASS VIOL. *v.* VIOLS.

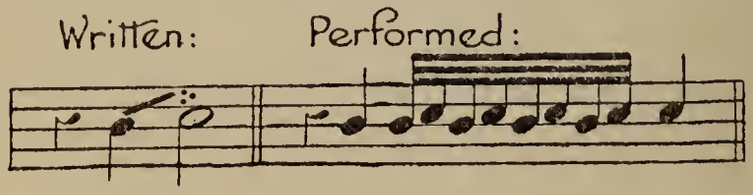
BEAR A PART: A common expression in Elizabethan and Stuart England meaning "to play an instrument in a consort," or "take part in a polyphonic vocal-composition." It was a figure of speech in everyday use in an age when playing and singing correctly at sight were two of the indispensable virtues of the cultured members of society. That celebrated pamphlet of Roger L'Estrange (enthusiastic amateur gambist and Licenser of the Press), *Truth and Loyalty Vindicated*, 1662, contains a typical example of the use to which the phrase was put: "I . . . found a Private company of some five or six Persons. They desired me to take up a Viole, and bear a Part."

BEAT: An ornament like a reversed Backfall. John Playford (*Introduction to the Skill of Musick*) explains it thus:



Christopher Simpson (*Division-Violist*, 1659) gives "Plain-Beat" and "Rise" as synonymous terms.

A more elaborate variety of the Beat was the Shaked Beat, given by the same two authorities as follows:



BEGGAR'S OPERA. *v.* BALLAD OPERA.

BERGOMASK: Why Shakespeare should make Bottom offer

the Duke " a Bergomask dance between two of our Company " (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V, 1) would be difficult to explain did we not know something of its early history. It was a dance-form of a rustic nature, and originated among the peasants of that part of Lombardy which had Bergamo for centre. These peasants had the reputation—whether deserved or not, I cannot say—for being the most unsophisticated people known; and this probably explains Shakespeare's direction in the scene already mentioned: " Here a dance of Clowns."

The form seems to have had its inception in a song peculiar to the district, and which was used to accompany the dance it named. Two specimens of such airs are contained in the *Villote del Fiore* (*Bk.* III, 1569) of Filippo Azzajuoli, words and music being given. Uccellini's Two and Three-Part Sonatas (1642) give the Bergomask as an instrumental piece. Here it appears that the tune has been taken as a Ground, labelled " Aria sopra la Bergamasca," and supplied with a number of variations over a *basso ostinato.*

As a dance the Bergomask consisted of an even number of measures, generally multiples of four, and, according to most authorities, in 2/4 time. Variations in the time-signature may have existed, but two beats to the measure seems to have been the commonest indication. The example written by Piatti, the celebrated violoncellist, himself a native of Bergamo, is usually accepted as being typical of the orthodox form, though its time-signature is 6/8. Mendelssohn, writing the music for the " dance of clowns " in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, gives it a different form and treats it with poetic freedom.

The circumstance that the Bergomask was not used at Court in any country may account for the paucity of examples printed; but as absolute music for the lutes and viols, it enjoyed a certain vogue for a time. Used in the country of its origin it was most probably danced to traditional tunes that may never have been written down. A specimen " Bergamasco " in lute tablature is given in J. B. Besarde's *Thesaurus Harmonicus* (1603), and reprinted in modern notation by Dr. O. Chilesotti (Ricordi, 1886).

B-FA.
B-MI. } *v.* CLIFF, FLAT, *and* SHARP.

BOMBARD, BOMBARDE: A wood-wind instrument of conical bore, played with a double reed, and the bass of the shalm, or early oboe, family. This instrument was identical with the Continental *bass-pommer*, but should be kept distinct from the modern brass instrument with valves called Bombardon. The wooden bombarde is of great antiquity, and is found illustrated almost as early as any of the shalms. In Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (end of the Fourteenth Century, VIII, *l.* 2481, 2) there is a reference to it:

> In such acord and such a soun
> Of bombard and of clarion,

and in the *Squyr of Lowe Degre* (*l.* 1072) the "Bumbarde" is mentioned. It should be noted that on the Continent the word Bomhart or Pommer was applied to several members of the shalm family, each distinguished by a prefix indicating the pitch; even the shalm was occasionally called the Bombardino (*v. also* SHALM).

BORE: A dance that attained to great popularity in England. There can be no doubt that the statement of Hawkins—"the Bourrée seldom occurs but in compositions of French masters"—has misled a great many readers. The fact is that a large number of Bourrées, or Bores as they were more generally called here, can be cited, composed both before and after the date at which Hawkins wrote. Some of them, it is true, were but reprints of foreign examples, but as soon as the dance became better known the native musicians speedily supplied original music for it. Musically the Bore usually consisted of the common form containing two repeated sections of four or a multiple of four measures each, and marked with a *caesura* every two measures to adapt it to the steps of the dance. Its rhythm was dactylic (an accented crotchet followed by two quavers), and the first and third beats of each measure received marked stress. Altogether the accentuation was rather vehement, assisted as it was by the stamping of saboted feet. According to the almost common rule, the dance was frequently accompanied by voices, and in general it may be said that the form was originally a very gay one, eminently suited to rustic sports. That the Bore ever became a fashionable dance abroad is very doubtful, although later in its history society dancing-masters published chorography for it.

Its popularity in England began at the middle of the Seventeenth Century, and three specimens of it are to be seen in John Playford's *Musick's Delight on the Cithren* (1666), called "Bore," "Boree," and "The Running Boore," the last-named being reprinted in the same publisher's *Musick's Hand-Maide* (1678). By the end of the century a large number of French specimens had been imported, and many of them were included in the "French dances used at Court, and in the Dancing Schools," given by Playford in his *Apollo's Banquet* (1690). It was at about this period that the English composers began to imitate the French productions, and soon a large number were available for use. Typical examples of the form at that period in England are given by Humphrey Salter in his *Genteel Companion for the Recorder* (1683), one called "Mr. Farmer's Borey." A printed book in the British Museum (K. 1, c. 5) contains a "Borry" in manuscript by Henry Purcell. It persisted until the Eighteenth Century, being mentioned by Swift: "From thence came all those monstrous stories that to his lays, wild beasts danc'd borees" (*Ovidiana*). Tomlinson described it in 1726 and gave the steps for it. Even when the dance itself fell out of favour, the *pas de bourrée* remained for use in other dances. Handel often uses the name, and *arie* of his are to be found headed *Tempo de Bourrée*. Its eclipse as a dance did not cause the complete disappearance of the form, for it was still used as an instrumental piece in the Suite, where it occupied the place between the Saraband and Jig usually filled by the guests of the Partita (the *Intermezzi*).

The Bore is generally accepted as a native of the Auvergne, though Taubert, and after him, F. L. Schubert, thought the Spanish province of Biscaya to have been the birthplace of the form. The earliest examples I have been able to trace come from the French province, although the possibility remains, of course, that it was evolved from an earlier Biscayan dance. Both may conceivably have had a common origin in one of the forms of the Branle (*q.v.*), or in one of the local modifications of that dance. In any case, the Bourrée was still being danced in the Auvergne when Rousseau wrote his *Dictionary of Music* in 1764, and De Felice his *Encyclopedia* in 1770. Later writers assert that in Central and South France the form is used at the present day, but how far the old

traditions connected with it have been preserved, I cannot determine.

The vigorous character and forceful rhythm of the Bourrée caused it to be used very frequently in the French opera, more as incidental music than specifically for dancing. Lully's ballets and operas contain it very often, and Marais, Destouches, and Rameau all welcomed it in their works.

Taken into the German suite towards the end of the Seventeenth Century, the Bourrée was naturally treated with greater freedom than was the case when it was written for dancing. Some writers, while using the rhythm of the form, entirely forgot its dance-origin. The *Florilegium Primum* (1695) of Georg Muffat contains a Bourrée in each of six suites, all in regular form ; while the second series of Suites by the same composer (1698) gives another two, one of them an imitation of a French example. In these works, too, we meet with the phrase *Tempo di Borea*, showing that the dance had been so far accepted as to cause the rhythm and movement to be applied to other pieces. Johann Krieger (1697), Niedt (1706), and Johann Mattheson, followed, and the form became thoroughly naturalised in Germany. Bach's use of it proves how much the form had been developed on the Continent, and some of his examples are typical of the manner in which the great Cantor of Leipzig used the ancient dance-forms. In its final development, as exemplified in Bach's work, the Bourrée consisted of Bourrée I, followed by Bourrée II, and closed with Bourrée I da Capo. The Italians also used the form, though in not nearly so popular a manner as the English did, nor in so dignified a way as the Germans. G. B. Vitali (*Balli in Stile Francese*, 1685) and Corelli (*Opera Quarta*, 1692) may serve as typical writers of the Italian " Borea "—although the former frankly imitated the French style.

BOREA *v.* BORE.

BOREE. *v.* BORE.

BRALL. *v.* BRANLE.

BRANLE : A French dance-form, much in favour during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, especially in England, and one of the ancestors of musical form. The name was derived from the French *branler*, to sway, and no doubt the form itself took origin in one of the uses of the Bassedanse, in

which the movement of the body may have named the dance. This Bassedanse seems to have been the progenitor of practically all the European dances, and having been evolved so early in the history of music, we cannot be astonished if we find a lack of consistency in its form. Whatever the reason—whether terpsichorean or other—the fact remains that the Bassedanse of the early Sixteenth Century was often to be found written in duple and triple time, the choice being apparently left to the whim of the dancer, who frequently changed from one measure to the other, according to the steps of his dance. This question of the early dances *à double emploi* is a very interesting one. But to return to the Branle. Evolved and developed in France, we find it mentioned there as early as 1529 (Antonius de Arena), and in 1588 Jean Tabourot (Thoinot Arbeau) gave a good deal of information concerning it in his *Orchèsographie*. According to most descriptions it was danced in a circle as a round-dance, and was called by Rousseau, Furetière, and other French lexicographers an air *en Rondeau*. Like most of the ancient dances, the Branle was sung as well as danced, was of gay character, moderate tempo, and, latterly at any rate, of duple measure. Examples in triple time are not unknown; notably Mersenne (*Harmonie Universelle*, 1636) gives specimens in 3/2, but by then the form had been widened into a sort of ballet, and between these triple Branles and the triple form the dance had very early in its history there can be no connection. The reigns of Louis XIII and XIV saw the Branle in universal use. At court the form became a dance of ceremony, and for some time it served to open every ball of importance.

Germany and Italy did not seem much attracted towards the dance, but England received it with open arms. Modified to suit the Elizabethan taste, the Branle, more often called Brawl, attained to such favour as it had perhaps not known even in the country of its origin. Its introduction into England must have taken place before the middle of the Sixteenth Century, for David Lindsay's play *Diligence* (1540) mentions it in the epilogue: "Minstrel, blow up one Brawl of France. Let's see who hobbles best." Thence onwards it grew in popularity, until we find it mentioned in the works of our famous writers in a way which suggests that the word must have become household property. Spenser alludes to the form

in the *Faerie Queene*, and Shakespeare (*Love's Labour's Lost*, III, 1) could not overlook so beloved a diversion: "Master, will you win your love with a French Brawl."

The changing of the ruling house did not affect the Branle's popularity. In 1607 Sir John Davies refers to it in his *Orchestra:* "Whereof a thousand brauls he doth compound," and John Day, in *Humour Out of Breath* (1608, II, 2) has: "Love's nothing but . . . a French brawl." It is quite possible that in Stuart times the Branle had grown into a sort of pantomimic diversion, for we find Philip Massinger (1629, *The Picture*, II, 2) saying: "'Tis a French brawl, an apish imitation of what you really perform in battle."

James I and Charles I used the Branle a good deal at the court in Whitehall, and after the Restoration it was revived by Charles II. Samuel Pepys, after gracing Whitehall with his gossiping presence on December 31, 1662, went home and wrote in his *Diary:* "By and by, comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess, and all the great ones: and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York; and the Duke, the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine, and so other lords other ladies; and they danced the Brantle." On November 15, 1666, the diarist entered as follows: "I also to the ball. . . . Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queen, and about fourteen more couple there was, and begun the Bransles." It is a peculiar circumstance that the Branle, as a dance, outlived by a good many years, its own offspring.

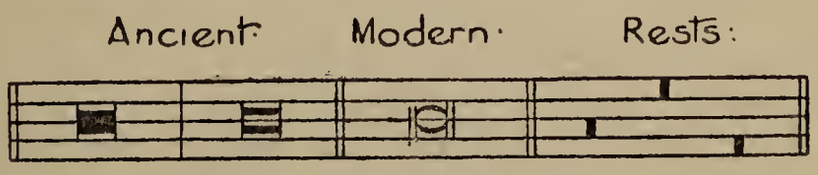
BRANSLE.
BRAWL. } *v.* BRANLE.

BREAKING THE GROUND: Christopher Simpson, in his *Division-Violist* (1659), speaks of "Breaking the Ground" and defines the phrase as "dividing its notes into more diminutive notes." He also gives, at some length, an account of the differences between Breaking the Ground and Descanting upon a Ground (*v.* Descant). Thomas Campion, in his little treatise on *The Art of Descant, or Composing Musick in Parts* (1674 *ed.*), says: "Moreover, it is to be observed; that in composing of the Bass, you may break it at your pleasure."

BREVE: The name of a note now but very rarely used, and when employed is the longest note of the series, being equal to

two semibreves. In ancient (mensurable) music the value of the Breve varied according to the Time of the composition; being equal to two semibreves in "imperfect time" and three in "perfect time." As its name implies, the breve was looked upon as a short note; a legacy of the early days when only two sorts of note were employed—a long and a short. In the era of mensurable music the Breve was the recognised standard of measurement; it was called a *Tempus*, and was considered the shortest time in which the voice could develop a full tone (*minimum tempus in quo potest formari plenitudo vocis*, Marchettus of Padua; and Franco of Cologne says the same in slightly different words).

In transcribing old manuscripts it will be well to remember that the breve written black had a different value from the same note white (*i.e.* written in outline). The difference lay in the circumstance that a change from black to white notes indicated a change of measure from triple to duple, and *vice versa*, the blackening of the breve reducing its value commensurately. This use of the black and white notes dates from the turn of the Fourteenth to the Fifteenth Century; previously the breve were written black only. John Playford (*Introduction to the Skill of Musick*) probably alludes to this when he says that "swifter Triple Time is sometimes prick'd in Black Notes," and although no change of rhythm was understood, the idea of writing a rapid semibreve or minim black, may have been derived from the older custom. The Breve was written as follows:



(*v.* MOOD, TIME, *and* PROPORTION).

BROKEN MUSIC: A term with many uses and meanings. Shakespeare, in *Henry V* (V, 2), says: "Come, your answer in broken music"; and in *Troilus and Cressida* (III, 1): "Fair prince, here is good broken music." In such cases, "broken music" means music in parts. But it can also mean the sounding together of instruments belonging to different families. In the Lord Chamberlain's Record we read of a violinist engaged to perform in the "broken consort" (Vol. 477,

June 16, 1660), and in an entry under date October 16, 1660, we have the phrase again. Here it no doubt meant a consort which included instruments of different categories, such as viols and lutes, strings and wind. Francis, Lord Bacon (*Essay of Masques and Triumphs*), has : " I understand it that the song be . . . accompanied with some broken music," *i.e.* supported by an instrumental accompaniment. The term was also applied to such instruments as harps, guitars, lutes, *etc.*, which could not sustain their notes, and on which the chords had to be " broken."

BUMBARDE. *v.* BOMBARD.

BURDEN : The " burden " of a song was a recurring refrain, sung generally in chorus, at the end of each verse and sometimes at the close of every line. Occasionally the burden was an intelligible motto or phrase, but more often it was composed of nonsense syllables such as " Hey, troly, loly," mentioned in *Piers Plowman.* Coverdale, in his " Address to the Christian Reader," prefaced to his *Goastly Psalms and Spirituall Songes* (1538), says : ". . . they should be better occupied than with ' Hey, nonny, nonny,' ' Hey, trolly, lolly,' and such like fantasies." In Stuart times the burden was reduced to a simple *Fa-la-la* or something like it. Shakespeare, in *Much Ado About Nothing* (III, 4), uses the term : " Clap us into the ' Light o' Love,' that goes without a burden ; do you sing it and I'll dance it."

Etymologically the term has nothing to do with the word meaning anything borne, but is from the French *Bourdon* (Late Latin, *Burdo*, a drone bee), the drone of the bagpipe, or the held bass. A continuous, droning pedal-note, like an undercurrent, was called a *bourdon* (as was one of the organ-stops), and from this the insistent burden of the song was named.

Shakespeare employs the term " Holding " in a similar sense in *Antony and Cleopatra* (II, 7) :

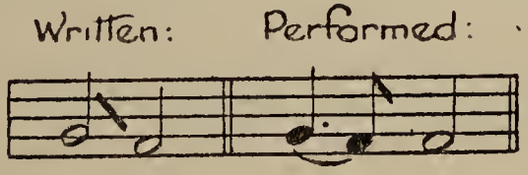
> Make a battery to our ears with the loud music ;
> The while I'll place you ; then the boy shall sing ;
> The Holding every man shall bear as loud
> As his strong sides can volley,

unless he uses the word in place of " Hold " (*q.v.*), and intends that all present shall join in at the close. Ben Jonson's use of

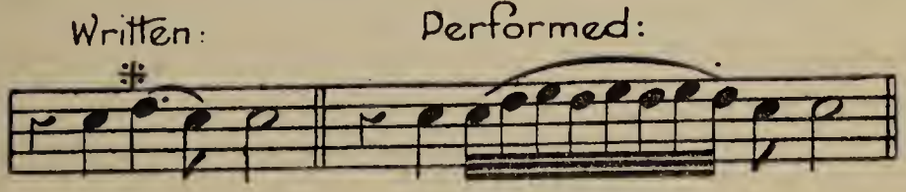
the word Burden is characteristic : " I will have a canzonet made, with nothing in it but sirrah ; and the burthen shall be, I come " (*Cynthia's Revels*, IV, 1).

BYSSYNGE SONGES : Very early English cradle-songs or lullabies. The name is to be derived from *Bissyn*, to lull children to sleep (Halliwell, Dictionary of Archaic Words, 1847 ; citing the *Promptorium Parvulorum* with the variants Byszyne and Byssynge).

CADENT : A Seventeenth-century ornament used to bridge the space between two descending notes and leading to a close by anticipating the closing note. Although musically and etymologically allied to " Cadence," the Cadent must not be confounded with the word still in use. Playford gives the sign for, and the manner of performing, the ornament as follows :



The Cadent could also be " Shaked " in the following way :



CANARY : A dance-form in jig-rhythm that became very popular in England and which is frequently mentioned by the writers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries in a way that suggests it to have been in common use. After much research in this subject I am inclined to think that musically the Canary was little more than a jig (*q.v.*), and that the reason for the special name lay in some difference in the dance. Shakespeare's " . . . but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, Canary to it with your feet " (*Love's Labour's Lost*, 1588, III, 1), seems to support this theory. In *All's Well that Ends Well* (II, 1) we have the form mentioned again :

> I have seen a med'cine
> That's able to breathe life into a stone,
> Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
> With spritely fire and motion . . .

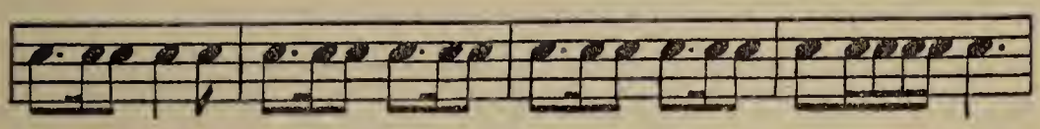
Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* (1639, II, 2) gives the dance with a quaint conceit :

> I'll make you a dish of calves' feet dance the Canaries
> And a Consort of Cramm'd capons fiddle to 'em.

Literary mention of the form, then, is fairly early compared with the dates of the Canary abroad ; yet early specimens of the music are very rare. Though examples of the dance are to be found in the Eighteenth Century, there are none in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, or in the Virginal Books of Lady Nevell, Will Forster, and Benjamin Cosyn. My conjecture is that the Canary could be danced to any jig-tune, and that, as I have already said, the differences between the two forms were terpsichorean differences only. After the Restoration of Charles II we meet with music labelled " Canaries " ; but it was at a period when foreign names for all things in art were fashionable. It is quite possible that under the old *régime* thees Canaries may have passed as jigs. Thus only can I explain the peculiar circumstance that the form in England should be so frequently mentioned in our literature and so seldom contained in our music-books of equal date. Specimens of the Seventeenth-century Canary are in Playford's *Musick's Hand-Maide* (1663) and in the sixth edition of *Apollo's Banquet* (1690). No. 1 of the latter work is called " The New Canaries " ; and in *Part* III of the same work is to be seen a short suite consisting of " The Princess-Bore (*q.v.*)—Saraband (*q.v.*)—and Canaries." John Stafford Smith printed in his *Musica Antiqua*, 1812, the Canaries from Tabourot's *Orchèsographie* (1588), and also Purcell's Canary from *Dioclesian* (*c.* 1691). As a dance for the ball-room, with prearranged steps, it is given by Tomlinson in 1735, but such an appearance of the form cannot be looked upon as historical ; and the existence of a set dance of this kind need not prove that the Canary lived until then, or even show that it had anything in common with its Sixteenth-century namesake.

The place of origin of the dance is not quite certain, though within narrow geographical limits it can be defined closely enough to serve our purpose. The name is obviously derived from the Canary Isles, and the Spanish influence seems strong upon it. Leo's *Description of Africa* (translated by Pory in 1600) has : " They were and are at this day delighted with a

kind of dance which they use also in Spain, and in other places, and because it took origin from there, it is called the Canaries." Pineda's Spanish-English Dictionary of 1740 defines *el canario* as the name of an "old Spanish dance," and Halliwell's statement that the castanets sometimes accompanied it, helps to give colour to the assertion. Moreover, the rhythm of the Seventeenth-century Canary as it appears in a specimen given by F. L. Schubert (*Die Tanzmusik*, 1867), again points to Spain, especially in the last measure of the example :



Halliwell no doubt obtained his information concerning the castanets from Florio's Italian Dictionary of 1598, which gives *Castagnette* as "little shells, such as they use that daunce the Canaries."

On the Continent the form is to be met with very frequently, especially in France; but a detailed account of specimens need not occupy space here, since they differ very little, if at all, in rhythm, measure, or character, from the jig or gigue.

CANTUS : In the older part-writing, the name given to the upper voice, generally that performing the melody. In the two-part harmony of the Twelfth Century this upper part, written above the Tenor (*Cantus firmus*) was known as the *Discantus*. It should, however, be remembered that the English term "treble" should not—in the majority of cases—be applied as a synonym for either Cantus or Discantus, for this voice takes the place of the ancient *Triplum*, which was the third voice above the *Cantus firmus* in medieval three-part compositions.

CANZONET : A little song. A popular form of composition taken from the Italian Canzonetta. The word was frequently used in England, Shakespeare having it in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and Ben Jonson in *Cynthia's Revels* ("I will have a Canzonet made, with nothing in it but sirrah," IV, 1). Towards the end of the Sixteenth Century a large number of books containing Canzonets appeared, but Morley's *First Booke of*

Canzonets to Two Voices (1595) may serve as an example. Half a dozen numbers from this book may now be seen in a modern reprint, a little over-barred perhaps, but otherwise excellent and useful (Curwen, edited by Sydney Grew).

CARMAN'S WHISTLE: A term frequently used in Elizabethan and Stuart music-books, having its origin in the circumstance that the carmen of that period enjoyed a reputation for musicianship and whistled all the tunes they heard. Shakespeare makes Falstaff say of Shallow, ". . . sang the tunes he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies (*q.v.*) and his good nights" (II *Henry IV*, 3). Ben Jonson in *Bartholomew Fair* (I, 1) also alludes to it: "I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep!" A tune called the "Carman's Whistle," very popular in its day, is given in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, and also in *My Lady Nevell's Virginal Book* (1591), both harmonised by William Byrd.

CAROL: A song, the text of which was in some way connected with Christmas or the Nativity; a part of the ancient Miracle-Play; a jovial drinking-song; a dance in the nature of the German *Reigen* or the French *Branle;*—all these things the Carol has been in turn. The name, coming through Old French *Carole*, a dance, and later French *Carolle*, "a sort of dance wherein many danced together" (Cotgrave, French Dictionary, 1660), from the Late Latin *Choraula*, a side-form of *Choraules*, the flute-player who accompanied the chorus-dance—was first undoubtedly applied to a dance of the Rondo type. How old this dance is, it would be almost impossible to guess, for it has been used in the Miracle and Mystery Play for nearly a millennium, and the verb "to carol" by our most ancient writers. The possible derivation of the word from the Breton *koroll* need not influence the other etymology in the slightest, for both can easily be from the same source; at all events, the Breton word, like the one of Romance origin, meant a round-dance. It is quite conceivable that this round-dance (German, *umme-genden Tantz;* Norman *karole*) was the very germ of all artistic dancing, since it was not the

spontaneous tumbling of irresponsible savages, but the outcome of a premeditated plan.

Accompanied by voices as well as by instruments—sharing this peculiarity with many of the old dance-forms—the carollers stepped round in a circle, holding hands. This dance naturally soon gave its name to the song which accompanied it, and the word Carol was, in England at any rate, applied indiscriminately to both. In Fourteenth- and early Fifteenth-century England, carolling meant singing as well as dancing,—but a subtle distinction was made between carolling and dancing. France observed a similar distinction between *caroller* and *danser*, as did Germany between *reihen* and *tanzen*—in each case the former being less lively than the latter, and indicating a stepping round rather than leaping. "Faire is carole of Maide gent," we read in *King Alisaunder* (after 1300 ; Weber's *Metrical Romances*, 1810, *l.* 1845), and also, in the same work : "There was maidenes carolyng."

It was no uncommon thing for dancing to be used in the religious services of ancient times, and the dance was admitted on occasion even into the ceremonial of the Christian Church. This being so, no surprise need be expressed at the finding of the Carol incorporated in the mysteries performed within the walls of the churches themselves. Although there were carols set to words appropriate to most seasons of the year—such as summer carols in Wales and winter carols in England ; Easter carols in addition to Christmas carols—the application of the name soon became limited to those songs which made the Nativity their theme. At one time roistering drinking-songs were written to well-known carol tunes, and although later on the form became more reverent, the carol never ceased to be half-secular and essentially the property of the masses. A distinction was ever drawn between the Christmas hymn and the Christmas carol—as if the terpsichorean origin of the latter were just sufficient to deprive it of the highest honours—and while the former was more serious and devotional in the words, and grave and solemn in its music, the latter was always more rhythmical, more joyous, and often quite worldly. It was nothing unusual for the congregation to trip home carolling all the way after having sung the prescribed Christmas hymns within the church. It may therefore not be too much to say that the carol has kept a devotional spirit

alive in masses of people who might never have been influenced by the hymn which, although of deeper meaning, was harder to understand and feel.

One of the oldest English carols traceable is preserved in the British Museum and dates from the Thirteenth Century, but earlier uses of the form can be shown, for it was given in the Miracle plays performed at Christmastide during the reign of Henry II (*c.* 1170). This song and dance, performed before the mangers erected in the churches, probably constituted the first step towards limiting the carol to Christmas. Many authorities suggest that the Christmas carol, like the holly and mistletoe, was the survival of some heathen custom; but I think we need go no farther afield than the popular dance for its origin. If ever there was a product of the Middle Ages, it was the carol, song and dance; and very few things, taken by themselves, reflect so thoroughly and so faithfully the medieval spirit.

CATCH: A canon for three or more voices, so constructed that a great deal of skill was necessary for each voice to "catch" up his part at the right point. This was rendered more difficult by the circumstance that the composition was at first written out in a continuous strain, with little indication as to where each part should enter. Later, however, signs were given to assist the singers. A further development lay in writing the text in such a way that the various entries caused very amusing word-combinations, but often of a suggestive and indecent character. Indeed, some of the best specimens of this class of composition have to be banished from the repertoires of respectable catch-singers on account of the questionable words to which they were set. In the Seventeenth Century the Catch was a very popular form of musical entertainment, and later on societies were formed for the performance of these works and others of a kindred nature.

CATLEEN. *v.* CATLING.

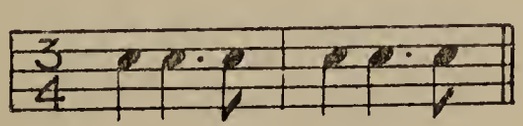
CATLING: The highest, or treble, string of the lute; the name being no doubt a diminutive of cat from the supposed origin of the strings. Shakespeare uses the word in *Troilus and Cressida* (III, 3): "What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: but I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make Catlings on."

And, by analogy, "Simon Catling" in *Romeo and Juliet* (IV, 5) would be the name of a luter, and not a fiddler as Nares supposes, since "James Soundpost" would play on the viol. The term is often found spelled Catleen, and an entry in the Lord Chamberlain's Records for October 20, 1688 (*Vol.* 752, *p.* 342), mentions the payment of £1 "for catleens." Mace (1676) speaks of "Venice-Catlins," probably because good ones were imported from Italy.

CEBELL: An old English dance, very like the Gavotte in construction and measure. How the form obtained its name and whence the latter was derived are alike unknown. The Cebell may equally well have been a modification of the French Gavotte, or an independent invention similar by coincidence to the better-known form. On the other hand it may have been considered identical with the Gavotte from the musical point of view, the differences between them having been terpsichorean only. It appears to have been danced slightly quicker than the Gavotte. Examples of the dance may be seen in *Lessons and Aires for the Harpsichord and Spinnett*, by J. Eccles, D. Purcell, and others (headed "Cibell," and commencing at the half-bar, *alla breve*), and, curiously, one by a French composer writing for an English publisher, in *Lessons for the Harpsichord or Spinet*, by Lully, with the same characteristics. In the last-mentioned work both the Gavotte and the Cebell are used.

C-FA-UT. *v.* GAMUT.

CHACCON, CHACONNE: An imported instrumental piece consisting of a number of variations on a ground-bass, a slow and stately movement, and the characteristic rhythm :



Although a few examples of English origin are to be found, the Chaconne did not attain to very great favour in this country.

The source of the Chaconne is not quite clear : it may be descended from an ancient dance-form of Mauro-Spanish origin, travelling to France *via* Italy. On the other hand, it can easily be the product of the Motet of the Twelfth and

Thirteenth Centuries—or, at least, have been influenced by it. It is even possible that both of these two distinct sources supplied factors towards making the form, which eventually met and became merged. The Italians, and still more the Germans, of the Eighteenth Century, made of the Chaconne a test of originality and imagination almost without equal in its musical importance; and why the composers of England made so little use of the form is a mystery. It is possible that they had had a surfeit of "Divisions" and desired a rest from the endless variations.

The few composers who did use the form in England—among them being Purcell and William Richardson (*Lessons for the Harpsichord or Spinet*, 1704)—were no doubt influenced by the craze for imitating foreign fashions. In the Lord Chamberlain's Records for July, 1675, there is an entry referring to a payment "For the fair writing of a Chaccon," probably copying one of the examples set by the French opera.

The Chaconne filled a very important place in the history of musical form, and was to be met with, danced, sung, and played at different periods in its career;—but its English use was too slight to justify more space being devoted to it here.

CHACOON. *v.* CHACCON. CHACONNE.

CHAIR-ORGAN: An old name for the Choir-Organ, some authorities holding the view that the term was a corruption of this. Their argument is based upon the circumstance that in cathedrals the choir-organ frequently formed the back of the organist's seat. But it can quite easily, and more logically, stand for "Cathedral Organ" (though French *chaire*, from the Greek *kathedra*). An interesting entry in the State Papers (Lord Chamberlain's Records) referring to the Chair-Organ is to be found under date February 3, 1636/7 (*Vol.* 739, *p.* 146), where we read that a warrant was issued to the Signet for "a privy seal of £140, to be impressed unto Mr. Edward Norgate, to be employed for the altering and reparation of the organ in the Chappell at Hampton Court and for the making of a new Chayre organ there conformable to those already made in the Chappells at Whitehall and Greenwich."

CHAPEL ROYAL: The clergy and musicians who perform divine service for the sovereigns of England. The earliest information we have of the English Chapel Royal is contained in the *Liber Niger Domus Regis* (British Museum; Harleian MSS. 293 and 642, *temp.* Edward IV), and this valuable source gives much material for a history of the Chapel. From it we learn under what conditions the members lived and what food was allowed them, *etc.* "Chaplenes and Clerkes of the Chapelle" were expected to be "endowed with virtues morolle and specikatyve, as of the musicke, shewinge in descante . . . suffytyente in organes playinge . . ." For all this the wage of seven pence per day was paid, which was very good remuneration when we remember the value of money in the Fifteenth Century and the fact that clothing, board, and lodging were generally provided. The choir of the Chapel Royal is the oldest of which we have any certain information, and it was probably looked upon as the standard by which other choirs were organised.

During the reign of Edward IV, "Children of the Chappell" numbered eight (later increased), and they were under the direction of a "Master of Songe" who was later known as the "Master of the Children." When their voices broke, the Children were sent at the King's charge to Oxford or Cambridge—"yf they will assente," and the Lord Chamberlain's Records give frequent references to clothing given to boys whose "voices had changed" and who, on that account, had left the Chapel. When their voices merited the promotion they were oft advanced to sing with the "Gentlemen of the Chapel." The first recorded Master of the Children was Henry Abingdon, and his salary of forty marks a year was "for fyndyng, instruction, and governaunce of the children of the Chapelle of our Housholde." Subsequent Masters were Gilbert Banister (1482), William Cornish (1493), William Crane (1510), and later musicians whose names may be found in the Lord Chamberlain's Records.

The Chapel Royal was engaged to officiate wherever the King happened to be, and a good deal of travelling was done; the State Papers containing many entries relating to payments for "riding charges." The Chapels Royal of St. James's Palace and Whitehall, in London, and St. George's, Windsor, are the most important, and at the present time the first and

last are the only ones in regular use. That of Whitehall is visited only on Maundy Thursday in connection with the bestowal of alms to the poor (*v.* also E. A. Rimbault, *Cheque-Book of the Chapel Royal*, 1872).

CHAYRE-ORGAN. *v.* CHAIR-ORGAN.

CHEST OF VIOLS: The name given to the complete set of viols and the case in which they were kept. Seventeenth-century England used the whole series of viols (*q.v.*) much as the pianoforte is employed to-day. They were the instruments *par excellence* for chamber use, and thus a chest containing them was part of the furniture of almost every Stuart house. Thomas Mace (*Musick's Monument*, 1676) gives a very good account of such a case, and instructs his readers how to prepare one that would keep their instruments in good playing condition: "First, see that it be conveniently large, to contain such a number as you shall design for your use, and to be made very close and warm, lined through with baize . . . by which means your instruments will speak livelily, brisk, and clear. Your best provision (and the most complete) will be a good chest of viols, six in number, *viz.* two basses, two tenors, and two trebles, all truly and proportionably suited . . ." When a complete set of instruments matching in every detail was not obtainable, Mace recommends that the chest be made up of such as can be picked up, but impressing upon his readers the special necessity for matching them as to size.

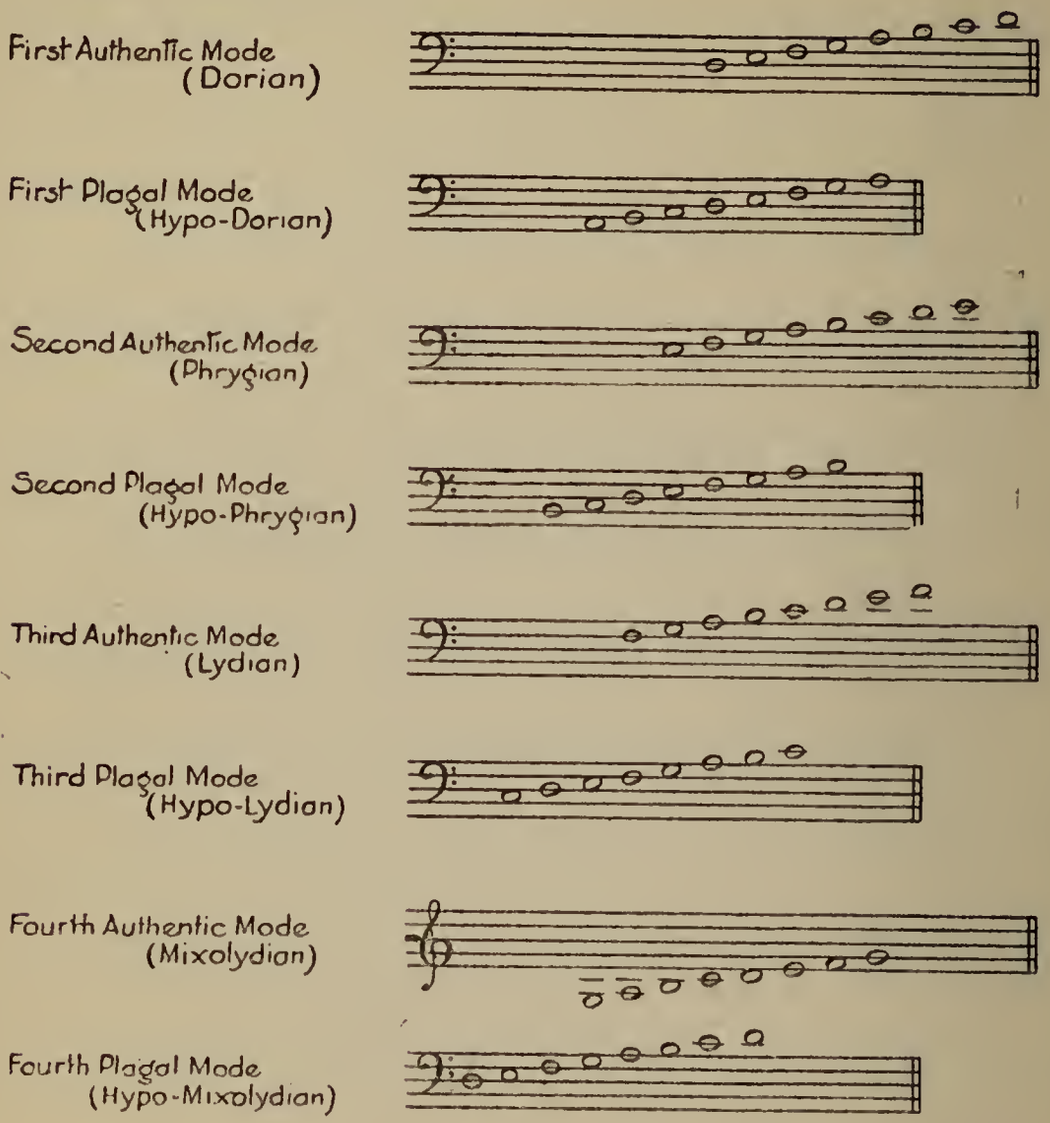
The combination of instruments as given by Mace, although the most frequent one, was not the only useful set; some chests contained three trebles and one bass instead of two of each. The compass of the tenor viol was very great and it can easily be understood that, if necessary, the first bass-part of a consort could, with very little trouble, be played by the third tenor, with the added advantage of strengthening the exquisite tone of the tenors.

An advertisement in *Tripla Concordia* (1667) announces the sale of two chests of viols in the following words: "There is two chests of viols to be sold, one made by Mr. John Ross, who formerly lived in Bridewell, containing two trebles, three tenors, and one basse. The chest was made in the year 1598, the other being made by Mr. Henry Smith, who formerly lived

over against Hatton House, in Holborn, containing two trebles, two tenors, two basses. The chest was made in the year 1633. Both chests are very curious work." The two makers mentioned in this advertisement enjoyed a great reputation for excellent workmanship; and others high in popular favour as *luthiers* were Eldred, Jay, and Bolles.

CHURCH MODES: The series of type-scales upon which all medieval music was based, and taken for ecclesiastical use—whence the name—from the older Greek system. Perhaps "Modes" describes these octaves of notes better than "Scales"; for although each contained the seven notes of the present-day series, they did not follow each other with the same constancy (as far as the intervals between them were concerned) as is the case with the modern scale. Thus the First Mode which we must consider consisted of a succession of intervals like this: Tone, Semitone, Tone, Tone, Tone, Semitone, Tone (from D to D) and was called the Dorian mode. The second, or Phrygian, Mode ranged from E to E (Semitone, Tone, Tone, Tone, Semitone, Tone, Tone). The Third, or Lydian, lay between F and F, with the interval succession Tone, Tone, Tone, Semitone, Tone, Tone, Semitone. The Fourth, or Mixolydian, Mode had the Final (or *finalis*) G, and the sequence Tone, Tone, Semitone, Tone, Tone, Semitone, Tone. For the purposes of the present article these four series will suffice to commence with. They were known as the "Authentic Modes," and were adopted by St. Ambrose (Bishop of Milan) in the Fourth Century, for Church use. Gregory the Great in the Sixth Century added four more Modes to this quartette—the so-called "Plagal Modes." These were allied to the Authentic Modes in so far that each Plagal Mode lay below its corresponding Authentic partner at an interval of a fourth, its name being distinguished by the prefix *Hypo-* Thus the first plagal mode, or Hypo-Dorian, was pitched a fourth below the first authentic, or Dorian, and ranged from A to A. In other words, the fourth degree of the plagal mode was identical with the *finalis* of the authentic. The second plagal mode, or Hypo-Phrygian, was in the same way separated from and allied to the second authentic, and lay between B and its octave. In like manner the Hypo-Lydian and the Hypo-Mixolydian commenced from C and D respectively.

The modes in use, therefore, during the reign of Pope Gregory the Great were as follows :



These modes were also frequently numbered consecutively, so that the Dorian was known as the First Mode, the Hypo-Dorian as the Second Mode, the Phrygian as the Third, the Hypo-Phrygian as the Fourth, and so on; besides such appellations as *Authentus Protus*, *Plagius Protus*, *Authentus Deuterus*, *etc.* At some periods a considerable amount of confusion resulted from this varying nomenclature.

Later on more modes were taken from the Greek system and embodied in the set already in use, such as the Ionian, Æolian (with their Plagals) and others. But all were constructed on the same principle, the only difference between them being the varying positions of the diatonic semitones.

CIBELL. *v.* CEBELL.

CINQUE-PACE. *v.* GALLIARD.

CITHAREN, CITHREN. *v.* CITTERN.

CITOLE : A medieval stringed and plucked instrument, smaller in size than the later lutes, and played with a plectrum as well as with the fingers. The body appears to have been most generally pear-shaped—sometimes oval—and the four strings of wire. The back of the Citole was flat—in this respect differing from the lutes, but similar to the cittern of the Seventeenth Century.

Sculptures, and drawings in medieval manuscripts are the only sources of information we have concerning the instrument. It is mentioned in State use at the beginning of the Fourteenth Century when, in 1306, the future Edward II was knighted. On that occasion a " Citoler " was rewarded for his services with one Mark ; but this was not the earliest known use of the Citole in England. Edward the Third's royal orchestra, such as it was, included a performer on the Citole. The interesting sculptured " Minstrel Gallery " in Exeter Cathedral has a player on the instrument, and Engel, working after a plaster cast of the original, describes the first musician in the series as playing upon the lute or possibly the cittern. But there can be no doubt, I think, that the instrument is a Citole. Several manuscript " Romances " (mostly metrical) of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries contain references to the instrument, and in one of them the verbal form " Sytolyng " is used. Wiclif erroneously translates the name of one of the Biblical instruments as " Sitol." John Gower mentions the instrument in *Confessio Amantis* (*Lib.* VIII, *ll.* 829, 1487, and 2679). Chaucer has it in the " Knight's Tale " (*l.* 1965) : " A Citole in hir right hand hadde she." Lydgate mentions the Citole similarly in *Reson and Sensuallyte* (*MSS.* Fairfax, 16, Bodleian, Oxford ; and Add. 29729, British Museum) in *l.* 5583. Common variants of the name itself are Cythol, Cytole, Sitole, Sytholle, *etc.*

In mechanical treatment the Citole resembled the lutes, the bar which held the strings being fastened to the belly, and served at the same time the functions of a bridge, keeping the strings at a sufficient height to enable them to vibrate freely. Its origin is not at all certain. It may have been evolved from some form of psaltery by an ingenious musician who conceived the idea of adding a neck and fingerboard. It may quite as

easily have been a flat-backed modification of an early lute, possibly of Eastern origin and coming North and West *via* Spain or Provence.

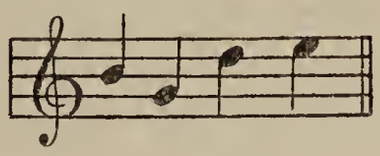
The shape and ornamentation of the Citole varied a good deal, but it does not appear to have enjoyed much development; for with the rise of the Lutes and Gittern it fell into disuse, leaving behind fewer traces of itself than were left by the instruments of Ancient Egypt.

CITTERN: A flat-backed, pear-shaped instrument very popular in England at the end of the Sixteenth Century and during the Seventeenth. Exactly when the Cittern was evolved, and what its source was, would be very difficult to decide. The fact that its back was flat and that the back and table were connected by ribs would rule the lute out at once as a possible source. It is more likely to have been derived from some form of the Citole. Its strings were of wire and strung in unison pairs, most commonly four in number. Playford, in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren* (1666), says: "The Cithren is strung with eight Wyre strings, which are divided into four Course, two in a Course." Mace (1676) also alludes to its "Wyar strings." Metal strings were the characteristic feature of the Cittern and distinguished that instrument from the Gittern, or early Guitar, which were strung with gut. This distinction was noted by Michael Drayton in his *Polyolbion* (1613, *Song* IV): "Some that delight to touch the sterner wire chord, The Cythren . . . strike." As time went on, of course, more strings were employed, and even a "fourteen-course" instrument was known. Thomas Robinson (*New Citharen Lessons*, 1609) speaks of such an one which had seven pairs of strings over a fingerboard, and seven single ones alongside. This, however, cannot be considered as a typical specimen of the instrument, and was no doubt influenced by the theorbo. The ordinary four-stringed Cittern was provided with a fretted fingerboard; and a carved head, often elaborately chiselled, surmounted the peg-box with its eight pegs. A plectrum of quill or whalebone was generally used, but the instrument was also played with the fingers, the resultant tone being softer and less metallic. Its effect must have been quite pleasant, and the quality of tone could be modified and varied according to the distance of the plectrum or plucking

TWO CITTERNS (one with Watch-key tuning head)
(*Victoria and Albert Museum*)

[*face p.* 40

finger from the bridge. The sound-hole was circular and fairly large, often filled with a delicately carved and fretted Rose (or Knot, *q.v.*). The tuning of the Cittern, which varied considerably, was peculiar in that the pitch of the strings did not rise in the order usually followed; the string on the extreme left of the fingerboard being tuned higher than its neighbour. The commonest tuning at the change of the century was:



This arrangement made the performance of certain chords very easy and of original effect. The strings, in the order given here, were named Tenor, Bass, Mean, and Treble, and an illustration of the instrument with these names attached is given on the title-page of Playford's *New Lessons for the Cithern and Gittern* (1652).

The head of the Cittern, already mentioned, was often carved most artistically—sometimes into a head of great beauty, sometimes grotesquely. The popularity of the Cittern was such that its head became proverbial. Thus Fletcher in *Love's Cure* (1622 *c.*, II, 2) says: "You cittern-head! Who have you talked to, ha? You nasty, . . . ill-contenanced cur!" and Shakespeare makes a point of it in *Love's Labour's Lost* (*Act* V):

> *Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.
> *Bir.* Because thou hast no face.
> *Hol.* What is this?
> *Bir.* A cittern head.

John Ford, in *The Lover's Melancholy* (performed 1628, printed 1629; II, 1), has: ". . . I hope the Chronicles will rear me one day for a headpiece"—". . . Barbers shall wear thee on their citterns." This quotation brings us to a very interesting feature in the social life of the early Seventeenth Century. The barber's shop was not only the "Staple of News," and the exchange of gossip; it was also the place where music of all kinds might be heard, and waiting customers would avail themselves of the instruments kept there for the purpose of passing the time away pleasantly. Before his shop was entered the signs of the barber's music were visible in his windows, for the teeth he extracted were

suspended, as an advertisement, at the ends of rejected lute-strings. Of course, the professional musicians were inclined to look with contempt upon the musical pretensions of the barber ; and in Morley's *Introduction* we may read : "You sing you know not what ; it should seem you came lately from a barber's shop, where you had Gregory Walker, or a Coranto, played in the new proportions by them lately found out." But to the ordinary amateur the barber's cittern gave a good deal of pleasure. At the turn of the century it appears as if no author could write of barbers without mentioning the Cittern. Ben Jonson has :

> . . . He is my barber, Tom.
> . . . . . .
> He got into a masque at Court, by his wit,
> And the good means of his cittern holding up thus
> For one of the music . . . (*Staple of News*, I, 2.)

The circumstance that the cittern in the barber's shop was public property explains one or two otherwise mystifying quotations. In an old play we find a character saying of his wife that she was "a barber's citterne, for every serving man to play upon." In the *Silent Woman* (III, 5) Ben Jonson has : "I have married his cittern that's common to all men." Thus, for a lady to be called a cittern in the Seventeenth Century was no compliment.

The mass of allusions to the cittern can only point to one fact, and that is the immense popularity the instrument enjoyed in this country. And yet Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* says that "the Gittern and Cithren never appear to have had much popularity in England."

Music for the Cittern was written on a stave of four lines in Tablature (*q.v.*). Such a stave, of course, would only suffice for the four-stringed instrument. There does not appear to have been much music especially written and published for the Cittern ; it is quite possible that players helped themselves to any popular tune, or improvised solos and song-accompaniments. The peculiar tuning of the instrument would prevent any other tablature being used than that expressly composed for it ; but from ordinary notation the cittern-player could perform anything within the compass of his instrument with comparative ease. What printed music there is for the Cittern is very rare and difficult of access. The Royal College of Music

possesses a copy of Anthony Holborne's *Cittharn Schoole* (1597), a work containing thirty-two dances, Ayres, and popular tunes for the Cittern, in addition to twenty-three more pieces with an accompaniment for Treble, Tenor, and Bass Viols. In Morley's *Consort Lessons for the Treble Lute, the Pandora, the Citterne, the Flute, and the Treble-Viol*, 1599, we have the Cittern among its contemporaries. The cittern-part only of this work is in the Bodleian Library. Phillip Rosseter's *Lessons for Consort* (1609) contained music for a similar *ensemble*, the cittern-part of this belonging also to the Royal College of Music. In 1609 also appeared Thomas Robinson's *New Consort Lessons*, containing compositions for two citterns, voice with cittern accompaniment, and others. A few "lessons" are also included for the Cittern with fourteen strings, mentioned earlier. It will thus be seen that although the Cittern was employed in a very frivolous manner in the barber's shop, it was put to more dignified uses by more serious musicians; and Sir William Leighton had a place for it in the accompaniment to his *Teares or Lamentacions of a Sorrowfull Soule.*

Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the rarest, work on the Cittern is John Playford's *A Booke of New Lessons for the Cithern and Gittern, etc.* (1652). A copy is in the Euing Library (Royal Technical College), Glasgow, and thanks are due to the librarian, Mr. Peter Bennett, for an account of it. The instructions given in the book, according to Mr. Bennett, comprise only the mode of tuning the instrument, the time-signatures, and the value of the notes and rests. *Part* II of the little work contains twenty-four pages of exercises for the Cittern. This book, judging from Playford's preface, appears to have been the second of its kind, the first having probably been a publication of 1650, no copy of which is known to have survived. The Index of the 1652 edition gives the names of fifty-four melodies for the Cittern and nine "Psalms to sing to the Cittern according to the Church Tunes." The secular music consists of the popular airs of the day, melodies that are to be found in many other publications of that period. The rest of the book is devoted to the Gittern.

Playford's venture of 1666 is second in importance only to the foregoing: "Musick's Delight on the Cithren, restored and Refined to a more Easie and Pleasant manner of Playing than

formerly; and set forth with *Lessons* Al a Mode, being the choicest of our late new *Ayres*, *Corants*, *Sarabandes*, Tunes, and *Jiggs*. To which is added several New *Songs* and *Ayres*, to sing to the Cithren"; a long-winded title for a small work.

Very early references to the Cittern are rare, and the first I have been able to locate is in a manuscript in the British Museum (Additional 30513). This dates from the reign of Henry VIII, and contains nine pieces for the Cittern in Tablature. An early official allusion to the instrument is made in 1556, when among the New Year's gifts received by Queen Mary was "a faire Cyterne." Kendall's *Flowers of Epigrammes* (section headed *Trifles*, 1577) makes another Tudor reference to it:

> On Saterday I will you send
> some Lessons for your Lute:
> And for your Citterne eke a few
> take leaves till time of fruite.

The Cittern, thus, was in almost every kind of use and in the hands of every class of player. From Henry VIII to Charles II, from Timothy Kendall to Samuel Pepys, the instrument was a source of pleasure; and whether its environment was the royal palace or the barber's shop, it was popular everywhere.

CLARICHORD, CLARICHORDE. *v.* CLAVICHORD.

CLARICON. *v.* CLAVICHORD.

CLAVICHORD: One of the earliest of the keyboard instruments, differing from the others in many particulars. It was contained in a rectangular case and was played by means of brass or copper pins or elongated studs which set the strings in vibration by contact. The shape of these studs, or tangents, as they were termed, was slightly conical, the flattened end being upward. Placed at the end of a balanced key farthest from the player's hand, the tangents fulfilled the functions of the hammers in the modern pianoforte. The most noticeable feature, however, of the method employed in constructing this instrument lay in the circumstance that in very early specimens each string was provided with several tangents which operated on the string at different points. This divided the string into sections of varying length and caused it to

produce different notes. Whatever may have been the defects of such a system, it proves that much thought and scientific study must have been devoted to the subject; and, for its period, the idea was highly ingenious. The instrument, then, emerging from scientific hands, was most probably developed from the monochord, or one-stringed instrument used for the determining of pitch for the church singers of the Middle Ages. The process of evolution is clearly defined. Once a number of notes could be produced from a single string, more strings were added to give a greater compass. But it was soon discovered that it was easier to add extra strings than to multiply the tangents. So it came about that the number of the latter was reduced to two, and each string made to play a note with the semitone above it. In this form the Clavichord remained until the Eighteenth Century. The term "fretted" was applied to those instruments with a number of tangents to each string (German, *gebunden*). Later specimens became bichord and even trichord, and the strings, which earlier were of brass, were afterwards more commonly of steel;—sometimes the bass strings were made of brass and the treble of steel. There were even specimens with octave strings added to the lowest bass notes, probably to assist the latter and to fill the bass.

Exactly when the Clavichord was sufficiently developed to merit its name, is not clear; but it must have been a serviceable instrument by the end of the Fourteenth Century. Yet it was not until the commencement of the Eighteenth Century that there was a separate string for each key and note, and the instrument became "unfretted." Its tone was soft and suitable to small apartments, and the instrument survived as long as it did chiefly on that account, and because of the circumstance that it was capable of an interesting effect known in Germany as "Bebung," an effect which might be called *vibrato* to-day. It was produced by repeating the finger-pressure on the key several times after the note had been struck, pressing the tangent on to the string, and thus, incidentally, slightly raising the pitch of the note. This effect, added to its capability to produce fine tone-gradations, made it the favourite it was with the Eighteenth-century composers.

The compass of the Clavichord varied considerably according to the period and the number of tangents and strings used. Generally a note was omitted from the regular sequence at

either end of the keyboard, so that the highest and lowest notes that could be played should be notes of frequent occurrence.

Although the Clavichord does not appear to have been as popular in England as were the Virginal and Spinet, there are sufficient historical and literary allusions to it to show that it was used to a considerable extent by artistic musicians. In the Latin form of the name—Clavicordium (*clavis*, a key)—we find it mentioned in English printed books before the end of the Fifteenth Century, though in Germany it appeared in the first years of that century. A Clavichord of this period also is carved in the roof of St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury. This specimen possesses six strings but shows nine keys ; thus arguing that some of the strings were operated upon by more than one tangent. John Skelton, poet laureate and tutor to Henry VIII, was a great lover of this instrument, and wrote a good deal about it ; in his " Agaynste a comely coystrowne, *etc.*," we read : " Comely he clappyth a payre of clauycordys " (*l.* 36) ;—the word " pair " showing that the custom of using a second and smaller instrument, generally tuned an octave higher, simultaneously with the larger one, was very old (*v.* also Virginal). In Stephen Hawes' *Historie of Graunde amoure and la bell Pucel, called the Pastime of Plesure* (1506), and other works, we meet with the spelling Claricorde, but there can be no doubt that the same instrument is meant. The Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VII give some very interesting information : " 1502, January 7. To one that sett the Kings Clevecords xiiis. ivd." " 1504, March 6. For a paire of Clavycords, xs." A similar account-book dealing with the expenses of Elizabeth of York (*ed.* N. H. Nicolas, Camden Society, 1830) contains the entry : " 1502, August 19. To Hugh Denys for money by him delivered to a straungier that gave the Quene a payre of Clavycordes in crownes for his rewarde . . . iiij*li.*"

In 1663 (November 6) John Hingston, as keeper and repairer of the king's instruments, was paid a sum of money which included a reward for " mending a Claricon." This also was doubtlessly a Clavichord. The change in name was only a passing fancy, probably due to the ignorance of a clerk ; and using Clarichorde as a connecting link, Claricon is not so far from Clavichord. Moreover, we similarly find Harpsicon for Harpsichord at the same period.

English specimens of the Clavichord are extremely rare, and

the only one I have ever heard of by an English builder was the late Dr. T. L. Southgate's example (1700) by Peter Hicks (*v. also* WREST).

CLAVICYMBAL: An old English form of the Italian Clavicembalo (Harpsichord). This instrument was so named on the Continent long before the harpsichord was developed into the form it acquired in the Eighteenth Century, and appears to have been little more than a Psaltery (*q.v.*) with a keyboard. The name Clavicembalo or Clavicymbal may have been applied to instruments played with metal plectra as distinct from those later forms which used leather or quill for the same purpose. At any rate the name is found in Germany as early as 1404. The English "Cymbal" was doubtlessly suggested by the bell-like tinkling produced by these instruments. Stephen Hawes has "Claricymbals glorious" (with the same variation of spelling as is often to be met with in the case of the Clavichord) in his *Pastime of Plesure* (*chap.* 16, 1506).

CLAVICYTHERIUM: A keyboard instrument of the Spinet (*q.v.*) type, differing from the Spinet, however, in that the body, sounding-board, and strings, were set vertically instead of horizontally, thus foreshadowing the upright pianoforte. In every other respect the Clavicytherium was a Virginal or Spinet, and was played by means of jacks and plectra. The latter, in a specimen of the early Sixteenth Century illustrated in Hipkins and Gibb's *Musical Instruments*, appears to have been of metal.

CLEAVE. *v.* CLIFF.

CLIFF: The old term for Clef. It was (and is) the sign prefixed to a composition to indicate its pitch; in other words, it gives the position on a stave of music for a certain note from which "all the other notes in your song or lesson are understood" (Playford). Derived from the Latin *Clavis*, a key, the term is used to determine which voice or instrument shall perform the music which follows it. The old English spelling varied considerably; Cotgrave (*A French and English Dictionary*, 1660) defines the French *Clef* as "a cliffe in musick," and Ford, in the *Lover's Melancholy* (1629), has: "Whom art had never taught cliffs, modes, or notes." In John Playford's *Introduction to the Skill of Musick* we meet with another application of the term. He speaks of a *B Cliff*, belonging to

all parts of the polyphony, and used as we should employ the words "key-signature" to-day, making the note it refers to "half a tone or sound lower (or higher) than it was before." When this so-called B Cliff was used to sharpen a note it was known as *B mi* or *B sharp*, and when written to flatten, it was called *B fa* or *B flat*. In this usage the term Cliff, by its etymology, forestalls our key-signature.

CLOSE-PLAY: A technical term employed by the lutenist to signify that fingers once down on a string should not be removed, in view of the possibility of their being required again in the same position. In Close-Play a finger would remain where it fell on the string until needed elsewhere. An explanation of it is given in Barley's *Lute-Book* (end of the Sixteenth Century): "Thou shalt not need but to remove those fingers which thou shalt be forced, which manner of handling we call *close* or *covert*-play." Thomas Mace (*Musick's Monument*, 1676) is more explicit: "Then take up no stopt Finger, till need so require; for any stopt Finger, remaining still upon its stop, gives you a better advantage, than if it were taken off, as being a sure Guide, to any other stop following. . . ." Be it noted that the violinist of to-day very frequently uses close-play, although the term has fallen completely into desuetude.

CLOSE SHAKE. *v.* SHAKE.

COMPOSURE: A word frequently used in place of the more usual "Composition." An example of such use is to be found in Roger North's *Memoires of Musick* (1728), where, speaking of the music written during the reign of Charles I, he says: ". . . some plain-song consorts I have seen of so late composure."

CONCENT: Used as a noun and verb by the Elizabethans to mean harmony or concord. Spenser speaks of "A lay of love's delight, with sweet concent," and:

> Such musicke is wise words with time concented,
> To moderate stiffe minds disposed to strive.

Milton, in *At a Solemn Music*, writes: "That undisturbed song of pure concent." The word is derived from the Latin *Concentus* (*concinere; con* and *canere*, to sing together).

CONSORT: 1. The equivalent of the modern word concert.

2. Earlier, it signified the simultaneous playing of different

instruments in parts, such as could "consort" together. A "Consort of Viols" would be a party of instrumentalists playing the various members of the viol family. Often as many as six together—two trebles, two tenors, and two basses, or two trebles, three tenors, and one bass (the usual combination in a "Chest of Viols")—would perform *ensemble*. A composition for one of these combinations of instruments was similarly known as a Consort. In Stuart England there was also a consort of wind instruments, the Lord Chamberlain's Records containing entries relating to the engagement of musicians for the "Consort of wind musick." Seventeenth-century music-books often contained music for a consort of Viols, Lutes, Citterns, and other instruments.

When Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, III, *l.* 40) speaks of the singing of a number of birds together, he says: "That wonder was to heare their trim consort." Fletcher (*Bloody Brother*) alludes to a "consort of cramm'd capons", in a line quoted in full in the article on the Canary.

CONSORT-VIOL: A bass-viol "of the largest size, and the Strings proportionable" (Playford). It was used for playing in Consort, *i.e.* in *ensemble* music. It found its most appropriate place in the four, five, and six-part Fancies (*q.v.*) so popular at the time of the Viol's vogue. The reason for the Consort-Viol being of the largest size will be apparent when it is remembered that it required the greatest possible amount of sonority when playing against two, or perhaps three, tenor viols, each capable of producing a grave tone of very full quality. Playford also uses the name Consort-Viol (the music for which was "play'd from the Rules of the Gam-ut," *i.e.* from ordinary notation) to distinguish the large chamber-music bass from the smaller Lyra-Viol (*q.v.*) which was played "by Letters or Tablature" (*q.v.*), and tuned Harpway (*q.v.*). For the tuning of the Consort-Viol, see VIOLS.

CORANTO: A dance-form supposed by some to have been introduced into France from Italy by Catherine de Medici, and brought to England during the reign of Elizabeth. It became exceedingly popular in Sixteenth-century England, although it was soon divested of most of its original characteristics, and converted into a merry, sprightly measure. Its speed certainly increased, and if not actually as quick as the Galliard and Jig,

it was at least as full of vivacity as both of these forms. The Queen herself was celebrated as a Coranto dancer, and her court was not slow in following suite. As the speed changed, the solemn *terre-à-terre* of the French gave place to a "lofty sprightly dance" (Johnson); and, says Walsh, "I would as soon believe a widow in grief for her husband because I saw her dancing a Coranto about his coffin." The popularity enjoyed by the Coranto in Shakespeare's time accounted for and caused the many allusions to it in the literature of the period. The reference to it in *Twelfth Night* may be seen in the article on the Galliard, and Ben Jonson mentions it also.

In Stuart times the favour shown the Coranto seems to have increased; indeed, it appears that it played the part of the late Victorian waltz in Stuart society, and some writers began to show signs of restlessness under the monotony of the everlasting Coranto. Pepys, attending a court ball on November 18, 1666, observed so little variety in the dances that "the Corants grew tiresome." The ball in question was given in honour of the Queen's birthday, and there were present the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, and the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth. On this auspicious occasion the King led off the dance with the Queen. Some four years earlier the genial diarist recounted his experiences at another ball, where ". . . the King led a lady in a Single Coranto . . . and very noble it was and a great pleasure to see" (*Diary*, December 31, 1662). Pepys's entries bear out Selden's statement: "At a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the Corrantoes and the Gaillardes" (*Table Talk*, 1689).

Remembering the popularity of the Coranto in England, it will not be surprising to find a great many examples of the dance in the works of English composers from the time of Elizabeth to the period at which the form ceased to be danced, and remained only in the instrumental suite. Many of these were original compositions, of course; but the greater number were French Corantoes modified to suit English requirements. It is, in some cases, difficult to recognise the nationality of many forms printed in England, especially in the Stuart period. The later specimens occurred at a time when the music of the cultured classes was largely influenced by French fashions, and thus a great many Corantoes with French names

may well be purely English ones deliberately misnamed to secure favour for them. The works of Thomas Robinson, Matthew Locke, John Playford, Thomas Morley, Ferrabosco (Stuart members of the family), William Corkine, and a host of others, all contain specimens of the Coranto. Of the two hundred and forty-five dances and airs contained in Playford's *Court Ayres* (1655), no fewer than fifty-five are Corantoes.

The later Suite and Sonata writers used the form in the accepted Continental manner, following the Almain (*Allemande*).

A rapid sketch of the Coranto's foreign history and original form may assist in making the differences clear between the early French form of the dance and its English use. Whether it had its origin in France or Italy, it was in my opinion first suggested by the Galliard. The fact that some authorities describe the original Courante as one of the most serious, solemn, and dignified of dances, need not disprove this theory ; every period and country had its own way of treating the dance-form.

The name, derived from the French *courir*, to run (or from its Italian equivalent), describes one species of the Courante ; that which consisted of a succession of running notes. There were three forms of the dance bearing the name, each differing from the others in rhythm. The Italian form, called Corrente, had as its distinguishing feature a succession of running quavers, a circumstance which may prove that the original form may have been taken from the Italian version of a Galliard with the dotted rhythm smoothed out. The French shape (Courante) contained the rhythm dotted-crotchet, quaver, crotchet, and thus shows a remarkable likeness to the Galliard and its successor the Jig. A hybrid form containing both rhythms is to be met with, and was occasionally used, chiefly by Handel. Bach, Mattheson, and Couperin, to mention only three composers, used both the Italian and French forms, but kept them apart and adhered to the distinguishing titles (*Corrente* and *Courante*). The time-signature was generally 3/4 or 3/2, a characteristic of the 3/4 measure being that the last measure was written in 6/4, a change that may have been called for by some terpsichorean requirement. Later, when the form ceased to be danced, the 6/4 measure was used for the whole of the composition. Its form was the usual one of

two or more sentences of eight or a multiple of eight measures, each repeated, and it usually began on the up-beat. The early German writers insisted upon many academic points, but when the form became more elastic, Courantes were evolved that were as unlike the original dance as they could possibly have been. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, then, and remembering the different rhythms employed in the writing of the dance, we may take it that the Coranto formed the connecting link between the early Galliard and the later Canary and Jig on the one hand, and led to the Menuet, and possibly the Waltz, on the other.

CORNEMUSE. *v.* BAGPIPE.

CORNET: A wood-wind instrument very much used in Tudor and Stuart England (the German *Zinke;* but not to be confounded with the modern brass instrument). It was a horn-like instrument made of wood, generally covered with leather, and often elaborately ornamented with ivory and silver. Finger-holes enabled it to produce the different notes within its range. It was made bent or straight, though the curved specimens seem to have been more common. Its tone, according to most contemporary writers, was bright and pleasing when the instrument was well played. Its place of origin is somewhat uncertain, though the very early appearance of allusions to it in English manuscripts would seem to suggest England as one of the first countries to use it, if it was not actually evolved here (Harleian MS. 603; end of the Tenth Century; British Museum; and a Psalter dating from A.D. 1000 in the Cambridge University Library). Harleian MS. 1419A contains a list of musical instruments belonging to Henry VIII, and among them were: "Twoo gitteron pipes of Ivorie tipped with silver and gilte they are caulled Cornettes . . .," and, "xiiij gitteroune pipes of woodde in a bagge of leather they are caulled Cornettes." An account of the Cornet is afforded by one Randle Holmes in Book III of his *Academy of Armory* (British Museum, Harleian MS. 2034, *c.* 1688): "It is a long and somewhat bending Instrument made of an Horn, and some tyme garnished at the mouth, middle, and end with plates of silver, but generally plaine. It hath six holes above for the fingers, and two under for the thumb. It is a delicate pleasant wind musick if well played and Humored."

Laneham, in a letter of 1575, already speaks admiringly of its tone. It appears that Holmes's Seventeenth-century experiences gave him specimens made of horn, though the leather-covered wooden instruments seem to have been the commonest, at any rate in Tudor times. Stainer and Barrett's *Dictionary of Musical Terms* is not correct when it gives the Cornet as "an obsolete reed instrument not unlike a hautboy . . .", persisting in also calling the *Zinke* "a coarse reed instrument" (article WAITS).

A complete set or consort (*q.v.*) of cornets contained a Treble, a Tenor or Common Cornet, and a Grand Cornet. This set was known as a "nest of cornets." Its compass extended a little over two octaves, the Tenor being pitched a fifth below the Treble, and the Grand Cornet an octave below. The tenor instrument was by a long way the most frequent pitch and it was used in every conceivable form of music all over Europe for at least half a millennium.

Allusions to the instrument become more frequent as we approach the Elizabethan and Stuart writers. "The musicke of Cornettes" is mentioned in the tragedy of *Gorboduc* (1561) and in *Jocasta* (1565). Spenser refers to it in the *Shepherd's Calendar* (1579), and in John Howes' *Familiar and Friendly Discourse* (1587) we read: "I also think it convenient that the children should learne to sing and play uppon all sorts of instruments, as to sound . . . the cornett, *etc.*," which shows the value placed upon the instrument. Ford (*The Sun's Darling*, II, 1) has: "The way is windy and narrow; for, look you, I do but wind this cornet, and if another answers it, she comes." Dekker's masque *The King's Entertainment* shows by a stage direction: "A noise of Cornets, a Consort, a set of Viols," that the cornet was reckoned among the high-class instruments of the day. In the Seventeenth-century drama it was very frequently utilised for sounding at the beginning of the acts, and Beaumont and Fletcher, Drayton (1607), Nathaniel Field (1612), Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson all speak of it or order its use in the stage directions. Marston in *Sophonisba* (Prologue to *Act* I) says: "Cornets sound a march."

The uses to which the Cornet was put were many and highly important. In the orchestra of wind-instruments it held an indispensable place, from the time at which the combination

of instruments had taken some regular form. In the band it can be traced back as far as the Fourteenth Century, and in a work of that century (*Octavian Imperator*, Weber's *Metrical Romances*, 1810, *ll.* 67, 68) it is already mentioned in the lines : "Ther myghth men here menstralcye, Trompys, taborns, and Cornettys crye." The instrument was much used at court, and the King in 1503 sent his cornettist, Bonatus, with his daughter Queen Margaret of Scotland, to play before her royal friends.

In sacred music the Cornet was much used, and when boys' voices were not available it was pressed into service to supply the parts these should have sustained. In the official account of appointments to Canterbury Cathedral (1532) there are mentioned two performers on the instrument. That they improved the tone of the service there can be no reasonable doubt ; "an intelligencer from Rome" was "struck with amazement and admiration" upon hearing "the solemn music, with the voices and organs, cornets and sackbuts" (*Life of Archbishop Whitgift ; Biogr. Britt., p.* 4255). The *Well-Tuned Organ* of J. Brookband (1660) tells us that the services which Charles I attended at Oxford were much improved by the use of Cornets. The particular functions of the instrument are made clear by Laud after he had held a visitation of Canterbury in 1634 ; he found "in lieu of a deacon and sub-deacon, whose office it was to read the epistle and gospel . . . are substituted two corniters and two sackbutters, whom we most willingly maintain for the decorum of our quire, though with greater charge than we might have done the other." During the Commonwealth the training of boys' voices for the Church service was neglected, with the result that after the Restoration cornets were employed to fill their places. Matthew Locke's *Present Practice of Music Vindicated* (1673) informs us that "For above a year after the opening of His Majesty's Chappell the orderers of the musick there were necessitated to supply the superior parts of their musick with cornets and men's feigned voices, there being not one lad for all that time capable of singing his part readily." Roger North (*Life of the Lord Keeper*), speaking of the cathedrals of York and Durham, says : "In these churches wind music was used in the choir, which I apprehend might be introduced at first for want of voices if not of organs ; but as I

hear, they are now disused. To say the truth nothing comes so near, or rather imitates so much, an excellent voice, as a cornet-pipe ; but the labour of the lips is too great, and it is seldom well sounded."

The English players on the cornet enjoyed a high reputation for excellence, and they were engaged to occupy important posts in many a foreign court. The Duke of Lorraine, for example, sent his cornettist Jean Presse to engage players in England (1604) and acquired the services of John Adson and William Burt. Adson remained abroad for almost thirty years, and then returned to the English court as a " musician for the flutes and cornet." The Stuart kings secured themselves against any dearth of good performers by always having two boys in training. Their instructor was Andrew Lanier, and in 1630 he received the sum of £29 16s. 8d. for this service. His two boys, having passed through their apprenticeship, were immediately replaced by two more : ". . . because the two boyes he lately had . . . are, because enabled, preferred to His Majesty's service, these are to certify that in their room I have appointed two others, to be bred by him in musique " (*Lord Chamberlain's Records*, 1639/40). The salaries received by the Stuart cornettists compared very favourably with those enjoyed by the other members of the royal music. John Adson, before mentioned, received £46 per annum (1640), while another method of remuneration is exemplified in the case of Thomas Lanier, who was paid 1s. 8d. a day, in addition to £7 11s. 8d. a year for board-wages and £29 9s. 2d. " for apparrell." This last-mentioned item is unusual, for the common allowance " for livery " was £16 2s. 6d. per annum.

The prices paid for specimens of the instrument at the time of its active use varied according to the amount of work put into them. An example bought for Trinity College (Cambridge) in 1595 cost £1 (a large sum in those days), and the *Household Accounts* of Sir Thomas Kytson, for 1573/4, show that £4 was expended for seven cornets. Andrew Lanier purchased a number of them for use in the royal music, and in 1630 was paid £16 10s. for six specimens—three tenors at sixty shillings and three trebles at fifty shillings. In 1632 as much as £13 was paid for a single cornet, and taking the value of money in those days into consideration, the specimen must have been highly ornamented and loaded with silver.

The rise of the violin and the improvement in the reed-instruments probably caused the eclipse of the Cornet after an uninterrupted artistic use extending over at least three hundred years.

CORTHOL. *v.* CURTAL.

COUNTER: To Counter a song or instrumental composition was, from the beginning of the Sixteenth to the end of the Seventeenth Century, to perform *extempore* divisions (*q.v.*) upon it. John Skelton uses the verb in *The Bowge of Courte* (*c.* 1515), saying of Riot that "Counter he coude O Lux upon a a potte" (the text alluded to being that of the hymn *O Lux beata trinitas*). The term Countering is to be met with very frequently, and was used in the same sense.

COUNTERING. *v.* COUNTER.

COUNTER-TENOR: 1. The highest male (adult) voice; the Alto. The spelling *Contratenor* (suggestive of its Latin origin) is given in the State Papers, examples being contained in the Lord Chamberlain's Records for May, 1633. In the entry for April 14, 1674, these singers are given as "Counter Tenners."

2. The term was also applied to one of the Means (*q.v.*), or inner strings of the viols; the fourth string counting downwards from the treble being so named.

COUNTRY CRIES. *v.* CRIES.

COUNTRY DANCE: A terpsichorean diversion, purely English, that seems to have been distinguished from other dances by its steps and manner of performance. The music written for it cannot be said to have possessed any peculiarities, for it could occur in practically any dance-rhythm. It is a remarkable thing that English writers of the past should have attempted to explain the name by deriving it from the French *Contredanse*, while French authorities said it "paroit venir de l'Anglois, *country danse*, danse de campagne." The fact is that this form is of undoubted native origin, and is mentioned in our literature at a very early date. It was, in its original state, the merry frolic of the countryman and his lass, free in performance, and gay in character. It was not saddled with the traditions of the semi-ceremonial Morris Dance, or the artistic restraint of the ball-room forms.

John Essex, in the Preface to his treatise *For the Further Improvement of Dancing* (1710), says that "Every Country

has had some Particular manner of Dancing peculiar to itself since ye beginning of the World, but this which we call Country Dancing is originally the Product of this Nation, and is used in most of the Courts in Europe . . . " ; and John Weaver, following in 1712, added : " Country Dances . . . is a Dancing the peculiar Growth of this Nation." Where and when this " peculiar growth " had its roots would be almost impossible to decide ; most probably in some of the varied forms of the Branle, developed or adapted to suit the requirements of the dancers. But whatever may have been the *fons et origo* of the Country Dance, the Seventeenth Century saw it at the height of its glory, with John Playford taking advantage of the opportunities it presented. The *Dancing-Master* (1651 and almost a score of further editions) contained a large number of tunes suitable for this form of dancing, together with directions for performance. Only the melody of each piece is given, and this was in all probability played on a viol, violin, bagpipe—or, more certainly earlier—on the pipe and tabor. These tunes were not new in Playford's day, and many were then already traditional. They included such well-known melodies as " All in a Garden Green," " Adson's Saraband," " Blew Cap," " An Old Man is a Bed Full of Bones," " Bobbing Joe," " Dargason," and a host of others. Many of these and similar airs were used as thematic material by the virginal composers of the late Tudor and early Stuart periods, and " Sellenger's Round," " Trenchmore," " Greensleeves," *etc.*, were treated by the composers represented in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book. And when it is remembered that the earlier editions of the *Dancing-Master* appeared during the Commonwealth, it will be realised how little the Puritan *régime* interfered with the innocent pastimes of the masses. Playford's instructions show that some of the dances were arranged as " Longways for 6," " Longways for as many as will," " A Square dance for eight," and so on. The last-named was, of course, the Seventeenth-century ancestor of the Quadrille.

The Stuart court, although compelled by some regard for etiquette to open their balls with the recognised forms, such as Pavanes, Galliards, Corantoes, or Branles, according to period, nevertheless brought the evening's proceedings to a conclusion with a bout of jigging and Country Dances. The passing of Merry England and the introduction of foreign forms, though

many of the latter were influenced by the Country Dance, caused the decline of "the peculiar growth" of this nation. So complete was the change, and so great the mania for things with a foreign name, that, placing the vehicle before the tractor, the scribblers of this country converted the Country Dance into a descendant of the French *Contredanse.*

COURSE: In the language of the lute-player a Course was a string, and in the old books dealing with the lutes we read of "eleven course" instruments (*i.e.* lutes with eleven strings), and so on. The derivation of the word, used in this sense, is not clear. It is possible that the strings, drawn taut and straight, like a running-track, were named by the latter (Middle English, *Course;* Old French, *Cours;* Latin, *Cursus* from *Currere*, to run). The fact that the strings were used in unison-pairs helps to increase the similarity. There is just a possibility of the term being connected in some way with the German *Chor;* Praetorius (*Theatrum Instrumentorum*, 1620) using the expression "Sechs-Choerichte Cither" for a six-stringed cittern.

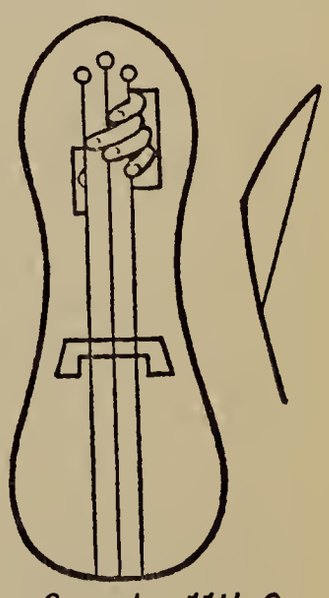
COURT MUSIC. *v.* ROYAL MUSIC.

COVERT-PLAY. *v.* CLOSE-PLAY.

CRACKLE: A direction belonging to the lutenist, and referring to one of the methods of striking chords on the instruments of the lute family. It would appear that "to Crackle" a chord was to divide it arpeggio-fashion, although Mace's definition is not as clear as it might be. In *Musick's Monument*, 1676, he says: "To Crackle such to three part stops, is only to divide each stop, with your thumb and two fingers, so as not to lose time, but to give each crotchet its due quantity." If the three-note chords were to be distributed between thumb and two fingers "so as not to lose time," it would seem that a solid chord were intended. But the phrase, "give each crotchet its due quantity," suggests that the three notes were to be played separately, though equally. I favour the arpeggio interpretation, not only on account of the last-quoted sentence, but also because Mace gives two other methods of striking, one of them called "Full-Play" (*q.v.*), and the other "Raking" (*q.v.*), which latter appears to me to have come somewhere between a chord in "full-play" and one "crackled" in effect.

CRIES: The "crying" of their wares by itinerant trades-folk is a very ancient institution, and each article had its own traditional melody, the origin of which is lost in the mists of the past. During the Seventeenth Century in England, a popular species of composition took the form of these Cries threaded together to make a sort of vocal Fancy in four or more parts. The *ensemble* sections were interspersed with soli, and the whole was often accompanied by a consort of viols. Thomas Weelkes, for example, wrote *The Cryes of London*, as also did Orlando Gibbons, both compositions being contained in Additional MS. 29427 (*c.* 1616; British Museum), the same volume including the *Country Cryes* of Richard Deering. The last-named composition is given, with slight differences, in Additional MS. 17792. A full account of the separate cries, with their tunes, is given by Sir Frederick Bridge in *The Old Cryes of London* (Novello, 1921).

CROWD: A stringed instrument of great antiquity, originally plucked with the fingers or plectrum, and later—in some forms of the instrument—also played with the bow. A careless comparison between early references and illustrations has often forced the student to the conclusion that between the Crowd, the Rote (*Rotte* and *Rotta*), the Cruit, and the Crwth, there must have existed a close connection. For one thing, they were all played in practically the same way, although later in the history of the individual forms differences were developed that tended to keep them distinct. But, in spite of the fact that we may at the present time treat all these instruments together, they existed in at least four distinct forms, which it will be well to keep apart. There was, in the first place, a Rote or *Rotte* with parallel sides and a hole cut in the upper part of the body for the plucking hand. Secondly, there was a form of Crowd with slightly indented sides, a hole, of varying shape for the fingers of the left hand to pass through (but not so large as in the first case), and strings passing over a bridge and fastened to a tail-piece. Thirdly, the Irish form called



Crowd. 11th C.

Cruit, which appears to be more like the descendant of an early lyre or small harp (the small hand-harp being indeed called "cruit" in Ireland). And fourthly, the Welsh Crwth with bowed strings over a bridge, and plucked strings at the side of the fingerboard. There does not appear to be any close relationship between any of these four forms; and notwithstanding the verdict of many high authorities, I am of opinion that, although the first and second of the forms mentioned may be of common origin, the Welsh and the Irish forms are quite distinct, and may have been evolved in the case of the Crwth from an Eastern lyre, and in that of the Cruit from an early harp. There is nothing extravagant in the latter supposition; commerce between Palestine, Egypt, Greece, Rome, the Levant, and Britannia was very much cultivated even in the remote pre-Christian era. And the parts touched by these travellers were just those which used the instrument in its Welsh or Irish forms.

Every writer on the subject mentions the allusion to the *Chrotta* by Venantius Fortunatus (Bishop of Poitiers, *c.* 609), and it would seem almost heretical to leave it unmentioned here. From the following century an illustration is forthcoming showing the form of the Rote as it was used in England at that time (Cotton Manuscripts, Vesp. A. 1, British Museum). It is a six-stringed instrument, but no bridge or tail-piece can be discerned. The strings simply extend from the bottom of the instrument to the upper end of the hole through which they were plucked. The sides are parallel, and the top and bottom slightly convex. Such an instrument as this could not have been bowed, and similar examples can be seen in other manuscripts. But in another English specimen of *c.* 1400—although in shape it is not at all unlike the one just mentioned—the probability of its having been bowed is not precluded. No bridge is shown, it is true, but the strings (three in number) are affixed by means of a tail-piece. The fingering hand is still inserted through a hole apparently cut right through the thickness of the instrument, but no fingerboard is visible. There can be no possible doubt that there must have been one, for no one in their senses would cut a hole through an instrument unless for the purpose of stopping; because there was a nearer way to the strings from the front, if it was only required to pluck them open. Now, if this Crowd of 1400 was fingered,

and had its strings attached to a tail-piece, it was most probably bowed also. It should be noticed that although *Rottes* have been found portrayed with from five to a score of strings, the bowed variety—even in the cases where the bow was certainly used—rarely had more than three. It is important to remember, should there be a danger of confusing these three-stringed, bowed Crowds with the rebecks, that the latter had necks and heads that held the pegs, while the former only had bodies—so to speak—the fingering hand approaching the strings by means of an opening in the instrument.

So far the shape of the Crowd has been oblong, or oblong with slightly curved top and bottom. Another form must now be considered : that of the specimen portrayed in bas-relief in Worcester Cathedral (Choir), and dating from the Thirteenth Century. This variety of the Crowd was oval, about two and a half times as long as it was broad, had a couple of primitive, comma-shaped, sound-holes, a tail-piece, and the hole for the fingering hand was still present. But the chief point of dissimilarity between this Crowd and those already described was the fact that its long sides were decidedly incurved, like those of an elongated guitar ; and I can see no other reason for this incurving, at the place it occurs, than to facilitate bowing. Here, again, no bridge is shown ; this being the only link wanting to make of the instrument one that might be easily bowed. But a French specimen of the Eleventh Century exhibits even this feature ; and in the example in question it is perfectly flat. This would argue that the three strings were bowed simultaneously as chords ; a fact that need not prove the falsity of the bowing theory, for the Welsh Crwth, which was demonstrably bowed, had a bridge of equal flatness.

Now, whether the two forms of the Crowd (or Rote) already treated had a common origin or not, cannot be determined with certainty to-day. They may be related, but so many of the intermediate stages in the evolution appear to be missing, that no advantage can be gained by wasting time on profitless speculation. But one point may be noted ; and that is, at the time of the incurved specimens a distinction seems to have been made between the plucked variety and the bowed. Perhaps the name Rote was applied to the former, and Crowd reserved for the other. Certain it is that, in spite of their similarity, contemporary writers of the Fifteenth Century

mention the two forms together, and they would not do this if *Rote* and *Crowd* had been applied to one and the same instrument. My own observation brings me to the conclusion that the Rote was not bowed and that the Crowd, in its later medieval development at any rate, was so played.

Literary mention of both names is not rare in England ; in *Sir Tristrem* (Thirteenth Century) the " Croude " is referred to, and Wiclif has " Crowde " in his Testament. In the *Kyng of Tars* (Ritson's *Metrical Romances*, *l.* 485) we read :

Nas munstral non with harpe ne crouthe.

In *Octavian Imperator* (Fourteenth Century, *l.* 69) we meet with the form Roowte. *Sir Degrevant* (*l.* 37 ; *Thornton Romances*, *ed.* J. O. Halliwell, Camden Society, 1844) has the line :

Well to play in a rote,

where the preposition may mean a misprint or slip of the author's pen. *Lybeaus Disconus* (*l.* 138) also uses the term Crouthe. Chaucer frequently made his characters musical and wrote of one who could sing well and " pleyen on a Rote," while John Lydgate (*Reson and Sensuallyte*, MS. Fayrfax 16, Bodl., and British Museum MS. Addit. 29729) has : " Harpys, fythels, and eke rotys " (*l.* 5579). In the *Squyr of Lowe Degre* the same name occurs, as it does also in John Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (*l.* 829). Stephen Hawes refers to " Harpes, Lutes, and Crowdes right delicious " (*Pastime of Pleasure*, 1506, *chap.* xvi.). In Scotland, too, the word used was the English one (Crowd ; mentioned in Gavin Douglas' *Palace of Honour*, 1501, printed 1579). Exactly when the instrument fell into disuse would be difficult to determine. The evidence of poets goes for nothing in such cases, for lutes are mentioned by present-day writers. So that when Spenser writes of the " trembling crowd " in his *Epithalamion* (1594) he may have only used the word with a poet's licence. It must be mentioned in passing, too, that the words Crowd and Crowder may have been applied to the instruments of the Rebeck and Fiddle type and their players, by writers who had no very exact knowledge of earlier distinctions.

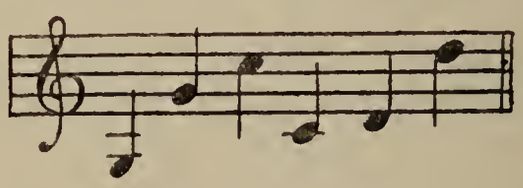
In the case of the Irish Cruit we have an instrument that, in its earliest forms at any rate, appears to have been more like

a lyre or small harp than were any of the crowds and rotes. A small Cruit, represented on a sculptured cross of the Eighth Century, and a larger one in a similar place dating from the Ninth Century, were both clearly of the harp-type, and could only have been played by plucking. No doubt later developments along certain lines enabled a bow to be used, but under what influences these alterations were made is not clear. It must be noted that authorities on Ancient Irish music look upon the Cruits on the sculptured crosses mentioned above as early harps and nothing more. There is plenty of justification for this ; but it does not prevent the instrument having been developed along two distinct lines—one leading to a bowed Cruit, and the other to the Irish harp.

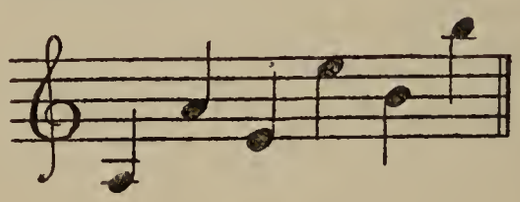
The Welsh form, although persisting in a highly improved shape until the end of the Eighteenth Century, is not mentioned very early ; indeed, we have allusions to bowed Crowds in England much anterior to bowed Crythau. Whatever may have been the form of the earliest Crwth used in Wales (and it will be seen later that it was most probably the three-stringed Crowd), the last development of it came after considerable outside influence had been exercised. It is mentioned in a poem by " Gruffydd ab Davydd ab Hywell " (*c.* Fifteenth Century), and an extract from it is given by John Jones (Idris Vychan) in *An Essay on Penilion Singing* (1885). From the description of the Crwth given in this extract it is not quite clear that it refers to the instrument as we know it from existing examples ; and the bow that is mentioned may not be a bow for playing so much as some curved part of the instrument. Gruffydd says that it had " a fine wooden chest " and that its value was " one pound " ; further that it had six strings, " one for each finger and two for the thumb." The sentence of which I can make very little is : " Its frontlet (or diadem, chaplet) is round as a wheel and the bow is across its short point."

Hipkins and Gibb in their beautiful work on old instruments illustrate the final form of the Welsh Crwth, and a specimen may be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum (London). In these the instrument had a hollow body made of a single slab of wood, with the belly glued on to it. Attached to this shallow box was an arch which held at its centre the finger-board and the tuning-pegs. Two circular sound-holes were cut

in the belly, and the lower ends of the strings were fastened to a tail-piece. Between the end of the fingerboard and the tail-piece was placed a bridge of peculiar construction. The right foot rested on the table, while the left, much longer, passed through the left sound-hole and rested on the inside of the instrument's back, thus fulfilling the double function of foot and sound-post. This use of the bridge foot is not an isolated one. A third foot in the centre of the bridge rested, like the right foot, on the belly. Over the fingerboard were mounted four strings, and running alongside were another two ; this use of additional strings to be plucked by the thumb was again quite common in many instruments (*e.g.* in the Viola di Bardone or Barytone, several varieties of the Lute, *etc.*). The tuning varied, and the commonest appears to have been :



the first two notes being that of the plucked strings. This accordance was still used in the Eighteenth Century (Edward Jones, *Musical and Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards*, 1794). An alternative tuning was :



given by William Bingley (1804) who met a Welshman at Carnarvon in 1801 who played on a Crwth thus tuned. The Hon. Daines Barrington also speaks of a John Morgan who played at Carnarvon in 1801, probably referring to the same performer. The flatness of the bridge is a feature reminiscent of the bridges used on the three-stringed Crowds ; individual strings could not have been bowed, and chords chiefly must have been produced. With the peculiar tuning of the instrument some most effective combinations must have been possible.

A three-stringed Crwth—*Crwth Trithant*—is frequently mentioned, which Engel thinks was " a sort of violin, or more properly a rebeck " ; and Hipkins is " disposed to agree " with

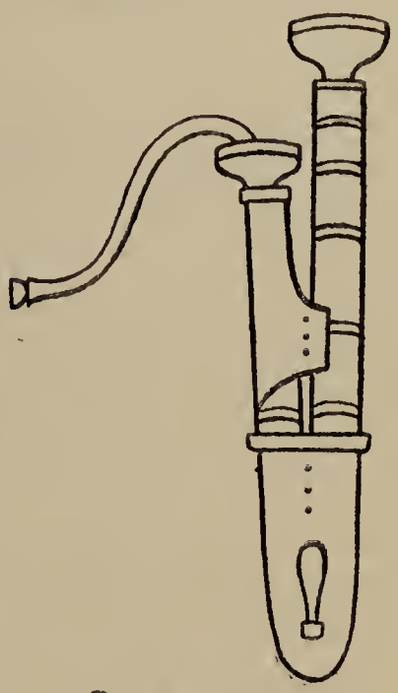
him. Why Engel should think thus is not clear when the three-stringed Crowd above-mentioned can much more probably be the instrument alluded to. Moreover, Hipkins says that the tuning of the Crwth Trithant was the tonic, the fifth, and the octave, which was that of the Organistrum or primitive hurdy-gurdy, very popular at the period from which date the references to the three-stringed Crwth.

CRUIT. *v.* CROWD.

CRWTH. *v.* CROWD.

CURTAIN-TUNE. *v.* ACT-TUNE.

CURTAL: An obsolete instrument, playing the part of the modern bassoon. Its chief characteristic was the doubling of the long tube upon itself so that the finger-holes at either end became equally easy of reach, and so that the fingers and thumb of the same hand could work together. This bending of the tube naturally shortened it, and this circumstance gave the instrument its name (French *Courtaut* or *Courtaud*, shortened or squat). A form still shorter than the ordinary Curtal was used, and called the Racket or Sausage-Bassoon. The Double Curtal was pitched an octave lower than the ordinary Curtal.



Double Curtal
(Randle Holme, Academy of Armory
British Museum Ms. Harleian 2034.
Bk. III 17th Century)

The only old-English account of the instrument which seems accurate, is that given by Randle Holme in his manuscript *Academy of Armory* (British Museum, *Harl. MS.* 2034, *Bk.* III, *c.* 1688). A sketch of the instrument is also included, and from it we see that the Curtal was composed of a sort of knee-piece into which two tubes were fitted in such a way as to form a continuous air channel, bent like a hair-pin. The two tubes were of unequal length, the shorter being connected with the

mouthpiece by means of an S-shaped tube. Holme describes it as follows: "A Double Curtaile this is double ye bigness of the single . . . and its play is eight notes deeper. It is as it were two pipes fixed in on thick bass pipe, one much longer than the other, from the top of the lower comes a crooked pipe of Brass . . . in which is fixt a Reed, through it the wind passeth to make the instrument make a sound. It hath six Holes on the outside and one Brass key called the double *F fa ut* on that side next the man or back part and two Brass keys the highest called double *La sol re* and the other double *B mi.*" The curious names for the keys of the instrument were probably those of the notes that these keys produced (*v.* Gamut). Carl Engel mentions a specimen of the Fifteenth-century Curtal in the Conservatoire of Music at Paris, and the existence of this example may account for the full description given in the Encyclopedia of de Felice (1772). Although the instrument was very much used, especially in England, specimens of it are very rare; and good contemporary accounts are all the more welcome. De Felice says of it: "Courtaut is nothing different than a shortened fagotto or bassoon, which can serve as bass to the *musettes*. It is made out of one piece of cylindrical wood and resembles a thick stick. It has eleven holes, seven on top; the eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh are underneath. The instrument is pierced throughout its length by two holes; the seventh hole indicating the connecting-point at which these two tubes meet. In order to make of these two tubes one continuous canal, a small box is adjusted, by which means the wind is carried from the reed to the eleventh hole, in such manner that the air descends and remounts. Besides the holes already mentioned, there are six others: three on the right for those who play on this instrument from the right side, and three on the left for the others. Those that are not used are closed with wax. On the others are placed little funnels of wood called "udders" (*tetines*), which penetrate as far as the second canal, into which the holes under the instrument open. Of all these holes, two of the under ones, 9 and 10, give the highest sounds: the six holes, 1 to 6, follow, the sixth hole making the seventh note. The tenth is called the thumb-hole, because it is closed by that member; it opens into the first canal, just as the six which follow it. The seventh hole gives no sound at all, whether it be open or

closed; it merely effects or interrupts the continuity of the tube. The udders form the eighth, ninth, and tenth holes, the eleventh serving for nothing but as an exit for the wind."

The date at which the instrument was first used in England cannot be determined with any degree of certainty. Judging from the circumstance that it was enumerated among the instruments in the possession of Sir Thomas Kytson, of Hengrave Hall (*c.* 1600), the second half of the Sixteenth Century may be a reasonable date to assign to its *debut* in this country. In the *Household Accounts* of the knight just named we read under date December, 1574: "For an instrument called a Curtall, xxxs."; and the way the entry is made seems to suggest that the instrument was not well known, or we might expect to find the item "For a Curtal." References to the instrument are not sufficiently numerous to afford materials for an unbroken history of its use, but enough can be gleaned from what we know to enable us to form a fair idea of its functions. In the Chapel Royal the Curtal was used regularly, and at a festival service of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor the instrument in question took part in the accompaniment.

The Lord Chamberlain's Records give a good deal of information concerning the engagement of performers on the Curtal for the Royal Band. In 1663 (June 20) a warrant "to pay Edward Strong, musician, the sum of £50 for three good Curtalls, by him bought and delivered for his Majesty's service" was issued, and in 1669 (November 30) Robert Strong was to receive £52 for "two double Curtolls . . . given to Segnior Francisco for the service of the Queenes Majesty." An entry dated August 30, 1662 (*Vol.* 741) orders Robert and Edward Strong "to attend with their double Curtolls in his Majesty's Chappell Royall at Whitehall." We can form no opinion as to how many players on the Curtals were employed in the royal orchestra, for the entries in the State Papers are not always clear on the point; several musicians made a habit of playing upon two or more instruments and were often entered simply as "for the wind-music." It is most probable that some of the players on the hautboy performed on the Curtals when the necessity arose. Such a doubling was not unusual, and there is nothing extraordinary in a musician, who understood the treble of an instrument, playing also on the

bass of the same species. Only three or four more references to the instrument—that is to say, references able to add to our knowledge of the subject—are known to me. The double Curtal was represented in the Coronation procession of James II, and the municipal books of the Edinburgh Town Council have an entry dating from 1696, giving the information that the Cornets (*q.v.*) of the Town Waits (*q.v.*) were changed for the "French Hautboye and double Curtle, instruments far more proper. . . ." The instrument persisted well into the Eighteenth Century, and in the "grenadier music" of the Honourable Artillery Company it had a place as late as 1731. At a date not much anterior to this Dr. Robert Creyghton wrote the well-known verse in Additional MS. 37074 (British Museum) containing the lines :

> I hear a Thunder rolling here beneath,
> Where Curtals and Bassoons their murmurs breathe.

Another manuscript in the British Museum (Additional 36710 ; not later than 1732) states that Handel's pastoral *Acis* needed a "double Curtal" for the accompaniment to some of the songs.

There can be no doubt that the Curtal was, for some time, used side by side with the bassoon which was soon to displace it. Grassineau's Musical Dictionary of 1740 still gives : "Curtail, *double*, a musical wind instrument like the Bassoon, which plays the bass to the Hautboy." In this way—as the bass of the hautboy family—the Curtal was used during the whole of its career in England, and although, as we have seen, the instrument was known here in the days of Queen Elizabeth, it did not seem to be very widely used until the middle of the Stuart period.

DESCANT : A term used to signify a disquisition on a theme or ground (*q.v.*). Tyndale (before 1536) has : "Twenty doctours expounde one Text xx wayes as children make descant upon Playne Song." Richard Edwards (*Damon and Pythias*, 1571) uses practically the same simile : ". . . your playne song to sing descant upon." Shakespeare employs the term as a verb in *Richard III* (I, 1) : "Unless I spy my shadow in the sun, and descant on my own deformity." In the *Squyr of Lowe Degre* the word is spelled *dyscant.*

At the period from which these quotations have been taken,

the term had a fairly wide application. In the first place it could mean the part or parts added to a plain song or *canto fermo*, in the nature of divisions; and thus Tyndale's use of it was musically quite correct. North (*Memoires of Musick*) says "the early discipline of musick in England was . . . to sing plain-song at sight, and moreover to descant, or sing consort parts at sight . . . and this not only of one part onely, but art was so farr advanced that divers would descant upon plaine-song extempore together. . . ." Christopher Simpson in 1659 speaks of "Descant, or Division."

In the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries the word meant the simultaneous sounding of two or more different themes in harmony, and thus was the forerunner of harmony and counterpoint. In this sense John Playford employs the term until near the end of the Seventeenth Century: "The Art of Descant, or Composing Musick in Parts."

Both senses of the word were used at the same time in the middle of the century. Christopher Simpson (*Division-Violist*, 1659), in speaking of the differences that existed between Descant and Breaking the Ground (*q.v.*), says: "Division, or Descant-Diminution, is that, which maketh another distinct, and concording part unto the Ground. It differs from the former (Breaking the Ground) in these Particulars. That, breaks the notes of the Ground; This Descants upon them. That, takes the liberty to wander sometimes beneath Ground; This (as in its proper sphere) moves still above it. That, meets every succeeding note of the Ground, in the Unison or Octave; This, in any of the Concords."

DIALOGUE: A composition, as its name implies, for two voices, very popular in the Seventeenth Century, not only in England, but all over the Continent of Europe. Its form was rapidly developed and "dialogues" are to be met with in three or more parts. Additional MS. 11608 (British Museum, *c.* 1656) contains a "Dialogue of Juno, Venus, Pallas, and Paris" in two and four parts, by John Hilton; and another by Ramsey called "A Dialogue between Saul, ye Witch of Endor, and Samuell's Ghost." *Ayres and Dialogues* were published in large numbers during the second half of the Seventeenth Century, the texts being chiefly pastoral in character. Of especial interest and importance were the

sacred dialogues of the period, which in all probability had their origin in the antiphonal singing of the Middle Ages.

DIAPASON : A Greek term meaning to pass "through all" (the notes) and thus arrive at the octave, whence it came to be the name of the octave itself. Playford explains Diapason as "a perfect Eighth, and contains five whole Tones and two half Tones." It is easy to see how a word applied to a duplication of a note came to mean, in a general sense, concord ; and in this way it is employed by many writers. Shakespeare uses the word in *Lucrece* (*l.* 1132) and Milton, in the poem, *At a Solemn Music*, has : ". . . whose love their motion sway'd In perfect diapason." In its stricter meaning, John of Trevisa (translating Ranulf Higden's *Polychronicon*) used it as *dyapason ;* and so it is printed in Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1495. The last-mentioned work also contains the "Duplex Diapason" or double octave, although the example printed with the text contains a note too many.

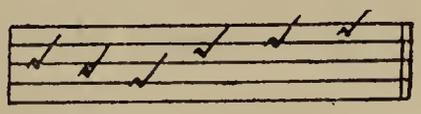
In England "open" and "stopped" diapason are terms used in connection with the organ.

DIAPHONY : According to accounts given by Hucbald, Guido d'Arezzo, and other writers of works printed by Coussemaker (*Scriptores, etc.*), Diaphony may be said to have been, for all ordinary purposes, the same as Organum (*q.v.*). This early attempt at harmony produced long successions of fourths or fifths, which, to modern ears, sound intolerable ; but Guido gives examples in which seconds and thirds are more frequently used, with the result that the music is proportionately more interesting. Diaphony had become fairly free by Guido's time, and the only interval studiously avoided was the tritone (the *diabolus in musica*).

DIMINUTION : 1. In Mensural Music, the halving of the value of the notes, or doubling their speed, by an alteration in the time-signature (*v.* TIME, *Tempus*).

2. In music of a contrapuntal character, Diminution consists of the restatement of a theme in notes of a smaller value—*i.e.* a subject that has been given in minims or crotchets, being repeated in crotchets or quavers, respectively.

DIRECT: A sign placed at the end of each line of music, and later at the foot of every page, to give the performer notice of the next following note, fulfilling the functions of the "catch-word" in early printed books. Playford gives the sign as follows:



and says that it "serves to direct to the place of the first Note on the next line."

DISCANT. *v.* DESCANT.

DIVIDE. *v.* DIVISION.

DIVISION: To "divide" a piece of music meant to write a variation upon it by dividing the long notes into a larger number of short ones, and generally embellishing it in order to exhibit technical dexterity in writer and performer. In *Lingua* (I, 1) we read: "'Tis plain, indeed, for Truth no descant needs, Una's her name, she cannot be divided." Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, III, I, 40) has:

> And all the while sweet Musicke did divide
> Her looser notes with Lydian harmony.

Shakespeare uses the noun in *Romeo and Juliet* (III, 5): "Some say the lark makes sweet division."

The Seventeenth-century instrumental composers in particular were very fond of this form of writing, and the variation-style was exceedingly popular. The majority of the virtuoso show-pieces for the viols consisted of a theme with a number of "divisions," Christopher Simpson having written some interesting specimens. Even the exercises or "lessons" for beginners took the form of some popular tune such as "The Lark," or "John come kiss me now," with simple variations. Thus Playford's *Introduction to the Skill of Musick* (1674 and many other editions) gives "*John come kiss*, with Division to each Strain." The same publisher's *Division-Violin* (1688) prints a number of Grounds suitable for playing division. The division of a ground was often termed "Diminution" (*v.* GROUND *and* DESCANT).

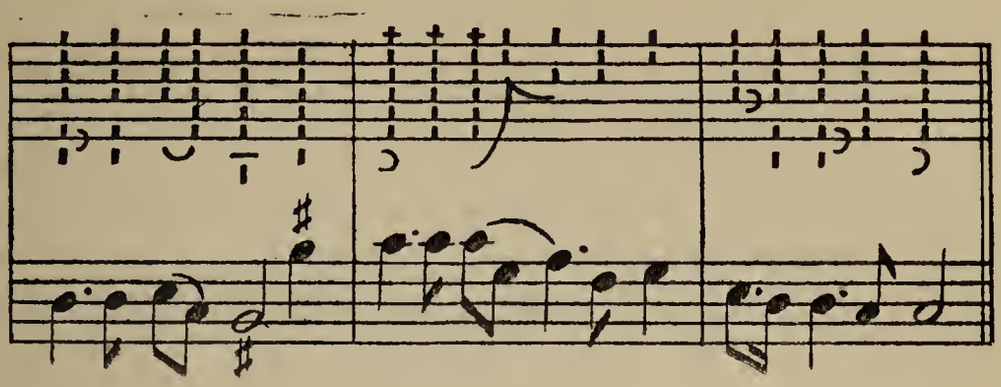
DIVISION-VIOL: A bass-viol of medium size suitable for the performance of ornate divisions (*q.v.*) or variations on a ground-bass. These compositions were often of a very exacting nature, and an instrument that was fairly easy to manage afforded the virtuoso the best chances of success. Both John Playford and Christopher Simpson are unanimous as to the size of instrument best suited to this class of music. The former says : " a Bass Viol for Divisions must be of a less size (than the Consort-Viol, *q.v.*), and the Strings according " ; while the latter (*Division-Violist*, 1659) has : " I would have a Division-Viol to be something a shorter size than a Consort-Basse that so the Hand may better command it " (*v.* also VIOLS).

DOMPE. *v.* DUMP.

DOT: In old English music a term less frequently used than Prick or Point (*q.v*).

DOT-WAY: A species of Tablature (*q.v.*) used in writing music for the Recorder and the Seventeenth-century Flageolet. It consisted of as many lines as the instrument had finger-holes, and each dot placed on a line represented a finger placed on the corresponding hole of the instrument. Humphrey Salter's *Genteel Companion for the Recorder* (1683) and Thomas Greeting's *Pleasant Companion* (for the Flageolet, 1682) both give their lessons and pieces in this tablature. Salter says that some writers used a seven-lined stave and others six ; he employs six only, adding a " short line underneath " in the nature of a ledger-line when he requires it ; his idea being that " more do but hinder the readiness of sight." The top line of the system referred to the under hole which was stopped with the thumb ; the second line belonged to the first hole above the instrument ; the third line to the second hole, and so on. These holes were stopped with the fingers of the left hand in regular rotation, and when the digits of that hand were all employed, those of the right followed in the same way. The Pinching-Notes (*q.v.*) were indicated by the dot being crossed with an horizontal line, thus forming a plus-sign. Salter's instructions are rather quaintly worded, as for example, " stopping all the holes is eight dots, up with the little finger of your right hand is seven dots, *etc.*" The last three measures of a short piece given in the *Genteel Companion* are as follows, the

the second stave containing the same three measures in ordinary notation :



DOUBLE : Very similar to a simple division (*q.v.*), consisting of an embellished version of a short instrumental movement. Such simple variations on the stereotyped dance-forms were often called Doubles, and the works of Bach and his contemporaries abound in examples. The term persisted until well into the Eighteenth Century.

DOUBLE BACKFALL. *v.* BACKFALL.

DOUBLE CURTAL. *v.* CURTAL.

DOUBLE FALL. *v.* FALL.

DOUBLE RELISH. *v.* RELISH.

DOUBLE SACKBUT. *v.* SACKBUT.

DOUCET, DOUCETTE. *v.* RECORDER.

DRIVING NOTES : Syncopated notes were named Driving Notes in Seventeenth-century England ; that is to say, they were urged or driven through the ensuing accent. John Playford defines the term with " *Syncopation* is when the beating of Time falls to be in the midst of a *Semibreve* or *Minim*, *etc.*, or, as we usually term it, Notes driven till the Time falls even again "—" Driven Notes " being a common variant for Driving Notes.

DROMSLADE : A variant spelling of Drumslade (*q.v.*) probably betraying the Dutch origin of the word.

DRUMSLADE : A term derived from the Dutch *Dromstade*, a drummer, and used in England to designate that class of musician, and also, through error, the instrument itself. When the word was first used here is difficult to determine. The State Papers speak of Tabrets until the first half of the

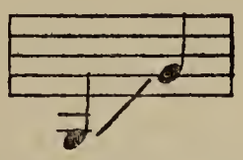
Sixteenth Century, and in an account for expenses connected with the funeral of Henry VIII (Lord Chamberlain's Records, February 21, 1547/8) a "Drume player" is mentioned. In the Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII (May 14, 1532) we read: "Item . . . Paied to hans Pyper and Bartholomew his ffellawe Dromslades for their lyverayes xlv.*s.*," while on September 6th of the same year a similar sum was paid to "Christopher Drombeslade and his fellawe for ther lyveray coots." Queen Elizabeth's accounts show the employment of three *Drumsteds* at "fee apeece 18*l.* 5*s.*," the word here exhibiting a spelling very like the Dutch original. Later in the Sixteenth Century the terms Drumplayer, Timpanist, and Drumslade alternate, and are often to be found used in reference to one and the same performer.

D-SOL-RE. *v.* GAMUT.

DUB: An old name for the Tabor (*q.v.*) and used colloquially. Its derivation is doubtful, but may be onomatopoeic; George Gascoigne in his *Flowers* (Sixteenth Century) having: "The Drummes crie dub a dub, the braying trumpets blow." Beaumont and Fletcher likewise have: "how the drum dubs." Just as the word Drum itself comes to us from the Dutch, so may Dub come from the East Frieslandic *Dubbe*, a blow, and *Dubben*, to strike.

DULCIMER: An ancient stringed instrument almost identical, in its earlier forms, with the Psaltery (*q.v.*), except that it was always played by striking the strings, generally of metal, with small hammers or beaters made of a flexible material to give resiliency, while the other was played with the fingers or a plectrum. The Dulcimer thus became the ancestor of the modern pianoforte with hammers. Sometimes the strikers of the Dulcimer were provided with double heads, one being covered with soft, and the other with hard, material, so that different shades of tone could be obtained. The strings ran over continuous bridges in the earlier forms, and over small, separate, bridges—one for each string—in the later. Being divided by the bridges into parts of unequal length, the strings could be struck on either side of one of the bridges, each part producing a different note. Some of the sections were unfit for use, and a certain amount of skill and practice was necessary to hit off the correct notes at will. The tuning-pins ran

along one of the short sides of the instrument, and the sounding-board was not infrequently perforated with one or more fretted circular sound-holes. The tuning varied in different countries ; generally to a diatonic scale in England, and, later, on the Continent, to a chromatic scale. The strings, divided by the bridges, naturally gave different series of notes, those obtained with the commonest tuning being between :

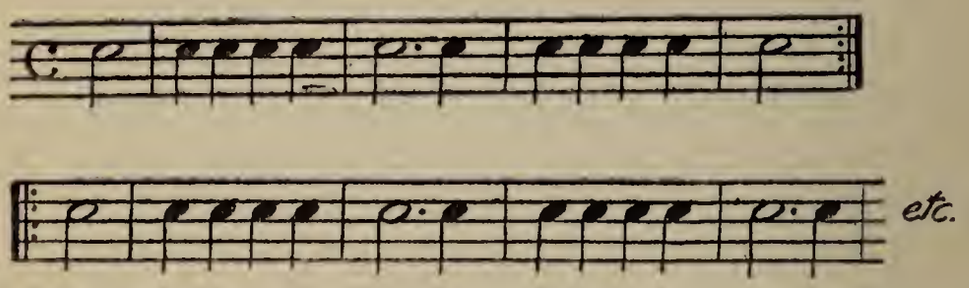


with F natural, in one set ; the same an octave higher in the next set ; and from the D on the fourth line of the treble stave to its octave, with the F sharp, in the rest of the strings used.

The instrument is mentioned as the *Dowcemere* in the *Squyr of Lowe Degre* (*l.* 1075) and as *Doucemer* in Stephen Hawes' *Pastime of Plesure* (*chap.* xvi, 1506). Historical references to it are frequent enough, and as an example it may be mentioned that at the Westminster entertainment of 1502 the " dusymer " was played by female musicians. Pepys (May, 1662) speaks of it as a novelty, the Virginal and the Spinet having probably robbed it of much of its vogue : " Here among the fidles I first saw a dulcimere played on with sticks knocking of the strings, and is very pretty." A month later he heard it again in a tavern.

The name " Dulce Melos " appears as early as the end of the Fourteenth, or the beginning of the Fifteenth Century, and was applied to a keyboard instrument (*v. Vierteljahrschrift fuer Musikwissenschaft*, 1892, *p.* 95). The Psaltery may have been first played with hammers in Germany, since the Italians call the Dulcimer the *Salterio tedesco.* The German name for it, however, is *Hackbrett* (" chopping-board " ; so called from the movements of the beaters). The Dulcimer is still used in Hungary as the *Cimbalom.* In Italy it was known at *Cembalo,* whence " Clavicembalo " for Harpsichord. I have heard it played in so-called Hungarian Bands in England, and one musical mendicant of twenty-five years ago lingers in my memory, for I used to hear him play a rather shabby dulcimer in the suburban trains of the Great Eastern Railway.

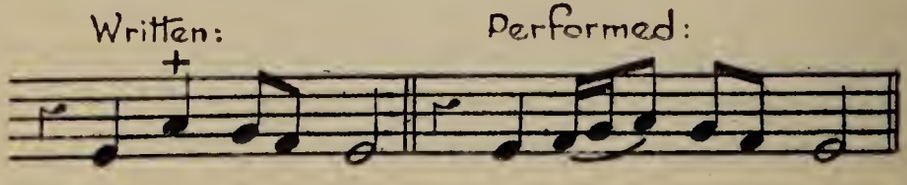
DUMP : A form of dance of which very little is known, and its peculiarities as a dance are equally obscure. Shakespeare mentions it twice ; once in *Lucrece* (*ver.* 161) : " Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears " (which would lead us to the conclusion that the form was a melancholy one), and again in Romeo and Juliet (IV, 5) : " O, play me some merry dump to comfort me," where the " merry " may be a joking play on words. Humphrey Gifford's *Gilloflowers* contains a poem entitled " A Dolefull Dumpe," and two more labelled " A Dumpe " and " A Dumpe by his friend G.C." It is possible that the term was applied in the Sixteenth Century to elegiacs and thence to similar music. At the same time, the rhythm of a Dump called *Lady Carey's Dumpe* (about 1600) cannot be said to be particularly dismal :



DUPLA : In Mensurable Music a doubling of the speed, generally indicated by the figure 2 next to the signature (*cf.* DIMINUTION, 1).

E-LA-MI. *v.* GAMUT.

ELEVATION : An ornament leading up, as its name suggests, from a low note to a higher one :



A variant of this embellishment was the " Shaked Elevation " :

(John Playford, *Introduction to the Skill of Musick*).

Christopher Simpson, in the *Division-Violist* (1659), speaks of a different kind of Elevation applicable to the Viols only :

" Sometimes a note is graced by sliding to it from the Third below, called an Elevation, now something obsolete. This sliding a Third is . . . alwayes done upon one String."

ENTRY: A term used in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries for what we call a Prelude to-day. It was sometimes applied fairly loosely to the opening movement of a Suite or Set of short pieces, having been doubtlessly suggested by the French *Entrée.* Roger North (*Memoires of Musick,* 1728) writes of pieces beginning " with an entry," and praises " the entrys of Baptist."

FA. *v.* ARETINIAN SYLLABLES and GAMUT.

FABURDEN, FA-BURDON. *v.* FAUX BOURDON.

FADING: Another name for the Burden (*q.v.*) or refrain of a song in Elizabethan England. J. O. Halliwell (*Dictionary of Archaic Words,* 1847) says that the Fading was the name of an Irish dance, " and also the burden of a popular Irish song of a licentious kind." Its use in England as a popular designation for the refrain of a song may have been extended from this sense. See also the quotation from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* in the article JIG.

FA-LA: A vocal (polyphonic) composition of a popular character with these Solmisation syllables as text. In some cases the whole work was sung to these syllables, sometimes only the refrain. It dates from the end of the Sixteenth and the commencement of the Seventeenth Century, *i.e.* during the vogue of the Madrigal, and some of the most celebrated of English musicians wrote in this form. As vocal accompaniments to ancient dances, monodies on such syllables date from the early Middle Ages.

FALL: The Cadence or Close of a musical phrase was, in Shakespeare's day, termed a Fall (*cf.* " That strain again, It had a dying fall," *Twelfth Night,* I, 1). John Playford gives a " Plain Fall " as an ornament connecting a note with another of lower pitch, and a " Double Fall " as one which descended to a note below the next chief note. " A Fall to take breath " is given in the *Introduction to the Skill of Musick* as one in which a short rest is inserted between the high note and the commencement of the ornament.

FANCY : A free form of composition for instruments, which may be looked upon as an English invention of the middle Sixteenth Century. The fact that Fantasies existed on the Continent of Europe does not influence this statement, since the method of handling and the nature and character of the true English Fancy differed so much from the foreign Fantasia, that no doubt can exist as to the native origin of the form. The fashion which sanctioned such writing undoubtedly owed its inception to the popularity of the instrumental In Nomine (*q.v.*), and once the writers of the period had broken away from the older conventions, they began to realise that their powers of invention and imagination were quite equal to the demands placed upon them by the new vogue. The sets of dance-forms were becoming too elementary for the great virtuosi of the time, and something more than mere variations (divisions) on a given theme was necessary to afford adequate expression to the growing technique of our instrumentalists. To meet this demand the Fancy came opportunely, and some of the later (middle of the Seventeenth Century) specimens are fine examples of instrumental writing. Though chiefly used for the stringed and bowed instruments, practically any combination could play the Fancy, and for some time it was the principal form of chamber-music.

How popular the Fancy must have been in Shakespeare's day is shown by the allusion to it in *II Henry IV* (III, 2), a use which proves that the meaning of the term must have been familiar to all : "He came ever in the rearward of the fashion : and sung those tunes to the overscutched hus-wives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights."

Christopher Simpson gives the recipe for the Fancy as it was written before the middle of the Seventeenth Century : "In this sort of Musick the composer (being not limited to words) doth imploy all his art and invention solely about the bringing in and carrying on these fuges according to the order and method formerly shewed. When he has tried all the several ways which he thinks fit to be used therein, he takes some other point, and does the like with it, or else, for variety, introduces some chromatic notes, with bindings and intermixtures of discords ; or falls into some lighter humour like a Madrigal, or what else his own fancy shall lead him to ; but

still concluding with something which hath art and excellency in it."

Although the Fancy allowed the writer a good deal of freedom as far as its actual form was concerned, the rules that convention imposed upon its writing soon made of it something that was looked upon with a certain amount of awe by the lover of the popular muse. It is peculiar that a form of composition intended to break away from stiff and stereotyped forms should itself become almost as formal. The result was that after having enjoyed great popularity for a couple of generations the Fancy began to decline in favour in the middle of the Seventeenth Century ; so much so that we find Simpson saying, " This style of music was much neglected because of the scarcity of auditors that understand it ; their ears being more delighted with light and airy music " (*Compendium*, 1667). This, no doubt, was the result of Charles the Second's peculiar taste in music, and his encouragement of French fashions to the detriment and neglect of the older English forms. Charles I, on the other hand, was a great admirer of the Fancy, and was probably responsible for the writing of a large number of them by reason of the grace with which he received their composers. John Playford tells us that Charles " could play his part exactly well on the Bass-Viol, especially of those incomparable Phantasies of Mr. Coperario to the Organ." Charles I, whatever he may have been as a king, showed considerable talent and taste as a musician, and his love for the Fancy did English music as great a service as Charles the Second's dislike for it sealed the fate of the form, and commenced an era of foreign influence upon our native art.

Examples of the Fancy are very frequent and no difficulty need be experienced in locating them. Lady Nevell's Virginal Book (before the end of the Sixteenth Century) affords two examples by William Byrd. Orlando Gibbons' manner of writing in this form may be seen in the two specimens contained in Benjamin Cosyn's Virginal Book. Richard Deering's work is exhibited in the British Museum manuscript Additional, 17786/91, and Additional 29366/8. In printed form there are seven specimens in John Dowland's *Varietie of Lute Lessons* (1610). In manuscripts dating from the middle of the Seventeenth Century the Fancy becomes so frequent that it is scarcely possible to refer to one without finding

examples by such men as Ferabosco, Gibbons, Jenkins, East, Lawes, Cooper, *etc.* Even Purcell still used it; but by then it was the property of the academician, and it had ceased to make any popular appeal.

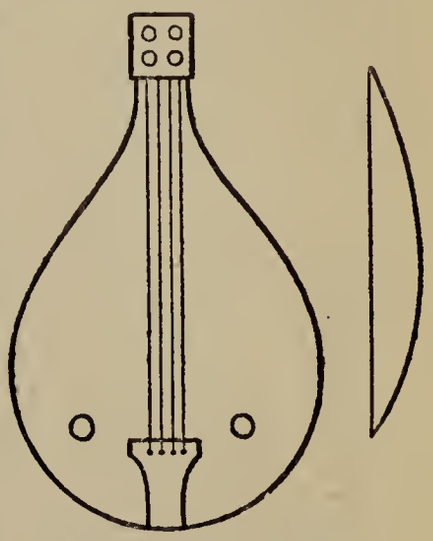
Before leaving the Fancy it is necessary to note a great difference of style and character between the examples we find at the end of the Sixteenth and the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, and those present in such huge quantities about fifty years later. The difference is sufficiently great to cause us to be suspicious that the two species may possibly come from different sources. There is always the likelihood that the earlier, Elizabethan Fancies, may be the English development of the Italian Fantasia; but even if this be so, the English claim to the form as exemplified in the Stuart examples cannot be gainsaid; and these were the brilliant children of the semi-virtuose, semi-ecclesiastical In Nomine.

FANTASIE. *v.* FANCY.

FAUX BOURDON: A form of discanting on a Plain-Song, consisting in the Treble and the Alto singing at intervals of a sixth and a third above the Tenor. Each phrase, however, opened and closed with the octave and fifth above the *cantus firmus*. The plain-song was not sung, and served only for the other parts to read from, their music being improvised from it. Chilston says of Faburden (or Faux Bourdon) that it "hath but two sights (*i.e.* positions), a third above the plain-song in sight, the which is a sixth from the treble in voice; and an even with the plain-song in sight, the which is an eighth from the treble in voice. These two accords the faburdener must rule by the mean (*Altus*), *etc.*" Gulielmus Monachus (Coussemaker, *Scriptores*, III, 273 *et seq.*) indicates that Faux Bourdon was very popular in England and gives an example. In this he uses two staves; the lower gives the unsung plain-song, and the upper the three-part harmony. The tenor part he writes in open notes, with the altus above and the treble below (sung, naturally, an octave higher) in black notes. Faux Bourdon was used in England certainly at the very beginning of the Thirteenth Century, and was most probably of still higher antiquity. Later meanings applied to the term do not concern us here.

F-FA-UT. *v.* GAMUT.

FIDDLE: This term, although used to-day as a colloquialism for "violin," was once employed to designate an instrument very different. The name as well as the instrument itself can be traced back to Saxon times (*Fithele;* and *Fithelere*, a fiddler), and illustrations of it, as given in early manuscripts, show it to have been rather broader and shorter than the Rebeck, and strung with four strings. A closer description would involve too much imagination being employed, since the Fithele borders closely on other, kindred, instruments. It is quite likely that in the Saxon period, as to-day, the word was used to mean any bowed stringed instrument. A drawing in Cotton Manucript (British Museum, *Tiber. C. VI*) shows a pear-shaped body, two small sound-holes, a tail-piece, a square head with four pins for tuning, and an arched bow. Whether the back of the instrument was flat or vaulted cannot be determined from the illustration, and we are thus robbed of one of the most important pieces of information. The frequent references to it that are to be found in the literature of the period between the Thirteenth Century and the rise of the true Viols, prove how common it must have been. But whether the word Fiddle or Fithele (or variation) so used, was meant to apply to a flat-backed instrument or to a vaulted one; to a four-stringed fiddle or to a three-stringed rebeck; to a primitive viol or any of the instruments in Virdung's collections of Geigen; is not always clear. The word *Fydelys* is used in the Fourteenth-century metrical romance *Octavian Imperator* (*l.* 70), and the Anglo-Saxon form *Fithele* employed by Chaucer in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales.*



Anglo-Saxon Fithele

FINAL: 1. The note in the Church Modes which occupies the position of the present-day tonic.

2. The last note (*finalis*) of a ligature (*q.v.*).

FIPPLE-FLUTE. *v.* RECORDER.

FITHELE. *v.* FIDDLE.

FLAGEOLET: A small, high-pitched member of the fipple-

flute family, and the last survivor of the instruments of the Recorder (*q.v.*) class. Its head was of the whistle type and the body bored with six holes, four stopped with the fingers in front, and two at the back for the thumbs. The fingering, which was peculiar, is given in Thomas Greeting's *Pleasant Companion for the Flageolet* (1682). The instrument was played from a Tablature (*v.* DOT-WAY), and could produce notes outside of its natural series by a certain manner of blowing (*v.* PINCHING NOTES). The Flageolet was exceedingly popular in the Seventeenth Century, and Pepys refers to it no fewer than thirty-one times, had his wife taught, and played alone and in duets with her whenever he had the opportunity. In the ale-house he would produce his instrument from his pocket and kill time with it; on moonlight nights he would play it in his garden. On January 20, 1667/8 the diarist wrote: ". . . did stop at Drumbleby's, the pipe-maker, there to advise about the making of a flageolet to go low and soft; and he do shew me a way which do do, and also a fashion of having two pipes of the same note fastened together, so as I can play on one, and then echo it upon the other, which is mighty pretty." Since the uses to which Pepys put the instrument are typical, there will be no need for multiplying quotations. The Double-Flageolet mentioned was probably different from the instrument made by Bainbridge at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The innovation, which did not live long, consisted of two flageolets, differently holed, set into an adapter which united them to a single mouth-piece. The ordinary Flageolet —of the true fipple-pipe type—is not yet extinct.

FLAT: The state in which a note is too low in pitch. As a noun the term is the name of a sign used to lower the pitch of a note by a semitone. As in the case of the expression "Sharp" (*q.v.*), Flat replaces Playford's "B fa cliff." It was used in the Seventeenth Century to indicate a minor interval, chord, tuning, or key, just as Sharp meant the same in the major. Thus a "Flat Third" was a minor third, and the tuning of a viol "Harpway Flat" one to a minor chord (*v.* HARPWAY.)

FLOURISH: A military trumpet-call, for signalling purposes. The term is of far too frequent occurrence to necessitate a description of its uses. "A Flourish of Trumpets" is a very common stage direction in Elizabethan literature. Shakespeare,

in *Antony and Cleopatra* (II, 7), follows the observation, ". . . sound and be hang'd, sound out," with the direction, " Sound a Flourish with drums." Later on, the word came to mean any ornamental scale-passage of a showy type. Playford uses it as synonymous with " Graces."

That the Flourish, in its first-mentioned sense, was distinct from the Sennet (*q.v.*), is clearly shown in Thomas Dekker's *Satiro-mastix* (1602): " Trumpets sound a florish, and then a Sennate."

FLUTE DOUCE. *v.* RECORDER.

FORLANE: A dance-form descended from the Galliard, and partaking of the characteristics of the latter. Written in 6/4 or 6/8, the dance varied a good deal in rhythm with the changing eras, but the unaltering feature was the jig-rhythm of dotted-quaver, semiquaver, quaver. The form was a localised one in the province of Friuli (Northern Italy) and was only used occasionally in other countries. Whether we meet it in France, Germany, or England, it is always as a novelty and a curiosity. Tomlinson gives it in his " New Dance ' Shepherdess ' " (1716) to French music, the whole thing probably being a simple imitation of the Venetian gondolier's dance. John Stafford Smith's *Musica Antiqua* (1812) affords another example which, says the editor, " was printed in England in 1711, and called ' The Furlong,' used probably by the Waits of London and Southwark."

FRETS: A method of mechanically dividing the fingerboards of stringed instruments into semitone intervals. This was effected by a variety of means—either by inlaying thin strips of metal, ebony, or ivory, across the fingerboard, or by tying lengths of catgut round the neck of the instrument so that they crossed the fingerboard under the strings. Mace (*Musick's Monument*, 1676) gives a complete and lucid account of the method employed in fretting the lutes, and explains how the distances between the frets should be gauged.

When a finger depressed a string on to a fret (either by falling directly over the fret, or just behind it), it stopped the string in such manner as to produce a note the pitch of which depended upon the position of the fret. Such a system of note-finding was mechanical at best, and was a legacy of the lutes, which, owing to the number of strings used, and the

various tunings employed, had some excuse for them. Playford says that playing the viols by frets was well enough for a beginner, but advised their removal as soon as the student had gained proficiency enough to find the correct positions for the several notes by ear alone. The fret, although the term has fallen out of common parlance, is still used on the mandoline, guitar, and kindred instruments.

The derivation of the word is doubtful. Three possible sources for it are the Old French *Frete*, a ferrule ; the Spanish *Frete*, a narrow band (used in heraldry), and *Freter*, to cross (J. B. B. Roquefort, *Glossaire de la Langue Romane*, 1808). A meaning suggested by one of these may have been " to encircle with narrow bands," a sense in which we find the verb employed in *Piers Plowman* (*Vision of Lady Meed*) : " Fairly her fingers were fretted with rings." The catgut frets of the viols " fretted " the neck of the instrument in this way, and a specimen of the Tenor Viol (1652) in my possession clearly shows the marks left by these frets.

The word was used so frequently in old English literature that we are forced to the conclusion (if further proof were needed) that music must have been so universally cultivated that the technical term was used in everyday speech. Shakespeare (*Taming of the Shrew*, II, 1) has : " I did but tell her she mistook her frets. . . . Frets, call you these ? said she, I'll fume with them " ; and in *Hamlet* (III, 2) we read : " Though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me." These two examples are typical of an enormous number of quotations that could be instanced.

The use of Frets made a system of notation, other than the one in general use, possible (*v.* TABLATURE).

FULL-PLAY : In lute playing the performance of full chords struck right across the strings, and used to differentiate chords from single-stop playing.

FURLONG. *v.* FORLANE.

GALLIARD : A dance of Italian origin that came to England by way of France and enjoyed an immense vogue here. A great number of examples are extant, and may be seen in practically any of the Elizabethan music-books—some of England's most celebrated composers writing in the form. In the Arundel Collection of Manuscripts there is a Galliard called, with the

Saraband which it follows, "The King's Masque"; and this specimen undoubtedly dates from the reign of Henry VIII, a very early date at which to find these two forms together. *Parthenia* contains ten Galliards by William Byrd, Dr. Bull, and Orlando Gibbons. It is naturally represented in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, and one example by Peter Phillips (1592) is noteworthy as containing ten sections, each of eight measures; the penultimate part being labelled *Saltarello*, a name which is in this case, I suppose, to be taken in its etymological sense only and may have been suggested by the prevalence of the Volte (*q.v.*). Robert Dowland, in his *Varietie of Lute Lessons* (1610), gives seven most interesting specimens of the Galliard; six of them by his father, John Dowland, and the seventh—unsigned—is, like the seventh Pavane, by Robert himself. All the examples quoted are in Tablature.

How popular the Galliard was in England may be more readily gauged from the fact that its name was used by most of the contemporary writers without any further explanation, proving that its meaning must have been familiar to all. Thus Shakespeare, in *Twelfth Night* (I, 3), intersperses Sir Toby's utterances with many illuminating passages referring to the dance: "What is thy excellence in a Galliard, Knight?"—and, later—"Why dost thou not go to church in a Galliard, and come home in a Coranto?"; and yet again—"I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a Galliard." An interesting allusion to a variant name for the form is given in *Much Ado about Nothing* (II, 1): "Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch Jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace. The first is hot and hasty, like a Scotch Jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and antientry; and then comes repentance; and with his bad legs falls into a cinque-pace, faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave." The *Cinque-pace* was the Galliard, so called because of the five steps (*cinque pas*) of which the dance was composed. Another form of the same variant was "Sink-a-pace." Finally, in *Henry V* (I, 2), we have:

> And bids you be advised there's nought in France
> That can be with a nimble galliard won.

Shakespeare's frequent use of the word compels us to the

conclusion that in the poet's day it had already become the property of the merry reveller of the middle classes. Yet, at a not much earlier period it was used as a court-dance in England, as it was in France during the reign of Henri III (1574/89), where it was hampered by all the restrictions of the true court measure.

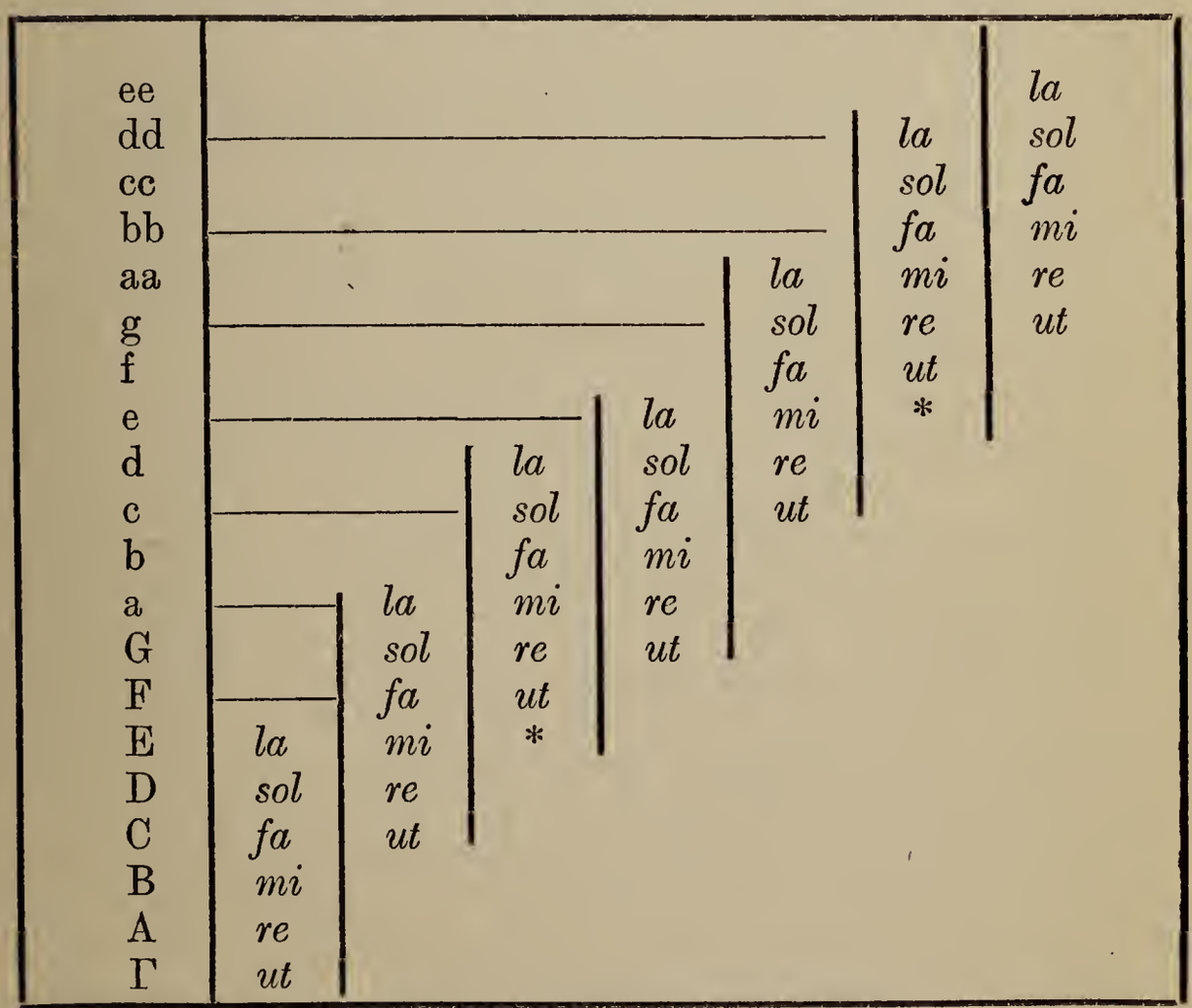
In conformity with the first law of artistic endeavour—the demand for variety—the Galliard was always used to follow the stately and dignified Pavane (*q.v.*), and in this order we generally find them written as well as danced. The lives of the two forms practically synchronised, for when the one vanished, at about 1650, the other fell out of favour also. Their places were taken by the Saraband and Jig. Occasionally a Galliard is to be found following a Saraband during the period of transition, and to prove that the former gave place to the Jig it will only be necessary to mention that we find Galliards and Jigs wedded to Pavanes and Sarabands indiscriminately—the two names being applied to what was in effect one and the same form.

The popularity of the Galliard on the Continent was, if possible, even greater than in England. Its name was derived from the French *Gaillard*, *Gaillarde*, "merry," "joyous," "gay," and the original dance was usually written in 3/2 time. Later we find it in almost any triple measure. Arbeau (or Tabourot, to give him his correct name) gives a good deal of information concerning the manner of the Galliard's performance in his *Orchèsographie* (1588). It should be noticed, in passing, that another name frequently applied to the form was *Romanesca*, or *Romanesque*, a term used to show that the place of the Galliard's birth was Rome.

The form was fairly popular in Germany also, but the majority seem to have been the work of foreigners to that country. As was also the experience of the Galliard's daughter —the Volte (*q.v.*)—the mother-dance was the subject of much criticism. Praetorius, sombre monk, condemned it as "an invention of the devil, and full of shameful and obscene gestures and immodest movements." Even the genial Tabourot mentions a Galliard that he witnessed, which was "so abandoned, and the extravagance of its steps such, that the bare knees of the dancer would have been visible at each leap, had she not with her hands held down her dress." Which

goes to prove that the beautiful dances of the olden times suffered equally with the less beautiful ones of to-day at the hands and feet of dancers like the one alluded to by the Abbé Tabourot.

GAMUT, GAM-UT: In ancient music the Gamut was the range or compass of the sounds in common use. It referred more particularly to the twenty notes from the G on the first line of the bass stave to the E in the top space of the treble, together with the various hexachords which covered these notes. The whole system, which was to our forefathers what the scales and keys are to us, was presented to the student in some such form as the following, which is taken in part from Morley's *Plaine and Easie Introduction* (1597):



In the hexachords marked with an asterisk, the B is flattened for reasons given in the article HEXACHORD SYSTEM (*q.v.*).

The lowest note of this series was called *Gamma* (the Greek Γ) and this, in conjunction with the Ut to which the note was

sung (*v.* SOLMISATION), gave the system its name. *A-Re* was the note above it, *B-Mi* the next above, followed by *C-Fa-Ut*, and so on. These designations thus not only named the notes, but also gave their absolute pitch. With the above chart in view such titles as "Suite in *D-Sol-Re*" or "*a-la-mi-re*" (or *a-lamire*), *etc.*, are easy to understand.

"Gamut I am, the ground of all accord," says Hortensio in *Taming of the Shrew* (III, 1), and a study of what has been said on the subject will explain the many musical allusions made in this play. Skelton already speaks of "alamyre" in *Colin Clout* (*l.* 107).

GAMUT-STRING. *v.* TENOR STRING.

GAMUT-WAY: A term used in the Seventeenth Century to distinguish music set in ordinary notation from that written in one or other of the Tablatures (*q.v.*).

GAVOT: A dance of French origin which became very popular in England. Appearing in this country soon after it had been taken up in the French opera, we find a specimen by John Banister in Matthew Locke's *Melothesia* (1673), consisting of four sections of four and eight measures alternately. The *Tempest* music of Locke (1675) also included a Gavot of sixteen measures repeated. The form does not seem to have been very well known as yet, for Humphrey Salter, having probably received faulty information, wrote a "Gavot" in 6/4 (*Genteel Companion for the Recorder*, 1683). Further early examples of the form are contained in Playford's *Musick's Hand-Maide* (*Part* II, 1689), and in *Apollo's Banquet* (*Part* II, *Ed.* 6, 1690). In the last-named work the Gavot is included in a composite set called "Branle" (*cf.* the set of Branles in Arbeau's *Orchèsographie*). Since the French forms were so fashionable in England at the end of the Seventeenth Century and the beginning of the Eighteenth, the Gavot was industriously danced in English society; but that it rivalled the Menuet in popularity I should not be as ready to assert. All things considered, I am of opinion that the Gavot in England was more often used as an instrumental piece than as a dance.

Deriving its name from the natives (*Gavots*) of the Pays de Gap (Dauphiné), the Gavot is much more ancient than most works of reference would have us believe. Arbeau's set of Branles, to which "they gave this name of Gavotte," dates

from 1588, and taking into consideration some of the customs that Arbeau connects with the performance of the dance, there can be very little reason for doubting that the Gavot, which became so popular in the Eighteenth Century, had its origin in the older duple Branles. In Besarde's *Thesaurus Harmonicus* (Cologne, 1603) the Gavottes are all given as parts of the Branles, and Praetorius is one of the first to use the form independently (*Terpsichore*, 1612). A Gavotte by Henry le Jeune (before 1600), and transcribed by Mersenne (*Harmonie Universelle*, 1636), completes the list of very early specimens.

It was not until the last quarter of the Seventeenth Century that the Gavot received its regular form. It consisted, as did nearly all the other old dances, of two sections of four and eight measures, each repeated, in 2/4 time. One of the accepted rules of the dance was that it should commence at the half-bar, and its character was generally gay. Historically the Gavot followed the path of the Menuet, but stopped when it had reached the dignity of use in the Suite ; its dance origin was then lost sight of, and pieces bearing the indication *Tempo di Gavotta* followed, to remind musicians that a popular dance of that name once existed.

In the country of its birth the Gavot was changed from a joyful country measure into a true Court-dance. Originally employed at fancy-dress balls to create the correct atmosphere for the revellers appearing as *Gavots*, it became so much liked that soon every Menuet was followed by a Gavot. In this use it maintained the artistic aims of a century earlier by wedding contrasting forms for the sake of variety. And if a dance did not possess the contrasting spirit by nature it was modified to do so ; a circumstance that accounts for the same dance having differing characteristics in different countries and at different periods. So it came about that the stately, shuffled, and triple Menuet was rounded off by the performance of a duple dance which, though also a *danse grave*, allowed of the feet leaving the ground. It is possible that when the Gavot was used alone as a show-dance it was invested in more dignity, and even touches of deeper expression and tenderness entered into its composition. As time went on the Gavot became more stately, and eventually it differed but little from the Menuet, except in measure. In all its forms the Gavot was very popular, and not less so because it brought into high society all

the customs attending a kissing-dance. Although the bestowal of bouquets or chaplets sometimes took the place of the kiss, there were many who thought the exchange an unfair one, and adhered to the older custom.

Coming into vogue during the reign of Louis XIV, we find the Gavotte represented in many of the works of Lully. They are generally in regular form, and in these cases we can be tolerably certain that they were actually danced. In other places we meet with specimens containing, for example, nine measures, which were less suitable for terpsichorean purposes. The example in Lully's *Roland* is followed by another marked *Lentement*. Under the fifteenth Louis the Gavotte was produced in greater numbers, and in some cases the form was already much widened. By the time Gluck wrote *Paride* we find a Chaconne which had an interpolated Gavotte to relieve the monotony of the ever-recurring varied theme. This example consists of six sections of eight measures each, after which the Chaconne is resumed. *Iphigénie en Aulide* (1774) contains a Passecaille treated in a similar manner, and probably for the same reason. Here the Gavotte in the major is followed by one in the minor in true Trio form, the major section being then repeated. The Gavotte in *Alceste* (1776) is also in its most complete form, and is made up of a major and a minor section, followed by the first *da Capo*.

The dance that under Louis XV had been rigorously kept on the stage of the Opera, was brought into the salon by Marie Antoinette, and the introduction of the Gavotte into the State balls ensured for it the homage of society. The national upheaval that succeeded, swept all things artistic into an abyss of wantonness and vandalism. The Reign of Terror seized upon it, and in grim irony it was employed to dance to the death-song of the thousands who fell under the triangular knife. During the Directoire an attempt was made to revive the forms that were fashionable before the national suicide; but the response was feeble, and the Gavotte, though in use for some time, gradually died out.

Germany was the first of the neighbours of France to receive the Gavotte. Dancing-masters travelling from France to Germany soon after the form's inception, brought it with them to be taken over by the German musicians. In such a way Praetorius learned that another of the age-old dances had been

given fixed shape. The result in his case took the form of six Gavottes which he included in one of his Branles (1612). The year 1668 still found the Gavotte used in the Branle (Becker's *Musicalische Frühlings-Früchte*) ; but in 1695 it is seen in the instrumental Suite. Moffat's *Florilegia* may consist of very loosely and irregularly constructed sets ; but they are suites nevertheless, and the Gavotte is used alone as a purely instrumental form. Here the shape is generally the strict one of four repeated measures in the first section, and eight in the second, though there are some exceptions where the number of measures is a multiple of four. Mattheson increased the tempo considerably, and generally wished to have them very quick (some even *Prestissimo*). Later specimens will be familiar enough. Every player of the Bach suites, for whatever instrument, will know them. A second Gavotte was frequently added to the first, and this, in some of Bach's Partitas, was written *à la Musette* (*i.e.* with a persistent drone-bass).

Handel often used the Gavot as he did the Menuet—to close the Overture (*e.g.* in *Semele*). In this, as in many other examples by both Bach and Handel, the form was very unlike the original dance in its treatment, and very often a large and irregular number of measures was written ; and to show how utterly these composers severed the form's connection with the dance, it will only be necessary to cite the Gavotte in *Joshua*, where it serves as an *Aria*.

A curious rule applied to the form early in the Eighteenth Century is quoted by Walther in 1732. He says that " the first section should not end on the key-note of the Gavotte, but on the Third or Fifth ; if it end on the key-note it is as if a Rondeau were being made." A glance at a few of the examples will show how often this rule was observed.

The Gavot, although it enjoyed so long a life, cannot be said to have influenced music very much ;—it added a new form to the Suite (where it was placed between the Saraband and Jig, side by side with, and often in place of, the Menuet) it is true ; but its influence stopped there.

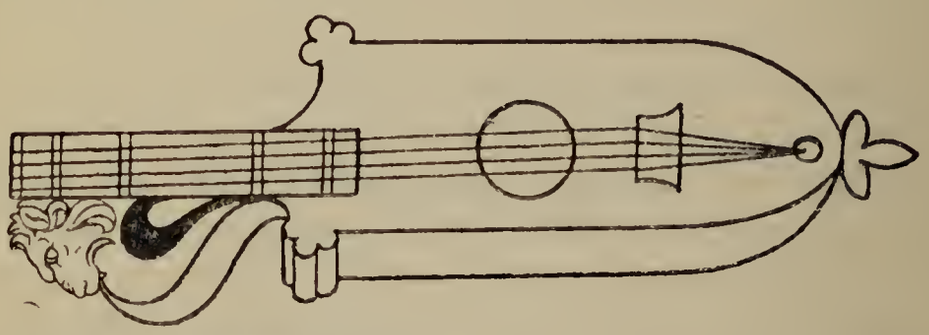
GHITTERN. *v.* GITTERN.

GIGGE, GIGUE, GYGGE. *v.* JIG.

GIMEL : An early form of harmony (descant), in which two voices moved in similar motion, at varying intervals according

to the period, as an accompaniment to a *cantus firmus*. When these parts were anything but a Third apart, the Gimel was known as "ad modum Faux Bourdon" (*v.* FAUX BOURDON). According to Monachus (Fifteenth Century) the Gimel was a purely English manner of writing. Gawine Dowglas (Gavin Douglas) mentions "Gemmell" as late as 1579 (*The Palice of Honour*).

GITTAR. *v.* GITTERN.



Gittern *Medieval Form.*
(British Museum Ms Arundel 83. fol 134b)

GITTERN: Instruments bearing this name have been found mentioned in manuscripts and printed books from the beginning of the Fourteenth Century until well into the Eighteenth; descriptions and illustrations differ to such an extent, however, that a great deal of care is necessary to prevent confusion. The advent of the Guitar added to the muddle in which the history of the Gittern found itself, and the similarity of the two names caused many instruments to be misnamed. Placing all the evidence at our disposal side by side with whatever pictures, sculptures, and descriptions are left us, we must come to the conclusion that the history of the Gittern (using this name for convenience as most historians have used it—to designate the forerunners of the modern guitar), falls into at least three distinct and clearly-defined periods: In the Middle Ages an ornamental instrument of quaint design and curious handling; in late Tudor and Stuart times one closely akin to the Cittern (*q.v.*); and, thirdly, the form with indented sides. It must be clearly understood that the salient feature of a Guitar is the incurvation of its sides—the rounded "waist," or hour-glass shape. The Gittern of the Middle Ages and the Gittern of John Playford's day did not exhibit this feature. The first was a rather elongated instrument, unlike

either of the others; the second was pear-shaped like the Cittern. If, then, these three forms are treated together, at this place, it is not done in order to evade the task of distinguishing between them; but, rather, to collect the material into one spot and thus be better able to see what connection the one may have had with the other. It should not be supposed that I am accepting the three forms of the Gittern as chronologically successive, or that any one of them can be said to be descended or derived from another. It is my opinion that all three forms had distinct and different origins, and that it was only the practice of the masses to call any plucked instrument a Gittern or a Guitar, as soon as they were sure that it was not a lute, that caused the confusion that exists.

The Medieval Gittern is an instrument concerning which not much doubt can exist. It probably came to England during the Thirteenth Century in the hands of wandering minstrels, for in the so-called Ormesby Psalter (Bodleian Library, Oxford) there is an illustration of it. From a number of early drawings we can tell that the Gittern of this period was strung with four strings, most probably always of gut, passing over a bridge and terminating at a tail-piece which was fixed over an end-button that was often highly ornamented with carving. In this feature the Gittern of the Middle Ages differed largely from the lutes (where the strings were fixed to a bar on the table), from the Cittern (where each string had its own button or stud on the bottom rib of the instrument), and from the modern Guitar (where we once more have the strings fastened to a bar fixed to the belly—a survival of the method used in the lutes). As far as can be seen from the drawings, the strings were vibrated by means of a plectrum. Most peculiar was the manner in which the neck, head, and body of these Medieval Gitterns were connected. The neck appears to have had an enormous depth so that it reached to the plane of the flat back of the instrument, which was continued to form one unbroken line with the back of the neck. An oval hole in this deep neck permitted the hand of the player to encircle the fingerboard. Arundel Manuscript 83 (British Museum, early Fourteenth Century) illustrates the feature I have been attempting, inadequately, to describe in words. There is still preserved an actual example of the Fourteenth-century Gittern. It is at Warwick Castle, and a facsimile (from which Carl Engel knew

the instrument) is in the Victoria and Albert Museum (London). The date 1578 in the Warwick Castle specimen was added at one of the periods of restoration through which the instrument had to pass. This Gittern is elaborately ornamented with carving, and the music it produced during its prime must have been quite good for its era. Such was the instrument of which Langland wrote (*Piers Plowman*), and to which Chaucer alluded several times : " And as wel coude he playe on his giterne " (*Miller's Tale, l.* 3333), and again : " And Absolon his giterne hath y-take " (*Id., l.* 3353). It is also mentioned in *The Cokes Tale* (*l.* 4396), and the plural form *Giternes* is to be found in *The Pardoner's Tale* (*l.* 466). Chaucer employs the verbal form of the name in the *Miller's Tale* (*l.* 3363) : " Ful wel acordaunt to his giterninge." In the *Squyr of Lowe Degre* we meet with the form *Getron* (*l.* 1070), and in *Octavian Imperator* (*l.* 69 ; Fourteenth Century) the spelling *Gyterne.*

The late Tudor and the Stuart form of the Gittern was pear-shaped, and it was treated at that period much as the Cittern, with the important difference, however, that the strings were of gut instead of wire. Henry the Eighth's list of instruments contained " four gitterons, which are called Spanish Vialls." It is quite possible that these Gitterns had nothing to do with Spain, and that since they were—in a different form—as popular in Spain as the Viols were in England, they were named Spanish Viols. However this may be, the fact remains that John Playford's *A Booke of New Lessons for the Cithern and Gittern* (1652) treats the two instruments as kin. Laneham says : ". . . sometimes I foot it with dancing, now with my Gittern, and else with my Cittern," and this, together with Playford's title-page, should suffice to point out the error to those who state that the Gittern and the Cittern were one and the same instrument. The shape of this Gittern was certainly very like that of the Cittern, but other differences must have existed beyond that of the strings. Very late specimens of the work of Preston were still called Gitterns, and sometimes Guitars, although to all appearances they were Citterns. Such a pear-shaped Gittern had keyboard mechanism applied to it early in the Nineteenth Century, but the innovation did not prosper. Variant spellings of the name in Tudor times were Gitterne, Ghittern, and Gythorne. It should be observed that in every one of these references, and in every one of these

quotations, whatever form of the word has been used the final *n* has been present. I merely wish to draw attention to the fact, because when the instrument with the incurved sides arrived in England, it was called a Gittar in a host of variant spellings ;—but in all of them the *n* is absent. Is it not possible for the Guitar with indented sides to have been derived from an entirely different source and to have obtained its name similarly ?

We now arrive at the true Guitar. How early it came to England is not quite clear ; but it is highly probable that it was introduced early in the Sixteenth Century. Returning to the four Gitterons or " Spanish Vialls " of Henry VIII, it is quite likely that these were Spanish Guitars ; the *Vihuela*, which probably suggested the " Vialls," having been the name of a particular kind of Guitar (with six strings instead of four). Just as the Stuart Gitterns and Citterns were strung with unison pairs of strings, so were the Seventeenth-century Guitars ; thus combining two features—the unison pairs of strings of the older instrument and the incurved sides of the newer ;—differing from the other in shape of body, but being similar in stringing. Of course, the fact that these strings were gut and not wire, made the playing of them with the finger more pleasant, and it is possible that the softer tone of the finger-plucked gut strings was so superior to that of the plectrum-twanged wire that the instruments of the Cittern family owe their demise to this circumstance. But though the Guitar still adhered to the unison pairs of strings common to the Gittern, the most frequent number was now five instead of four. It was not until the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century that the five unison course gave way to the single strings, and their number raised to six. A few comparatively early references to the Guitar (*i.e.* the newer instrument with the incurved sides) are to be found in the State Papers, and I think we shall be fairly safe in accepting all references that contain the name spelled without the final *n* as relating to the modern, or Spanish, Guitar. In the list of " musicians in the Mask, 1674," were the names of four players on the " Gittars " ; in the list of materials supplied for their costumes they are spelled " Gytarrhs " ; and in the bill for making the same they are referred to as " Kittars." Now, I submit that at this date the instrument mentioned could easily have been the Gittern ; but that the spelling of the word indicates that the more

recently imported Guitar is meant. In the Lord Chamberlain's Records for 1686 there is an "Order that the sum of £10 be paid to John Abell, musician in ordinary to his Majesty, for a guytar by him bought for his Majesty's service in his bed-chamber." Here we have the name in what is practically its present-day form; and yet, at that time, Gitterns were still being used, as well as Citterns.

The improved tone produced by the Spanish Guitar when used for accompaniment probably caused the older instrument to be displaced, but there can be no case in favour of the Guitar having had its origin in the Gittern. The Gittern was the predecessor of the Guitar, just as the viol was the forerunner of the violin; but in neither case was the one the ancestor of the other, for this honour is shared by many forms.

GITTERON PIPES. *v.* CORNET.

GLEE: A form of vocal composition, peculiarly English, in three or more parts, most commonly for male voices. The characterising feature of the Glee was that each of the parts was a solo part, and was not to be doubled. Despite the suggestion of its name, the nature of the composition could be grave or gay, for the word was derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Gle*, which simply meant "music." There is no especial reason for supposing, as some authorities do, that the Glee was originated in some way to fill the place of the Madrigal, or that it was a development out of that form. It is far too recent for that, and the interval which elapsed between the Madrigal's popularity and the rise of the Glee was too great for any direct connection to be established. Moreover, the two differed enormously in form, contents, and construction. The continuous contrapuntal treatment of the Madrigal, and the "fuges," as the Elizabethan writer terms them, are alike absent from the Glee, which harmonised more frequently vertically, and loved to hasten to a multitude of cadences. This latter characteristic was caused by the circumstance that the Glee contained a large number of subjects, with hardly any development worth mentioning. The true Glee, as illustrated by its best examples, needed no instrumental accompaniment, although many compositions appeared bearing the name and provided with an accompaniment. These should not be termed Glees at all. The word is used as early as John Playford's time, and many collections of

part-songs were published containing what are labelled "Glees," but which bear little resemblance to the Glee of a century later. The composition, true to name, belongs properly to the Eighteenth and beginning of the Nineteenth Centuries, and the most popular writers in this form (alphabetically arranged) were: Attwood, Battishill, Bishop, Callcott, Cooke, Danby, Horsley, John Stafford Smith, Spofforth, Stevens, and Webbe.

GLEEMEN: The musicians of Anglo-Saxon England, who derived their name from the Anglo-Saxon *Gle*, music. The word is not to be traced to the Anglo-Saxon *Gligg*, meaning "merry," when used in the musical sense. The term "glee" (=music; and not to be confounded with the more modern Glee treated above), is to be found as *Glew* at the middle of the Thirteenth Century, and as *Glu* (=*armonia*, minstrelsy) in the *Promptorium Parvulorum* (1440). In *Kyng Alisaunder* we have "Orgles, tymbres, al maner gleo"; and in *Havelock the Dane* there is the form *Gleumen*.

The Gleemen in Anglo-Saxon England were the forerunners of the later minstrels, and it was due to their customs and traditions that some very ancient forms were retained and preserved. Their music, added to that which was brought in by the Normans, formed the basis for a national English school of music.

GOOD-NIGHT: The name of a form of composition in Sixteenth- and Seventeenth-century England. It was distinguished by no particular characteristics, and was most probably used as the concluding item of an entertainment. In Mason and Earsden's "Ayres that were Sung and Played at Brougham Castle . . . in the King's Entertainment" (1618) there is a piece entitled "The King's Good-night" in lute-tablature. Shakespeare uses the word in *II Henry IV* (III, 2) in the quotation already given (*s.v.* FANCY).

GRACES: The older term for Ornaments, still used in the present-day expression "Grace-notes." The English music of the Sixteenth, and particularly the Seventeenth, Century, was embellished with many now obsolete Graces. Chief among these were the Beat, the Cadent, the Fall, the Elevation, the Springer, the Relish, and the Backfall, together with many variants such as certain of the foregoing "shaked,"—*i.e.*

incorporating a trill. An account, and an example, of all these graces will be found under their respective headings.

GRADUAL: In the Roman Catholic service the *responsorium graduale* was a psalm sung after the Epistle and answered by the choir. It received its name from having been sung *in gradibus ambonis* (on the steps of the *ambo*). This "response" style was not always persisted in, and the compositions of the English musicians of the Sixteenth Century took quite a different direction.

Another meaning applied to the word was that of a book containing service-music belonging to a certain category (*v.* Antiphonal). In Middle English the form *Grail* or *Grayle* was used for this book, and in the Sixteenth Century *Grall* was a common designation.

GRAIL, GRALL, GRAYL. *v.* GRADUAL.

GREGORIAN CHANT: A name applied rather loosely to the music of the Roman Catholic ritual, not because Pope Gregory the Great (Sixth Century) composed the chants bearing his name, but rather because during his occupation of the papal chair the form of the musical service became fixed. Much that he used was in existence before his time, and a good deal was added later (*v.* Gevaert, *Les Origines du Chant liturgique de l'eglise latine*, 1890). At the same time Gregory was sufficiently responsible for the form of this music to justify us in preserving his memory in the term. There can be no doubt that he rescued Church Music from the decadent state into which the Ambrosian music had fallen. Much of the then already obsolete procedure was abandoned, and the music of the Church service gained comparative freedom. The tradition newly founded by this Pope was adhered to more or less strictly in different countries. In England, whither the Roman singers came in the year 604, the clergy was especially faithful to Gregory's system—Benedict, Bishop of York, inviting more singers from Rome in 678. It was not until the Sixteenth Century that serious liberties were taken with it, and thence onward there was an ever-increasing danger of the service-music of the Sixth to the Eighth Centuries being lost in a muddle of slipshod rendering and so-called "improvements." In the Nineteenth Century, however, the French Benedictines commenced an organised restoration of the old

traditions, and in 1881 appeared the first edition of *Les Mélodies grégoriennes d'apres la tradition*, which has served as the chief source of the Plain-song in Roman Catholic use. Another edition, claiming equally to be after the true tradition of the period immediately following the death of Gregory, is known as the "Ratisbon Edition." A later edition (Twentieth Century) by the authorities of Solesmes, is now the officially accepted one.

GROUND: Originally meaning the basis upon which all things stood, the term later came to be applied to the groundwork upon which the musicians of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries based their compositions. This foundation, afterwards known as the Ground-Bass, consisted of a short passage of four or eight measures, repeated as often as the ingenuity of the writer could invent fresh divisions (*q.v.*) or descant (*q.v.*) upon it. The melodies were varied and the harmony altered at each re-appearance of the Ground, and the writing of Divisions on a Ground was a favourite occupation of the old English musicians.

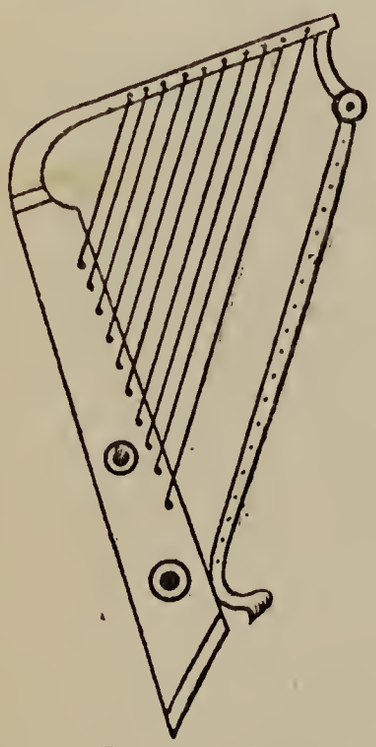
GUIDONIAN SYLLABLES. *v.* ARETINIAN SYLLABLES.

GUITAR. *v.* GITTERN.

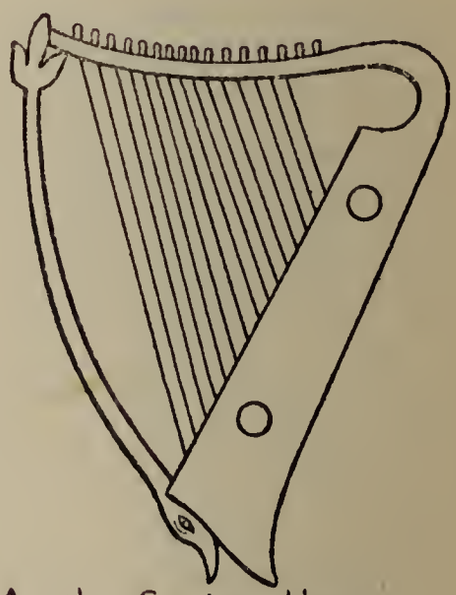
GYTERNE, GYTHORNE. *v.* GITTERN.

HARP: A plucked stringed instrument of great antiquity and doubtful origin. So many nations of the remotest past used the Harp in some form or other that it is quite possible for the various types to have been developed from separate sources, though coincidentally similar. Very strong claims to the early development of the Harp can be made by Egypt, the ancient Teutonic peoples, and the Keltic nations, and which of these really first used the instrument may be impossible to decide to-day. One thing, however, must be borne in mind, and that is the circumstance that the Harp of Ancient Egypt possessed no front pillar, while the instrument of Western development had this support. Whether this fact points to separate sources for the two types must again be left an open question. As far as the British Isles are concerned, even, it is not at all easy to fix upon the identity of original types. The very names given to the various forms help to complicate the issue and strengthen the supposition that the different species of the Harp were

developed very long ago, uninfluenced by one another. The name Harp is of Teutonic origin (the Anglo-Saxon *Hearpe ;* Middle English, *Harpe ;* German, *Harfe ;* Old High German, *Harpha ;* from the Teutonic type *Harpon :* Anglo-Saxon verb, *Hearpian*, and the performer, *Hearpere*), and would seem to argue that the instrument, like the name, came to England with some of those hardy Norsemen who descended upon our shores very early in our known history. It is also possible, and in my opinion highly probable, that even the Romance countries (Italian, *Arpa ;* French, *Harpe ;* Portuguese, *Harpa*)



Anglo-Saxon Harp
(British Museum Ms. Tiberius C VI)
(11th Century)

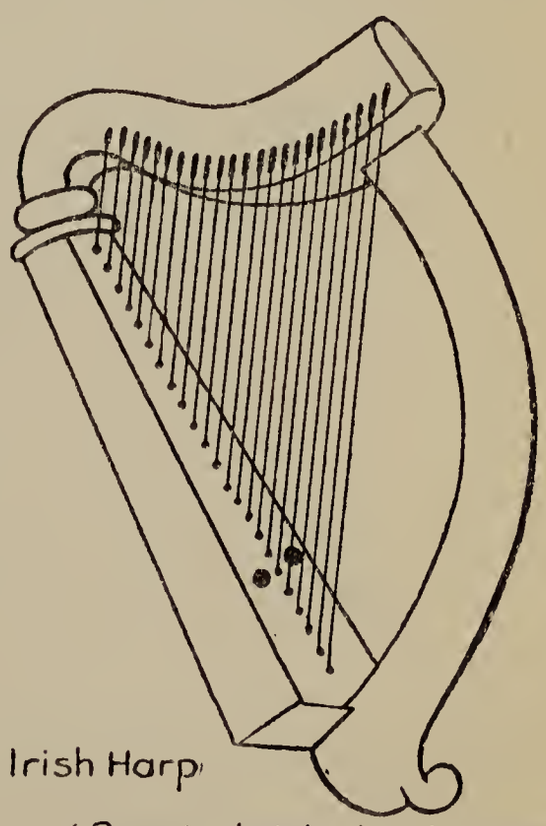


Anglo-Saxon Harp,
(12th Century)

had the name and the instrument from a Northern source, *via* the Norse settlers in the North of France. In the case of the Keltic peoples, the same similarity of name occurs : Brittany, *Telen ;* Wales, *Telyn ;* and Cornwall, *Telein*. The Gaelic sub-division used the distinct name *Clairsech* (Ireland), or variant. Although many eminent authorities on the Harp and on Irish music say that the Cruit or Crot, mentioned in the article on the Crowd, was an ancestor of the Western Harp, I do not think it had much to do with it. There can be no doubt that the early Crots, figured on the Eighth and Ninth-century sculptured crosses, suggest primitive hand-harps ;

but it is my opinion that it developed along different lines from those followed by the instrument that produced the true harps. The Irish Cruit must on no account be confused with the Welsh Crwth or the English Crowd; but at the same time, I think it was developed into a kindred form.

So many pieces of evidence could be produced to prove that the Harp came to England from one of the Norse countries or from Ireland, that it would be very difficult to decide with absolute certainty whence the Anglo-Saxon Harp really came. Personally, judging by the evidence of its form and name, I think it was brought hither from the North-West of the European Continent. There is strong proof of undoubted Irish influence in the early religious settlements in various parts of England; and it is not impossible for the Harp to have been introduced with one of these. Both sources may even have supplied the modified instrument common in the England of the Saxons.



(Rough sketch showing average 11th Century Irish harp)

Used here at that period, the Harp was a triangular instrument held by one hand and played with the other, generally used by the Gleemen (*q.v.*) to accompany their own or others' singing. In common with the practice prevalent among their kinsfolk on the Continent, the early Saxons in England used the Harp for all festive occasions, the instrument passing round the banqueting hall as one guest after the other accompanied himself in song. So common an instrument was the Harp in England from the Fifth Century to the Eleventh, that the story of King Alfred's minstrelsy in the Danish camp can quite easily be true. The stringing of the ancient Harps varied, of course, very considerably, and the tuning, like that of the organs of the same period, was probably modal, or to a

chord ;—certainly not chromatic. It is quite likely that the addition of strings to the Harp followed the addition of pipes to the organs, and that as the harmonic system changed, the stringing and tuning of all the instruments in use became altered to suit. With the modern Harp and its transposing mechanism, we can have nothing to do in this work.

HARP-GUITAR : An invention of the late Eighteenth Century, thought out by Edward Light, a London maker who evolved quite a number of such modifications of existing instruments. The Harp-Guitar was tuned and manipulated like the ordinary Guitar, but had a couple of new strings added to the bass side. The shape of the body was altered to approach nearer to that of the harp. The instrument did not enjoy long or great popularity. The music written for it was a sixth above the sounds produced.

HARP-LUTE : A kind of hybrid instrument, between a harp and a lute, strung with gut and covered strings, and treated musically as a Guitar. It was the invention of Edward Light (London, *c.* 1798), and was the subject of subsequent improvements. One of the latter took the form of "ditals" or, as Light himself describes them, "thumb-keys," which were "certain pieces of mechanism, each of which, when pressed upon, will produce the depression of a stop-ring, or eye, which draws the string of the Harp-Lute down upon a fret. . . . This mechanism has the property of holding the string fast in such position as long as may be after the pressure of the finger or thumb is removed." When every string was provided with such keys, the instrument was called the Dital Harp.

HARPSICALL. *v.* HARPSICHORD.

HARPSICHORD : A keyboard instrument of wing-shape (something like a Grand Pianoforte on a small scale) and played by means of plectra made of leather or quill affixed to Jacks (*q.v.*) as in the Virginal and Spinet. For convenience of reference be it noted that the Harpsichord was known as the Clavecin in France and as the Clavicembalo in Italy. The evolution of the Harpsichord is easy to follow. The addition of an auxiliary instrument with strings an octave higher was made in comparatively early times (*v.* virginal *and* spinet). These octave strings were later added to those on the existing sound-board. A stop was then added that could bring these strings into

HANDEL'S HARPSICHORD
By Andreas Ruckers, Antwerp, 1651
(*Victoria and Albert Museum*)

HARPSICHORD
By Thomas Hitchcock, London
Second half of the 17th Century
(*Victoria and Albert Museum*)

[*face p.* 102

action or not, as desired. From such a beginning the rest was simple. By introducing stops that could bring one or all the strings in a bichord or trichord action into operation, some gradations of tone were achieved. Tschudi, by inventing the "Venetian Swell" (1769), added another device which, by opening and closing like a shutter, allowed as much of the tone to emerge as was desired. Another stop would cause a row of Jacks to act on the strings nearer the bridge, and thus produce a peculiar tonal effect. All these stops had names, such as Cymbal, Lute, Buff (a damper-stop), Unison, *etc.* So it came about that by the Eighteenth Century the Harpsichord, with its two keyboards and half-dozen stops (and pedals to put all the stops out of action without removing the hands from the keys), was an instrument capable of a certain amount of variety in effect.

The instrument known as the *Clavicembalo* appeared on the Continent of Europe as early as the beginning of the Fifteenth Century; but exactly when the Harpsichord arrived in England is not quite clear. When it was introduced, it was most probably from the Netherlands. Whether the instruments "with stops" mentioned in the Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII were Harpsichords, as we understand the term, is not certain; there is plenty of evidence, though, to make it appear that instruments by the elder Ruckers were brought from Antwerp pretty early (Seventeenth Century). By that century, indeed, the Harpsichord had become fairly popular in England, for we find it mentioned in the State Papers in a way that does not make them look like novelties. It must, however, be remembered that the early specimens were placed upon a table for performance, and were devoid of pedals such as were afterwards added. On November 6, 1663, John Hingston (Organist and Keeper of the King's instruments) was paid for "mending the organs and harpsicords . . . also for mending her Majesty's harpsicord that stands in her own chamber. . . ." And if the word "harpsichord" was used at a period when "virginal" was still being loosely applied to all the keyboard instruments, it must prove that the instruments referred to must have been, in fact, something different. The Lord Chamberlain's Records for August 20, 1663, already mention the Harpsichord. On November 3, 1664, "pedalls" are mentioned in the same records; and since they are not

spoken of earlier, we may assume that they were applied at about this time. In the list of musicians for the Mask of 1674, the instrument appears as "Harpsicalls," a not unusual spelling. "Harpsycon" and "Harpsicon" were two more variations of the name, appearing in publications of Playford and his contemporaries. The account for 1675 includes the sum of ten shillings "for strings for the harpsicords and pedalls for half a year," and £2 "to Mr. Haward, the virginall maker, for mending the harpsicords." The same account gives the item: "For a greate harpsichord with three ranks of strings for his Majesty's musick in the hall and in the privy lodgings, £30," probably referring to a trichord instrument. Payments for accessories for, and repairs to, the Harpsichords are entered under date August 19, 1678. In 1685 (August 31) Henry Purcell was sworn in as a musician-in-ordinary for the "Harpsicalls."

John Evelyn mentions the instrument in his *Diary* under date November 20, 1679, when he heard an Italian play. The Harpsichord seems to have been kept more particularly in the hands of musicians and serious students, its cost probably preventing it from becoming as popular with the masses as, say, the Spinet. The higher classes of society, of course, had the instrument in their music-rooms, and rather troublesome they must have found them. The tuning of the strings and the adjustment of the Jacks with the complicated mechanism of the stops and pedals, not to speak of the difficulties provided by the octave-string and its tuning, certainly made the Harpsichord an expensive instrument to maintain in good playing order. Its most important function was to accompany the voice in the opera, and a Harpsichord was always near the conductor's hand at rehearsal and performance.

One or two special specimens of the instrument should be mentioned. The one belonging to Handel, and made by Andreas Ruckers (Antwerp) in 1651, is rather plain in appearance, but must have been excellent in tone when at its prime. It is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum (London). Kirkman also, at the end of the Eighteenth Century, made some excellent specimens of the Harpsichord, and examples of his workmanship are, to my own knowledge, still in daily use. A particularly sumptuous instrument was made by Tschudi and Broadwood for the Empress Maria Theresa in

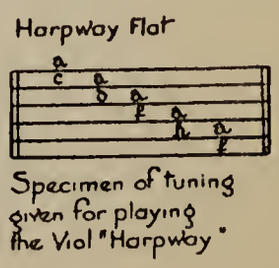
1733—a specimen representing the highest point in the development of an instrument that had been in use in various forms for three centuries, and which was destined, very shortly afterwards, to be dethroned by the Grand Pianoforte with hammers. A picture of this (the "Empress Harpsichord") is given in *Musical Instruments, etc.*, by Hipkins and Gibb (1888).

HARPSICON. *v.* HARPSICHORD.

HARP-THEORBO: An instrument with a fretted fingerboard and plucked strings invented round about 1800. As its name suggests, it was a compromise between the harp and the lute, leaning more towards the lute. It was one of a number of similar inventions of that period, and probably intended to supply a want felt after the complete eclipse of the last of the lute-family. Like the other instruments of this nature, the Harp-Theorbo did not live long. A specimen may be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum (London), made by Harley (*c.* 1800).

HARP-VENTURA: A handsome instrument of artistic appearance, named after its inventor, Angelo Benedetto Ventura, Guitarist and teacher of music to Princess Charlotte of Wales. In form it was a peculiar mixture of instruments; the front pillar of a harp, the tuning-pegs of the same; a series of fretted fingerboards; all added to a resonance-chamber that was highly ornamented with painting and gilding. There were no bridges, and the strings were fastened at their lower ends in a manner reminiscent of the lutes. The lower strings, not passing over fingerboards, were only struck open as accompanying chords; while the treble series of strings, running over the fretted fingerboards, supplied the melody. A specimen (dating from the early Nineteenth Century) is preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum (London).

HARPWAY: A tuning of the bass-viol, differing from the usual one of fourths with an intermediate third. The Harpway tuning was applied chiefly to the Lyra-viol or bass-viol played Lyraway, and consisted of accordance to a regular chord, either major or minor. The phrases "Harpway Sharp" and "Harpway Flat," so frequently seen at the head of Seventeenth-century pieces, mean that the instrument was to be



Specimen of tuning given for playing the Viol "Harpway."

tuned to the given chord. Indeed, music written in Tablature (*q.v.*) could not be performed at all if the instrument were not tuned as prescribed ; for it must be remembered that the signs (letters or other characters) used in the Tablatures do not represent visually the actual notes heard, but indicate only on which frets and on which strings the fingers of the player are to descend. The pitch of the sounds produced are, of course, dependent entirely upon the tuning of the instrument. For the force of the words " Sharp " and " Flat " when used in conjunction with the term Harpway, see the articles SHARP *and* FLAT.

HAUTBOY : A wood-wind instrument with a double reed. The pipe known as the Hautboy in England must not be looked upon as distinct from every other, but rather as one stage in the development of the instrument which commenced its career as a Shalm (*q.v.*) and ended it as an Oboe. During this process of evolution, two features remained constant ; the double reed (although in finish and effect it became much improved), and the conical bore of the tube. The plain finger-holes of the early Shalms gave place to a modern system of keys. The name, then, designated the improved Shalms of the Sixteenth Century, and the Oboe of the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries. It is to be derived from the French *Haut bois*, " high wood," which describes the material of which the instrument was made, and gives its pitch, for, though tenor and other Hautboys were known, the treble was by far the commonest. When the word Shalm was dropped and the other applied cannot be fixed with certainty. It appeared, however, in *Gorboduc*, by Norton and Sackville (first acted in 1560/1), where it was named in " the order and signification of the dumb show before the fourth act." After this date its use became more and more common.

From the first quarter of the Seventeenth Century onwards, the words Hoboy, Hoaboye, Hooboy, or some such variation, are of very frequent occurrence in the State Papers. The instrument occupied an important position in the military music of early times, and under date July 10, 1678, we read : " Account for liveries for two hautboys for the troop of Grenadeers under his Grace the Duke of Monmouth for the war against the French king " (*Lord Chamberlain's Records*).

A more peaceful entry is that of September 29, 1686, where liveries are ordered "for twelve hautboyes . . . for the first, second, and third Troops of Guards, to be made ready against his Majesty's birthday" (*Id.*).

The mere mention of the word Hautboy presumably meant the treble instrument, though occasionally we find the pitch given, as on November 2, 1664, when the "treble hoboy" is referred to (*Id.*). The "Tenner hoboy" is mentioned in 1665 and again in 1684/5 (*Id.*). As soon as the Hautboy became an Oboe it ceased to come within the plan of this book.

HAY: A Sixteenth-century country-dance of the "round" type. Dr. Johnson supposes that it obtained its name from the sense of "to dance in a ring: probably from dancing round a hay-cock." This is not a very convincing derivation, but no better can be advanced. The dance is mentioned in *Martin's Month's Minde* (1589): "Hayes, jigges, and roundelays"; and in Michael Drayton's *Nymphidia:* "There dancing hays by two and three, Just as their fancy casts them." Shakespeare, in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V, 1), has: ". . . or I will play On the Tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay." Sir John Davies also mentions it in his *Orchestra* (1594). James Howell, in the Seventeenth Century, gives the dance in its appropriate atmosphere.

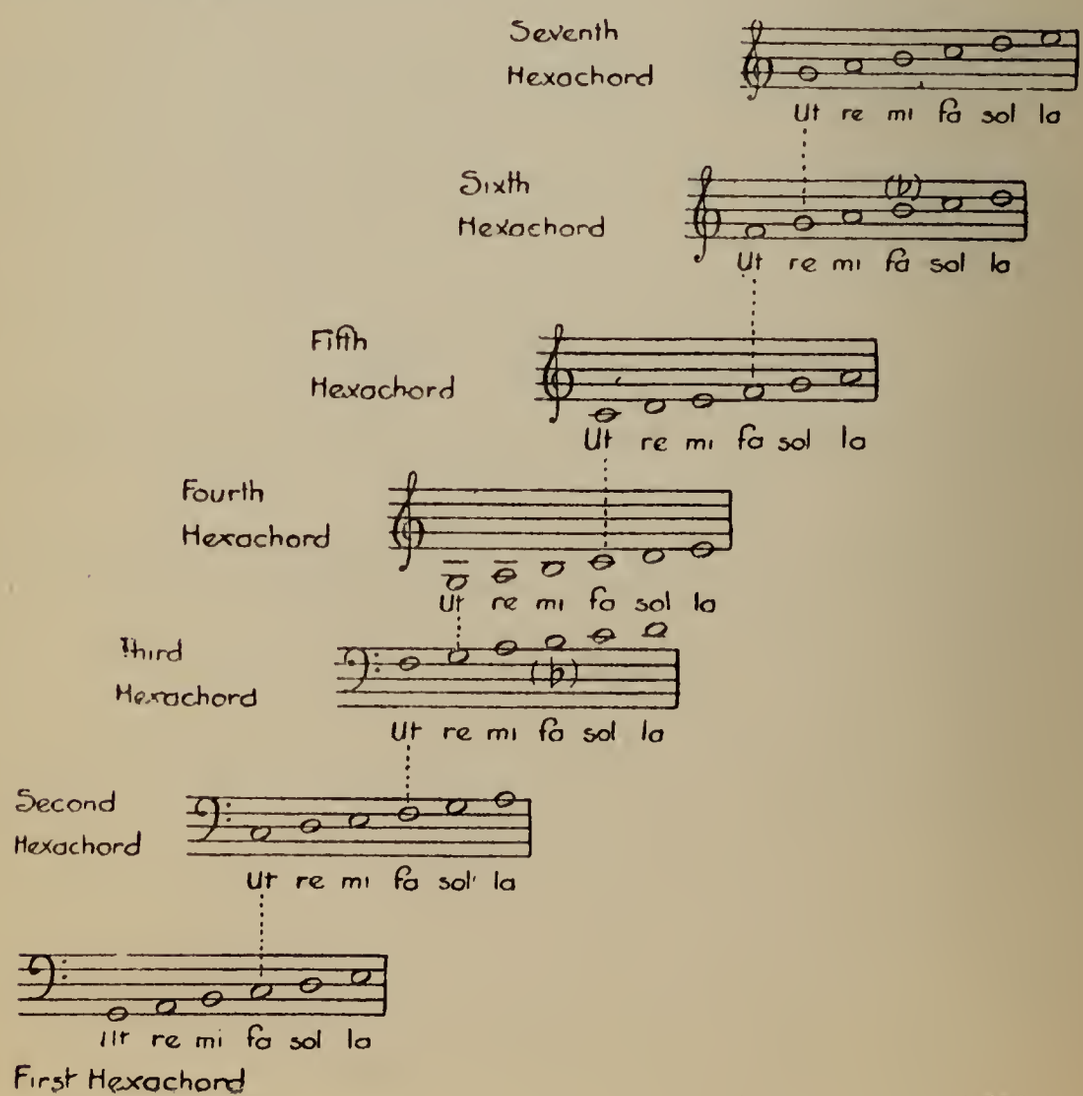
> Shall we go daunce the hay ?
> Never pipe could ever play
> Better shepheard's rondelay.

Survivals may exist locally, and at least one modern composer has revived the name.

HEXACHORD SYSTEM: Although not coming specifically under the heading of "Old English Music"—for the system of Hexachords was in universal use—some knowledge of it is absolutely necessary if many of the matters connected with Medieval music are to be understood. The Hexachord, in the simplest language, was a scale-like succession of six notes, modified, where necessary, always to produce a semitone between the third and fourth degrees. This improvement on the older tetrachord system was introduced in the Eleventh Century and used for the then instituted Solmisation (*q.v.*). The common error of supposing that Hexachords could be based upon any note must be avoided; for, although they

were repeated in the octave, there were only three different species. These commenced from three notes in the series treated in the article GAMUT (*q.v.*). It is obvious that a set of six diatonic notes commencing, say, from F, could not contain a semitone between the third and fourth degrees unless the B were modified in some way (for the tritone, F-B, was *diabolus in musica*, and carefully to be avoided). Therefore, the B in this Hexachord was flattened by a semitone and called *B-rotundum* (or, as we should say, B-flat); the B-natural was termed *B-quadratum*. The Hexachord starting from G was known as *Hexachordum durum*, or "hard" Hexachord, that beginning on C the Natural Hexachord, and the one commencing on F, the "soft" Hexachord (*H. Molle*).

Using the series of twenty notes adopted as the complete range in the Eleventh Century, the Hexachords, commencing as they did from the G, C, and F of each octave, would number seven, arranged as follows :



These notes from the bottom G to the top E received at the same time the alphabetic names by which we still know them, and this innovation, like nearly all the musical inventions of the Eleventh Century, was attributed to Guido d'Arezzo. The notes of each Hexachord were sung to the Aretinian Syllables (*q.v.*).

This system of vocalisation answered very well so long as the music remained within the limits of a single Hexachord; when, however, the melody extended beyond those limits, it was found necessary to institute some method of changing the nomenclature of the notes in each Hexachord. The plan evolved was that known as Mutation, and it consisted of naming the first note of each Hexachord *Ut*, and following with the other syllables in their usual order. It will be seen at once that the *Ut* of the first Hexachord (which was G), becomes a C in the second, and an F in the third, and so on—the semitone always falling between *mi* and *fa*. When a vocalist was required to sing a passage which took him from one Hexachord to another, he simply used the syllables proper to the Hexachord from which he started, and changed (*i.e.* resorted to Mutation) when he found the compass too great. A glance at the table given in the article on Gamut will make clear how such passages were sung. In general practice the change between the first and second Hexachords (and their octave duplications) was effected by singing *re* in place of *sol*, and then continuing with the names of the new Hexachord. This when the passage ascended. When it descended, the *mi* of the second Hexachord was replaced by the *la* of the first. Mutation between the first and third Hexachords could not take place in one step, since the B-flat in the third Hexachord would cause endless trouble. Mention of the *B-rotundum* reminds us that another of the reasons for Mutation was to find a name for this flattened B, when it occurred after the notes of a "hard" or "natural" Hexachord. In order to find a syllable that would express the B-flat, Mutation to the "soft" Hexachord was necessary. It is, perhaps, remarkable that once the notes were named from G to E, a seventh syllable was not added to cover the series from one note to its octave, and thus avoid the necessity for Mutation. But this would have anticipated the scale-system which uses a leading-note; and until the modern idea of keys with their attendant signatures was evolved,

such a step was impossible. In the changing of *B-quadratum* to *B-rotundum*, however, we see already the germ of this idea. The question of Mutation was probably the weakest spot in the whole Hexachord system, but no other method was possible so long as the scale consisted of six notes. The whole cumbersome series with its Mutations and its *B fa* (B-flat) and *B mi* (B-natural) persisted as long as Solmisation was practised—*i.e.* for over six hundred years (*see also* GAMUT *and* SOLMISATION).

HOBOY. *v.* HAUTBOY.

HOCKET: Sometimes called Hoket or Ochetus. This was a form of composition interrupted by a number of rests, so that the passages were abruptly truncated. The word is in all probability a corruption of *Hocquet*, a hiccup, and in its musical application was used by writers as early as Robert de Handlo (1326; reproduced by Coussemaker in *Scriptores*, I) to refer to music thus haltingly constructed of notes and pauses. An alternative term, much used in the Medieval Latin treatises on music, was *Truncatio* (*Truncatio idem est quod hoket*).

HOKET. *v.* HOCKET.

HOLD: The Seventeenth-century term for a Pause. The sign used for it differed somewhat from the present-day indication, and was made thus : . Its function coincided exactly with that of the modern Pause in that it was most commonly set over the concluding chord of a composition. John Playford and Christopher Simpson (1665) both allude to its employment over certain notes in the body of a work which it was desired to lengthen or insist upon for the sake of expression. Variant terms for the Hold were Arch and Stay.

HOLDING. *v.* BURDEN.

HORNPIPE: 1. A wind-instrument of British origin, localised chiefly in Cornwall and Wales. As *Corn-bib*, or *Pib-corn* we find the pipe in Wales; and in Ireland, Cornwall, and Brittany as *Pib-corn* or *Piob-corn*. These three countries using a similar name may point to a Keltic origin for the instrument. The antiquity of the Hornpipe as an instrument can scarcely be determined. A pipe or horn would have been used by pastoral peoples from the remotest periods. A manuscript

Vocabulary dating from the Fifteenth Century (Trinity College Library, Cambridge) translates the Latin *Cornubium* with "Hornpipe," while another such primitive dictionary by a "brother Galfridus" (*c.* 1440) also includes the word.

The Hornpipe was a wooden pipe furnished with finger-holes and a bell of horn. It was played with a reed of the single beating type, which also was covered with horn. This accounts for the early descriptions of the instrument stating that it was a pipe with "a horn at each end." Robert Greene (died 1592) mentions the Hornpipe as an instrument: "and so desiring them to play on a horn pipe, layde on the Pavement lustily with his leaden heeles" (*Greene's Groatsworth of Witte*). Ben Jonson in the *Sad Shepherd* (I, 2) speaks of awakening "the nimble hornpipe and the timburine." In Dryden's day the word was still applied to the instrument, for in his translation of the *Æneid* he has: "The shrill hornpipe sounds to bacchanals." The *Tatler* (No. 157) even has: "Trumpet and Welsh harp; hunting-horn and hornpipe."

2. As a dance the Hornpipe was named by the instrument which accompanied it originally, and for which the earliest examples were doubtlessly written. This being the case, the nature of the dance must have been pastoral. This may come as a surprise to those who only associate Hornpipes with sailors. But during its long career the dance had many forms, and both duple and triple measure. As may be expected, we meet with early mention of the Hornpipe as a dance in those parts of the country that used the instrument—Chaucer already alluding to the "Horne-pypes of Cornewayle." In a Mystery-play of 1485 there is the stage-direction: "Here mynstrellys, an hornpipe." As a written composition, the Hornpipe appears among the works of Hugh Aston, an organist in the reign of Henry VIII, and one of the celebrated men in the history of Tudor music. John Stafford Smith, in his *Musica Antiqua* (1812), gives the example in modern notation. Spenser alludes to the way in which the instrument named the dance in the *Shepherd's Calendar* (1579):

> . . . a lusty tabrere
> That to the many a hornpipe played,
> Wherto they dauncen each one with his maid.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth the Hornpipe was fairly popular, and by that time it had reached a point in its history at which it was an accepted form ; and in a list of fashionable dances, Barnaby Rich (1581) included it. Morley (1597) likewise says there were " many other kindes of Daunces as horne-pypes, *etc.*" Later on the dance became localised ; different varieties probably being peculiar to certain districts. Ben Jonson says :

> . . . fetch the fiddlers out of France
> To wonder at the Hornpipes here,
> Of Nottingham and Derbyshire.

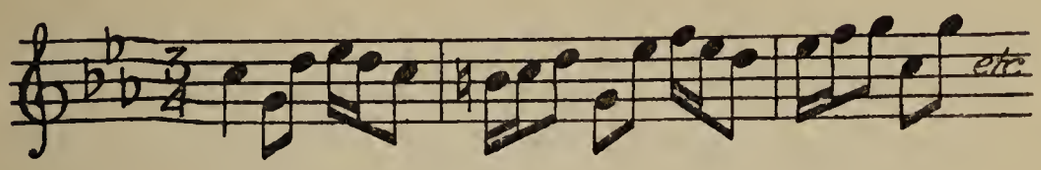
The last-mentioned county was noted for its Hornpipes as late as 1709, when the *Tatler* (No. 106) has : " Florinda . . . having danced the Derbyshire Hornpipe in the presence of several friends." In Lancashire, too, the form was very popular. Near the end of the Eighteenth Century it was much used on the Stage as *entr'acte* music, in duple measure. It was mentioned so frequently in Nineteenth-century literature that we may take it to have been exceedingly popular then. H. Martineau, in *The Manchester Strike*, says : " It appeared from the heavy tread and shuffling of feet that some were dancing hornpipes." Lytton as late as 1849 has : " My father . . . could conjure wonderfully, make a bunch of keys dance a hornpipe " (*The Caxtons*). Even Tennyson in *Amphion* wrote :

> The gouty oaks began to move
> And flounder into hornpipes.

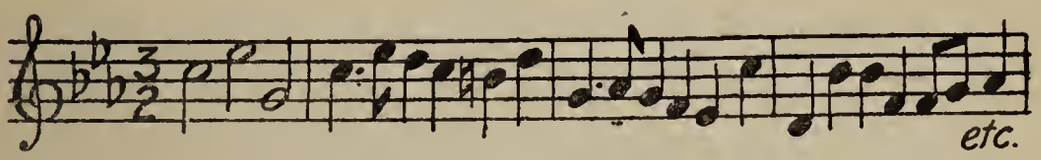
Exactly when, and by which means, the Hornpipe became popular with sailors, cannot be fixed with certainty. In the older references it was generally the shepherd or rustic swain who danced the Hornpipe. There is the possibility that the sailors' Hornpipe had nothing to do with the pastoral form at all, and that it was related to the Dutch *Matelotte.*

The earliest specimens of the Hornpipe were practically all written in a triple measure, and examples may be seen in Matthew Locke's *Melothesia* (1673), in Humphrey Salter's *Genteel Companion* (1683), and in Playford's *Apollo's Banquet* (1690). Henry Purcell, in the appendix to *Bonduca* (1695), of

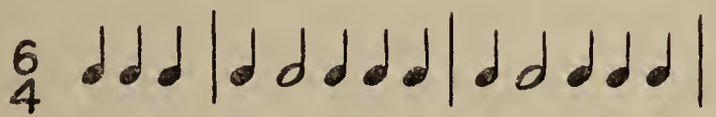
which I happen to have a copy of the reprint, gives two triple Hornpipes ; one beginning :



and the other commencing :



In *King Arthur*, Purcell wrote two more Hornpipes, this time in 6/4 ; one with the rhythm :



and the other :

Exceptionally, as in Playford's *Musick's Delight on the Cithren* (1666), we meet with a duple Hornpipe, but this was very unusual so early. It is possible that some Seventeenth-century composers were guided more by the spirit of the pieces than by their form, when they chose names for them.

The regular form for the Hornpipe was the usual one of two repeated sections each of four or eight measures. The change of time came about at the middle of the Eighteenth Century, the duple time-signature becoming more frequent until it entirely displaced the older triple form. As a duple dance the Hornpipe was used on the Stage until the middle of the Nineteenth Century.

HURDY-GURDY : The idiomatic name for the Organistrum, an ancient stringed instrument with many mechanical contrivances. Essentially it consisted of an oval body with indented sides, and fitted with a wheel turned by a handle—which wheel vibrated the strings much as a violin-bow operates. In its earliest days the number of strings was three, tuned to a key-note with its fifth and octave. The strings could only be vibrated simultaneously, but the continuous repetition of fourths and fifths was not considered unmusical

when the Organistrum was popular. Later, a larger number of strings appeared, with a couple of Bourdons, or open strings playing a persistent drone bass (a fifth). The stopped strings were operated upon from a keyboard or similar contrivance, and it seems highly probable that this instrument was a favourite one for vocal accompaniment from the Tenth Century to the Twelfth. Variant names, used in different countries, were, *Vielle*, *Bauernleier*, *Drehleier*, *Lira Tedesca*, *etc.*, and the instrument, provided with a chromatic series of notes, and improved action, is still to be seen occasionally in the hands of perambulating beggars. In France some exceedingly elaborate and expensively ornamented specimens were made during the Eighteenth Century.

IMPERFECT OF THE LESS. *v.* MOOD.

IMPERFECT OF THE MORE. *v.* MOOD.

INITIAL: In Mensurable Music the name of the first note in a Ligature (*q.v.*).

IN NOMINE: A term applied in the late Sixteenth and early Seventeenth Centuries to a form of instrumental composition. It was always polyphonic, and its distinguishing feature was the use of a few notes of an ancient Church chant named, after the first words of the text, "In Nomine Domine." This ecclesiastical motive was given to one of the inner parts of the consort—generally the tenor—and was carried right through the piece in long sustained notes as it was in its original (vocal) form. While the instrument performing this part was thus occupied, the others of the *ensemble* descanted freely above and below it; and with the standard of technical workmanship in this class of writing as high as it was at the time, many very interesting compositions bearing the name were evolved. The practice which the English musicians of the Seventeenth Century had in all kinds of "division," stood them in good stead here, and there can be little doubt that the In Nomine was the germ from which the English form of the Fantasia (or Fancy, *q.v.*) grew. Many beautiful art-forms were developed from very simple origins, and the In Nomine, consisting as it did of "only descanting upon the eight notes with which the syllables (*In Nomine Domine*) agreed" (North, *Memoires of Musick*), was the ancestor of perhaps the most

essentially English form of instrumental composition. The name, before this use of the motive became popular, was, of course, applied to many vocal devotional works in the Catholic liturgy.

Specimens of the instrumental In Nomine may be seen in many manuscripts preserved in different libraries; the British Museum including some by Thomas Tomkins, Simon Ives, and John Jenkins, generally in five parts (Add. 17792; first quarter of the Seventeenth Century; and Add. 29290, *c.* 1650). Huge quantities of In Nomines were written, and the greatest difficulty is that of selecting characteristic examples.

INTERLUDE: A term used in many senses at different periods. Employed in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries to designate a kind of allegorical play, masque, or mystery, it sometimes contained music (as, for example, Rastell's *Interlude* of The Four Elements). In this use it approached the Italian *Intermezzi*, which later were developed to such important proportions (*v.* my paper read before the *Musical Association:* "The Intermezzi of the Opera," printed in the *Proceedings of the Mus. Assoc., Session* 43; 1916/17). In its broadest sense the word meant any piece of music played between two sections of another work.

Organists at one time applied the term Interlude to short pieces sandwiched between the verses of a hymn, a procedure that was followed on the Continent to an even greater extent than in England.

INTONATION: Originally the short phrase that led to the Reciting Note of a chant, and later the opening of precented portions of the divine service. The Intoning of the first notes secured the pitch of the whole, and once the Precentor had done this, the fate of the ensuing chant was not so much left to chance.

INTONING: In Church music the singing of the opening of chanted portions in the service by the celebrant, his deputy, or a very small number of choristers who could be trusted to set the chant in its correct pitch. Although the Intoning of the liturgy was generally of a monotone nature, versions that were harmonised wholly or in part are not unknown.

INTROIT: A text from the Scriptures, set antiphonally, and

sung before and after a psalm, the whole forming the opening section of the Mass. The music of the Introit was modal and chanted (Gregorian).

INWARD PARTS: The inner parts or voices of polyphonic music, between the treble and the bass. Playford uses the term in this sense in the phrase, " be it Bass, Treble, or any Inward Part," and again when he describes the Tenor-Viol as " an excellent Inward Part."

JACK: The upright slip of wood that carried the quill, piece of leather, or metal, used as a plectrum in the instruments of the Virginal, Spinet, and Harpsichord class. The quill was fastened on to a movable tongue at the upper end of the Jack, and after having twanged the string on rising, was taken back by the hinge on the movable part so that it should not repeat the note in descending. When the Jack had returned to its original position—*i.e.* when the other end of the key had risen—a slight spring returned the quill-carrier to its place for the next note. Over the head of the Jack was a slip of cloth which damped the string when the Jack descended (*v.* VIRGINAL).

The word Jack is common in Old English to mean any implement fulfilling the functions of a servant—as, for example, a boot-jack. Shakespeare alludes to the Virginal Jack in Sonnet 128:

> Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
> To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,

though how the Jack could come anywhere near the " inward " of the player's hand is a mystery; unless the poet is wrong for once in a musical allusion, and speaks of the keys as Jacks. Chapman, in *Monsieur d'Olive* (1606), also refers to it in the lines: " The weaver, Sir, much like a Virginal iack, Starts nimbly up. . . ."

JIG: A dance-form of undoubtedly British, and most probably English, origin. In triple time its rhythm was the same as that of the Galliard, whose place it took. There can be very little doubt that such a dance with the rhythm—dotted-crotchet, quaver, crotchet—must have existed very early in the history of civilisation. It was a tripping measure that probably came spontaneously to the first dancer who felt genuinely happy.

This dotted rhythm was a characteristic feature of the true British Jig, and it must be borne in mind when a modified form is met with that was developed when the Jig was taken to the Romance countries. A considerable amount of disagreement exists among authorities as to the original nationality of the form. German and French writers of the Eighteenth Century call it "the English Jig," while Grove contents himself by saying that it was "an old Italian dance."

The word is found in a great many forms—Gigue, Gique, Gigua, Giga, Chique, Gig, Gigg, Gigge, Jig, Jigg, Jigge, Jeg, *etc.*—and the general practice is to derive it from *Gigue*, a fiddle, thus forming what was considered a parallel to the Musette, Loure, Tambourin, Hornpipe, *etc.*, by naming the dance after the instrument that was supposed to accompany it. But very little etymological research will be necessary to prove that the one had very little to do with the other; that where the noun *Gigue* or *Giga* was used to mean the instrument, the dance-sense was not applied; while those dialects that used the verb *Giguer*, meaning "to dance," did not have the noun at all.

The earliest references to the word Jig or Gigue deal with the instrument and not the dance. In this sense it is to be found in a German poem of the middle of the Twelfth Century, in Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parsifal* (*c.* 1220), and in a vocabulary of John de Garlandia (*c.* 1225), in the last-named of which we find the following entries: "Giga est instrumentum musicum de quo dicitur Organicos imitata modos, *etc.*," and later on: ". . . et dicitur Gallice *Gigue*," and yet again, "cum sistro, cum giga, cum psalterio"; statements that leave no room for doubt that the word, at that period, was applied solely to a musical instrument. Not much later Dante (1265/1321) uses the word, in his *Divina Comedia*, in the same sense:

> Et come giga et arpa intempra tesa,
> Dimolte corde fa dolce tintinno.
>
> (*Paradiso*, XIV, 118/119.)

Here, again, no doubt can be entertained that anything but an instrument is meant. A *Nominale* of the Fifteenth Century (British Museum) gives the word *Giga*—still meaning an instrument only—and also *Gigator*, the player. In Middle High German we know the term *Giga* and also its verb *Gîgen* to have

been used in connection with the instrument—a word from which the Modern German *Geige*, violin, was derived. Under certain circumstances the word *Gîgen* could mean "to dance after" (*nachtanzen*), and thus a possible connection is found between the two meanings. But what holds good in Middle High German need not necessarily apply in any other country. The Middle Low German language had the diminutive *Gigel*, meaning the instrument also, as is proved by the following erroneously translated passage: "De hilligen evangelien noemen se gygelen unde lyren," and also "der Gigelen Klang." We thus see that hitherto the word was used exclusively in Italy, Germany, and England to mean a certain stringed and bowed instrument of music.

In France we meet with both meanings, each in different parts of the country. Godefroi (*Dictionnaire de l'Ancienne Langue Française*) tells us that the *Gigue* was a stringed instrument, usually with three strings, and played with the bow; but that the verb *Giguer* meant "to romp" or "to leap." What connection the noun had with the verb it is impossible to decide to-day; but it is interesting to note that the same occurred in the Middle High German. We cannot agree with the authorities who derive the name of the dance from that of the fiddle on the strength of this evidence alone. There is, on the other hand, the strongest reason for supposing that the noun and verb came from entirely different sources, especially so since some French dialects used the verb and not the noun, and *vice versa*. We find the term (always meaning the same instrument) in the Provençal patois as *Gigua* or *Guiga*. The Norman dialect did not contain the noun *Gigue* at all, but had only the verb *Giguer*, which meant "to leap" or "to dance." Henri Moisy compares it with the English "to Jig." It will be interesting to note how, from now onwards, those dialects derived from, or influenced by, the Romance languages have the noun *Gigue* meaning the instrument, and those having a Northern origin possess the verb *Giguer*, signifying "to caper." Menage (*Dictionaire Etymologique*, 1694) says the *Gigue* was "a piece of music of a merry nature," and adds that in Scotland the word was used to mean a very merry dance-air. This, of course, proves nothing in favour of France having been early to use the word in its dance-sense. The lateness of the dictionary's date would place it out of the question at once,

for we had the Jig in England as a dance more than a century earlier. The fact that the Scotch meaning was known in France is not surprising; the intimate relations that existed between the two kingdoms would account for that. We shall see that neither Italy, Germany, nor France used the name to signify a dance until comparatively late.

Turning our attention to England, we find the word used successively in all its meanings, the last being its dance signification; and since this last stage was arrived at before the close of the Sixteenth Century, we may, with perfect assurance, assert that the dance called *Gigue* or Jig was first used as such, and was first so named in this country, and that it wandered to the various countries of Europe. The first references to the word here as elsewhere dealt with the instrument. But about the middle of the Sixteenth Century a new meaning came to be applied to it. We find it used to mean a kind of ballad. It was a ridiculous metrical composition, sometimes rhymed, sung by the clown, who followed it with a dance—which dance was always performed to music supplied by Tabor and Pipe. Be it noted that the fiddle was not used thus early for the purpose. Here the connection between the ballad and the dance performed to the tune is pretty obvious. Beaumont, at the turn of the century, says: "A Jig shall be clapped at, and every rhyme praised and applauded." Ford uses the word in the same sense: "Petrarch was a dunce, Dante a Jig-maker." So also did Joshua Sylvester, in his translation of "G. de Saluste du Bartas, his devine weeks and workes" (1605):

> If neere unto some Eleusinian Spring,
> Som sportfull Jig som wanton shepherd sing,
> The ravisht Fountaine falls to daunce and bound.

So we see that the rhythm of the sung Jig, or ballad, was one very well adapted to a merry dance. John Florio, an Italian, writing his Italian-English Dictionary in England (1611), although influenced by the English meanings applied to the word, nevertheless gives *Giga* as a fiddle; and this would seem to prove conclusively that in Italy the word came to mean a dance very much later than in England. Christopher Marlowe, in *Tambourlaine* (1587), announces his intention of freeing the Drama "from jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits, And such

Conceits as Clownage keeps in pay." Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* was an early play, and being that, we find the word still used in its ballad meaning: "but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, Canary (*q.v.*) to it with your feet . . ."; while in "He's for a Jigg or a tale of bawdry" (*Hamlet*, II, 2) it may have been used in the same sense. Later on in *Hamlet* we find exactly the same use as with Ford: "O God! your only jig-maker"—in a scene where only a merry quip or jingling rhyme can be meant. And Ben Jonson, dedicating his Catilene to the Earl of Pembroke, says: ". . . in these jig-given times, to countenance a legitimate poem." Nash, in 1596, speaks of a "Jigge in English Hexameters" (*Have with you to Saffron Walden*).

Now, these doggerel ballads of the clown were danced;—could not the song used by the mountebank have named the dance? Does not the *Spectator* have it very much later, "a certain jiggish noise to which I dance"? This is at least as logical as to connect the dance with *Giga* the instrument. Even the German, Riemann, says that the name is of English origin and has nothing to do with the instrument.

The fact that the Norman dialect had the verb meaning "to jig" would cause our eyes to turn Northwards for the source of the dance-name. In Scandinavia is to be found the original form of our word Jig. There is the Icelandic *Geiga*, which passing through Middle English (*Gigge*) became the modern Jig, meaning anything round or revolving. Examples of such use are frequent. We have "Whirligig," and "Jig-machine," and the wheels of the light carriage known as a Gig; also a spinning-top, according to Shakespeare's "Go, whip thy gig" (*Love's Labour's Lost, Act* IV). This doublet of Jig was used to mean "to spin" until comparatively late. The writers of the Seventeenth Century still used that word in the last-mentioned sense: "No wonder they'll confesse no losse of men; for Rupert knock's 'em till they gig agen."

What is more natural than to suppose that a word meaning "to revolve" should have been taken to designate the verses with a constantly recurring refrain, and that such a set of verses, being sung by the clown, should have given its name to the dance which was performed to the same tune. A curious inversion of meaning meets us in Scotland. There, "to jig" meant to play the fiddle, a meaning that the

language most probably owed to France for the reason already given.

In England we have the last link of the chain—the Jig as a dance. Lady Nevell's Virginal Book (1591) was probably the first work to contain the word as the name of a piece of dance-music (*Galliard Gygge*), and Thomas Robinson (1603) followed closely after. Not much later the writers of the period employed the term in the dance-sense. Thus Fenton : " Those elegant delights of Jig and vaulting," and Beaumont and Fletcher (*Knight of the Burning Pestle*, IV, 1) make the citizen's wife say : " George, I will have him dance fading ; fading is a fine Jig, I'll assure you."

Summing up all this etymological evidence, then, we may take it that the word Jig meaning a dance is to be traced to a Northern source *via* the ballad meaning of the late Sixteenth Century ; and that it had nothing to do with the *Giga*, or fiddle. The connection that appears to have existed between the two in one or two isolated cases was probably accidental.

The Jig as a dance succeeded the older Galliard in the musical scheme ; and having practically the same spirit and rhythm, changed places with the older form almost imperceptibly. It was written in almost any triple measure—3/8, 3/4, 6/8, 12/8, or 6/4—had the light rhythm of dotted-crotchet, quaver, crotchet (or these values halved or doubled according to period), and, before the form was extended by later composers, consisted of two repeated sections of four or eight measures each. The Old English writers usually gave the time-signature as " 3 in 1," but the indication " 2 " or " 4 " was often used. It must not be supposed from the latter circumstance that the Jig was ever a duple form ; the " 4," for example, merely meant four beats to the measure, which would reduce a 12/8 bar to four measures of 3/8 each. It is, of course, impossible to say when the first piece of music was written in the English Jig form and rhythm. In all probability such music was sung and danced to long before the name was applied to it. In the reference of Barnaby Rich (1581), " the dances in vogue were measures, galliards, jigs, *etc.*," we see that the Jig and the Galliard were used side by side ; and they were doubtlessly used together until their similarity caused the latter to be dropped, and the former developed. The *Galliard Gygge*, already alluded to, was composed by William Byrd, and is the

only piece thus named among several other Galliards. In this specimen we probably see one of the fruits of the period of transition, in which the native and alien forms became merged. Benjamin Cosyn's Virginal Book (*c.* 1600) contains several Galliards but no Jigs so-named. Thomas Robinson's *Schoole of Musicke* (1603), on the other hand, contains five Jigs. Robinson's use of the French form of the name—*Gigue*—was most likely caused by the desire to make the work appear more artistic and fashionable; in the Introduction, however, he spells it Iigge. In 1607 Thomas Ford published his *Musicke of Sundrie Kindes*, and includes Galliards and Jigs side by side. If will thus be seen that the Jig had not yet reached the popularity with musicians that it attained to shortly afterwards, and that it had not yet succeeded in ousting the Galliard. Although Ford uses the name *Jigge* on the title-page, only one of the "Lessons" is so named—No. XV, "Whipit and Tripit, M. Southcotes Jig." The other four examples are No. IX, "The Wild Goose Chase"; No. XI, "And if you do touch Ile crie"; No. XIII, "Why not here"; and No. XVII, "A Snatch and away." All of them exhibit the dotted rhythm mentioned above as being typical of the true English Jig. The names bestowed on these specimens suggest that words were added to the tune, and that the Jig, like most of the other old dances, was also sung. The form seems to have been a "popular" one, and the composers of "choice" music were rather chary of using it. Thus, Robinson's *New Citharen Lessons* (1609) only adds one more example to the list; *Parthenia* (1611) contains only Galliards; and the same occurs in Robert Dowland's *Varietie of Lute Lessons* (1610), in Morley's *First Booke of Consort Lessons* (1611), and in William Forster's Virginal Book of 1624. By way of contrast, the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, although parts of it are earlier, gives us some very interesting examples of the Jig;—specimens that are worthy of notice not only because they were written by some of England's best musicians, but also because they show some deviation from the accepted form. "Nobodyes Gigge" (No. CXLIX) by Richard Farnaby, and Giles Farnaby's "Gigge" (No. CCLXVII) are both in Common time. To find pieces labelled "Jig" in common time is by no means as unusual as might be expected, especially at this period;—in most cases the spirit of the piece would have

dictated the title rather than the measure. Such Jigs were intended only as instrumental pieces, and not for dancing. In the same way can the Sixteenth and Seventeenth-century "Marches" in 3/4 be explained. This naming of a piece by its character is also most probably responsible for such movements as the "Gigue-Almaines" which we often see in the late Sixteenth and early Seventeenth Century; they were for the most part duple as the true Almain, but were to be performed in the light, tripping manner peculiar to the Jig. Further examples in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book are the "Gigge—Dr. Bull's Myselfe," in good form; a "Gigge" in 6/4 also by John Bull, having the typical rhythm, but containing two measures in common time; and a "Jigg" by William Byrd, in 6/4, which is a true English Jig in rhythm and spirit.

It was during the reigns of the first two Stuarts that the Jig seems to have enjoyed its greatest popularity. Although most probably not used as a true Court-dance, there can be little doubt that it was danced occasionally at the royal merry-makings, especially under the Merry Monarch. At the middle of the century the form underwent a change, and it came to be looked upon more generally as a purely instrumental piece, just as were the Jigs in *Parthenia*. Of course, it was still danced on the village-green and at popular gatherings—the different editions of Playford's *Dancing-Master* prove that. The edition of 1652 contains several examples of the form, used as Country-Dances, such as "Kemp's Jegg," "Lord of Carnarvon's Jegg," "Millison's Jegg," "Solomon's Jigge," and others not called Jigs, but which, from their rhythm, may be taken as such. Playford's *Court Ayres* (1655) contains several examples by such writers as William Lawes, Benjamin Rogers, Richard Cobb, George Hudson, *etc.*, while the same publisher's *Musick's Hand-maide* (1663) gives a further selection. Each successive publication now seems to afford more and more specimens, and the name was often not attached. The form had been accepted, and was used, as an instrumental piece pure and simple. Even then the Jig was still used as a dance in ordinary circles, and several extracts from contemporary books prove it. Pepys writes in his *Diary* (October 11, 1665): "My wife and Mercer, and Mrs. Barbara danced, and mighty merry we were, but especially at

Mercer's dancing a jigg, which she does the best I ever did see, having the most natural way of it and keeps time the most perfectly I ever did see." Nearly a year later Mercer once more amused the diarist (August 14, 1666) by dancing a Jig. John Playford suggests that in 1652 "the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, whose sweet and ayry Activity has crowned their grand solemnities with admiration to all Spectators," also saw in the Jig's sprightly measure a relaxation from their sedentary occupation. This fact may account for the titles, "Inner Temple Jig," "Middle Temple Jig," "Lincoln's Inn Jig," and "Gray's Inn Jig," which we find in Playford's *Apollo's Banquet* (1690) among several other examples of the form. The Jig, therefore, was developed along two distinct lines ; one as an instrumental piece, free in form, and the other as a dance. Before the Stuart régime ended the Jig was so popular as a dance that no entertainment or other occasion when many assembled, closed without a Jig.

The passing of the crown to the House of Hanover marked the decline of the popularity of the Jig ; and with Handel and his contemporaries the form was considered more the movement that closed the formal Suite and less as a dance. It must not be supposed that Handel influenced the form of the Jig. His early examples are rather in the form that the Jig acquired when it was borrowed by Italy. In that country the dotted rhythm was smoothed out, and returned to England as the Italian *Gigue*, a form of running triplets. In some of Handel's examples the two rhythms are used together, just as this composer employed the rhythms of the *Courante* and the *Corrente* merged into one hybrid form.

The question as to whether Scotland or Ireland was the first to have the Jig from England is easily answered. Dated references give Scotland the earlier possession of the form. Thomas Morley, already in 1597 (*Plaine and Easie Introduction*) says : "And I boldly affirme, that look which he bee who thinketh himselfe the best descanter of all his neighbours, enioyne him to make but a Scottish Iygge, he will grossly erre in the true nature and qualitie of it." This gives us Scotch Jigs very early ; and it also shows that these dances certainly possessed a special "nature and quality" of their own, in spite of the authorities who say that the British Jigs did not appear to have had any peculiar characteristics. Shake-

speare mentions the Scotch Jig in 1599 (*Much Ado About Nothing*). The form does not seem to have become popular in Ireland until the second half of the Seventeenth Century, no examples bearing that name and possessing the requisite rhythmical character having been found before that time. To attempt to find the original source of so natural a rhythm is an almost hopeless task. If, as Boehme (*Geschichte des Tanzes, etc.*) says, the Jig was a Keltic form, why should not the Galliard, Canary, Siciliano, *etc.*, also be Keltic? for all possessed the same rhythmic figures. The most we can do in regard to the Jig is to discover where the dance with this well-known rhythm was first called "Jig," and where it was first danced. And the answer to these questions, as the above evidence shows, is in both cases, England.

But if Ireland was the last to make it welcome, that island was also the last to retain it in favour. To-day the term Jig is immediately associated with the green isle, and an "Irish Jig" is held to be synonymous with anything light-hearted and gay. Perhaps the best account of an Irish Jig as it was actually danced by the country-folk a century ago is to be obtained from Lady Morgan's *Patriotic Sketches of Ireland* (1807): "In the centre of the field . . . a distaff is fixed in the earth, on which is placed a large flat cake; this cake is the signal of pleasure and becomes the reward of talent. . . . At a little distance from this standard of revelry is placed its chief agent, the piper, who is always seated on the ground, with a hole dug near him, into which the contributions of the assembly are dropt. . . . At the end of each Jig the piper is paid by the young man who dances it, and who endeavours to enhance the value of the gift by first bestowing it on his fair partner; and although a penny a Jig is esteemed very good pay, yet the gallantry or ostentation of the contributor . . . sometimes trebles the sum which the piper usually receives." Such was the natural environment of the Jig—one most suitable to its merry and often riotous movement. It should be noted that it is still a piper who accompanies the dance, and not a fiddler. It would, of course, be very hazardous to say that Jigs were never fiddled; but in the case of nearly every older piece of evidence it is the tabor and pipe or the popular bagpipe that is mentioned.

In France the *Gigue* appears with Lully's early operas and

is mentioned by La Bruyère (*Les Caractères, etc.*, 1688). Sebastian de Brossard, too, speaks of the form and says, "Gigue is an air for instruments, rich in dotted notes and syncopation, which render the melody gay, and, so to say, tripping"; a description that makes it sound very like the true English Jig. The misplaced accent, also, is by no means rare in old English examples of the dance. Lully used the form only in the operas composed between 1682 and 1685, a fact that makes it all the more apparent that it was only an importation into France. Charles II sent many of his private musicians to France to acquire the French style which he admired so much—John Banister and Pelham Humphrey, to mention only two—and these English musicians may quite conceivably have taught the French composers one or two English forms. The dates of these visits and those at which Lully's operas containing *Gigues* appeared, fit so nicely that the probability is very great that they were suggested by the Englishmen. Colasse and Destouches used the form later, but one used some of his master's material, and the other imitated him very closely. Between 1700 and 1710 Feuillet attempted to revive the *Gigue* as a dance, and wrote Choreography for it, employing the Lully music; but these dances had little or nothing in common with the jolly British Jig, being really elaborate ballets for use on the stage by professional dancers.

In Italy there was an even greater scarcity of Gigues as dances, and as a movement in the early Suite it was by no means as common as were many of the other forms. The Italians generally removed the rhythmic characteristics of many of the dance-forms, and nowhere is this more plainly discernable than in the Jig. Just as they omitted the dots from the French Courante and made of it a Corrente, so did they transform the English Jig into a succession of running triplets, a figure of which the Italians were ever fond.

Germany likewise had the Jig from England, but used it almost exclusively as a suite-movement. From Frohberger (1649), Rieckh (1658), and Becker (1668), to Bach, the Gigue was used as an instrumental movement only, and examples of it in this environment need not be quoted.

There can be no doubt that the Jig played an important part in the history of certain musical forms; and from a gay dance-

tune of eight measures, it became gradually extended, until it was employed in an important position in the Suite, and suggested the characteristic rhythm of the closing sections in many examples of the Sonata and Concerto.

KIT : A small stringed instrument much used by the dancing-masters of the Eighteenth Century. In this use it had four strings and was shaped like a miniature violin, its pitch varying according to different writers, from a unison with the violin to a fourth, fifth, or even an octave above. Praetorius says that it sometimes had brass or steel strings. Earlier examples were shaped like a baton (without corners or bouts), and during one period of its career it had only three strings. A good deal of confusion and doubt exists in the nomenclature, and we cannot be at all sure when *Poche*, *Pochette*, *Quart-geige*, and Kit were synonymous terms, and when not. The Kit in very early references may have been a pocket-rebeck. The word is mentioned in Rastel's *Interlude of the four Elements* (early in the Sixteenth Century), but we cannot be sure as to which form of the instrument it refers :

Kit
(Mersenne:
Harmonie Universelle, 1636)

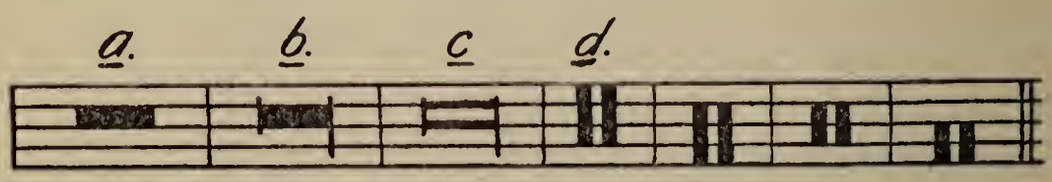
> This daunce would do miche better yet,
> If we had a Kit or Taberet.

KNOT : Sometimes called the Rose. The fretted and often elaborately carved circular sound-hole cut in the tables of lutes and similar instruments. A large amount of highly artistic work was often put into this feature, and the *luthier* not infrequently strove here to exhibit his skill in the handling of his

tools. Some specimens are exceedingly delicately cut, and beautifully designed.

LA. *v.* ARETINIAN SYLLABLES *and* GAMUT.

LARGE: (*Duplex Longa* or *Maxima*). In Mensurable Music, a note equal in value to two Longs (*q.v.*) and sometimes to three Longs. In form the note was as follows:



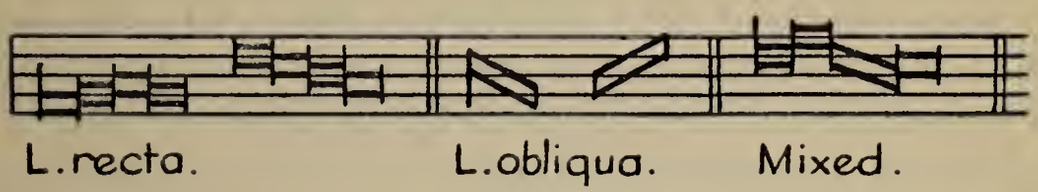
In the earliest manuscripts the Large was written as at *a.* and *b.* (as black notes); about the middle of the Fifteenth Century it appeared as at *c.* (open; white; in outline), and the black note returned for reduced note-values. The corresponding rests were written as at *d.*; covering three spaces when Perfect, and two when Imperfect. The Large or *Duplex Longa* was not evolved until the time of Franco of Cologne, when it was written, as its Latin name implies, as a double Long (*v. also* MENSURABLE MUSIC *and* MOOD).

LAVOLTA, LAVOLTE. *v.* VOLTE.

LESSON: A short composition of no especial characteristics, but which had to be suitable for the purpose of study. In the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, and even persisting well into the Eighteenth, the Lesson took the place of what we should to-day call an exercise or étude. "Lessons for the Recorder," or "Short Lessons for the Bass-Viol" were common titles at the head of Elizabethan and Stuart pieces. The word was in everyday use in Shakespeare's time and Hortensio, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, disposes of Lucentio with the snubbing remark: "You may go walk, and give me leave a while; My Lessons make no musick in three parts"; meaning to imply that he and the lady could make all the harmony required without the aid of a third part. Only Shakespeare could turn a phrase with such rich and subtle meaning, and it is to him and his literary contemporaries that we owe so much for having kept all account of many old terms from becoming lost.

LETTERS, or BY LETTERS. *v.* TABLATURE.

LIGATURES: In Mensurable Music the Ligature was a species of notational contraction for the music sung to one syllable of the text. This applies to the semibreve and notes of greater value. The Ligature was written in several forms, such as that of the *Ligatura recta*, where the square notes were placed closely together, the *Ligatura obliqua*, in which the first vertical stroke of the first note was connected with the second vertical stroke of the second note by a pair of parallel lines, and a mixed form in which both of the foregoing were used :



Certain clearly defined rules fixed the values of the notes in Ligature, values which varied according to the position of the notes in relation to their neighbours, and according to the presence or absence of tails to the notes. Any number of notes could be tied together (*ligatus*) in *Ligatura recta*, but the *Ligatura obliqua* could contain only two notes, the pitch of which was determined by the position of the vertical strokes that commenced and ended the parallelogram.

When the first note of a Ligature was a Breve it was said to be *cum proprietate* (*i.e.* normal), and when the first note was a Long it was *sine proprietate*. What is *cum proprietate* in an ascending Ligature is *sine proprietate* in a descending one, and *vice versa*. When the structure of a Ligature causes the first note (and consequently the second also) to be read as a semibreve, that Ligature was said to be *cum opposita proprietate*. Franchinus Gaforius (1496) says : " Every ascending Ligature of which the first note has no tail is *cum proprietate ;* similarly every descending Ligature of which the first note has a tail descending on the left side is *cum proprietate*. The first note of every Ligature *cum proprietate* is a Breve. They are therefore in error who read the first note of an ascending oblique Ligature as a Long." A tail ascending makes the Ligature *cum opposita proprietate* and converts the first two notes (and both if there are only two in the Ligature) into semibreves—both because one semibreve by itself could not exist in the days when the semibreve had no fixed value and was *ultra mensuram*. It will be seen from what has been said of the Ligature *cum*

opposita proprietate that if the first note (Initial) has a tail ascending on the left side, both that note and the succeeding one are semibreves. All notes in Ligature which have a tail descending on the right side are longs. This rule, however, does not apply to the last note (Final) of a Ligature. Provided that nothing which has already been said alters their value, all the intermediate notes of a Ligature (*Notae Mediae*) are breves. If the first note has a tail descending on the left side it is a breve. When the Initial has no tail it is a long if the second note descends, and a breve if the second note ascends. All notes in a Ligature that have a tail descending on the right side are longs. Every *Finalis* (last note) of an oblique Ligature is a breve, the same applying to the final of a *Ligatura recta* if the note preceding it is a lower note. If the preceding note, however, is higher, then the final becomes a long. The three conditions just mentioned are upset if in a Ligature of two notes the first has an ascending tail on the left, in which case they are, of course, both semibreves. A final that has a tail on the right side is a breve if the tail ascends, and a long if the tail descends. Furthermore, the point of perfection could be added to any note in Ligature, whether *recta* or *obliqua*.

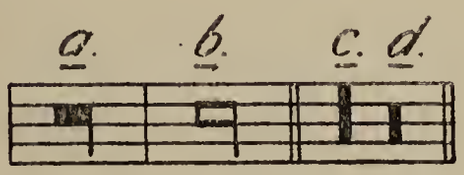
It will be seen that there are sufficient rules and regulations relating to the correct interpretation of these products of the Middle Ages to cause every intending translator of ancient manuscripts to pause and consider before making the attempt. The study of this subject, of which the foregoing is but the barest possible outline, will amply repay the student by opening for him a field of research in which all too few are at present occupied (*v. also* MENSURABLE MUSIC).

LITANY : A prayer of a supplicatory nature, of very great antiquity. The origin of its later form was most likely in the monotone singing of the *Kyrie* (not as part of the Mass), a form that was later developed in bulk and rendered still more impressive by the addition of rich harmonies. It is interesting to note that the Litany was the first of the prayers to be translated into English. The early English examples of the Litany—*e.g.* that contained in Day's *Certaine Notes, etc.* (1560) —and the later specimens by Tallis, followed the tradition of the time by keeping the Plain-song in the Tenor part, thus

preserving the original character of the prayer, while it was beautified by the surrounding harmony.

LONDON CRIES. *v.* CRIES.

LONG: In Mensurable Music a note equal in value to two or three breves (*tempora*), according to Mood (*q.v.*). Like the Large, it was first written as a black note, and later as an open one with a tail on the right side. It may be described as a breve with a tail:



The rest of the same value was written as at *c.* when Perfect (*Pausa Modi*), and as at *d.* when Imperfect (*Pausa Longa*).

The tail of the Long could be placed on either side of the black note; but in the case of the open note it was of the utmost importance that it should be on the right side, and descend. The reason for this will be seen when Ligatures (*q.v.*) are studied.

LUTE: The name of a large and highly important family of plucked stringed instruments. In the Sixteenth Century and the first half of the Seventeenth, the Lutes occupied the position, as accompanying instruments, of the pianoforte of to-day, and were even more ubiquitous. In the physical aspect they were composed of a flat table or belly, and a vaulted, pear-shaped back made up of a number of narrow ribs glued together—the latter being often fluted, ribbed, or inlaid. The fingerboard was fretted, most commonly by having lengths of catgut tied round the neck and passing over the fingerboard under the strings at chromatic intervals. The strings were of catgut and arranged in pairs tuned in unison (*v.* COURSE *and* RANKS); they ran from the pegs to a bar affixed to the lower part of the belly. Each string had its own name, as in the case of the Viols; the highest string on the Lute being called the Catling. No bridge was used on the Lutes, and the strings were kept at the requisite distance from the fingerboard and belly by the transverse bar to which they were fixed. The heads of the Lutes were generally bent back at an angle with the neck, thus offering more resistance to the

pull of the strings. The number of the latter varied with the period, but six was the most usual for the stopped strings (*i.e.* those running over the fingerboard); additional strings were added later at the side of the fingerboard, and tuned from a separate peg-box situated at the side of the other, or arranged as an extension from it. But the addition of these bass-strings changed the character of the ordinary Lute and made of it a Theorbo or an Arch-Lute (see these). Mace's *Musick's Monument* (1676) is perhaps the most valuable work for the study of the Lute in its English use, and most of the information we have on this branch of the subject is from its pages. Thomas Mace explains how the instrument is to be handled, treated, and strung; how tuned, and how the frets were to be "laid." The method of tuning varied considerably, and no useful object can be served by occupying space with such a fluctuating quantity. Naturally, as with all fretted instruments, the tuning and the Tablature (*q.v.*) from which the music was read had to go hand in hand.

A history of the Lute, to be complete, would occupy a volume at least as large as the present one, and consequently only the barest indication of its sources can be given. Of Oriental origin (Arabic, *Al'ud;* Spanish, *Laud;* Portuguese, *Alaude;* Provençal, *Laut;* Old French, *Leut;* Middle English, *Lute*) and introduced into Western Europe at the time of the Crusaders, the form of instrument used in this country would date from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. By the time the later Tudor craftsmen worked the artistic appearance of the Lute was much improved and some exceedingly beautiful work is to be found. The sound-holes, for instance, varying in number from one to three, were often most elaborate examples of the *luthier's* art, being delicately fretted and carved. Famous makers existed in all the countries of Europe; but England was not in the rearward, for Vinzenzo Galilei already remarked that the Lutes of English manufacture were the best (*Dial. della Mus.*).

References to the use of the instrument in England occur very early. Already at the beginning of the Fourteenth Century we are told that a luter received forty shillings for his performance at Westminster. Another very early allusion is in the Hosteller's account for Durham Priory (1361/2): "In uno viro ludenti in uno loyt . . .," and it is to be hoped that

the lutenist's playing was better than the scribe's Latin. Langland in *Piers Plowman* says that Truth "thanne lutede in a loud note," while Chaucer, who mentions practically all the contemporary instruments, has in *The Pardoner's Tale:*

> Wheras with harpes, lutes, and guiternes,
> They dance and plaie at dis bothe day and night.

Gower also alludes to the Lute in *Confessio Amantis* (1390; *l.* 2679).

The "Household Account-Books" of many noblemen under Tudor rule afford a good deal of information on the subject, especially as far as it concerns the instruments in private use. Thus in 1495, "To Hugh Denes for a lewte xiii*s.* iiii*d.*," and in 1501, "For a lewte for my Lady Margaret, xiii*s.* iiii*d.*" A Lute which the king gave as a present to his daughter, Princess Mary, cost the same sum (Nicolas, *Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VII*). Elizabeth of York also kept accounts of expenditure, and in the entry for July 5, 1502, we read: "To Giles lewter for stringes for the Quene of Scottes lewte, x*s.*"

Henry VIII was a thorough musician, and employed a large number of musicians. In July, 1509, the Master Giles already mentioned is entered in the State Papers as a luter with the salary of 22*s.* 2*d.* per month. The instruments belonging to the king were in the charge of Philip van Wilder and a list of them is preserved in the British Museum (*Harl. MS.*, 1419). On *folio* 202*b* there is entered: "A Lute being in a case cheste fasshion of Timbre covered wt. leather," a further "xxiij Lutes wt. xxiij cases to them," and (*f.* 205*b*): "a litle Venise Lute wt. a case to the same." Henry, as is well known, treated any musician who could show talent out of the ordinary very generously; and the Venetian ambassador, writing home, described a concert at which he met "a Brescian whom the King paid 300 Ducats a year for his Lute-playing." On the same authority we have it that Henry himself played the Lute very well. Society followed the King's example, and the account-books of many of the nobility contain entries referring to payments for instruments and performances. And contemporary literature is just as full of allusions to the instrument as the records are. All of the children of Henry VIII played the Lute, and in saying this it might be remarked that

everyone learned the instrument, for no education was considered complete without that accomplishment. If the references to the Lute be any indication, the very air of England must have trembled with the music of that instrument. It was heard everywhere, and it was frequently placed in the hands of the heroine and played on the stage, just as was the viol a century later. Such uses are to be found in Heywood's *Woman Killed with Kindness* and Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, in the latter a very humorous scene being given in which the Lute and its frets are used very punningly. It is mentioned in *Much Ado about Nothing* (II, 1): "God defend the lute should be like the case." Stage directions often ask for the instrument, as in Marston's *Sophonisba* (*Act* V): "A base Lute and a Treble Violl play for the act," and in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Hymen:* "full music of twelve lutes." So ubiquitous did the Lute become in Elizabethan England that a box of strings for that instrument was a common gift, and it was one that even the Queen deigned to accept from her Court-musicians at New Year. The instruction-books of this period were, *The Science of Luting* (1565) and an edition of Adrien le Roy's *Brief and Easy instruction to learne the tableture, to conduct and dispose the hand unto the Lute* (1588), translated into English by J. Alford. As in the case of the viols, the lutenist had often to content himself with vocal music arranged to suit his instrument, and a typical example of this is seen in Thomas Morley's *Canzonets or litle short Aers to five or sixe voices* (1597), in the dedication to which the editor says: ". . . I have also set them Tablature wise to the Lute in the Cantus Booke for one to sing and plaie alone when your Lordship would retire yourself and bee more priuate. . . ."

The passing of the Crown to the House of Stuart only increased, if possible, the popularity of the Lute. Allusions to it are more frequent in the works of contemporary writers, one of the most interesting containing a scene that is in reality a burlesque on a Lute-lesson. This is Cyril Tourneur's *Atheist's Tragedie* (1611; *Act* IV): "Well said: A lesson o' th' Lute to entertaine the time with till she comes"—"Sol, fa, mi, la,—Mi, mi, mi,—Precious! Dost not see *mi* betweene the two Crotchets? Strike mee full there—So—forward. This is a sweet straine, and thou finger'st it beastly. *Mi* is a laerg there, and the prick that stands before *mi* a long; alwaies halfe your

note.—Now Runne your division pleasingly with these quavers. Observe all your graces i' the touch,—Heere's a sweet cloze—strike it full, it sets off your musicke delicately."

The official lists of musicians active at Court give all the information we require respecting appointments to positions in the royal music and the salaries paid. In 1604 Philip Rosseter was engaged as a lutenist with the salary of £20 per annum in addition to £16 2*s.* 6*d.* for livery. Six years later the wage of the lutenists was raised to £40 and then to £50, quite large sums in those days. The celebrated Robert Johnson was appointed in 1604 and received 20*d.* per day and the usual livery money. This musician's father, John Johnson, was one of the most celebrated of the Elizabethan lutenists. Another celebrated player was Thomas Cutting, who succeeded John Dowland in the service of the Danish king. The chief works of the period were three books of *Songs or Ayres of Four Parts* with an accompaniment for the Lutes by John Dowland, the *Schoole of Musicke*, dealing with the Lute and several of its relatives, by Thomas Robinson (1603), and the *Varietie of Lute Lessons* by Robert Dowland (1610). The last-named work is very valuable, since it contains, besides several pieces for performance, an English version of Besarde's classic instructions (from his *Thesaurus Harmonicus*, Cologne, 1603), " a short Treatise thereunto appertayning by John Dowland," and several practical hints. Further representative works giving music for the Lutes were Robert Dowland's *Musical Banquet* (1610) and William Corkine's *Ayres to singe and play to the Lute* (1610).

In the reign of Charles I the instrument still showed no signs of declining from favour. Roger North (*Memoires of Musick*) says : " The Lute was a monopolist of the ayery kind, and master, gentlemen, and ladyes, for the most part used it." The viols were beginning to be serious rivals, but it was some time before the Lutes fell from favour. It will not be necessary to quote largely from the Lord Chamberlain's Records, for these are sufficiently easy of access now, and have been quite well catalogued ; but one manuscript (British Museum, Add. 5750) is worth quoting as being typical : " Charles R. . . . Whereas wee have appointed Robert Dowland to be one of our Musicians in ordinary for the consort in the place of his father Doctor Dowland deceased, and are pleased to allow him for his wages

twenty pence by the day, and for his livery sixteen pounds two shillings and sixpence by the year ; We doe hereby will and command you out of our treasure from time to time remayning in your custody to pay or cause to be paid to the said Robert Dowland or his assigns the said wages . . . from the day of the death of his said father for and during his naturall life, at the four usual termes or feasts. . . . Given under our Signett at the palace of Westminster the six and twentieth day of Aprill in the second yere of our Raigne. . . ." Subsequent names of lutenists include Robert Johnson, Nicholas Lanier, Henry Lawes (1630), Lewis Evans (1633), William Lawes (1635), George Hudson (1641), John Mercure (1641), and many others. The official "stringer" of the Lutes was William Allaby (1641) ; and in view of the contemporary jest that three-quarters of a lutenist's life was spent in stringing and tuning, the appointment of a stringer must have saved a considerable amount of time. Five pounds a year was the usual sum allowed to the lutenists for their strings. The prices paid for Lutes in the Stuart period varied from £10 upwards according to the amount of ornamentation and the materials of which they were made. A fellow commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, paid 3*s*. for borrowing a lute for one month, 3*s*. for "two dozen small strings" (Catlings), and 5*s*. for "learning one month on lute."

The publications of the second half of the Seventeenth Century included John Playford's *Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues* with Lute and Theorbo accompaniment (1652), a similar work in 1653, and another in 1659.

After the Restoration the Lutes began to decline seriously from their popularity, and the great vogue of the Viol family and the growing fashion of the newer Violins soon caused them to be neglected. So much so, that by the time Mace wrote in 1676, he had to bewail the fact that "the world is grown so slight ; full of new Fangles, and takes their chief delight in Jingle-Jangle. With Fiddle-Noises ; Pipes of Bartholomew. . . ." John Rogers, though already advanced in years, was at that time the Lute's best friend, and with men like John Jenkins still writing, and social butterflies like Samuel Pepys still playing, the Lute could not yet be said to have become obsolete. References to the instrument are contained in the State Papers until the very end of the Seventeenth Century ;

and in 1715 a post of lutenist was created at the Chapel Royal, musicians being appointed to fill it until as late as 1752 (John Immyns). During the lifetime of this player the post became a sinecure. Thence onwards it remained only as a means of increasing the salary of the Master of the Children of the Chapel until the death of the last holder of that position—William Hawes—in 1846, when it was suspended (*v. also* ARCH-LUTE, THEORBO, PANDORA, ORPHERION, *and* MANDORA).

LYONS : A name often used in the Seventeenth Century for the bass-strings of the Lutes, probably because the best quality were imported from Lyon (France).

LYRA-VIOL : A Bass-Viol of the smallest size used for solo-performance in showy and technically difficult works. Its small size rendered it easy of manipulation, and its light strings " proportionable " (as John Playford has it) to its size, made it of ready and facile speech. The term was also employed to designate a viol tuned to a chord, and used with music written in Tablature (*v.* HARPWAY, TABLATURE, *and* VIOLS). A work containing such music was Playford's *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra-Viol* (1652), and many books of a similar nature were published at about the same period. John Jenkins was a very celebrated performer on the viol treated in this manner, and Roger North (*Memoires of Musick*) says : " His talents lay in the use of the Lute and Base or rather Lyra-Viol." He was once " brought to play upon the Lyra-Violl afore K. Charles the First, as one that performed somewhat extraordinary. And after he had done, the King sayd he did wonders upon an inconsiderable instrument."

The instrument just mentioned, which was only an ordinary bass-viol tuned in a particular manner, must not be confounded with the Lyra, which had any number of strings, from seven to twenty-four, in addition to *Bourdons* or bass-strings, which in some forms of the instrument ran through the back of the neck and were plucked with the thumb, while the strings passing over the bridge were bowed (*v. also* BARYTONE).

LYRAWAY : Tuning the Bass-Viol to a chord, and playing it from a letter-tablature. This system was possible only so long as instruments were fretted, and it was undoubtedly an idea borrowed from the lutenist. For an unmusical ear this method of performance had certain advantages, for all that was neces-

sary was to drop the finger best able to stop a given fret (indicated by a letter) on the right string (shown by the line of the stave on which the letter stood). But the system had its disadvantages, the chief of which were that tempered intonation was next to impossible, and that in the case of a string being out of tune, no amount of finger-manipulation could compensate for it. John Playford (*Musick's Recreation on the Viol, Lyra-way*, 1669) was of opinion that this manner of using the Bass-Viol was of comparatively late evolution. He says: "The first Authors of Inventing and Setting Lessons this way to the *Viol* was Mr. *Daniel Farunt*, Mr. *Alphonso Ferabosco*, and Mr. *John Coperario*, alias *Cooper*, who Composed Lessons, not only to play alone, but for two or three *Lyra-Viols* in Consort." This latter circumstance shows a big development of the idea, and with the physical characteristics of the Lyra-Viol (*q.v.*) what they were, a consort of these instruments must have been of very fine effect. Examples of Lyraway tunings can be seen in Tobias Hume's *Ayres* of 1605, Ferabosco's *Lessons* of 1609, and Playford's *Musick's Recreation*, *etc.* (1652 and 1669), mentioned above.

Roger North (*Memoires of Musick*) speaks of Thomas Baltzar, the famous Swedish violinist of the Seventeenth Century who became very popular in England, having used a "lyra-tuning and conformable lessons," for the violin. This would doubtlessly have been a case of the mistuning, or *Scordatura* as it was called on the Continent of Europe, and was probably not used with a tablature, and, in the case of Baltzar, certainly not with frets.

MADRIGAL: A form of vocal composition that became very popular in England, and attained to such a high plane of artistic excellence that it is deserving of the closest study. Some of the English examples of the late Sixteenth Century are as beautiful as they are interesting, and fully worthy of being considered typical specimens of native musicianship at a period when this country stood second to none in the art.

Although various forms were used in different countries and periods, the English Madrigal was treated as a part-song unaccompanied by instruments. It reflected the spirit of the time exactly, and written by such men as Byrd, Morley, Wilbye, Dowland, Gibbons, *etc.*, to the texts that only the Elizabethan

era could supply, it was a form of musical art, the passing of which can only be deeply deplored. Contrapuntal writing was a salient feature of the Madrigal—or, as Christopher Simpson (*Compendium of Practicall Musick*, 1667) quaintly puts it: "Of vocal Musick made for the solace and civil delight of man there are many different kinds; as namely, Madrigals, in which fugues and all other flowers of figurate musick are most frequent. . . ."

The Madrigal came to England *via* the Low Countries in the last quarter of the Sixteenth Century, and so great a favourite did it become, and so well suited was it to the taste and talent of the English composers, that it became here a form that could scarcely be improved upon. The music was written in any number of parts, from two to six, or even eight, but there was nothing to prevent these parts being doubled, and the works of this class sung by a small or medium-sized body of vocalists. In this particular (as also in style of writing) the Madrigal differed from the Glee, in which each part was a solo-part. The period of the Madrigal's pre-eminence in England was comparatively short, for by the end of the first third of the Seventeenth Century it was no longer the popular favourite it had been when the House of Tudor made way for that of Stuart. Perhaps the lighter tastes of the latter sovereigns had something to do with the change of style; but a more powerful factor to bring about the decline of the Madrigal was no doubt the changing direction of the national talent, which tended more and more to the dramatic style. At any rate, it was not only in England that the Madrigal fell from favour at this period, for it vanished as rapidly on the Continent of Europe also.

The derivation of the name has occasioned a good deal of speculation, but the etymology that appeals most strongly to me is the one which traces the word from the Greek and Latin *Mandra*, a stable, whence Italian *Mandra*, a sheepfold, herd, or drove. From this source came the Italian *Mandrigale*, a shepherd's song (*cf. Mandriale, Mandriano*, "a herdsman, a grasier, a drover," Florio, *Dictionary*, 1598). This lexicographer already defines Madrigal as "a kind of short songs or ditties in Italie," also mentioning the form *Madrigale* (the suffix being the Latin—*calis*). Assuming this derivation to be the correct one, the pastoral character of the early Madrigals is explained.

Various museums and private libraries possess specimens of English music-books containing examples of the form, but they are not always easily accessible to the ordinary musician. It is therefore an especially fortunate circumstance that a fine collection of specimens by English writers is now available, published by Stainer and Bell, and edited by Dr. E. H. Fellowes. This edition is excellent and representative, and a special word of praise must here be given to Dr. Fellowes for the admirable and almost reverential way in which he has handled this music, especially on the controversial subject of the barring. Separate voice-parts were not barred during the Madrigalian era, and the omission has been made good as far as the changing metres allowed it, in an artistic and respectful manner.

MANDORA: A small pear-shaped, vaulted-backed, gut-stringed instrument of the Lute family. It is illustrated as early as the end of the Fourteenth Century, in a missal, and was probably used as far back as the Twelfth Century. The music of the period, of course, had no great compass, and consequently the short neck with which the instrument was provided was sufficient. By the Sixteenth Century it had become very popular in these islands and was much improved, the number of the strings being raised to five pairs. It was played with a plectrum and sometimes with the fingers. A book of tunes for the instrument is present in manuscript in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. The Mandora was used side by side with the larger lutes at this period, and sometimes a case would contain a pair—the Mandora being probably used for the melody and the larger lute for the accompaniment.

MASQUE: A form of entertainment introduced into England from Italy early in the reign of Henry VIII. In the country of its origin the Masque was an elaborate and often lavish spectacle that did much towards the development of stage-technique. The subjects chosen were generally allegorical or incidents from classic mythology, and there was often abundant opportunity for mechanical effects of the most amazing order. The costumes were usually very sumptuous and the scenery, besides being painted by the foremost artists of the day, was prepared regardless of expenditure. The most celebrated poets of the time provided the text, and the music was written

by musicians whose names are still remembered, and who stand out in the history of music as important figures. The enormous expense of such productions, especially when we take into consideration the relative value of money in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, was sufficient to prevent the Masque from becoming very popular on the public stage, and it was confined almost exclusively to the ball-rooms or private theatres of royalty and the most wealthy and influential of the nobility. A further reason for the great favour enjoyed by the Masque in high society and other cultured circles was that the music and dancing-loving aristocracy could take part in the performances themselves, and many cases are on record of kings, queens, and princes having played in Masques. All that has been said of the Masque so far applies to all the countries that used this form of entertainment.

In England the Masque appears to have been introduced by Henry VIII very early in his reign. We know that his relations with the Italian States were very intimate, and that Venetian embassies passed to and fro. It would not be difficult to visualise the alacrity with which the pleasure-loving Tudor would seize the opportunity of preparing such spectacles for his own edification, especially when the result was likely to be artistic in every way. But the Masques of Henry VIII differ very much in character from those of the Stuarts. In Hall's Chronicles we read of a kind of masked dance in which the king took part, and which the chronicler calls a "Mask, a thing not seen before in England"; but he makes no mention of a plot or of stage and scenery. In short, Henry's Masque appears to have been little more than a fancy-dress and masked dance, a weak imitation of the glories of the Italian Masque.

By the time that men like Ben Jonson, Shirley, Beaumont, and Chapman were writing the poems, and composers like the brothers Lawes, Alfonso Ferabosco, Matthew Locke, Christopher Gibbons, Lupo, and Campion were supplying the music, the Masque had become more like its Continental prototype. A few printed works illustrate the class of music used in England for the Masque: "The Description of a Masque presented before the Kinges Majestie at Whitehall on Twelfth Night last, in honour of the Lord Hayes and his Bride," 1607; "Ayres" by Alfonso Ferabosco, 1609; "The Masque of Flowers presented by the Gentlemen of Graies-Inne at the

Court of White Hall," 1613; and "Ayres Made by Severall Authors and sung in the Masque at the Marriage of the Right Honourable Robert Earle of Somerset and the Right Noble Lady Frances Howard," 1614. There can be no doubt that these Masques were the forerunners of the English opera.

The Lord Chamberlain's Records contain several entries relating to the Masques performed at Court, and one or two examples will suffice to show their nature. On May 20, 1627, a warrant was issued "to pay Andrew Miller for making fifteen long gowns for musicians, for the Queen's Masque performed at Christmas, 1626"; on January 19, 1633/4 a warrant was prepared "for payment of £16 to John Keely and John Laurence for two treble lutes, against his Majesty's Masque at Shrovetide, 1633"; and early in 1675 we have a large number of entries dealing with the famous Masque of that year, huge sums of money having been paid (or owed) for costumes, music, and instruments. As early as 1610 (Christmas) the "Rewards to the persons imployed in the Maske" amounted to quite respectable sums for that period. For example, "To Mr. Alfonso (doubtlessly Ferabosco), for making the songes £20; to Thomas Lupo for setting the dances to the Violins, £5; to the twelve musicians that were priests, that songe and played, £24," and so on.

No account of the Masque, however short, should be allowed to ignore *Comus* by Milton and Henry Lawes. Composed for performance at Ludlow Castle on the occasion of the Earl of Bridgewater's visit as Lord President of the Council in Wales and the Marches in 1634, the masque was a fine example of this class of work. It was published afterwards, and a modern reconstruction of the work by Sir Frederick Bridge and W. Barclay Squire is published by Novello.

MASS: The celebration of the Eucharist, and the music to which certain parts of the service are sung. At different periods the musical complexion of the Mass varied very considerably from a chanting in Plain-song to elaborate polyphonic compositions of the highest possible order. It was only natural that some composers, more concerned for the originality of their music than for its fitness to the text, should have so far abused their opportunities as to cause exception to be taken at the whole system of polyphonic writing for this

service. It was only the fixing of certain rules and laws to govern the composition of Masses that prevented the devotional spirit being ignored, and the atmosphere which the Mass was to create, overlooked.

The first Masses were simply of chanted Plain-song, and even when the development of counterpoint enabled composers to elaborate their sacred work, the Plain-song was retained (as *Cantus Firmus*) and the various parts of the polyphony worked round it. Occasionally secular tunes of a popular character were utilised as thematic material, and the Mass named after the melody used. These works were naturally not written during periods worthy of imitation, and were only of an evanescent nature. Countless methods of setting the well-known texts were employed at different times, but after all had been tried, the tendency—directed as much by the higher artistic instincts of the best writers in the form as by the canons of Cardinals and Popes—was towards unity of treatment and fitness of materials. So many of the best examples of the Mass at different periods can now be seen in modern reprints, that it will not be necessary to quote them here.

The sections of the Mass to be treated musically are the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, *Benedictus*, and *Agnus Dei*. These movements are interspersed with the remaining portions of the service, chanted or recited. The regulations imposed by Pope Pius X upon composers of Masses make very interesting reading, and must be studied by those who hope to have their music used. They are largely repetitions of older laws, and may be seen in Sir Richard R. Terry's *Catholic Church Music*.

MASTER-NOTE: 1. The note immediately below the key-note of the scale, to-day known as the Leading-note.

2. The name often given to the semibreve, probably because it was used as the standard of measurement in the Seventeenth Century. Notes larger than the semibreve were termed "Notes of Augmentation" and those which were smaller "Notes of Diminution," with the semibreve common to the two series. John Playford heads a chapter: "Of the Keeping of Time by the Measure of the Semibreve, or Master-Note."

MEAN: A term loosely applied in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries to any part, voice, instrument, or string,

lying between the treble and the bass. Thus, the Alto and Tenor were Means, and Shakespeare uses the word punningly in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V, 2): ". . . nay, he can sing a mean most meanly. . . ." Cyril Tourneur, in *The Atheist's Tragedie* (1611), has the great musical truth: "But trebles and bases make Poore musick without means." While on this subject notice must be taken of the Counter-Tenor (*q.v.*), also a Mean. By analogy, the strings of the Lutes and Viols between the highest (treble) and lowest (bass), were named Means, the Small Mean being the second string counting downwards from the treble, and the Great Mean the third string. Playford even applies these two terms to the A and D strings of the modern violin. The treble string of the Lutes and Viols was often called the Minikin; but whether this was a further diminution of Small Mean is not clear, although it would be quite in keeping with the practice of the times.

MEASURE: In Elizabethan England a term used loosely to mean a dance. Later its application appears to have been restricted to the slower and more dignified forms. Sir John Davies (Orchestra, 1594) settles the question as to the character of the Measure in the lines:

> Yet all the feet wherein these measures go,
> Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.

Shakespeare in *Much Ado about Nothing* (II, 1) shows that it signifies a movement "mannerly modest . . . full of state and antientry." I have not met with any dance-form called "A Measure" showing any peculiar characteristics, and can only suppose the name to have been applied generically to the slow and solemn dances which usually at Tudor and Stuart balls preceded the quicker measures such as, successively, the Galliard, the Coranto, and the Jig.

MENSURABLE MUSIC: Measured music as distinguished from the older *Cantus Planus*, or Plain-song, in which the only measure was that fixed by the rhythm of the text to which the music was set (*v.* PLAIN-SONG). This singing of notes of undetermined time-value answered well enough so long as the music was unisonal, or in octaves, fifths, or fourths, and all the parts moved uniformly. But the moment that more elaborate harmonisation was evolved, it must be obvious that some

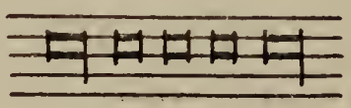
means of measuring the notes had to be devised. Exactly when this took place it is not possible to determine. To Franco of Cologne is sometimes given the honour of having fixed various signs and of having given them certain values. But even Franco himself writes of earlier authorities on this subject, and it must remain an open question as to who first used measured music, and when he flourished. It is quite possible that the idea was gradually developed, and there are signs that point in this direction. Judging from all accounts, it is not possible to place the use of Mensurable Music earlier than the opening of the Twelfth Century.

It must be plain that a complete consideration of this important and fascinating subject cannot find place or space in a work of this kind; but a fair idea of it may be gained if the articles on Breve, Large, Long, Mood, Time, Prolation, Alteration, and Proportion are first read. The Neumes (*q.v.*) used in Plain-song undoubtedly supplied the first notes, and once these had come into use and their utility proved, there was nothing in the way of further development. It would be absurd to suppose that measured music, *per se*, did not exist before the Twelfth Century, because people danced rhythmically, I suppose, from the earliest times in the history of mankind. But there was no system of making clear to the eye the relative duration of the various notes. It was probably the alternation of duple and triple rhythms in the dance that primarily suggested the Long of three *Tempora* and that of two—the Perfect and the Imperfect Moods.

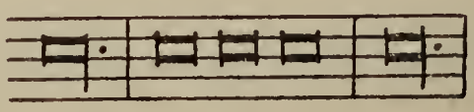
Bearing in mind what has been said in the articles alluded to above, it will now be necessary to trace the connecting links in the historical chain. The earliest notes in use—that is, at the period when music begins to interest us—were the Long, the Breve, and the Semibreve. The first two had their two determined values; the Semibreve still remained indeterminate—*ultra mensuram*—and there could be any number of them, from two to a dozen, to the Breve or *Tempus* (Marchettus of Padua). Later on the Semibreve also came under the rules of Time (*Tempus*), and thence onward the basic principles of Mensurable Music, until the abolition of the Perfect and Imperfect Moods, remained unchanged.

The most noticeable feature in Mensurable Music was that the duration of a note was fixed in the first place by the signa-

ture which indicated the Mood or Time ; in the second place by its position in relation to the neighbouring notes. The principles of Alteration (*q.v.*) must be understood before this can be clear. For a Breve could endure for one or two beats (*Tempora*), according to its position. But the rule of Alteration only apply when not more than two Breves stand between two Longs. When there are more than two, a great deal of variation in the procedure must occur. In such a passage as :

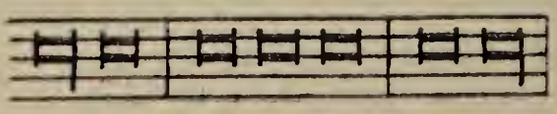


the requirements of the Perfect Mood are satisfied by interpreting and grouping the notes thus :

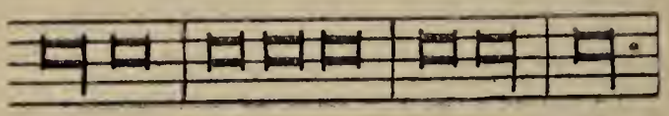


the two Longs can both be perfect, and the three Breves complete what we should call a similar measure. But such a succession of notes as the following :

would have to be grouped thus :

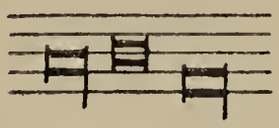


to keep the Mood perfect. Had there been six Breves instead of five in the last example, the last Breve would have been altered and the closing Long perfect, thus :

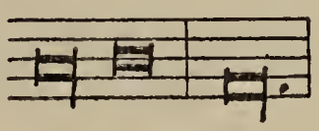


The necessity for the rules governing Alteration, naturally, only arose in the Perfect, or triple, Mood. The Point of Perfection (*q.v.*) fulfilled the functions of the present-day dot, and converted any note in Imperfect Mood or *Tempus* into a Perfect one. From what has been said above concerning

variable numbers of Breves between two Longs, it will be seen that the interpretation of the notes depended largely upon the rhythm required. But if *one* Breve fell between two Longs, either of these Longs could be made Imperfect by it. That is, the phrase :



could be performed as :



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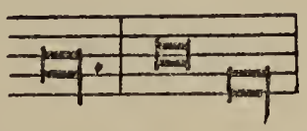
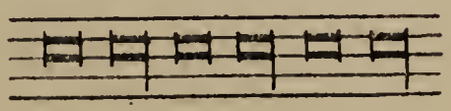


The ancients based the rhythmic performance of their music upon half a dozen "modes" corresponding with recognised metres. The first was Trochaic,

and it will be at once obvious that the Perfect Mood could not be maintained if the Long were counted, as it should be, as three Breves ; for these three Breves added to the one which follows the Long, would produce a duple figure, not intended by the composer. The Long is therefore rendered Imperfect by the following Breve, and the phrase read :

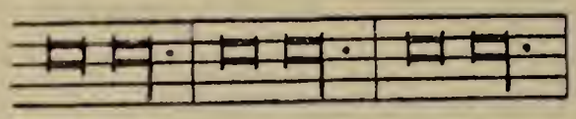
instead of :

for it must never be forgotten that in the Perfect Mood the Long has the value of three Breves. In the second mode, Iambic, the same thing happens, and the Long is treated, because of the Breve which precedes it, as an Imperfect one :

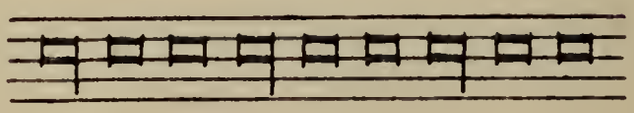


becomes

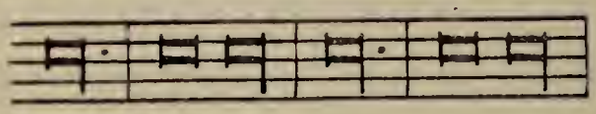
and not



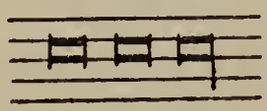
The third (Dactylic) mode :



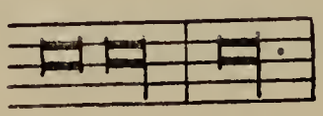
called Alteration into use, for the triple rhythm could only be maintained by doubling the value of the second Breve, and keeping the Longs perfect, thus :



The fourth mode (Anapaestic) followed the same lines ; the second Breve of the rhythmic figure :



was altered to produce :



The fifth mode used only equal notes, and according to the accepted rule these were all Perfect.

Some indications concerning rests and time-signatures are given in other articles in this work, but as a rough guide to the latter it should be remembered that Perfect Time (triple) was shown by a circle, and Imperfect Time by a broken circle, semicircle, or capital C. A dot inside this mood-signature told that the Prolation (*q.v.*) was to be Perfect or Major, the absence of the dot indicating Imperfect or Minor Prolation. Other variations in the signature are dealt with in the article TIME (*Tempus*).

Another important branch of mensurable music is the study

of the change of rhythm effected by the use of black notes in place of white. This is alluded to in the article PROPORTION. But little more than an allusion is possible here, for it is a subject that requires a book to itself. The reader is referred to the articles in this volume mentioned above, in addition to that on Ligatures. Works dealing with the subject at greater length and in trustworthy manner are : Coussemaker, *Scriptores ;* Volume I of the *Oxford History of Music* (Professor Wooldridge), and Heinrich Bellermann, *Die Mensural Noten und Taktzeichen des XV und XVI Jahrhunderts*, Berlin, 1858.

MI. *v.* ARETINIAN SYLLABLES *and* GAMUT.

MINEVEY : Most probably a corruption, due to faulty orthography or typography, from Minuey, a Seventeenth- and early Eighteenth-century spelling (on phonetic lines) of Minuet (*q.v.*). Such spellings as Minuvey and Minnua are to be met with. Nevertheless, it is a peculiar circumstance that Salter's *Genteel Companion for the Recorder* (1683) should use these spellings and also give a " French Minnuett." Undue importance should not be attached to this, for orthography was a very vague art in those days ; and the most ordinary words are often spelled in the most fantastical manner.

MINIKIN. *v.* MEAN.

MINSTREL : Originally the Minstrel was most probably the assistant of the troubadour—and, as far as concerns us in this book, his accompanist. Though used to-day in a much wider sense, the word Minstrel appears to have been applied solely in the Middle Ages to such an instrumentalist. At all events the Minstrel was a trained musician and capable of performing important musical services when necessary. They even appear to have assisted at divine service, Rimbault quoting Rymer's *Foedera* in support of this. Certainly of French origin the Minstrel entered the musical scheme of England after the Norman conquest, and influencing the Saxon Gleemen, and perhaps also influenced by the latter, founded a national system of music that had as its chief form of expression the Ballad (*q.v.*). The instruments used by the Minstrel were probably the harp, crowd, rebec, citole, psaltery, and so on, according to period ; and when employed in the royal service he fulfilled the functions of the later consort. Exactly what is

meant by the term Minstrel when used by the later Tudors is not clear. It may merely have been a survival of the old name and applied to instrumentalists whose duty it was to accompany the singers, to play during banquets, and the like.

In the Wardrobe Accounts of Edward I we read: "To Minstrels and a Harper making their minstrelsy before the Prince between the Twelfth day of May and the Ninth day of June, 1300 . . . 3*s*." During the reign of Edward III the wages of the Minstrel amounted to 20*s*. a year. The records show a number of grants to Minstrels during the reign of Henry VI (from the year 1423 onwards). By the time of Henry VII the term seems to have been applied to instrumentalists generally, for records of that reign state that when the musician John Cliff went to France with the late king, he was accompanied by "seventeen Minstrels his companions." The term "Minstrelsy" would appear to have been applied exclusively to instrumental music.

MINUET: The English spelling of the French Menuet, a dance exceedingly popular in society and on the stage in the Eighteenth Century. Indeed, it was part of the social life of the period during which it was in vogue. It came to England from France soon after its appearance in the operas of Lully, and was fairly common in late Stuart publications. But in these it was given frankly as a new French dance. Playford's *Apollo's Banquet* (*ed.* 6, 1690) intimated on the title-page that the work included the "newest French dances now used at Court and in the Dancing-Schools," and among them were several Menuets. *Musick's Hand-Maide* (1678) also calls the form "the new Menuet." New it was to England, of course; but in France it had had a long period of development before it reached the proud position it occupied when it spread from its native country to these islands. Nearly all the music-books published after those already mentioned contain the dance.

It was during the reign of the last Stuart sovereign, and those of the first three Georges, that the Menuet received the greatest attention here, due, no doubt, to Court influence; for the Menuet was as popular at the Georgian Court as the Branles and Corants were in Stuart, and the Pavanes and Galliards in Elizabethan, England.

For the purpose of the dance a great deal of music was written

during the period last mentioned; every royal birthday was greeted by the publication of an oblong volume containing a special Menuet for the occasion, and what the Court did was naturally copied by society. At Bath the Menuet was a regular and welcome feature, and Beau Nash's balls usually commenced with two hours of Menuet-dancing. In the spa's palmy days the Menuet was as popular in England as it was on the other side of the Channel; and to dance it well was a sign of gentility here as well as in France. And even Macaulay, in his History of England, has it that "Her authority was supreme in all matters of good breeding, from a duel to a Menuet."

The story of the Menuet is interesting and important. It rose from humble beginnings as a rustic Poitevin measure to be a dance which left more traces of its existence on musical form than perhaps any other. It played a part in the formation of its era's manners and beautified the best forms of musical composition, from the pianoforte-solo to the Symphony. How ancient it is would be almost impossible to decide; for it sprang from a dance that had been used for generations in various parts of France, and particularly in Poitou. It is most likely to be derived from a form of the Branle, and in its original form—rustic, lively, gay—it seemed to have been very unpromising material from which to evolve the stately measure of the Eighteenth Century. Lully was probably the first to use it in anything like the form that became so popular; certainly his Menuets were the first of any musical value. And the specimens with which Lully supplied the French stage were the models upon which the later examples were based. It is no exaggeration to say that from this date onwards almost every ball in Europe was opened by the "Queen of Dances," until the two revolutions (the French and the Waltz) dethroned it, and left it as a charming ingredient at the disposal of the Suite-builders.

Like most dances taken from a rustic environment, the Menuet became slower and more stately when adopted for use on the stage and in Society's ball-rooms. It enabled its performers to evolve the most graceful and artistic movements imaginable; its dignity preserved from weightiness by the charm and grace with which the dancers of the period endowed it. But it showed also the artificiality, the snobbery, the

arrogance, and the affectation of the Eighteenth Century ;— the little steps that gave the dance its name (*menu*, small) pictured the mincing gait of the affected dandy ; and the humble curtsey of the lady heightened by its very humility her haughty self-complacency.

The commonest time-signature of the Menuet was 3/4, and the music was generally contained in two sections of four or eight measures, each repeated. Each section was divided from its successor by a marked *caesura*. The later forms of the dance, used as instrumental compositions only, were made up of a first Menuet followed by a second (usually in the relative minor and sometimes in the form of a Trio—*i.e.* in three-part harmony), and closed by a repetition of the major Menuet. In the Suite it took its place, as did all the *Intermezzi* or interpolated forms, between the Saraband and Jig.

It would be out of place to continue with the Menuet's further development, and the importance it assumed in Beethoven's hands ; for these belong to the musical history of other countries. But the fact must not be ignored that the Menuet did not stop where the English musicians left it.

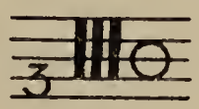
MIXED DIVISION : At a period when fine distinctions were drawn between Division, Descant, and Breaking the Ground (*q.v.*), a Mixed Division was one which combined the use of all three devices in one composition.

MODUS, MODE. *v.* MOOD.

MONOCHORD : An instrument consisting of a sound-box over which was stretched a single string, used for experimental purposes in musical physics. A movable bridge served to divide the string into any required proportionate parts, and the whole system of interval-ratios and many other musico-physical phenomena were discovered by its means. Its use dates back with certainty to the days of the ancient Greek physicists and probably to the scientific culture of the Nile. In the Middle Ages the Monochord was employed to determine the pitch for vocalists, and its influence on music generally has been a very powerful and far-reaching one. At first plucked with the finger or plectrum, and later played with a bow (the number of strings having also been increased), the Monochord in all probability first suggested the clavichord on the one hand, and the trumpet-marine and many other bowed

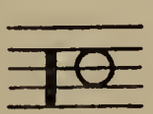
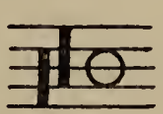
instruments (*e.g.* the organistrum) on the other. Care should be exercised when dealing with the word, especially when spelled *Manichorde* with an *a*, and still more so when in the phrase "a pair of Monochords," for it is easy to confuse the true Monochord for experimental purposes with *Manichorde* and *Manicordo*, which are the French and Italian respectively for Clavichord.

MOOD: A term used in Mensurable Music to express the relative values of the Large (*Maxima*), the Long, and the Breve. The *Modus Major* dealt with the Large and the Long, was Perfect when the measure was triple, *i.e.* when each Large contained three Longs, and Imperfect when the measure was duple, *i.e.* when each Large contained two Longs. The use of the Great Mode is very rare. The signature was :



when Perfect, and when the Time (*Tempus*) (*q.v.*) was also Perfect. The broken circle : C (or C2) indicated the Imperfect Mood. A large amount of variation in the signature could occur, according to whether the Time was Perfect or Imperfect, and so on. In dealing with this subject in the amount of space that can be allowed it, there is great danger of committing sins of omission; and before the transcription of Medieval manuscripts is attempted, the reader is recommended to digest Heinrich Bellermann's *Die Mensuralnoten und Taktzeichen, etc.*, Berlin, 1858.

In the *Modus Minor* (Lesser Mood) the measurement was Perfect when each Long contained three Breves, and Imperfect when it was worth only two. The signature of the Minor Mode Perfect (when the Time was also Perfect) was :

 or : 

and when the Time was Imperfect the same with a broken circle (C ; which was the ancestor of the present-day signature for common time).

The complication of the system will be apparent when it is remembered that in a single composition the *Modus Major*

Perfectus could be used together with the *Modus Minor Imperfectus*. That is to say, every Large would contain three Longs, but every Long only two Breves. This is but one example of such "Moods." Thus in *Modus Major Perfectus* with Perfect Time, the Large would be equal to three Longs or nine Breves; in *Modus Major Perfectus* with Imperfect Time, it was equal to three Longs or six Breves. Similarly in *Modus Minor Perfectus* with Perfect Time, the Long was equal to three Breves or nine Semibreves, and in *Modus Minor Perfectus* with Imperfect Time, to three Breves or six Semibreves (*v. also* MENSURABLE MUSIC, TIME (*Tempus*), *and* PROLATION).

MORISCO. *v.* MORRIS DANCE.

MORRIS DANCE: A folk entertainment of high antiquity that varied in character according to period, from a solo dance and one for half a dozen men, to an elaborate spectacle or pageant with many characters and mummings. Its origin seems lost in the mists of the past, and several sources might with equal justice be suggested for it. Its features are such that it may be regarded as a survival of some ancient ritual; alternatively, it may be a descendant of a dance, already popular in France during the Sixteenth Century, the Morisco; thirdly, it may be a survival (in one of its forms at any rate) of one of those peculiar dances of armed men, pantomimic in nature and in vogue with even savage races; fourthly, it can be a simple folk-dance to which were added, from time to time, various trimmings in the form of ceremonial and historical or legendary happenings. Of all these possible origins, the only one from which we can trace the Morris Dance in any logical sequence, is the Morisco. Tabourot in his *Orchèsographie* (1588) says that in his youth (*i.e.* early in the Sixteenth Century) he saw the Morisco danced by boys with blackened faces, *etc.*; and this circumstance, added to the etymology of the name, would seem to point to a Moorish origin for the dance. Whether this Morisco, or the pantomimic dances bearing the same name in other parts of the Continent of Europe, had much in common with the Tudor Morris Dance is another matter; but the suggestion may quite easily have come from the Morisco, while the English talent for dancing and masking may have supplied the rest.

The date at which the form came to England can similarly

only be guessed at. Most writers suggest that the reign of Edward III was the period, and that John of Gaunt brought the dance from Spain. If we could fix upon the Spain of that era as the birthplace of the Morris Dance, then we could not deny it a Moorish origin. The dance is mentioned and alluded to frequently, but no clear idea of its nature can be formed until it had become thoroughly Anglicised, and ornamented with all the gaiety and imagination of the Tudor revellers. By the time of Henry VIII it had reached a state of popularity unequalled perhaps in any other amusement. Thence onwards it was elaborated and expanded, its original features having probably long been lost—the fate of the original characteristics in many of the ancient dances. The dancers alone soon ceased to satisfy the desire for pageantry, and gradually more and more figures were introduced into the game. There can be no doubt that from a simple dance with certain marked characteristics, whether of a semi-religious or military nature, it became a sort of allegorical masque, or spectacle with dancing. Whether these additional personages acted in dumb-show; whether they sang or spoke; whether they merely paraded; whether they danced; are questions that cannot be answered with any degree of certainty to-day. Whifflers (*q.v.*), hobby-horses, fools, kings, queens, squires, and such representative characters, as well as particular figures like Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, and Little John, came and went as the Morris Dance passed through its kaleidoscopic career from century to century.

As far as can be ascertained, therefore, the Morris Dance became a combination of many forms; probably the serious, ritualistic, and exacting original dance was so confused and mixed with the May-day revellings and similar rejoicings, that no attempt was made to separate them. It was only when the added pageantry fell away that the Morris Dance emerged as a set dance, with varied figures, for six men who belonged to a very conservative body of experts. In this form the dance survives to-day in certain parts of England.

The fact that the Morris Dance was performed by men only would seem to point to its having had an origin far removed from the maypole spirit with its flirtation and kissing. The cake that was often carried at a sword's point might have been a burlesque or a survival of some ceremonial of deeper meaning.

Furthermore, the sword took part in too many of the ancient spectacles for it to be dismissed from the history of the Morris Dance without consideration. The more the question of this dance is studied the more fascinating it grows, and, at the same time, the more involved and entangled do the threads of its descent become.

Henry Machyn, citizen of London, tells us in his *Diary* (May 26, 1555) that there " was a goodly May-gam . . . with gyant and hobehorsses, with drumes and gonnes, and mores danse and with other mynsterelles " (at Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields). But by the time that Ben Jonson wrote, the Morris Dance had become very vague, and each locality seemed to have had its own traditions concerning its performance. " They should be Morris dancers by their jingle, but they have no napkins,"—" No, nor a hobby-horse,"—" Oh, he's often forgotten ; that's no rule ; but there is no Maid Marian nor Friar amongst them ; which is a surer mark. Nor a fool that I see." Bells seem to have been the inseparable adjuncts of the Morris dancer for a long time. In Greene's *Groatsworth of Witte*, 1617, we read : ". . . and wanted nothing but bels, to bee a Hobby horse in a Morrice " ; and in Fletcher's words : " My spurs jingle like a morris dancer." As late as 1772 a penny book gave evidence to the existence of a Morris Dance with a cleric, a beggar, and the Robin Hood quartette.

Shorn of its dispensable adjuncts the Morris Dance was an affair of gravity, not to be attempted in a flippant spirit. Physically, even, it was not easy of performance if it was to keep to tradition. Admission to the guild of professional Morris Dancers was not easy. The candidate had to submit to all the rules of the society, which was very conservative, and obtain his own costume, which was a matter governed by age-old traditions. His training was long and severe, and the result was a dancer who possessed the agility and knowledge of the form that were necessary to make of his performance the serious thing it was considered to be. The costume of the Morris Dancer consisted of a top-hat, white shirt, light breeches, strong boots, woollen stockings, a multitude of coloured and plaited ribbons and rosettes, and a number of bells fastened by a band below the knee.

The music of the true Morris Dance was supplied by the tabor and pipe, or the popular bagpipe. The latter instrument in

connection with the dance is mentioned in a song dating from 1660: "Harke, Harke, I hear the dauncing, And a nimble Morris prancing; The bagpipe and the Morris bells." The falling into desuetude of the pipe and tabor, and, I suppose, the inability to procure a bagpiper readily in the South of Britain, caused the violin to take up the position of accompanying instrument and time-keeper.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Morris Dance at some periods in its history was an entertainment that helped to acquire for England the epithet of "merry"; at other times it was a careful, artistic, and canonical observance. There are still a few sets of Morris Dancers left in England, and men like Mr. Cecil J. Sharp are doing good work in reviving this form of old English art. His publications, *The Morris Book* (Novello, 1907) and others, dealing with various forms of the dance, are well worth reading by those interested in the revival (*v. also* SWORD DANCE).

MOTET: A term applied at different periods to compositions of varying character, but eventually used more exclusively to designate a work for sacred use, set to a Latin text generally (selected from the Psalms or other part of the Scriptures—sometimes even paraphrases on these), and treated in *a capella* style. Solo-Motets were not unknown, but the form in part-writing was and is by far the most common. In this use the Motet would date from the second half of the Fifteenth Century. Used to expand the Mass service, the Motet vanished as such in England at the change of the State-religion, and was replaced by the Anthem (in its "Full" form).

During the period of its greatest popularity the Motet was distinguished by the peculiarity that each voice-part was often given a different text, a feature that must obviously have pointed the way to vast changes in vocal writing, both dramatic and musical.

The form enjoyed a great vogue in Catholic England, and William Byrd's *Cantiones Sacrae*, as well as those of Thomas Tallis, both of which works contained what were really Motets, may be looked upon as typical of the work done in England with this form. They would suffer very little when compared with even the best of the continental examples. It has already been hinted that the Motet appeared in various forms

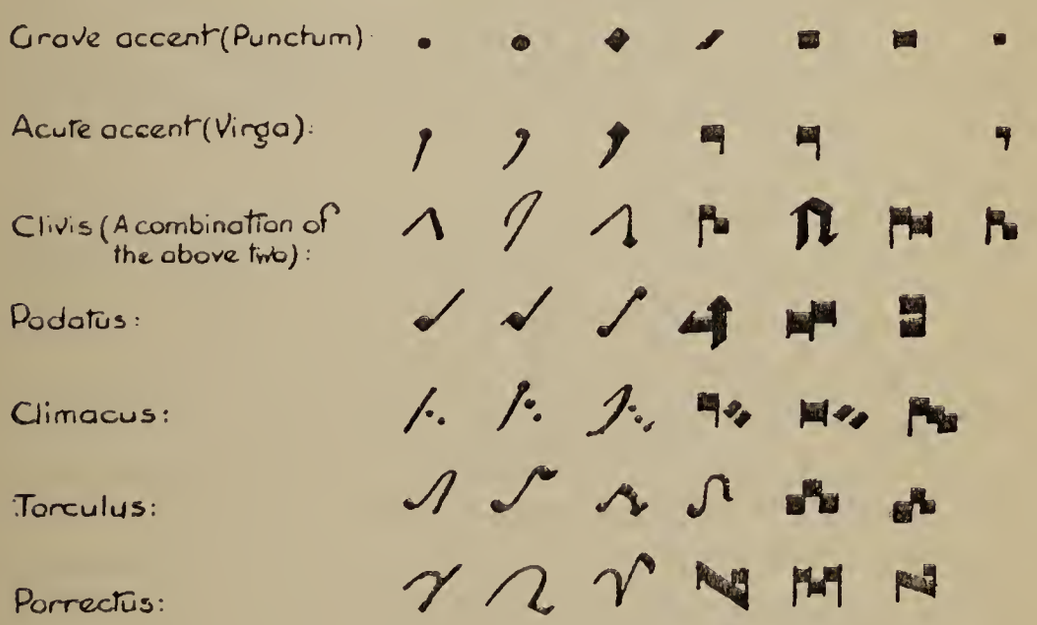
in different stages of its long career, and it must be remembered that very early in its history it was a secular song. This must be borne in mind when Seventeenth-century secular compositions are met with bearing the title "Motet." Orlando Gibbons, for example, issued his *Madrigals and Mottets* in 1612, and such use of the word is not an isolated one at the period. The secular application of the term was not confined to England by any means, and it was probably used in that sense on the Continent before sacred Motets were ever written. Cotgrave's French-English Dictionary (1660) gives the French *Motet* as meaning "a verse in musick, or of a song, a poesie, a short lay"; while Florio's Italian-English Dictionary of 1598 (*A World of Words*), defines the Italian *Motteto* as "a dittie, a verse, a jigge, a short song, a wittie saying." And this last definition probably gives us the original meaning of the term (*cf.* French *Mot*, a word).

MUTATION. *v.* HEXACHORD SYSTEM.

NAKER: The Medieval kettledrum of Arabian origin, if the etymology of the name can be accepted as evidence. The earliest specimens appear to have been very small, so that a pair of them could be held by one hand and beaten with the other. They had convex bodies of wood or metal, and a single head of skin. As the increased resources of the West were applied to its construction the Naker grew in size and became a hemispherical shell of metal (generally copper) with a vellum head; the latter being tunable in the most highly developed specimens. The Naker is mentioned very early in our literature, having probably been brought from the East by returning Crusaders. The first traceable reference to its musical use is in the records relating to Edward I (beginning of the Fourteenth Century). In Tudor days the instrument was already known as the "Kettell drom" (1551). From this date onwards many references to the instrument are to be found in the State Papers, and it had become, by now, the accepted form of drum for mounted bands. It was used, as it is to-day, in pairs, one on either side of the horse's shoulders. In the symphony orchestra the descendants of the Naker, now known as *Timpani*, play an important and interesting part.

NEUMES: The signs used in the earliest days of writing music. Intended originally as aids to the memory in singing the

chanted portions of divine service, a very complete code of such symbols was evolved, which passed through a long process of development until the modern system of notation emerged. Thus the *Punctum* (a grave accent), in its earliest form merely a dot, became the square note of Mensurable Music ; the acute accent (*Virga*), a nail-shaped sign like a dot with a tail, was developed to a shape that produced our tailed notes. Neumes in huge numbers were constructed by various combinations of these accents, and a complete study of this subject would need a considerable amount of space. A few examples must therefore suffice, some specimens of each form in different countries and periods being given.



Many other combinations were evolved which were more or less complicated, some signs standing for quite elaborate groups of rising and falling notes. A study of manuscripts of known date is a great help to the understanding of the Neumes, and the best authorities for their interpretation are the *Scriptores* of Gerbert and Coussemaker, and the Benedictine *Paléographie Musicale* (Solesmes).

NOISE OF MUSIC : In Elizabethan and early Stuart England the word Noise was not always used, in a disparaging sense, to mean unpleasant sounds. In those days it frequently meant nothing worse than our word Sound, and Spenser refers to even a "heavenly noise." In Shakespeare's time a Noise of Music was a haphazard combination of instrumentalists not numerous enough to constitute a "band." In *II Henry IV* (II, 4) we

have : " And see if thou cannot find Sneak's noise ; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music " ; while Heywood (*Iron Age, Act* III) alludes to the same when he writes :

> Where's this great sword and buckler man of Greece ?
> Wee shall have him in one of Sneakes noise,
> And come peaking into the Tents of the Greeks,
> With will you have any musicke Gentlemen ?

Ben Jonson, in *The Tale of a Tub*, says : " Press all the noises of Finsbury in our name," a sentence that would be unintelligible without this interpretation. The *Diary* of Samuel Pepys and Dryden in the *Maiden Queen* both allude to a " Noise of Fiddlers," meaning a set or consort of these instruments. In the article on the Cornet it will be seen that " A Noise of Cornets " was also used. At a date anterior to these quotations the term was applied even to the voice, and we read of " a noise of singing children."

NOTATION : The system of signs and symbols by which the pitch and duration of musical sounds are made visible to the eye. The notation used in ancient times differed considerably in different periods, and for a very long time it was in a state of flux. Commencing with the Neumes (*q.v.*), or signs which indicated the rise or fall of the voice in Plain-song, the notation of music was developed as the rapidly increasing demands of harmony called for more exact means of writing down the sounds required. The Neumes did not stand for fixed notes or intervals, and their object was only to serve as an aid to the memory of singers who had learned the song from a teacher or by tradition. Differences of pitch were at first shown in a very rough-and-ready way by writing the Neume relatively higher or lower—dots or points being used later for this purpose. He must have been a genius who first thought of the brilliant though simple expedient of ruling a line to indicate one fixed note, and to write the signs representing higher or lower sounds above and below the line. This line was written in red ink, and all the signs placed upon it were of uniform pitch (F). Once the beginning had been made, the rest was easy. A second line was added above the existing one, coloured yellow, and bearing the signs of the sound a fifth above that on the red line. The note on the yellow line, therefore, was C. A black line between the two coloured ones was then added, and made

to bear the note A. A fourth line above the yellow one completed the old stave, and, indeed, was sufficient for the ordinary range of music at the period. Later, however, when musicians desired to write all the parts of their polyphony on one stave, a greater number of lines was employed, and staves of from four to a score of lines were not infrequent.

The rise of polyphony made music capable of exact measurement a necessity; and with the advent of Mensurable Music a new epoch in the history of notation had begun. The change from the Neumes to the complete series of symbols used when Mensurable Music was at its prime was not effected suddenly, or even rapidly. For some time two notes had to suffice, a long one and a short. More complicated harmonisation compelled composers to give these notes fixed values. More notes of varying value were gradually added, a means of indicating the Mood or Time developed, and a system of grouping notes sung to one syllable of the text (Ligatures) was called into being (*v.* MENSURABLE MUSIC). The notes used were the semibreve, at first of indeterminate length (*i.e.* merely a short note), the breve, the long, and the large (or *Duplex Longa*), all of which see. The lozenge or diamond-shaped note followed, and was eventually displaced by the modern round note. The dividing of the music into sections of equal length, each containing regularly recurring accents—that is, the use of bar-lines—followed, and the notation of music settled in a form which, with only minor alterations, it still shows (*v.* BARRING, BREVE, CLIFF, LARGE, LIGATURE, LONG, MOOD, PROPORTION, *and* TIME (*Tempus*)).

NOTES OF AUGMENTATION: The semibreve, the breve, the long, and the large (*q.v.*) were known as Notes of Augmentation in the Seventeenth Century; that is, they were multiples of the semibreve, or Master-Note.

NOTES OF DIMINUTION: The minim, crotchet, quaver, and semiquaver were, conversely to the case of the Notes of Augmentation (*q.v.*), fractional parts of the semibreve (*v.* MASTER-NOTE).

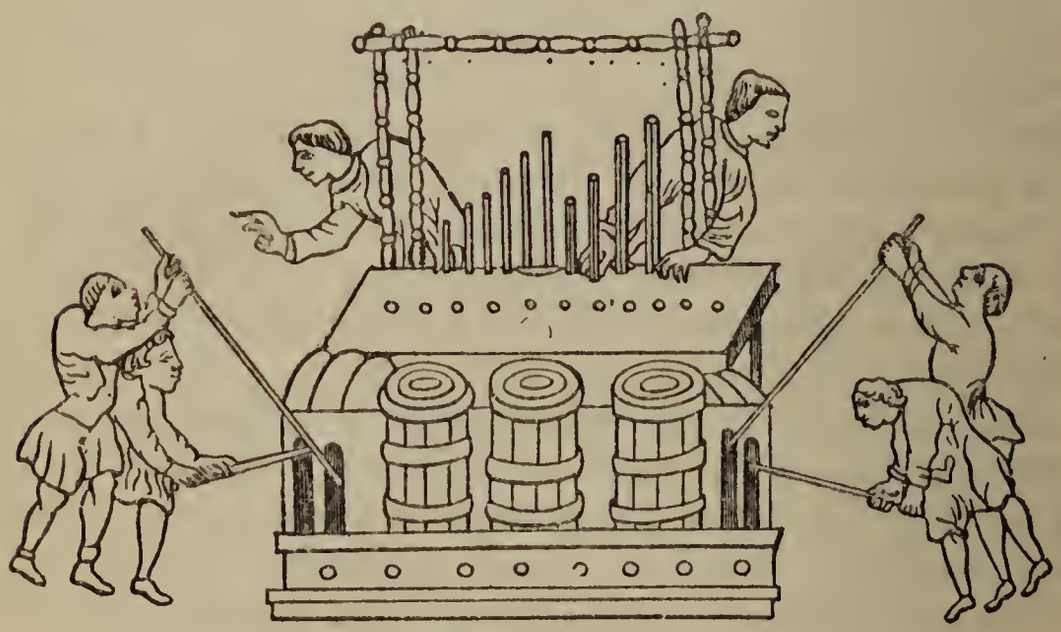
OATEN PIPE. *v.* SHALM.

OCHETUS. *v.* HOCKET.

OLIPHANT: A horn made of ivory (Old English, *Olifaunt*,

Olifant, elephant), used for hunting and also for signalling in peace and war. It is of very great antiquity, the Victoria and Albert Museum (London) possessing very ancient specimens richly carved. It is mentioned in the story of Roland and Oliver (*temp.* Charlemagne).

ORGAN : A highly important keyboard wind-instrument, which had a tremendous influence upon the progress of musical art. It is obvious that a complete account of so vast a subject, especially in its modern aspect, cannot be given here ; but a summary of the principles underlying the use of the instrument in early times must not be omitted from such a work as



Medieval Organ

(Roughly sketched from an illustration in a MS. at Trinity College, Cambridge,—itself a crude copy of a drawing in a Netherlandish Psalter)

this. Fundamentally, the Organ was, and is, a collection of wind-instruments—one or more series of pipes made of various materials, and giving forth sounds by different means, such as fipple-heads, reeds, and so on. The pipes were made to speak by the action of wind admitted by the withdrawing of a slide in the older specimens, and by the depressing of a key in the more modern—which wind was supplied from bellows worked by hand or foot power, and, later, from mechanical " blowers."

The earliest references to Organs in England relate to an instrument belonging to the end of the Seventh Century. St. Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, describes the Organ of his period, and from his account we can form the opinion that the instrument was already of some size and furnished with a

fairly large number of pipes. The Venerable Bede (beginning of the Eighth Century) also left some account of contemporary Organs, and from his writings we can gather that the tone they produced was full and pleasant, and that the notes spoke by "wooden tongues" admitting the wind to the required pipes by their withdrawal and silenced by their return. The entire compass of these Organs probably did not exceed an octave, and a complete chromatic scale was not used. These limitations, added to the difficulty of working the slides, made multiple Organs a necessity; that is to say, each organist could find hands enough to play one part only, and polyphony had to be produced by a different player for each part. This may account for the presence of the two or even three performers that we see pictured in some of the Medieval Organs. There appears to be no indication of a keyboard until the end of the Eleventh Century. With the introduction of these ready means of making a note sound by the action of a single finger, the playing of several parts simultaneously became much easier, and consequently the number of pipes was increased and the chromatic gaps filled in. But it was not until the Fifteenth Century that the Organ became fully chromatic, and at about the same time reed-pipes were added. The Psalter of Eadwin (Trinity College, Cambridge) contains an illustration showing such an early Organ as is described above, with two players and four blowers. A monk of the Tenth Century (one Wulstan) wrote of an Organ in Winchester Cathedral which required three players, a large number of blowers at the bellows, and which had as many as four hundred pipes. But it must not be supposed that this was really such a large Organ; it meant that the aggregate number of pipes was four hundred, but that they were operated by different musicians from different sets of slides; the instrument thus being really a combination of three distinct Organs. Once the keyboard had come into common use, and reed-pipes added, the scope of the instrument was considerably widened and the way made easy for further additions and improvements. The presence of two or three players at the Organs of the Middle Ages, as I have mentioned above, argues that each played his own part, and what these parts were in relation to one another a glance at the articles on Organum and Faux Bourdon will make clear (*v. also* REGAL, PORTATIVE, *and* POSITIVE).

ORGANISTRUM. *v.* HURDY GURDY.

ORGANUM : Probably the most ancient form of harmony, consisting, in the first instance, of two parts separating diatonically from the unison to the fourth and returning to the unison in the same way. At the time of Hucbald (Ninth Century) the Organum became a parallel sequence of fourths and later of fifths, and, frequently, the doubling of both parts in octaves. John Cotton (end of the Eleventh Century), after Guido d'Arezzo had instituted the crossing of parts, already developed the Organum to what became a true descant. Much on this subject is contained in the writings of the theoreticians included in Coussemaker's *Scriptores*, but a certain amount of confusion in nomenclature exists (*v. also* DIAPHONY).

ORPHERION : A plucked instrument handled as were the lutes, and popular very early in the Seventeenth Century. Mace (*Musick's Monument*, 1676) says that the "Auferions" had wire strings like the Pandora, and again like the latter instrument, had the strings in unison pairs. Their number varied from seven to nine pairs. A peculiar feature in the manner of stringing lay in the circumstance that the transverse bar which held the lower ends of the strings was affixed to the table in a slanting direction, and not at right angles to the centre-line as in the lutes. The slant ran upwards on the treble side, and had the effect of making the upper strings shorter than the lower ones. Since it was a fretted instrument, it followed that the frets had to be adjusted slantingly across the fingerboard to make up approximately for the slant. The advantage of this arrangement lay probably in the fact that the lengthened bass-strings gave greater resonance, and the shorter treble and means made for greater economy—not in the length of string used so much as in the reduced number of breakages. Still, with wire strings the latter could not have been a very important item.

In John Dowland's first and second books of "Songes and Ayres of foure parts with Tablature for the Lute. So made that all the partes together, or either of them severally may be sung to the Lute, Orpherion, *etc.*" (1600), the instrument is used for accompanying purposes. Three years later Thomas Robinson issued his "Schoole of Musicke : wherein is taught the Perfect Method of true fingering of the Lute, Pandora,

Orpherion . . . " ; and in 1607 the instrument is once more mentioned in the title of Thomas Ford's *Musicke of Sundrie Kindes*.

PANDORA, PANDORE (or BANDORE) : A plucked instrument strung with wire (Mace) and used to supply a bass. Like the lutes, the Pandora had its strings mounted in unison pairs or ranks. The outline of the resonance-chamber was not a continuous curve, but was waved in three convex scallops on either side. It is quite possible that individual specimens may vary a good deal in outline. The instrument is mentioned as early as 1566 when George Gascoigne mentions it in the Euripidean tragedy *Jocasta* (in " the order of the dumme shewes and Musicke before every Acte "). Thomas Heywood, in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange* (1607), has : " What's her haire ? faith to Bandora wiars, theres not the like simile. . . ." In 1603 Thomas Robinson names it on a title-page as an accompanying instrument, and in 1611 Thomas Morley published his " First Booke of Consort Lessons . . . for sixe instrumentes to play together : viz. : the Treble Lute, the Pandora, the Citterne, the Base-Violl, the Flute, and the Treble-Violl." If such a serious musician as Morley wrote for the instrument in such company, it must have been capable of producing very artistic effects. Samuel Pepys still alludes to it in 1662 when we find the entry : " Waked very early ; and when it was time, did call up Will, and we rose, and musique (with a bandore for the base) did give me a levett " (October 15th).

PASPIE. *v.* PASPY.

PASPY : A dance descended from one of the forms of the Branle (*q.v.*) as the latter was used in Basse Bretagne, and known in France as the Passepied, from which the English name was (to some extent phonetically) derived. During a career of nearly two centuries the form became an exceedingly popular measure in practically all the art-loving countries of Europe.

The Paspy became known in England before the end of the Seventeenth Century, and Playford's *Apollo's Banquet* (1690) contains three examples. Thence onwards it was of comparatively frequent occurrence, became an integral part of the English musical scheme, and found writers in almost every

musician of note, including Purcell. Early in the Eighteenth Century several French writers published collections of Harpsichord and Spinet music in England, and their work no doubt largely influenced the English composers of Paspies. But even in the Seventeenth-century purely English specimens the original form was not by any means strictly adhered to, and a good many liberties were taken with it. The research worker has to differentiate very carefully, when he is examining specimens of these ancient dances, between those examples written specifically for terpsichorean purposes and those composed purely as pieces of instrumental music. Tomlinson's treatise on the dance (1715) gives a specimen by a French dancing-master, in 6/8 time, with instructions how to dance it. This example is interesting since it is called "Passepied Round O"; which may, of course, have been the result of caprice, but which may, on the other hand, have been quite conceivably an indication that the Paspy was, in England, a round-dance, as it was originally in Bretagne at the period when it was known as a variety of the Branle.

In its original state the Passepied was a joyous dance high in favour with the seafaring population of Brittany; and the proximity of this part of France to Poitou may be an explanation for the great likeness that many authorities have found between the Paspy and the Menuet. Rousseau tells us that the older form was very like the Menuet, but quicker in *tempo;* and adds that another point of difference between the two forms was that the Passepied allowed of syncopation, while the Menuet did not. Compan and Brossard both bear out the musical philosopher in this opinion.

The character of this dance was light, merry, and full of gaiety; Niedt (*Handleitung zur Variation*, 1706) describes it as an exceedingly quick dance in which the feet were expected to exhibit exceptional agility, deriving the name from this circumstance. Mattheson says that the Passepied was never sung—a very peculiar distinction when we remember that almost without exception the old dances were accompanied by voices as well as instruments. As might be expected in a form that owed its origin to the Branle, the Passepied appears to have been written in a duple measure before it became the well-known triple dance of the Seventeenth Century. This peculiarity was not uncommon in the Sixteenth and early

Seventeenth Centuries, when many of the ancient dances had duple and triple forms. Tabourot (*Orchèsographie*, 1588) mentions a duple variation of the Passepied. In the Seventeenth Century, however, the triple form became fixed, and it is to be found written generally in 3/8 or 3/4, the former being by far the most frequent measure. It was conventional for the form to commence on the up-beat, and another custom required it to be in the major. Later in its history the same methods were applied in its development as were used subsequently with the Menuet. The form it acquired when used as an instrumental piece was that of a major Passepied followed by one in the minor (in Trio form), the first Passepied being then repeated. In this shape it entered the stereotyped suite as one of the forms interpolated between the Saraband and Jig. It became further enlarged in the hands of some composers, and examples were written with as many as four sections, some of them repeated more than once. Grove says the Passepied concluded in the key of the third and fourth sections, which were in the minor ; but most of the specimens I have seen containing more than two sections have the first (major) portion repeated after the minor section has been played. The experience of F. L. Schubert must have been similar, for he says that the close should be major in any case. The use of so many sections in this form prepared the way for the Passepied with variations, and several examples in this shape are to be found in the works of the Eighteenth-century composers.

The history of the Passepied is quickly told. The original dance of the "round" nature was brought to Paris by itinerant musicians, and first danced in the streets of that city in 1587. Whether this was in the duple measure or not, we have no means of determining ; but I should be inclined to think that it was. Mersenne's *Harmonie Universelle* of 1636 gives two specimens of the *Passepied de Bretagne*, both being still duple. The change to the triple form must have taken place when the dance left the streets and became an artistic form in the court ballet of Louis XIV (1643/1715). Lully, Destouches, and Colasse, used it frequently in their operas, Marais wrote it in regular form, and Couperin affords an example of the Passepied with variations in the second *Ordre* of his Clavecin pieces (1713). By the time that Gluck wrote

(*Iphigénie en Aulide*, 1774), we find the phrase *mouvement de Passepied*, and this, as in the case of *Tempo di Menuetto* and *Tempo di Borea*, is a certain sign that the form had been converted to purely instrumental use. The Germans did not make much use of the form. Although already mentioned by Praetorius in 1612, we do not find many examples, and Bach, when he wrote his Passepieds, adhered to the original form only so far as it suited his purpose. In spite of this paucity of instrumental Passepieds in Germany, the form was much danced there ; and the only explanation I can offer is that the French dancing-masters who took the form to Germany used French music for their performances.

The various constructions, measures, and methods used at different periods in France in the writing of Passepieds, must be carefully studied if the reason for the variations in the English forms of that dance are to be understood. Its gay character and the merry agility of the movements required for it, made it a favourite in England ; and in this case, as in that of many another naturalised form, the original shapes and usages are all too often overlooked.

PASSAMEZZO : A Sixteenth-century Italian dance concerning which a considerable amount of doubt exists. If the only information obtainable were that of Arbeau (1588)—who says that when the musicians played the Pavane (*q.v.*) less heavily, it was called *Passe meze*—we should be justified in cataloguing the form as a variety of the Pavane. But we have sufficient evidence to prove that the two were distinct dances, although they have so often been confused. At the same time there can be little doubt that the Passamezzo was suggested primarily by the Pavane.

In Elizabethan England the form was a great favourite, although musically it may not have been treated as a distinct form in this country. In the English musical publications the name is usually to be found in association with another. Thus we find the term *Passamezzo Pavana* applied to a composition by William Byrd in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, and to another in the same manuscript by Peter Philips. It is possible that these were merely Pavanes written in a rather more florid style, and that they were movements upon which the Passamezzo could be danced. Each of the examples just

quoted is followed by a *Galiarda Passamezzo*, which once more makes the meaning of the word, as it was used in England, uncertain. A consideration of the Italian uses of the name, however, may help to clear up this doubt. Thomas Robinson's Tablature *Schoole of Musicke* (1603) also contains a *Passemezo Galyard* and a *Passamezzo Paven*.

Whether Shakespeare actually used the term in *Twelfth Night* (V, 1), as quoted by many writers, must be left an open question owing to the varied readings given in different editions. The popular issues of the poet's works give the quotation as follows: "Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin." Theobald in his edition of 1733 (after "a faithful collation of all the printed copies") gives this version: "Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure *Painim*," which affords an entirely different reading. The reason for this would seem to be a difference between the first and second folios: in the one we find the word *Panyn* and in the other *Pauin*. The latter was the word most probably used by the poet, for by turning the first *n* in *Panyn* we should obtain *Pauyn*, the common English spelling of the dance-name. And a turned letter was by no means of infrequent occurrence. But whatever Sir Toby meant to say on the occasion in question, it is sufficient for our purpose to know that at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century (the time of the folios) the term Passy-measure was used to qualify Pavane, and it is of equal importance to us whether it originated with Shakespeare or one of his first editors. Suffice it to be established that the word was well enough known to have been used in a popular comedy.

The Passamezzo of Italy was of a simple and smoothly flowing nature; and though, according to all authorities, less slow than the Pavane, it was by no means a quick dance. The name, as it is given by Besarde in 1603, was *Pass'e Mezo*, and this, allowing for elision, was most probably derived from the Italian for "a step and a half," which was no doubt a feature of the dance. Such a derivation as the one from *Passer*, to walk, and *Mezzo*, middle—because the steps led the dancers across the centre of the room—is barbaric and cannot stand. Hawkins says that the Passamezzo was merely a diminutive of the Galliard; but he evidently came to that conclusion after seeing the term *Galiarda Passamezzo* in one of the Elizabethan manuscripts.

The antiquity of the form is considerable, for it can be traced back to the date of the early Pavanes. A collection of Italian forms published by the Gardano press in 1551 contains three "new" *Pass'e mezi*, which proves that older ones must have been extant. Besides this collection, the Gardano press issued another volume by Francesco Bendusi, which contains the dance. *Il Ballerino* (Venice, 1581) and *Nobiltà di Dame* (Venice, 1600) both include examples of the Passamezzo. Like nearly all the contemporary dance-forms, the Passamezzo was also sung.

In France the form was used as an Italian visitor, and in Germany also the examples printed show that the country of the Passamezzo's birth was not lost sight of, and a great many of the known specimens were written by Italians who published their works in Germany. In the Seventeenth Century the dance was probably less used for terpsichorean purposes, and its treatment in free form with many variations proves that it soon became an instrumental show-piece which gave the lutenists of the period some material for technical display.

The fact that the earliest known examples of the Passamezzo were published in Venice may account for its popularity there; and the same circumstance probably explains its being known in England so early, for the relations between this country and Venice were very cordial in the Tudor period.

PASSECAILLE: An instrumental form in triple measure derived from an ancient dance, and consisting of sets of variations on a ground-bass. In construction it was very like the Chaconne (*v.* CHACCON) and only in mood and spirit did it differ. In the late Seventeenth and early Eighteenth Centuries distinctions were observed between the two forms, the chief being that in the Chaconne the theme was supposed to be kept in the bass, while in the Passacaglio (to give the form its more common—Italian—name) it could be used in any part of the harmony. Further, it was decreed that the Passecaille should be in the minor and the Chaconne in the major, and specimens may be seen in which the minor sections are labelled *Passacaglia* or *Passacaglio*, and the major parts *Chaconne* or *Ciaconna*. These rules were soon broken, and both forms are to be found in major and minor.

Like the Chaconne, the Passecaille did not become very

popular in England. Receiving it from France, as the form of the name suggests, a few writers tried their hands at it and found it—like the Chaconne—too heavy for their style. A specimen may be seen in John Playford's *Musick's Delight on the Cithren* (1666), where it is called " Passingala," and another in *Apollo's Banquet* (1690). A third example is contained in Purcell's *King Arthur*.

As a dance the Passecaille in England did not differ much from the Chaconne. In Tomlinson's Treatise on the Dance (1735) we find the form called " our Chaconne."

PASSINGALIA. *v.* PASSECAILLE.

PASSYMEASURE. *v.* PASSAMEZZO.

PAVANE: An interesting and important dance-form of the Sixteenth Century. Written in duple measure, it was slow in tempo and dignified in character. Although it became so popular in England, the Pavane was only a naturalised alien. It had its origin in Italy and came hither *via* France. One of the earliest, and at the same time most accurate, accounts of the dance is that given by Tabourot in his *Orchèsographie* (1588). He says that the Pavane was slow, solemn, and dignified in movement; invested in a high degree of majesty. Its evolutions were sufficiently stately and grave to allow the gentleman to dance it " in his helm and sword—while you others, clad in your long robes, can also take part." No frivolity was allowed to detract from the solemnity of the dance at that period; the ladies were to perform their part in it " with an humble countenance and downcast eyes—glancing occasionally at their partners with virginal modesty." This character caused the Pavane to be much in demand, not only at court functions, but also at weddings and other religious and solemn festivals. It could be danced, said Tabourot, " by Kings, princes, and grave seigneurs with their grand mantles; and by Queens, princesses, and ladies with their long trains." If further proof of the manner of the Pavane's performance were needed, it would be forthcoming in the statement that the ladies' court-trains were carried throughout the evolutions by maids-of-honour.

In agreement with the custom of the period, the Pavane was sung as well as danced, and many beautiful examples have been preserved in the music-books of the time. The specimen given

by Tabourot in his book—*Belle qui tiens ma vie*—is a splendid example of popular secular music at the time of the Great Armada.

Upon the Pavane's first introduction into England, its association with ceremonial functions was not so far forgotten as was a little later the case. Exactly when it was first imported is not quite clear; but the close relations between the English court and Italy—notably Venice—during the reign of Henry VIII, may account for its early appearance here. This is the only way in which we can explain the circumstance that the form was well enough known and liked for the king himself to have essayed an imitation. The Arundel Collection of royal manuscripts contains one of a number written by Henry VIII under the title of "King Henry's Pavyn." This specimen was transcribed and printed by John Stafford Smith in his *Musica Antiqua* (1812). Elizabethan examples are more frequent, and early Stuart specimens may be seen in *Parthenia* (1610), with an interesting Pavane by John Bull; in the works of John Dowland the lutenist (1605); in John Playford's *Court Ayres* (1655); and many other publications of the period.

As a dance the nature of the Pavane became modified by environment. Tabourot's sumptuously robed and cloaked figures made dignified motion imperative; and a long train, carried by servants, precluded in itself all careless and thoughtless movement. But when the form was borrowed by the masses and used on the village-green, the local spirit soon converted it into something more congenial to its own taste. Musically the Pavane fulfilled an important rôle, and many forms used later owe their existence to that dance. Thus one form of the Italian *Canzone* is descended from it, and one of its most beautiful developments was the *Largo* in the French Overture at the end of the Seventeenth Century.

A variation of the Pavane, known as the Spanish Pavane, was also very popular all over Europe, and particularly in England; but whether the differences extended beyond the terpsichorean aspect of the subject, I cannot say. I have not found any music specifically written for the Spanish Pavin with any characteristics differing markedly from those of the ordinary form. Literary mention of both varieties is frequent. Ford, in *The Lady's Trial* (1639), has as a stage direction

(II, 1): "Fulgoso whistles the Spanish Pavin," and Ben Jonson, in *Act* IV, *Scene* 2 of *The Alchemist*, says: "Your Spanish Pavin is the best dance." And if the existence of a popular tune of the era known as "The Spanish Pavin" accounted for Ford's direction, it would not do so for Jonson's use of the term.

The derivation of the name is simple. Pavane, for *Pavana*, *Paduana*, or *Padovana*, fixes upon Padua in Italy as the place where the dance first acquired popularity. The etymologists of the Eighteenth Century and their short-sighted imitators connected the word with the Latin *Pavo*, a Peacock, and in the dignity of the Pavane's movement found support for their crazy derivation, because "it was danced with singular motions of the feet so as to form a wheel, as is the habit of peacocks when in their pride" (Walther, *Lexicon*, 1732). This, of course, is sheer nonsense; the nobility of the dance and the similarity of its name to that of the peacock are accidental. One glance at the *a* in the centre of Pavane and another at the *o* in the root of *Pavo*, *Pavonis*, will suffice to cause the rejection of this barbarous etymology.

When danced in artistic circles the duple Pavane was invariably followed by the triple Galliard (*q.v.*), thus subscribing to the first principles of artistry, the demand for variety. Used together and almost inseparably until both became antiquated, the Pavane and the Galliard were followed by, and eventually made way for, a similarly contrasting pair of dances—one slow and the other quick—a pair of forms that under the names of Allemande and Courante were later to open the classic Suite.

PAVIN, PAVYN. *v.* PAVANE.

PERFECT OF THE LESS. *v.* MOOD.

PERFECT OF THE MORE. *v.* MOOD.

PINCHING NOTES or PINCHED NOTES: Harmonics on the Recorder and Flageolet, obtained by increased breath-pressure in blowing, the octave above the stopped note being produced. "To play these on the Recorder," says Humphrey Salter in *The Genteel Companion* (1683), "you must bend your left Thumb, and let it be half over the hole underneath the pipe, for that belongs to the upper line (*v.* DOT-WAY) where the pinch is made, and pinch the nail of your Thumb in the hole,

then blow your Recorder a little stronger than you did when you played the other notes, and you shall find the Recorder sound eight notes higher." In playing the "Pincht Notes" the seventh hole had to be left unstopped (*v.* FLAGEOLET *and* RECORDER).

PLAGAL MODES. *v.* CHURCH MODES.

PLAIN BEAT. *v.* BEAT.

PLAIN FALL. *v.* FALL.

PLAIN-SONG: Broadly speaking, Plain-song was the unison unmeasured chant in use before the evolution of measured music. Later the meaning of the term was more narrowly applied, and used, often in its Latin form *Cantus planus*, to distinguish the unharmonised Gregorian chant from harmonised Mensurable Music. Its origin is to be sought in the earliest forms of religious worship, and there can be little doubt that in the Temple itself some such recitative was already used. Evidence of its employment in the Christian Church is available to prove its existence in the earliest centuries of the Christian era. Its character was modal, and its rhythm dictated by the scansion of the text. There seems to be no doubt that the more ancient Plain-song was less monotonous than the later, for everything points to the sense of the words having been carefully considered in the chant. But later "reformers" have all too well succeeded in stretching out the shorter notes of the recitative until a chant of almost equal notes resulted. By the end of the Sixteenth Century the monotony of the rhythm of Plain-song must have already been a characteristic feature, for in *Lingua* (before 1607, I, 1) we read: "The tedious plain-song grates my tender ears."

Plain-song still survives in the Church of England (High Church) and especially in the Roman Catholic service, where it remains to the present moment as an immensurable chant. Its English history began with the arrival of St. Augustine, and practised fairly true to tradition ever since, having been retained in part, even during the troublous times of religious flux in the Sixteenth Century.

The study of Plain-song is interesting and important from another, and often overlooked, point of view; namely, that of its influence upon the system of notation—many of the signs and symbols in present use having been directly borrowed from

those employed in the Plain-song of very ancient times (*v.* NEUMES; *also the* Benedictine *Paléographie Musicale* of Solesmes).

PLATE: A name sometimes given to the fingerboard of the viol, Christopher Simpson (*Division-Violist*, 1659) speaking of the "Plate or Fingerboard."

POINT: A term used, alternately with Prick, to mean what is now known as a Dot. Playford speaks of a "Pointed Minim" as being equal to three crotchets, thus showing the word to have been synonymous with our dot. Various kinds of Point (*Punctum*) were known in Medieval and later music, and these will be found under their respective headings.

POINT OF ADDITION: A variant term for Point of Perfection (*q.v.*). Writers so far apart as Glareanus and John Playford use both these expressions to mean the same thing.

POINT OF ALTERATION. *v.* ALTERATION.

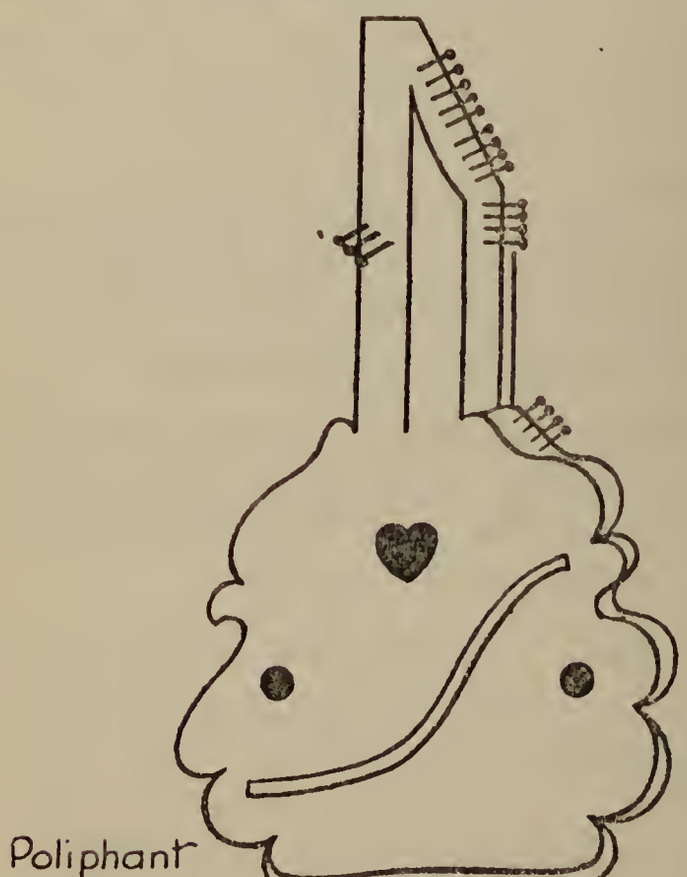
POINT OF AUGMENTATION: A dot which (like the same sign to-day) increased the value of a note by half its original worth. Used in connection with Mensurable Music, it would have the force of the Point of Perfection.

POINT OF DIVISION: In Mensurable Music, a dot placed between notes, or over them (where the present-day bar would be drawn and fulfilling the same functions in some cases), in order to make clear to the performer how the music was to be measured. It was of especial use in such places where doubt might enter into the interpretation of a note's value (*cf. also* ALTERATION). This dot was called the *Punctum Divisionis*. Glareanus (*Dodecachordon*, *Chap.* x) says that the Point of Division, under certain circumstances, caused Alteration: ". . . secunda perpetuo duplatur, non prima . . .," and then: ". . . id autem punctum divisionis saepius indicat." In all probability the modern bar is a descendant of the Point of Division.

POINT OF PERFECTION: In the old measured music a dot placed after a note in the Perfect Mood (*q.v.*), and used to render its measure once more perfect after its position in relation to other notes, had deprived it of its perfection. In such cases the force of the *Punctum Perfectionis* was the same as the

present-day dot, for it converted a long containing two breves into one equal to three breves. Glareanus, in one of his musical examples (*Bk.* III, *Chap.* iv, *Dodecachordon*), shows that, in his mind, the Point of Perfection and the Point of Addition were practically the same.

POLIPHANT : A plucked instrument of which next to nothing is known. Playford attributes its invention to Daniel Farrant, a well-known violist of the period, and mentions it in *Musick's Recreation on the Viol, Lyraway* (1661) : " Daniel Farunt . . .



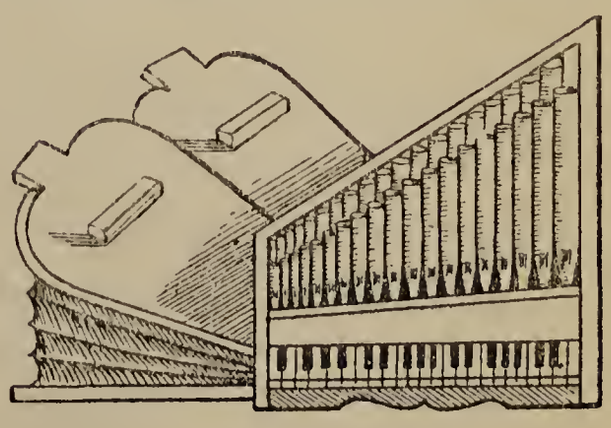
(Randle Holme. Academy of Armory
British Museum Ms. Harleian 2034. Bk III)

was a person of much ingenuity for his several rare inventions of instruments, as the Poliphant and the Stump, which were strung with wire. . . ." Randle Holme, in his manuscript *Academy of Armory* (*Bk.* III, *Harleian MS.* 2034, British Museum), gives an account and a drawing of the instrument—the only trace of it that I have been able to find. Says Holme : " A poliphant of some called a poliphon. It is an hollow yet flat kind of Instrument, containing three dozen and five wire strings to be played upon." The sketch shows a shallow sound-box of fantastic shape, with a much scalloped outline,

a bridge with a double curve, and three small sound-holes—two circular and one heart-shaped. Playford (*Introduction to the Skill of Musick*) had it from "an ancient musician" of Queen Elizabeth that her Majesty "did often recreate herself on an excellent Instrument called the Poliphant, not much unlike a Lute, but strung with wire." Unless Elizabeth played upon the Poliphant in the very last years of her life, I cannot see how her use of it and its invention by Farrant can be reconciled.

PORTATIVE : As its name implies, a small organ of a portable nature. Such instruments appear very early in the history of the organ, and it was only the increased size and weight caused by a greater number of pipes and manuals that brought the term Positive (*i.e.* immovable organ) into being. The Portative, is mentioned in the early metrical romances, and it must have been in common use in England before the Fifteenth Century. It should not be supposed, however, that the organ bearing this name was in any way an harmonium-like imitation of the larger instrument;—the Portative, however small it was, always had pipes and was generally blown by a second person at the bellows.

POSITIVE : A term once in use to designate an organ in a fixed position, to distinguish it from the smaller and lighter Portative (*q.v.*), which could be carried from place to place. Later on, the word was applied to one of the manuals of the Church organ to keep it distinct from the accompanying, or choir, organ. In spite of these two specific uses of the word, it was often employed loosely to any organ for chamber use that was too large to be called a Portative.



Positive

(Seb Virdung. Musica getutscht, etc. 1511

PRICK I : As a noun. In the Seventeenth Century the word Prick was frequently used in place of the more usual "Point" (*q.v.*).

PRICK II : As a verb. Tudor and Stuart music, when written down and not performed extempore, was said to be Pricked ; and a piece of vocal music thus written was a Prick-song. The State Papers of Henry VIII already contain a reference to this word when the payment of £20 " for a prick-songe boke " is authorised. Shakespeare refers to it in *Romeo and Juliet* (II, 4) : " He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion. He rests his minim, one, two, three, in your bosom." John Playford, after the middle of the Seventeenth Century, still used the term, saying : " when any of the parts . . . shall come to be prick'd out."

The verb To Prick and the noun Pricker were applied almost exclusively to the writing of music and to the writers respectively, until the Eighteenth Century. Various amounts in payment for the " pricking " of music for the Chapel Royal and the King's Chamber-music are frequently mentioned in warrants preserved in the Record Office. Thus in 1668 (April 17), the authorisation to pay Louis Grabu a sum of money for music-writing included the item, " for the prickers dyett " ; in 1673 (May 23) the warrant included payment for the " prickers dyes " (ink) ; in 1675 (May 27) for " pricking the tunes in the Maske, and for paper, pens, and inke. . . £10 " ; in 1692 (June 24) Dr. Staggins, Master of the King's Musick, received £59 6*s.* for " Pricking severall compositions," stationery and the prickers' food being included ; and so on, until the joint reign of William and Mary, when we still find the word in the same use (June 22, 1698).

PRICK-SONG. *v.* PRICK II.

PROLATION : In Medieval music the term Prolation was used to designate the relation of the minim to the semibreve. It is not so ancient as Time (*Tempus*) or Mood, for it came into use only with the minim, which appeared early in the Fourteenth Century. Prolation was Major (sometimes called *Prolatio Perfecta*—on the Continent, at any rate) when the semibreve contained three minims, and Minor when it equalled two. The indication as to whether Prolation was Major or Minor was given by a dot in the centre of the circle or semicircle which showed the Time (*q.v.*). The number of minims that went to make up a rhythmic measure (for want of a better term in the absence of bars) varied, not only according to the nature of the

Prolation used, but also according to the Perfection or Imperfection of the *Tempus*. When Time was Imperfect, for instance, and Prolation Perfect, there were six minims to the breve when Time and Prolation were Perfect the breve contained nine minims, owing to the fact that it was equal to three semibreves, each containing three minims. Similarly, six minims went to the breve when the Time was Perfect and the Prolation Minor ; and four when the Time and Prolation were both Imperfect. In Minor Prolation the values of the notes could be halved in value (or doubled in speed) when a line was drawn through the signature (*cf.* TIME). It by no means follows that every part in polyphonic music was given the same time-signature ; for it frequently happened that one part would be prefixed with and another with , each part having to be read according to its own indication. In such cases the remarks made concerning the halving of the values apply. When all the parts showed the signature with the line, it indicated merely an increased *tempo*—not necessarily doubled speed.

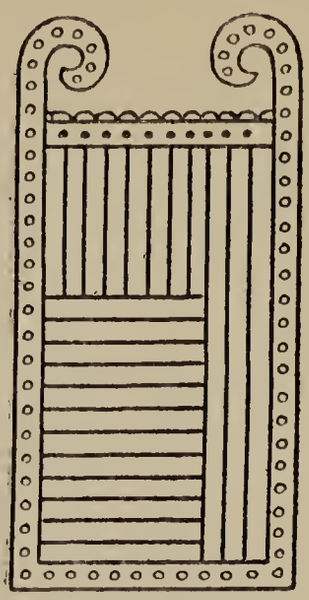
PROPORTION : In ancient music the ratios by which a rhythmic measure was divided, serving the purpose, to a certain extent, of our modern time-signatures. It will be understood by those who have mastered the mysteries of Mood, *Tempus*, and Prolation (*q.v.*), that that which we call a triple measure to-day could be subdivided in duple time, that a duple measure could have duple subdivisions, and a triple one, triple. These alone give a considerable number of possible " Proportions," quite apart from intricate mixtures of rhythms. Furthermore, proportion fixed the relative rhythms of the various parts performing in harmony, when each part was perhaps read in a different, though harmonisable, proportion. An example of the latter is to be seen in Heyden's *De arte canendi*, in which the Discantus part is written with the *integer valor notarum* (*i.e.* the average or normal time-value of the breve, semibreve, minim, *etc.*—according to period), the Tenor in *Proportio tripla* (3/1, or 3 *in* 1), and the Bassus in Imperfect Time *Diminutum*, the whole giving in places what is really

duple bass and treble parts to a triple tenor part. Combinations of various rhythms were thus quite common in Mensurable Music, and without this system of *proportiones*, no harmony could result, especially when we remember the absence of the bar. Fractions were the commonest means of indicating the Proportion, and no difficulty need be experienced in interpreting the works in which it occurs, if the correct time-values be given to each individual part. In the example of Heyden just mentioned, it simply meant counting three semibreves to the breve in the tenor, and two in the treble and bass. Changes of Proportion are quite frequent in the middle of a piece, and a certain amount of care is necessary to avoid overlooking them.

The subject of Proportion is a very large one, and includes the *Proportio Hemiola*, or the writing of, *e.g.*, semibreves black instead of white, thus giving them the value of three black semibreves to the breve ; this would often occur in a piece with a duple time-signature, and meant a change to triple time, while the accompanying voices might still be going on in the duple. As soon as these blackened notes appeared in outline again, the original Mood or *Tempus* was restored. Care must be exercised not to read a " black minim " as a crotchet, for the black minim stands to the white minim in the ratio of two to three. The writing of minims as black notes was called *Hemiolia prolationis*. The *Proportio Sesquialtera* had varieties, as had nearly all of the others, the most frequent being a ratio of three to two. *Proportio Sesquitertia* was as four to three. Sebaldus Heyden, treating of this subject, stops here and says that he leaves the other Proportions out, because they are of no use to the practical musician, and are only to be regarded as mathematical conjuring-tricks. Nevertheless, a large number of compositions may be found containing the most extravagant time-ratios, such as 7/4, 9/5, 11/7, 13/9, 13/7, *etc.* (*Musice Practica*, Franchinus Gaforius). Unfortunately, a work of this size allows no space for a closer consideration of this highly fascinating subject.

PSALTERY : A stringed instrument played by plucking with the fingers or a plectrum. It is to be met with in a variety of shapes, the shallow sound-box being chiefly triangular, square, or oblong ; or a modification of one of these forms produced by

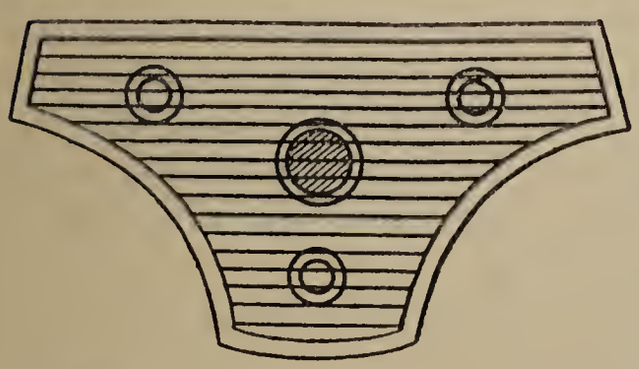
the cutting off of the corners and rounding the new edges concavely. The number of strings varied with the period, and the method of playing differed according to the skill of the performer and the fashion of the country. Illustrations of it most commonly show it played by being held upright with one hand, while the other plucks the strings; or resting flat on the knees of the seated performer, leaving both hands free to pluck and damp the strings. In an old metrical romance, for instance, we read: "Shee laid a sauter on hir knee, Ther on shee plaid full lovesomelye." Its antiquity can scarcely be determined. It was an instrument of simple construction and must have been discovered or evolved very early in history;—in fact, it may be an improvement on one of the biblical instruments, or, at all events of Asian origin.



Hec est forma psalterii

Psaltery

(British Museum Ms. Tiberius C. VI. fol 176, Anglo-Saxon 11th Cent^y



Psaltery

(British Museum Ms Arundel 83. fol. 636)

The tone of the Psaltery must have been quite pleasant and Mersenne as late as the first half of the Seventeenth Century was very enthusiastic over its sweetness. But Mersenne must not be followed too closely with regard to the Psaltery, for he appears to have mixed it up with the Dulcimer (*q.v.*), and it may have been the latter instrument which pleased him so much. Still, there is every excuse for Mersenne's ambiguity, for psaltery and dulcimer were sufficiently alike to mislead any but a most careful observer. The two instruments differed

in the method of playing and manner of stringing (*v.* DULCIMER).

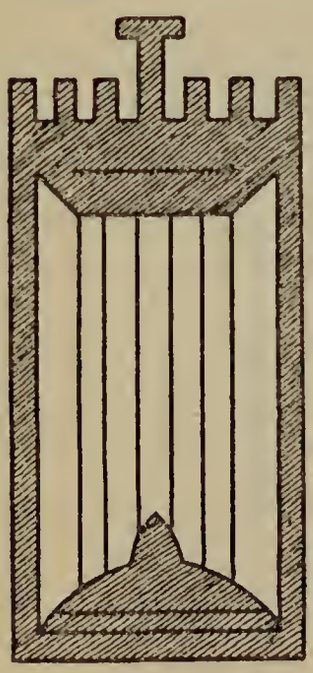
The first literary mention of the Psaltery that I have been able to trace is that of Robert Mannyng, or Robert de Brunne (*c.* 1300), when he speaks of the "Sautre." At the famous Westminster festival of 1306, players on the Psaltery were active, and one of them, Gillotin or Gillot le Sautreur, was paid forty shillings for his services ; while a mark was bestowed on Janin le Sautreur. Chaucer frequently mentions the instrument :

> And al above ther lay a gay sautrye,
> On which he made a nightes melodye.
>
> (*Miller's Tale*, 3213/4).

and later on :

> He kist hir swete, and taketh his sautrye,
> And pleyeth faste, and maketh melodye.
>
> (*Id.* 3305/6).

The instrument is also mentioned in Gavin Douglas' *Palace of Honour* (1501). These citations could be multipied a hundredfold, for the Psaltery seems to have been in everyone's hands, and there is scarcely a writer of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries who does not name it.



Psaltery
(British Museum MS. Add. 19352. fol. 1886. A.D. 1066)

It is clear that the Psaltery with its plucked strings, first with the fingers and then with the plectrum, was the humble forerunner of keyboard instruments like the Virginal, Spinet, and Harpsichord, in which the strings were brought into vibration by the keys causing plectra of some sort to twang them. And it was the growing popularity of these its successors in the Sixteenth Century that caused the decline of the Psaltery. Still, it persisted in small country communities, among people who could not afford the luxury of the then very expensive keyboard instrument, for quite a long time.

Illustrations of the Medieval Psaltery may be seen in several

British Museum manuscripts, such as *Additional* 35166 (late Thirteenth Century), *Tiber, C.* VI (Anglo-Saxon, Eleventh Century, ff. 16*b*, 17*b*), *Ar.* 157 (Early Thirteenth Century, *f.* 71*b*), *Additional* 19352 (1066, *f.* 188*b*), and others. The roof of Manchester Cathedral (1465) is ornamented with some fine carvings of angels playing instruments, one of them handling a Psaltery with quite a score of strings.

QUATRIBLE : A descant in fourths, as the Quinible was one in fifths (*v.* QUINIBLE).

QUINIBLE : An extemporised added part harmonised in fifths, obviously used in an era when consecutive fifths were not forbidden. It was of frequent occurrence, and, to our ears, of horrible effect. The treatise of Chilston (end of the Fourteenth Century) contains the rules that were applied to descanting in Quatrible and Quinible. He says that the Quatrible was to be sung by a child, which is obvious when we are told that it " begynnyth in a twilfth above " (the Plain-song). Cornish, in his *Treatise between Truth and Informacion*, still uses the word Quatrible in 1528.

Chaucer's use of the word shows at once how the term was employed, how common it must have been to stand inclusion in the *Canterbury Tales* without further explanation, and exactly what it meant to the ordinary layman :

> In twenty manere coude he trippe and daunce
> After the scole of Oxenforde tho,
> And with his legges casten to and fro
> And pleyen songes on a small rubible ;
> Ther-to he song som-tyme a loud quinible.
>
> (*Miller's Tale.*)

QUINTUS : In the part-writing of the period that had the Sixteenth Century as its centre, the Quintus was the fifth part in compositions of more than four parts. It was not an independent voice, and only duplicated one of the others. In some compositions it was a second treble, in others a second tenor, and so on. Frequently the range of the music contained in the Quintus part extended from one part to another, and it was thus sometimes called *Pars Vagans*, or " wandering part." When it is said that the Quintus was not an independent part, it must not be supposed that it actually duplicated another part note for note, but only that it was written in the pitch of one of the other parts.

QUIRE : The more truly English spelling of Choir, which is a pedantic variation influenced by more recent foreign fashions. The prayer-book still uses the spelling Quire. So also in Playford : "Then followeth the Apostles Creed, which is sung by the whole Quire." In *The Squyr of Lowe Degre* (*l.* 789) we meet with the form *Quere*. Shakespeare uses the older form of the word in *Henry VIII* (IV, 1), though this has been changed in modern reprints. Francis, Lord Bacon (*Essay of Masques and Triumphs*, has : "I understand it, that the song be in quire. . . ."

QUODLIBET : A musical joke much enjoyed in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries. It consisted originally in a number of musicians simultaneously singing or playing on instruments whatever melody occurred to them. Tunes sacred and secular, slow and fast, were blended together into a "harmony" that was strikingly original, if nothing else. Cleverly performed, the Quodlibet could give much pleasure to an adroit musician, and as a relaxation from the more formal occupation of writing and singing music conforming to very strict rules, it served some useful purpose. The incongruity of many of the combinations was oft-times highly amusing. Later on, the name was given to certain classes of written and properly harmonised music, but still constructed out of the interweaving of varied airs.

QUOTLIBET. *v.* QUODLIBET.

RACKET. *v.* CURTAL.

RAKING : Sweeping the finger across the strings in playing chords upon instruments of the lute species. At one time the entire chord was played by striking the finger across the strings from the bass upwards ; but towards the end of the Seventeenth Century the "fashionable way of playing them," according to Thomas Mace (1676), was "only to hit the Bass with your Thumb, and Rake down all the other three letters, with your Forefinger, at the same time." By "letters" Mace means notes (*cf.* TABLATURE).

RANKS : The unison pairs of strings on the lute, cittern, and kindred instruments. The best teachers of the Seventeenth Century recommend that the two strings of each Rank be fairly close together, but that the Ranks themselves should be

as far apart as could be conveniently managed, in order to facilitate play.

RANT : An ancient dance of doubtful origin. It is possible that the name was derived from the verb " to rant," to use violent or bombastic language, and thus may have referred to a dance of wild character and formless type. If this were so, it may be traced to the Old Dutch *Ranten*, to dote or rave (*cf.* Westphalian *Rantern*, to prate ; Provincial English, *Randy*, wild, or mad ; Low German, *Randen*, and Modern German, *Ranzen*). Such a derivation would make Rant related to *Ranz*, a very ancient dance-tune (*cf. Ranz des Vaches*). The Stainer and Barrett *Dictionary of Musical Terms* advances the theory that Rant is a corruption of Coranto ; but, although this may be etymologically possible, the rhythms of the two forms differ to such an extent that the idea cannot be entertained.

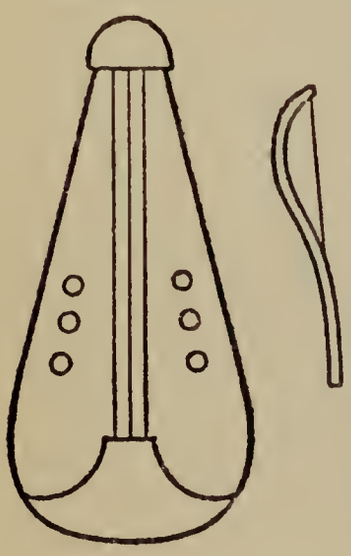
In Stuart publications we sometimes meet with pieces called Rant, the most frequent being John Jenkins's *Mitter Rant* (Playford's *Musick's Hand-maide*, 1678, and other contemporary publications). Two other popular airs of the period were the *Fleece Tavern Rant* and the *Peterborough Rant*, both by Jenkins. It is not outside of the bounds of possibility that the genial old Jenkins applied the name to these compositions himself, and that it never really attained to general acceptance. The use of the word in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, *The Platonick Lady* (1707), may thus only be a play on words given into the mouth of the misunderstanding Mrs. Dowdy : " I'll lead you a Courant, Madam,"—" Ay, a Rant with all my Heart ; I dan't understand the Names, let en be a Dance, and 'tis well enough."

RAY or RAYE : A dance of which little or nothing more is known than can be gathered from the etymology of the name. Alexander Barclay (*Eclogues*, 1508) uses the word in the line : " I can daunce the raye, I can bothe pype and syng,"—and its derivation is from Middle Dutch *Rey* or *Reye*, " a round-dance " (Hexham's *Large Nether-dutch and English Dictionarie*, 1658). Chaucer (*House of Fame*, *l.* 1236) mentions it : " Pypers of the Duche tonge, To lerne . . . daunces, springes, Reyes. . . ." The Modern Dutch is *Rei*, which is most probably cognate with the German *Reihen* or *Reigen*. This

would make of the form something like the Branle (*q.v.*), from which it would be, in such case, derived.

RE. *v.* ARETINIAN SYLLABLES *and* GAMUT.

REBECK : A bowed stringed instrument of great antiquity of Eastern origin, and introduced into Europe as early as the Eleventh Century, probably by the Crusaders. The name, derived as it is through the Old French *Rebec* (also spelled *Rebebe*), from the Arabic *Rebab*, *Rababa*(*t*) (M. Devic, *Dictionaire Etymologique de tous les mots d'origine Orientale*, in the supplement to Littré's Dictionary), already betrays the source of the instrument. It is sufficiently proven that the use of the bow comes from the East, and the Rebeck must be counted among the first of the bowed instruments in Europe. Its shape was generally that of an elongated pear with a vaulted back, and it was provided with a couple of small sound-holes, one on either side of the bridge. It had three strings attached to a tail-piece. The neck does not appear to have been distinct from the body, but was formed by the narrowing of the latter. Whether the Rubebe (Rubible, Ribible) was identical with the Rebeck, or a variation of it, is not clear ; but the name is evidently from the same source, and if any differences existed between the two forms, these must have been evolved before the instrument came to Europe, for both are named at the same period. As might be expected, the Rebeck came to us *via* Spain and France, unless, as I have already hinted, the returning Crusaders brought it with them directly from the hands of the Saracens.



Drawings of the instrument are to be seen in British Museum manuscripts, *Tiber. C.* VI (Anglo-Saxon, Eleventh Century) ; *Ar.* 157 (Early Thirteenth Century), and many others, besides carvings in different cathedrals.

The Rebeck had a place in the royal bands of the Tudor sovereigns, and in Egerton Manuscript 2604 (British Museum, 1525/6) there are mentioned three "Rebikes." The Fifth Earl of Northumberland employed a large body of singers and instrumentalists, including a Rebeck. According to his

Household Book (1512) the wages of the player on the latter amounted to "xxxiij*s*. iiij*d*.," and on New Year's Day "in the mornynge, when they doo play at my Lorde's chambre doure," one pound was shared among the Tabret, Lute, and Rebeck, as a seasonal gift. The instrument is named as late as the time of James I, when a list of fees paid to musicians shows that rebeck-players were still employed (*Stowe MS.* 574, *f.* 16*b*; British Museum).

In ancient literature the Rebeck is mentioned so frequently that it is difficult to select characteristic quotations. It is referred to as the Ribible in the *Squyr of Lowe Degre* (*l.* 1071), and in Lydgate's *Reson and Sensualite* (*l.* 5581/2):

> Lutys, Rubibis, and Geterns,
> More for estatys than taverns.

Chaucer uses both forms of the name; Rebekke in *The Frere's Tale*, and Ribible in *The Cokes Tale* (*cf.* also quotation in article on Quinible). Stephen Hawes speaks of Rebeckes in 1506 (*Pastyme of Plesure, Chap.* 16), and Michael Drayton in *Eclogue* II (*The Shepherd's Garland*) says:

> He turn'd his rebec to a mournful note,
> And thereto sung this doleful elegy.

Milton, in *L'Allegro* ("and the jocund rebecks sound"), still finds use for the instrument, as he does again in his *Areopagitica*. Shakespeare, too, in *Romeo and Juliet* (V, 5) names one of his minstrels Hugh Rebeck.

REBIKE. *v.* REBECK.

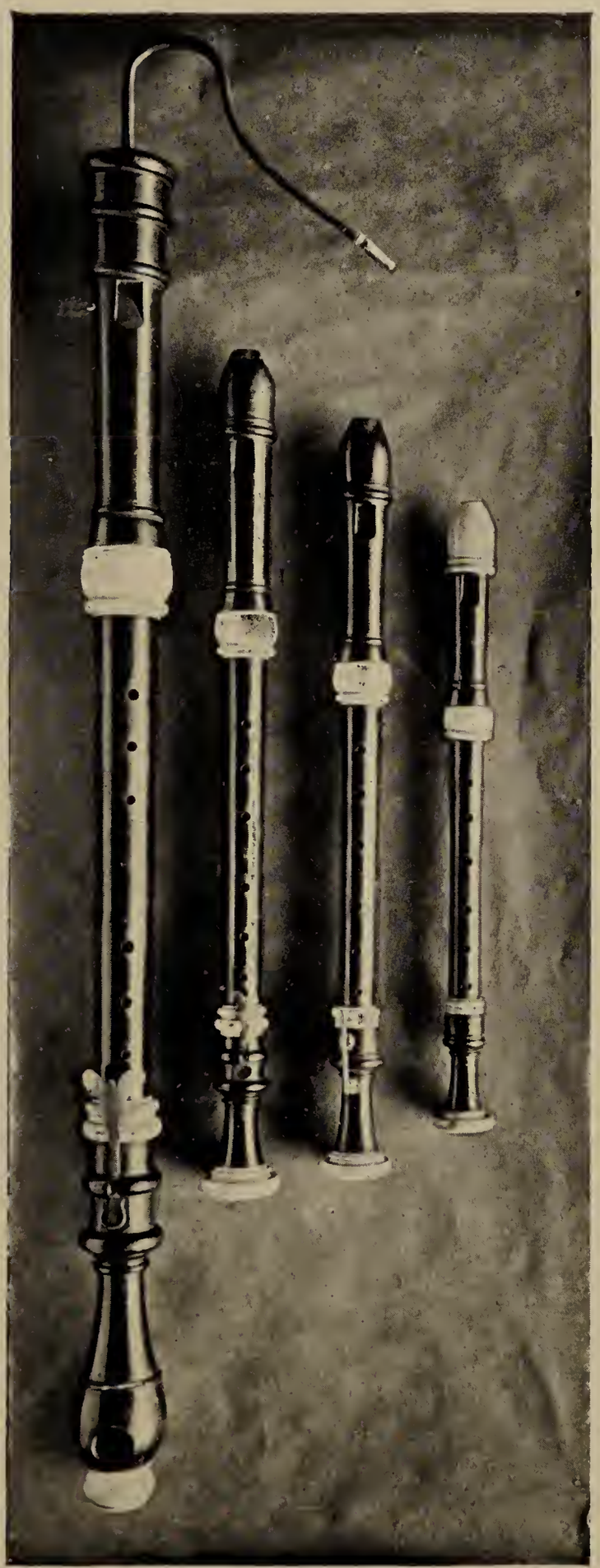
RECORD: As a verb this term was a common one in Elizabethan England for the sense "to sing" or "to warble," and was especially used to mean the singing of birds, being thence applied to human music-making. A typical example of the literary use of the word is to be found in the Chorus to *Act* IV of *Pericles*: ". . . or when to the Lute She sung, and made the night-bird mute, That still records with moan. . . ." Another is given by Fletcher in Valentinian (II, 1, before 1618/9): "For you are fellows only know by note, As birds record their lessons." William Browne's use of the term shows that it was employed indifferently to human and feathered vocalists: "So while the nymph did earnestly contest,

Whether the birds or she recorded best" (*Britannia's Pastorals, Book* II, *Song* 4). An entry in the *Promptorium Parvulorum* of *c.* 1440 shows how early the term was used to mean the learning of exercises: "Recordyn lessonys, *Recordo, Repeto.*"

RECORDER: (English Flute, Common Flute, Fipple Flute, Flute Douce, Doucet, Doucette, *etc.*). A wind-instrument of the fipple-pipe, or whistle-headed family, very popular in England for more than three centuries. The essential features of the Recorder were a notch cut into the tube near the upper end, a plug inserted into the pipe at the notch which partly closed the former, and thumb-holes at the back of the instrument. The wind struck the lower edge of the notch and produced the whistle-like tone characteristic of the instrument. This principle is applied to all sound-producers of the whistle type, from the earliest instruments of Græco-Roman times to the modern organ pipe. The instruments of this class were all blown directly, thus being differentiated from the later *flauto traverso*. Their tone was soft and caused them to acquire the name of *Doucet* or *Flute Douce*. Bacon (*Sylva Sylvarum*, 1627) alludes to this when he says "recorders which goe with a gentle Breath," thus drawing a comparison between them and the "*Flutes* and *Fifes* which will not giue *Sound* by a Blast at the end, as Recorders doe, but are blowne at a Small Hole in the side." The distinction between the direct and the transverse flutes is thus made clear. Lydgate (early Fifteenth Century) already mentions the difference in tone between the Recorder and the other pipes when he says: "Lowde shallys and doucetes." Chaucer (*House of Fame, ll.* 1220/1) also uses the name "Doucet":

> That craftely begunne pype
> Bothe in doucet and in rede.

The Recorder was made in several sizes of different pitch, Praetorius mentioning as many as eight. Whether all these were ever used together is open to doubt, and I think that the ordinary quartet, consisting of Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass (as in the case of most other instruments), was the combination most usually employed for concerted music. Such a quartet is preserved in the Grosvenor Museum at Chester, and is believed to be the only complete set in original condition. Of these instruments, the Treble has a range up to the F above



THE CHESTER RECORDERS

(Photograph by Professor R. Newstead, F.R.S., and lent by Dr. Joseph Cox Bridge, M.A., to both of whom grateful acknowledgment is made)

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the treble stave, and is pitched in F. The Alto is in the key of D, the Tenor in C, and the Bass in F, its range being down to the first D below the bass-stave. The Treble was thus an octave above the Bass, with the two means between them, a fourth and a fifth below the Treble respectively. Smaller Recorders were made which had a still more extended upward compass, and larger basses which descended lower. The increased size of the latter made some device necessary which would enable the player to reach the head of the instrument and still finger with ease. The difficulty was overcome by the use of a bent tube which carried the air from the player's lips to the top of the Bass-Recorder.

The makers of the early Recorders are unknown ; but from the Eighteenth Century, Bressan (who made the set at Chester) and Stanesby (father and son) may be mentioned. The last-named maker was probably the last of the famous English workmen, and later than this Recorders in sets were probably not made. The Bass fell into disuse first and was followed by the others in order ; but the instrument, in some form or other, persisted until very late, and the Nineteenth-century flageolets were really nothing but high-pitched Recorders. Their manipulation may vary somewhat from that of the Recorder, but they still possess the notch, the fipple, the direct blowing, and the thumb-hole at the back of the tube. Such flageolets were named " English Flutes " by those who made them, and under this name the early true Recorder often went. The fact that the Chester quartet is of so late a date renders it less valuable from the historical point of view, but specimens of earlier Recorders, though not in complete sets, may be seen in many museums ; a quartet in Nuremberg being complete except for a reproduced treble. These specimens date from the Sixteenth Century.

Recorders, like some other wood-wind instruments, were sometimes made double—*i.e.* with two pipes side by side, and intended to be used together ; one probably playing the melody while the other supplied the accompaniment. This use of double-pipes is very ancient and was already cultivated in Dynastic Egypt, as well as in Greece and Rome.

The English text-book for the instrument is " The Genteel Companion : Being exact Directions for the Recorder : With a collection of the Best and Newest Tunes and Grounds extant.

Carefully Composed and Gathered by Humphrey Salter, 1683." This book gives rules on fingering, cross-fingering, the production of harmonics ("Pinching Notes"), *etc.*, and the music is printed in a special kind of Tablature. It should be noticed that many writers speak of a hole in the instrument covered with skin as a characteristic feature. They probably derived their knowledge from an example in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which has such a hole. What this hole was intended for is not clear—perhaps it may have been accidental, or even experimental. Humphrey Salter describes his instrument fairly minutely, but says nothing of such skin-covered openings; moreover, the instrument in the museum is not Sixteenth Century, as is generally supposed, but Nineteenth Century.

Literary allusions to the instrument, and drawings of it, appear rather early in English history, the latter going farther back than the former. The University Library of Glasgow, and the Bodleian, Oxford, possess Psalters containing pictures of the Recorder, one dating from the Twelfth Century and the other from the Thirteenth. Early metrical romances, such as *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*, mention the instrument; and in the work alluded to it is given as "Recorde" (used as a noun). These early specimens cannot have been very perfect instruments; although the pictures represent them with a number of finger-holes the *Promptorium Parvulorum* (first half of the Fifteenth Century) gives a Recorder as a "lytyl-pype, *canula*," not a very happy definition. But the Latin writers usually referred to it as *Fistula Anglica* (English flute or whistle). The transverse flute was then already known as *Fistula Germanica.* A verse attributed to the reign of Henry VII, and once on the wall of the Leckingfield Manor-house (Yorkshire), is interesting as it draws attention to the technicalities of performance:

> The Recorder of his kind the mean doth desire;
> Manifold fingering and stops bringeth from him his notis clear;
> Whoso list to handle an instrument so good
> Must see in his many fingering that he keep time, stop, and mood.

The "manifold fingering" probably refers to cross-fingering, "pinching," *etc.* Towards the end of the Sixteenth Century, John Howes (*A Familiar and Friendly Discourse*) suggests

that children should learn the Recorder in addition to other instruments ; and many other allusions to the instrument could be cited. Shakespeare alludes to the Recorder more than once ; the remarks passed by the Amazonian queen on Quince's performance immediately springs to mind : " Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a Recorder ; a sound, but not in government " (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V, 1). The scene in Hamlet, in which the instrument plays an important part, is too well known to need quotation. Milton still uses the word in *Paradise Lost*, and in a way that shows the instrument to have been kept distinct from the flute at the middle of the Seventeenth Century :

> . . . anon they move
> In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders ;

the softness of the tone being once more remarked. There is no reason for suspecting the accuracy of Milton's musical allusions, for he was an accomplished musician—as was his father—and at the house in Bread Street, London, the poet met the most celebrated musicians of the day—the whole of the Playford *coterie*. John Evelyn uses the term Flute douce in 1679 (November 20) : " There was also a *flute douce* now in much request for accompanying the voice."

The historical references to the Recorder are interesting, and afford a good idea of the uses to which the instrument was put. Henry VII employed players on the Recorders, and his bluff son, enthusiastic musician that he was, must have had a special liking for the instrument, judging by the number he had in his possession (list in *Harleian MS.* 1419, British Museum). On some of these he doubtlessly played himself, for we are told that he performed on the Recorder as well as on sundry other instruments. A very sumptuous set is described in the manuscript just mentioned : " Item. A case covered with crimeson vellat havinge locke and all other garnisshementes to the same of Silver gilte with viii Recorders of Iverie in the same case twoo bases garnisshed with silver and guilte," and a very costly set of Recorders this must have been. Among the other entries are : " Item. One case with vi recorders of Boxe in it " ; " Item. viii Recorders greate and small in a case covered with blacke leather and lined with clothe " ;

"Item. Twoo base recorders of waulnuttre one of them tipped with silver the same are butt redde woodde"; "Item. vi Recorders of Ivorie in a case of blacke vellat." There were over half a gross of Recorders in his collection. At the burial of Queen Elizabeth seven musicians for the Recorders drew allowances for mourning liveries; they were Alphonso Lanier, Robert Baker, and five members of the Bassano family (Lord Chamberlain's Records, 1603). Private music-lovers of that reign also used the instrument largely, if the case of Sir Thomas Kytson is to be taken as typical;—he left several specimens, seven of them in one box.

With the accession of the first Stuart, the Recorder became still more popular, and thence on to the end of the century we find them mentioned uninterruptedly in the State Papers. The list for July 15, 1628 (excusing musicians from paying subsidies), contains the names of six players on the Recorders. In 1635/6 there was a "warrant to pay £4 15*s.* to John Adson for a treble Cornet and a treble Recorder." The players on this instrument are alluded to again on November 12, 1663; and so it would be possible to go on quoting, but for the similarity of the entries. Four performers only are mentioned in the list of "Musicians in the Mask, 1674"; probably the basses had partially fallen into disuse by then, having been replaced by newer bass instruments. The records of the City of London show that the Recorder was used in the civic pageants round about 1675. In 1683, as we have seen, Salter's *Genteel Companion* was published, which shows that the popularity of the Recorder—in its treble and tenor forms, at any rate—was not yet on the wane. In 1683/4 (February 16), Henry Purcell was appointed keeper, *etc.*, of all the king's instruments, which included several Recorders. And when, in 1695 (November 30), "Dr. John Bull and Mr Bernard Smith" were appointed "in the place of Mr. Henry Purcell, deceased," Recorders were still in the collection. We cannot leave the century without seeing what Samuel Pepys has to say on the subject. On April 8, 1668, he writes: ". . . I to Drumbleby's, and there did talk a great deal about pipes; and did buy a recorder, which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me."

In the Eighteenth Century the references become fewer, but this does not argue that they had become obsolete yet;—in

the early years of the century at all events. It is possible that the gradual changing of its name may have caused some allusions to it to be overlooked. It was often referred to simply as "Flute," and sometimes as "Common Flute," the *Traversa* being known as the "German Flute." Handel was very fond of the Recorder and made great use of it. He was always careful to make clear which family of instruments he intended should perform any particular passage; and in the Handel Society's issue of his scores, the distinction is clear between the *Flauto* (Recorder species) and the *Traversa*, occasionally *Flauto Traverso* (German Flute). The Bass Recorder, for which Handel also wrote parts—but called it the Bass Flute or the English Bass-Flute—was as good as obsolete, as far as common use went. It is curious that the good old title fell into disuse before 1700, and the noble family became known as "flutes" and "common flutes" at that period. Dr. Joseph C. Bridge (lecturing before the Musical Association on *The Chester Recorders*, Session 27, 1901) is of opinion that although the treble Recorders were still being manufactured as late as the middle of the Eighteenth Century, the bass had died out long before. He also said that since Malone, commenting on the *Hamlet* quotation on the Recorder, did not have the vaguest notion as to what sort of an instrument it was, we were forced to the conclusion that the big fipple-flutes were quite unknown by the middle of the Eighteenth Century, and that by the end of it the whole family was extinct (*v. also* DOTWAY, FLAGEOLET, *and* PINCHING-NOTES).

REEL: An ancient dance-form chiefly used in Scotland, where it was, and is, performed by two couples. It is not possible to fix upon its origin with any degree of certainty. The name could have been derived from a Scandinavian source (*cf.* Danish *Riel* or *Riil;* and Norwegian *Ril*), or from the Teutonic word (through Anglo-Saxon) meaning to turn rapidly. Even a Keltic origin could be suggested for the form. It consisted of the usual four or eight measures repeated, common to most dances, and the time-signature was generally 4/4, though specimens in 6/4 are to be met with. A variant used in Ireland differs chiefly in point of speed. The Reel, taken altogether, is of interest from the terpsichorean rather than from the musical point of view. In England some of the Sword-

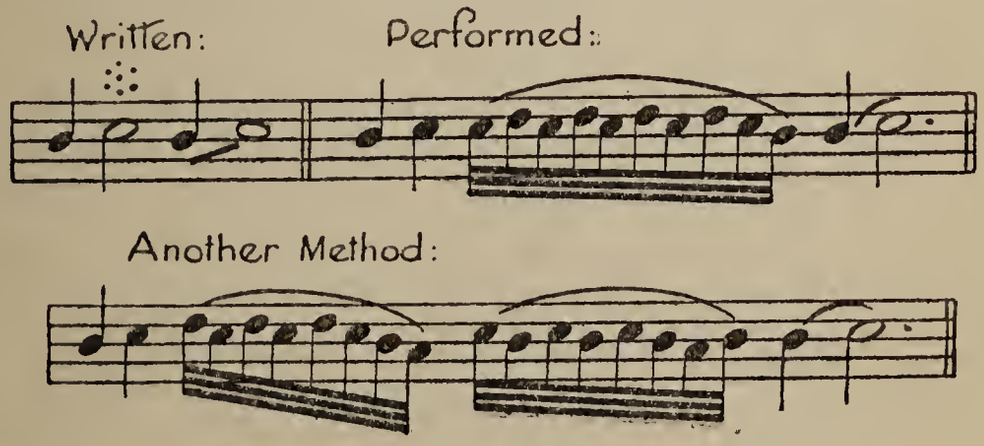
dances were closely akin to the Scotch Reels, except that the number of couples engaged was three. Skeat, quoting from Todd, gives: "Geilles Duncane did goe before them, playing this *reill* or daunce upon a small trump" (*News from Scotland*, 1591), and on the strength of this, several writers have supposed that the person mentioned performed the Reel as a solo-dance. Personally, I think the piece was merely played upon a small "trump" on the occasion in question, and not danced at all. The music of the Reel is generally a succession of equal quavers, with occasional semiquavers—but differing from the Strathspey (*q.v.*) in that it rarely has the dotted rhythm peculiar to the latter.

REGAL: A small portable organ sometimes with a single set of pipes and occasionally with a double set ("a pair of Regals"); producing its music by means of reed-pipes—chiefly of the beating type, set into vibration by air from bellows at the back of the instrument. Later on the Regal was supplied with further pipes of varying types, but the name was still applied to the newer instrument, which may be described briefly as a portable chamber-organ. Coming into use at about the middle of the Fifteenth Century, the Regal became very popular in England, and by the time that the more developed forms of the instrument were evolved in the first half of the next century it was in very common use. It was very artistic in construction and a good deal of ornamentation was frequently put into it. References to the Regal in the State Papers are fairly frequent and show that the instrument was used by the best musicians of the period. The Lord Chamberlain's Records for May 28, 1560, refer to a warrant to deliver "five yards of crimson velvet, to cover one payre of regalls, and one yarde of purple satten to line the same." A similar entry refers to "four pair of regalls and virginalls" and provides for the supply of crimson velvet for covering them, and for payment for "ornamenting the same with gold and silver lacquer." On June 10, 1673, Henry Purcell was admitted as "keeper, maker, mender, repayrer, and tuner of the regalls, *etc.*," and ten years later the instrument was still mentioned. In 1697 the celebrated Bernard Smith is given in Volume 487 of the Lord Chamberlain's Records as Organ maker and "tuner of the regalls." In 1699 the salary attached to this post was forty

pounds per annum. Exactly what the use of the Regal was so late in the Seventeenth Century is not clear ; it is possible that the name was still attached to the formula of appointment, while the instrument no longer served. The environment, *par excellence*, for the Regal was in the music-room or great hall of the cultured classes in the Middle Ages.

RELISH I : Used as a verb, To Relish meant, in the Seventeenth Century, to embellish with graces or ornaments. The writer of *Lingua* (I, 1) gives the term this sense when he writes : " O, but the ground itself is naught, from whence Thou cans't not relish out a good division." Shakespeare, in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (II, 1), has : ". . . to relish a love-song like a robin-redbreast."

RELISH II : As a noun the word was the name of a particular ornament that had a couple of variations in the Double Relish and the Sliding Relish. The nature of the grace will be understood from a couple of the commonest interpretations given to the term Double Relish in Playford's day :



RIBIBLE. *v.* REBECK.

RIGADOON, or RIGODOON : A dance-form in duple time, not unlike the Bourrée (Bore), and being to the natives of Provence what the Bore was to those of Auvergne. Generally written in *alla breve*, with three or four repeated sections each of four measures, the form was lighter and quicker than the Bourrée ; it commenced on the last quarter of the bar and ended on the third. It was customary to write the third of the four sections a third lower than the others, in order to create a pleasing contrast in tone-colour, and to make of it a true Trio (*i.e.* in three parts). Some uncertainty exists concerning the derivation of the term, some authorities stating that the dance

was named after its supposed inventor, one Rigaud. The popularity of the form in England caused more than one attempt to be made to find an origin for the name in this country, and the derivation from *Rig*, a frolic, trick, or wanton romp, has been suggested ; but where the rest of the word is to be sought these ingenious etymologists do not divulge.

Coming to England during the last quarter of the Seventeenth Century, the form was used by Henry Purcell, a specimen of whose "Riggadoon" was published by John Playford in *Musick's Hand-maide* (1689). Henry Playford's *Apollo's Banquet* (1690) contains two examples of the dance, one of them being in triple measure. Both of these last-named Rigaudons are included in the "newest tunes of dances," and the uncertainty of the measure seems to prove that it was not yet very well known in England. Mention of the form in the Eighteenth Century is generally confined to set-dances composed by French dancing-masters (*v.* Weaver's *Art of Dancing*, 1706 ; and Tomlinson's *Six Dances*, 1720).

In the country of its origin the Rigaudon was of a light and lively character, and, according to Richelet, "a joy and a pleasure to dance." It became exceedingly popular until, in 1664, the Parliament of Provence prohibited its use. Like most of the dance-forms that were taken from the village-green into the Court ball-room, the Rigaudon was changed considerably by its elevation. The spontaneous movements of the countryman gave place to a more settled and premeditated step which ultimately outlived the dance itself. Its use at Court in France extended from the reign of Louis XIII to the date at which the Revolution swallowed it up in the general ruin.

The Suite-writers used the Rigaudon extensively, and the examples they evolved were often of an elaborate nature, abounding in technical difficulties for the instruments to which they were assigned. Though already mentioned by Mersenne (*Harmonie Universelle*, 1636), we do not meet with the form in common use until we arrive at the time when Lully and his followers were writing for the opera of Louis XIV. During the latter part of the Seventeenth Century and the first half of the Eighteenth, the Rigaudon was of very frequent occurrence, only falling below the Menuet and Gavotte in point of numbers.

The use of the form in England cannot be considered as

universal as that of some of the earlier dances, such as the Pavane, Galliard, and Coranto ; and it was probably only the prevailing taste for French forms in art that popularised it at all in this country.

RISE. *v.* BEAT.

ROTE, ROTTA, ROTTE. *v.* CROWD.

ROUND: An exceedingly ancient form of English vocal composition, being a Canon in the unison or octave, but differing from the Canon chiefly in this respect. In the earliest days of its career the Round was a serious piece of writing, and although generally provided with secular words, some examples have an extra text of a sacred nature. This is the case in the most ancient specimen known, the old Round "Sumer is icumen in" (*Harleian MS.* 978 ; British Museum ; early Thirteenth Century). Like its successors this Round exhibits the usual form of a serious Catch for four voices which enter one at a time at stated intervals, and supported by a two-part *Pes* or bass. The composer (given by William Chappell in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* as John Fornsete, a monk in the Abbey of Reading) added instructions for the performance of the Round to the music : "Hanc rotam cantare possunt quatuor socii. Paucioribus autem quam tribus aut saltem duobus non debet dici ; praeter eos qui dicunt pedem. Canitur autem sic : Tacentibus ceteris, unus inchoat cum his qui tenent pedem. Et cum venerit ad primam notam post crucem (✠), inchoat alius ; et sic de ceteris. Singuli vero repausent ad pausaciones scriptas, et non alibi, spatio unius longae notae."

That the Round was very popular at the period in which "Sumer is icumen in" was written, and common even earlier, is clear from the writings of Walter Mapes (a prelate of Oxford) of a date anterior to that of the Round just mentioned. Later the form became hopelessly entangled with the Catch, and often there was little to choose between them except, perhaps, in the decency of the words used—especially in the Seventeenth Century (*v.* CATCH).

The term Round was also applied to the round-dance, so called from the circumstance that it was performed in a circle (*cf.* the German *Reigen*). In this use it often appears as "Round O," *Apollo's Banquet* (Playford, 1690) containing four specimens so labelled.

ROUND-O. *v.* ROUND.

ROYAL MUSIC: The sovereigns of England have always entertained a body of singers and instrumentalists, generally known as "The King's Musick." From Saxon days, when perhaps a few Gleemen (*q.v.*) were employed, or Norman times when "Minstrels" took their place, to the late Seventeenth Century, when the king had a full staff of musicians (strings, wind, percussion, vocalists, and accompanists), a fully equipped Chapel, and often private chamber-musicians also—the King's Musick was a feature in the musical life of England, and the standard by which all other organisations were measured. Henry the Seventh's musicians included: Eighteen Gentlemen of the Chapel (among whom were organists, *etc.*), five sackbuts and shalms, several trumpeters, and minstrels (*q.v.*). Henry VIII was more ambitious, as became so able a musician, and if the list of instruments belonging to the king (*Harleian MS.* 1419; British Museum) counts for anything, enough performers were employed to provide excellent musical results. At the Coronation of Edward VI there were twenty Gentlemen of the Chapel, eighteen "Trumpettors," sixteen "Musicians" (among whom were several well-known violists), five flutes (probably Recorders), two "Vialls" (presumably Bass-Viols), a Harper, a "Bagge piper," four "Syngers," nine "Singinge men," "The King's Harper," and seven of the "King's Majesty's musicians" (private music). At the funeral of Queen Elizabeth there were in the royal service: seven "Violins" (Treble and Tenor Viols; *v.* article on the Viols), seven Recorders, seven Flutes, six Hautboys and Sackbuts, five "Lutes and others," twenty-two Trumpeters, and four "Drums and Fiffes." The number of performers on any particular instrument varies from year to year; but as a general rule is tended to increase as time went on.

In the reign of Charles I the "list of his Majesty's musicians" (in 1641) contained the names of "Master of the Musique" (Nicholas Lanier), eighteen "for the wind Instruments," thirteen "for the violins," twenty-three "for Lutes, Violls and Voices" (a list that contains such celebrated names as those of John Lanier, Nicholas Duvall, William and Henry Lawes, John Wilson, Diedrich Steffkins, Daniel Farrant, and John Mercure), one Harper, one Virginalist, one instrument-maker,

and one "Organ keeper and tuner," not to mention one "musician extraordinary and stringer of the lutes." Charles the Second's musical establishment was very large, and a list of musicians "paid in the Treasury of the Chambers Office" in 1668, for example, shows fifteen violins at £46 10*s.* 10*d.* each per annum, seven more at £46 12*s.* 8*d.*, and two at £58 14*s.* 2*d.*; three composers (including Matthew Locke at £46 10*s.* 10*d.*), three musicians "for the Wind Musick," and others. The private musicians of the king in that year numbered ten, in addition to Dr. Gibbons as Virginal-player, John Hingston as Organ-tuner and repairer, and Richard Hudson (succeeded by Brockwell) as Keeper of the King's Instruments. In addition to the usual consort, Charles II formed an exquisite band of twenty-four violins, modelled on the lines of the French *violons du roi*, such men as John Banister (the Elder) and Lewis Grabu directing them.

The duties of the royal musicians were not light. They were compelled, under threat of instant dismissal, to keep themselves in proper practice and were expected to rehearse punctually and regularly. Their services were required for coronations, royal funerals, marriages, and receptions in honour of foreign embassies; besides the usual work of performing at State balls, Masques, and assisting at special performances at the play-house patronised by the king. Music while the royal family was at dinner was probably supplied by the king's private chamber-musicians. There can be no doubt that the example set by the Court was followed by the nobility; and, as is to be expected, each grade of society imitated the one above it as far as their means would allow. The result of this was a very active cultivation of the musical art in England; and to a great extent the high standard of native music, especially under the later Tudors, was due to the encouragement, patronage, and personal example of the sovereign. Henry VIII sowed the seed of England's musical pre-eminence under Elizabeth, and, as far as his music was concerned at least, we might say with all due deference, *O, si sic omnes!*

RUBIBLE. *v.* REBECK.

RULES: In the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries the lines upon which music was written were frequently termed Rules.

Playford speaks of a scale or Gam-ut (*q.v.*) "drawn upon fourteen Rules and their Spaces."

SACKBUT: The old English name for the Trombone. Like its improved successor, the Sackbut achieved absolutely true intonation by means of a sliding tube that lengthened and shortened the whole, thus producing the notes required. By modulating the distance of the slide the player could gauge the intonation with a niceness only obtainable on stringed instruments stopped by fingering. It is a peculiar circumstance that an instrument used in England so long under one name should decline in favour, to appear again under a new name—the Italian augmentative form, *Trombone.*

The story of the Sackbut resolves itself into nothing more than the early history of the Trombone in England. A mural painting by Dürer on a wall in the Town Hall of Nuremberg (end of the Fifteenth Century) will show how little antiquated the Sackbut looked. The error of supposing this instrument to have been a distinct type must be avoided. In France it was called the *Saquebute,* in Germany the *Busaun* or, as is still the case, *Posaune;* in Italy its name was always *Trombone* (*i.e.* great Tromba).

The development of the idea of a wind-instrument capable of altering its pitch by lengthening and shortening its tube must have begun very early. But the notion of a double tube sliding did not materialise until the single, straight tube had passed through a long period of experiment, during which it was first folded upon itself in a loop. This doubling of the tube would easily have suggested the idea of making joins so that one of the bends could be drawn out and back. This development must have been complete by the end of the Fourteenth Century, although the instrument was not introduced into England in its perfect form until the second half of the Fifteenth. At about this time it appears in the form shown in Dürer's picture. Additional Manuscript 7099 (British Museum) contains the item: "May 3, 1495. To foure Shakbusshes for their wages, £7." If four specimens were already used in the royal service before the end of the century, it is safe to assume that they were introduced somewhat earlier. The illustration of the Posaune (*Busaun*) in Virdung's work of 1511 shows an instrument differing very little from the modern form. Shortly

before the date of that book, the manufacture of Sackbuts was taken up by the Neuschel family of Nuremberg, and Hans Neuschel, and his sons Hans and Georg (Jorg), were the acknowledged makers of first-class instruments of this category.

The country from which England received the Sackbut can probably be determined by a consideration of the etymology of the name. No useful purpose will be achieved in giving all the suggested derivations of the word, and I shall not waste space on speculation. There can be little doubt that the Sackbut came from one of the countries that used a kindred name for the instrument. These are France, Spain, and Portugal. Now, in the earliest English references we find the spelling *Shakbusshe* (*temp.* Henry VII, and the Lord Chamberlain's Records), and, not finding the final *t*, we must search the languages that likewise did not use this consonant. Such a procedure would rule France out, and cause us to turn to the Iberian Peninsula. In a list of Queen Isabella's instruments of music there are the entries : " One Sacabuche of silver in three pieces. . . . Another Sacabuche Grande of silver which has two pieces " (*c.* 1500). In Spanish the word *Sacabucha* was used, says Skeat, to designate a tube or pipe which serves as a pump (Spanish *Sacar*=to draw out, and *buche*=a maw or stomach). While agreeing with Skeat's etymology of the first half of the word, we must oppose the second half. A better derivation would be from the Spanish *Bucha*, evolved from the Latin *Buxus* (boxwood), from the pipes made of that material. And to strengthen this argument we have the Portuguese form *Sacabuxa*. The name of the instrument, then, if not the instrument itself, comes from Spain or Portugal, and though France and the Low Countries in all probability obtained the word from the same source, there is nothing to show how the final consonantal sound became changed to *t*. When dealing with imported terms at the end of the Fifteenth Century we must be guided more by the sound than by the appearance of a word. The spelling of foreign, and often of native, words was more frequently phonetic than not. The earliest uses of the word show the Spanish pronunciation more clearly than the French, and why the French form of the word was afterwards adopted is a mystery. We need not occupy space with a dissertation on derivations clearly founded on error, and thus we can ignore the identification of the name with the Chaldee

Sabeca (*via* Sambuke). But the mistake has led more than one otherwise trustworthy authority to speak of the Sackbut as a kind of stringed instrument.

The Sackbut is frequently mentioned in the literature of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; in fact, so often do we find it that quotation will be unnecessary, since everyone will have come across at least one such reference in an early play or other work. Similarly, the Lord Chamberlain's Records contain entries relating to the appointment of players on the Sackbut, the purchase of instruments, and so on, from 1503 uninterruptedly until the end of the Seventeenth Century. During the last-named century the English players enjoyed a European reputation, and they were much sought after by foreign princes. During that period, too, the instrument must have been capable of excellent effects, and played as it was, through a mouthpiece more conical than cup-shaped, the tone must have been softer than we are accustomed to from its successor. The Sackbut was used in varying numbers in the royal band (ten players being maintained at one time) and in the Chapel Royal, to accompany the sacred music. During the reign of Henry VIII it was already used in Canterbury for a like purpose.

In the Eighteenth Century the Sackbut passed through a peculiar and unaccountable experience. Early in the century Robert Creyghton still mentions it with "its unfolded tubes of brass" (*Add.* 37074, *c.* 1727; British Museum), but whether it was still a popular instrument is very much open to doubt. It did not fall out of use entirely, for in conservative organisations such as the royal band it was still employed. But as an instrument in common use it was gone. So much so, that during the Handel festival of 1784 Dr. Burney had the greatest difficulty in securing performers on it, and was only helped out of his quandary by six players employed in the King's own band. On that occasion the instrument was used in the set, Tenor, Bass, and Double Sackbut (Contra-bass). When in the Nineteenth Century the Sackbut reappeared in England, it was with an Italian name, and as Trombone it has since been known.

SARABAND: A dance-form of great importance, which, after passing through an interesting and eventful career, finished

as an indispensable movement in the classic Suite. Originally a slow and dignified dance, the Saraband was quickly relieved of its solemn characteristics when it came to England, and became a sort of Country-dance after the style of a Sir Roger de Coverley; and the music written for it was naturally also affected in the same manner and to the same degree. But before the change was completely wrought, it enjoyed considerable favour in a shape somewhat similar to its French form, to which we shall return later.

Charles II was particularly fond of the Saraband and it was consequently much used at his Court; nor was he above taking part in it himself. But the tendency was to make it an altogether lighter dance than it had been on the Continent, and it was this tendency that made it the popular form it became. Indeed, when a certain Italian named Francisco composed a Saraband while visiting England, it became such a prime favourite that the Chevalier de Grammont felt impelled to write: "It either charmed or annoyed everyone, for all the guitarists of the Court began to learn it . . . and a universal twanging followed." It is therefore not surprising to find all the composers of that reign busily engaged in creating new music for this dance. John Playford, in his *Musick's Handmaide* (1663), gives nine pieces suitable to the dance, some of them by William Lawes. The 1678 edition of the same work contains eight new Sarabands; while the second part, published in 1689, gives two more specimens by Dr. John Blow. Playford's *Musick's Delight on the Cithren* (1666) contains five Sarabands in Tablature on a four-line stave, two being by Matthew Locke, two by Dr. Charles Colman, and one by Simon Ives. *Apollo's Banquet* (1690) followed with another four examples. Playford's *Court Ayres* (1655) contains no fewer than fifty-three Sarabands, and this alone can give us a very good idea of the "universal twanging" of Sarabands that followed the first admission of the form into high society. The fact that the work just mentioned was published during the Interregnum makes no difference, for secular music suffered little, if at all, under the Commonwealth. The specimens given in these publications show how completely the Saraband in England had deviated from the path marked out for it in France.

Originating in the Middle Ages in Spain, the Saraband was a

form possessing strong Spanish characteristics with more than a tinge of orientalism. Whether it was a Moorish dance influenced by Spain, or a Spanish dance modified by the conquering Moors, need not detain us. A great many derivations for the name have been suggested, but the most likely seems to be that from the Spanish *Sarao*, a ball or meeting for dancing. Pineda's *Spanish Dictionary* (1740) gives *Sarao* as coming " from the Arabick," thus giving an Arabic name to a dance that was probably largely influenced, if not actually originated, by the race that occupied Spain.

The descriptions given by early Spanish writers force us to the conclusion that the Saraband must have been a dance deserving of very severe criticism. The historian Juan de Mariana (1536–1624), in his *Tratado contra los Juegos Publicos*, says : ". . . at this point mention need only be made that among the other inventions that these late years have produced, there is a dance and song so wanton in its words and so ugly in its movements, that it is enough to fire the most virtuous." On another occasion Mariana calls it " el pestifero baile de Zarabanda." The use of the word *baile* and not *danza* is significant, for on the authority of Gonzalez de Salas (middle of the Seventeenth Century), the *baile* was a dance in which the whole body was free to indulge in all sorts of movements, whereas *la danza* did not permit even the arms to assist, and in it the feet alone were allowed liberty of motion. The sinuous and suggestive movements of the body in the *baile* help to make more certain of the Moorish descent of the dance. Even Cervantes attacked it, and Guevara was of opinion that the shameful freedom of the Saraband was rapidly becoming " a disgrace to Spain." The result was that shortly before the close of the reign of Philip II (1598) its use was prohibited for a time.

In Spain at about this period the Saraband was generally danced solo by women, who accompanied themselves with song and castanets ; sometimes, in place of the latter, on the guitar ; and skilful performers were much sought after.

At the end of the Sixteenth Century the form crossed the Pyrenees into France. The cultured taste for art in France at this period soon gave the Saraband an aspect it had never presented in the country of its infancy. It was rapidly purified of its objectionable characteristics, and became one

of the most popular dances that the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries possessed. Becoming popular at a time when dances like the Pavane were high in favour, the Saraband was used in an exceedingly grave and stately manner. Its measure was triple, its construction the common one of two eight-measure sections repeated, and its rhythm—like that of the Chaconne—

usually :

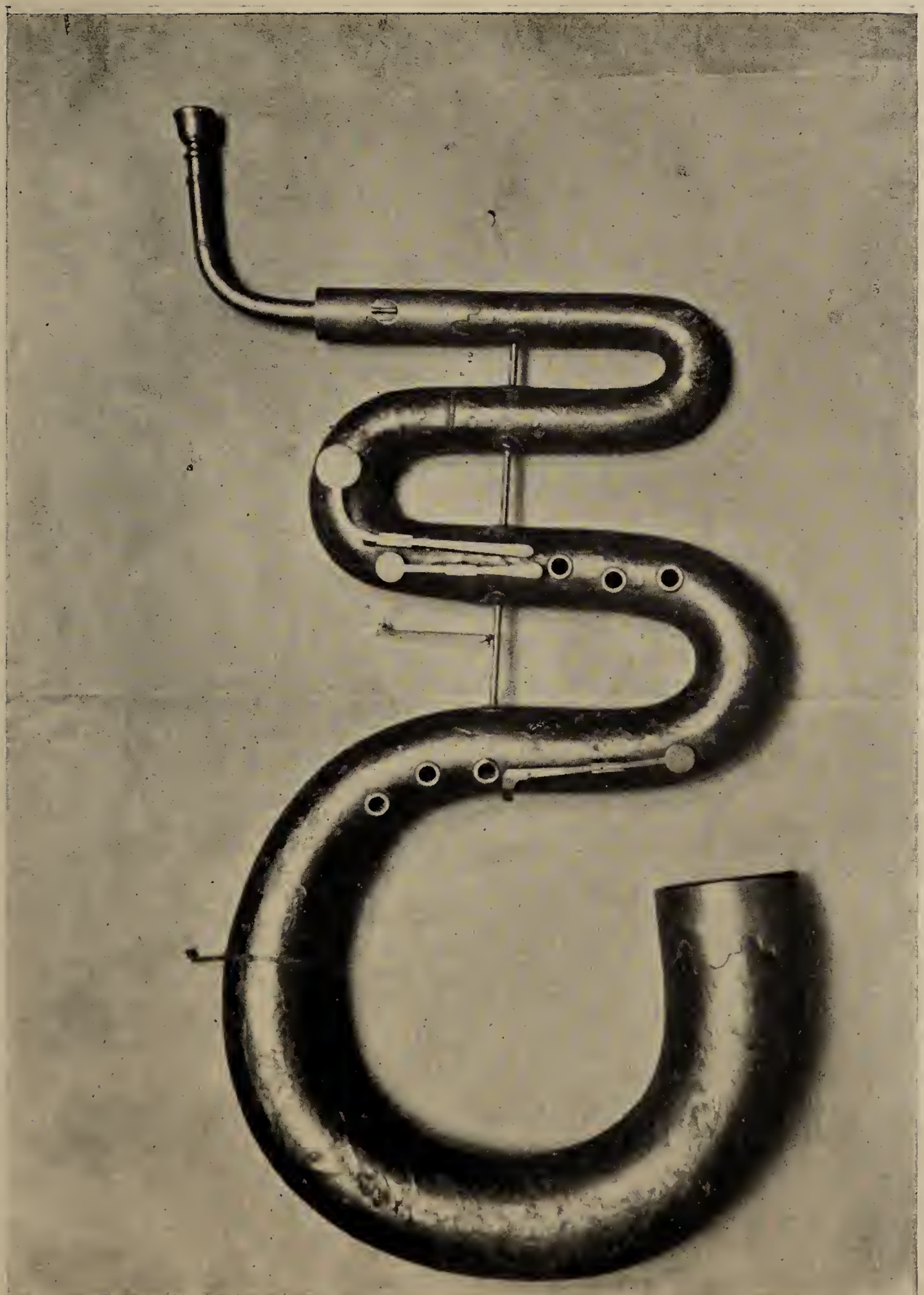
When the form had been accepted as a purely instrumental movement and its dance origin lost sight of, some composers wrote even extended Sarabands with variations. In the Suite it was placed between the Courante and the Jig, thus completing with the opening Allemande (Almain) the *Partita* of the classic period of Johann Sebastian Bach.

As a dance the Saraband was known in at least three forms. First, as the solo dance of an abandoned Spanish coquette ; secondly, as a picturesque, stately, and ballet-like creation of the French opera and Court ; and, thirdly, as the merry, light, and innocent Country-dance which it became in England.

SENNET : A military signal obviously different from the Flourish (*q.v.*). It is ordered in a great many Elizabethan stage-directions, and Shakespeare in common with his contemporaries often has " a Sennet sounded." The term is to be derived from the Latin *Signum* through Old French *Sinet, Senet, Segnet*, a little sign or signet, and hence a signal. Some authorities (*e.g.* Grove, Stainer, and Barrett, *etc.*) suggest an etymology from the word meaning seven, and suppose the Sennet to have been a signal of seven notes. Such a derivation cannot explain away such Old English spellings as Cygnet, Signet, and Signate.

SEQUENCE (SEQUENTIA) : A hymn dating from the Ninth Century and used to follow the Gradual (hence " Sequence "). In its original form it was a composition using for its text the vowel of *Alleluia*, a sort of jubilating rhapsody. Such pieces of music were termed, from their use, *Pro Sequentia ;* and by a contraction of the abbreviated form *Pro sa*, they became known as *Prosa* or Prose. Pope Pius V, in the second half of the Sixteenth Century, abolished most of the Sequences, leaving only the few still in use.

SERPENT: A wood wind-instrument of bass pitch, played through a cup-shaped mouthpiece. It was thus akin to the Cornet (*q.v.*) and acted as the bass to that category of instruments. Made of two pieces of shaped wood and covered with leather, the long (eight feet) tube was rendered capable of being managed by three U-shaped curves, the instrument ending at the bell-end in a bend of a half-circle. This sinuous curving of the body gave the Serpent its name. The tube opened gradually from a little over half an inch at the mouthpiece adapter to about four inches at the bell. The hemispherical mouthpiece was made of various materials—in the early specimens generally of ivory—and was connected with the body-tube by a brass fitting. The length of the instrument was divided by six finger-holes, arranged in two groups of three, not very far apart, but at a great distance from the mouthpiece and bell respectively. The series of notes that could be produced varied enormously with the period and the dexterity of the player. So also did the compass, all other things being equal. The range extended from just over two octaves (de Felice, *Encyclopédie*, 1772) to four octaves (Lichtenthal, *Dizionario della Musica*), but the latter referred, of course, to the late specimens of the instrument and quite exceptional performers. Keys were added to the instrument in the Eighteenth Century, and when it was admitted into the English military bands it was often made of metal. Concerning its tone, the critics of the Serpent differed as much as they did touching the tone of the Cornet. Judging by all the evidence, I should imagine that the tone, like the technique, depended upon the player; for overblowing easily rendered it rough and harsh. Treated very carefully the Serpent was capable of tonal effects that were very useful for certain purposes. Used in small country churches (especially in France, where it was known as *Serpent d'Eglise*) it supported the choristers' music in place of the absent organ. In England, too, it was often used for a similar purpose, and it persisted until the end of the Eighteenth Century—in remote communities even as late as the Nineteenth. Composers of note used it occasionally, Wagner and Mendelssohn, among others, writing parts for it in isolated works. The active life of the Serpent extended from the end of the Sixteenth Century to the first half of the Nineteenth, when it was superseded by the bass-tuba.



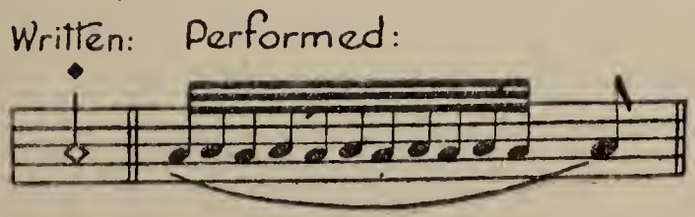
SERPENT
By Gerock Wolf, London
(*Victoria and Albert Museum*)

[*face p.* 206

SESQUIALTERA. *v.* PROPORTION.

SET or SETT: The old English name for Suite; a succession of short pieces strung together, and connected only by their character, and sometimes by their key. A consideration of the history of the Set would run on practically the same lines as a dissertation on the Suite or Partita, of which it was the English counterpart.

SHAKE: The word Shake was used in the Seventeenth Century as we employ the term Trill to-day. The "Shaked Grace" differed from the "Smooth Grace" in that a trill or rapid repetition of a pair of notes formed part of it. The "Close Shake" is rather difficult to understand in an age that knows no frets on the bowed instruments; but Playford's description, together with the ingenious way in which he illustrates it, should make its nature clear. "The Close Shake is when you stop with your first finger on the first fret and shake with your second finger as close as you can." Trilling with a finger as close as possible to another would produce very little difference in pitch in the case of a fretted instrument, for it must not be forgotten that the finger has to be advanced to the next fret to produce a note a semitone higher. Playford illustrates this as follows:



where the varying elevation of the A shows that although there is an audible effect from the action of the trilling finger, the difference in pitch is not as great as a semitone. The modern violinist produces what is probably equal, musically, to the "Close Shake" when he employs *Vibrato.*

An Open Shake is "when you stop with your first finger on the first fret and shake with your third finger on the third fret" (Playford), thus producing a trill the two notes of which were a whole tone apart. Simpson (1659) adds that wider than two frets, or a whole tone, "we never shake."

SHAKED BEAT. *v.* BEAT.

SHAKED CADENT. *v.* CADENT.

SHAKED ELEVATION. *v.* ELEVATION.

SHALM or SHAWM: An ancient wood-wind instrument of conical bore, played with a double reed, and made in a variety of pitches from treble to bass (*v.* BOMBARD). It was provided with a number of finger-holes, which produced a useful range of about ten notes. Later, when the instrument became developed, the position of the reed was altered, the finger-holes were supplied with keys, and the bore of the tube reduced considerably (*v.* HAUTBOY).

The name of the instrument was derived from the Old French *Chalemie* (also *Chalemelle*), "a little pipe made of a reed or of a wheaten or oaten straw" (Cotgrave, 1660), which in its turn was borrowed from the Latin *Calamus*, a reed (under Greek influence). The French word *Chalumeau* came after the English Shalm was in use, and thus was not the ancestor of the latter. In Germany the instrument was called *Schalmey* (Modern German, *Schalmei*), Praetorius (*Syntagma Musicum*, 1619) giving illustrations of the whole family, from Discant Schalmey to the Bass-Pommer. The "oaten pipe," referred to so often by the Sixteenth-century writers, was most probably a primitive Shalm, especially when we remember Cotgrave's definition.

The name, in the spelling Shalmye, is found in Chaucer's *House of Fame* (*l.* 1218): "That maden loude menstralcyes In cornemuse and Shalmyes"; and in Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (end of Fourteenth Century; *Lib.* 8; *l.* 2483): "With Cornemuse and Schallemele." One of the inscriptions on the walls of the Lekingfield Manor-house (copy in the British Museum; *Royal* 18 D. II) says that "A shawme makethe a swete sounde," *etc.* (*temp.* Henry VII). During the reign of Henry VIII the instrument attained to Court use, and in the *Privy Purse Expenses* of that sovereign there is the entry: ". . . paied to phillip of the pryvay chambre for a shalme xxvj*s.* viij*d.*" (February 25, 1530). Sir Thomas Elyot, in the *Castel of Helthe* (1533), recommends the playing of Shalms for the reason that he gives when approving of the Sackbut, for they "requyre moche wynde" and are thus beneficial to the "entrayles whiche be undernethe the mydreffe."

The exact meaning of the qualifying "still" or "styll" in the phrase "Styll Shalmes," as we find it in the Lord Chamberlain's Records (*e.g.* for a coronation, apparently that of Henry VIII, 1509, and in other places), is not quite clear. The same

list also includes the names of musicians for the "Sakbudds and Shalmes of the Privee Chambre," and we are forced to the conclusion that between Shalms and Still Shalms some difference must have existed. Some authors suggest that the word "still" referred to pensioned musicians, but I prefer to connect the adjective with the same one used with the *Zinken* (Cornets) on the Continent, where "Stille Zinken" meant softer toned Cornets (*Cornetto Muto*), the difference being due to an alteration in the fitting of the mouthpiece. It is quite possible that some similar procedure made of the ordinary Shalm a "Still Shalm." In the Henry VIII entry just alluded to, the first musician mentioned is termed the "Marshall." Now, in the early history of the Waits (*q.v.*) the word *Marshall* was often applied to the leader or conductor of such a band of municipal musicians. If this has any bearing upon the subject under consideration, it will prove that the "still shalms" were the instruments known as Waits and played by musicians bearing the same name (*v.* WAITS).

SHALMEY, SHALMOY. *v.* SHALM.

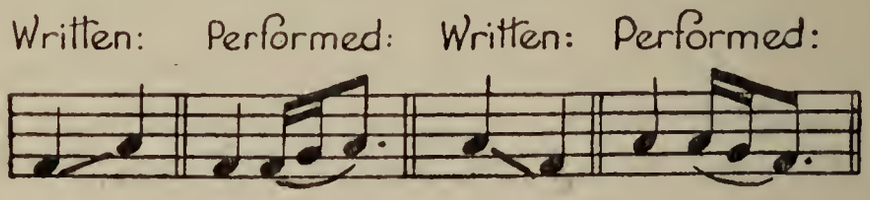
SHARP: To-day the adverb is used to indicate that the pitch of a note is too high for perfect intonation, while the noun is the name of the symbol used to raise the pitch of a note by a semitone. In these uses the word replaces John Playford's *B Mi Cliff* (*v.* CLIFF.) But in Playford's day the expression "sharp" was employed more commonly to indicate a major interval, chord, tuning, or key. Thus we meet, and can explain, such phrases as "Sharp Third" (a major third), and "Harpway Sharp," an accordance by which the strings of the Bass-Viol were tuned to the notes of a major chord (*v. also* HARPWAY).

SHAWM. *v.* SHALM.

SIGNED CLIFFS: The name given in the Seventeenth Century to the Treble, Tenor, and Bass Clefs, because "they are always set at the beginning of the Lines on which is prickt the Song or Lesson" (Playford). Christopher Simpson calls them the three "Signal Cliffs" (*Principles of Practical Music*, 1665).

SINK-A-PACE. *v.* GALLIARD.

SLIDE : An ornament, obsolete as such in England, which consisted of a rapid series of notes connecting two successive notes of a composition diatonically. Its motion was either ascending or descending, according to the position of the second note, and it differed very little from the Elevation (*q.v.*) :

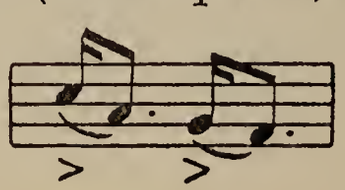


In some of the older Virginal-Books an oblique line cutting the stem of a note showed that a Slide was intended. In such case, and, indeed, in all other cases also, the note written or printed was the last note of the ornament. This Grace, though its name has fallen into desuetude, is still used, being written out as Grace-notes.

SLIDING RELISH. *v.* RELISH.

SLUR : A word still in use to designate the sign for *legato* performance, but employed in the days of the Lutes to a succession of notes that could be played in an ascending direction upon any one string. In Lute-playing only the first note of the Slur was struck, the remaining fingers falling successively, and merely suggesting, by the rising ring of the string's vibration, the effect of elevation. The result of such manipulation was a kind of upward glide, which connected the first (struck) note of the Slur with the next struck note by a sort of faint *glissando.* A certain amount of virtuosity was necessary to perform this delicate embellishment really well, and it was used probably only in the most artistic of solo work.

SNAP, or SCOTCH SNAP : A peculiar rhythmic figure, not unknown in Seventeenth- and Eighteenth-century Italy, that characterises a good deal of Scottish music, particularly the Strathspeys. It consisted of the reverse form of a very common figure in dance-music (dotted-quaver, semiquaver) :



the short note taking the accent.

SOB, SOBB : A term employed by the lutenist to name an effect produced by reducing the finger-pressure on the strings immediately after the latter had been struck. Mace (*Musick's Monument*, 1676) describes the procedure as follows : " Cause them (the strings) to sobb, by slacking your stopping hand so soon as they are struck ; yet not to unstop them, but only so much as may dead the sound on a sudden. This gives great pleasure in such cases." The peculiar vibration of the Lute-strings produced many charming and delicate effects, such as the Slur (*q.v.*) and the Sob, difficult to understand to-day without practical examples.

SOL. *v.* ARETINIAN SYLLABLES *and* GAMUT.

SOLFAING. *v.* SOLMISATION.

SOLMISATION : The practice of singing to a series of syllables (*v.* ARETINIAN SYLLABLES), adapted by Guido d'Arezzo to fit his Hexachords in the same manner as the earlier Greek system of nomenclature applied to the tetrachords. The Eleventh-century monk realised the difficulty of teaching pupils the mysteries of his scale-series, mutations, *etc.*, without some ready means of memorising the sequence of the syllables and the notes they represented. To this end he evolved the hymn to St. John, mentioned in the article ARETINIAN SYLLABLES, and arranged them in such a way that the *Ut* of the verse was sung to a C, the *Re* to a D, the *Mi* to an E, the *Fa* to an F, the *Sol* to a G, and the *La* to an A. The series of notes which he named by these means constituted the " Natural Hexachord." When a melody happened to overlap, in either direction, the limits of a single hexachord, mutation had to be resorted to (*v.* HEXACHORD SYSTEM).

In England the term Solfaing (not to be confounded with the modern Tonic Sol-fa System) was often employed in place of Solmisation. John Dowland, in his translation of the *Micrologus* of Ornithoparcus (1609), used the verb " to solfa," and also the expression " The Rules of Solfaing." A similar use of the word as applied to " Lessons " or exercises is to be seen in the book-title : " In Nomines and other Solfainge Songes."

SPANISH VIAL. *v.* GITTERN.

SPINET : A keyboard instrument closely resembling the Virginal (*q.v.*) in its action, but differing from it in shape. While

the true Virginal was in a rectangular case, the Spinet was in the form of a harp laid horizontally. The keyboard ran obliquely when compared with the central line. Sometimes the outward form of the case was five-sided—the longest side being generally the back and the next in point of length the keyboard front; the remaining three short sides connected these two; one on the left-hand side, and two on the right. In some instruments the side containing the keyboard was the longest. The name of the instrument is thought by some to have been derived from that of its supposed inventor, one Joannes Spinetus of Venice (*c.* 1503); but the more likely derivation would seem to be from *Spina*, a thorn or point, referring, of course, to the quill plectrum. Only by accepting the latter origin for the word can I reconcile such spellings as Espinette, which we meet with (*inter alia*) in the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys. Beyond the difference in shape, practically all that was said of the Virginal applies here also; except that, perhaps, the Spinet outlived the other.

The Spinet certainly dates from the reign of Henry VIII, in its English use at any rate, for *Harleian MS.* 1419, containing a list of the king's instruments, includes: "Two faire paire of newe long virginals made harpe fashion, of cipres and keis of Ivorie." But during the second half of the Seventeenth Century the Spinet rose to a point of popularity in England that entirely eclipsed its earlier vogue. The most famous makers were John Hitchcock, Stephen Keen, and Charles Haward (Hayward ?). Spinets autographed by Hitchcock are to be found between 1664 and 1703. Keene worked as late as 1719. The last-named builder is advertised by Playford as follows: "Mr. Stephen Keene, maker of Harpsycons and Virginals, dwelleth now in Threadneedle Street at the sign of the Virginal, who maketh them exactly good, both for sound and substance." Examples of Spinets made by Thomas Hitchcock (late Seventeenth Century and early Eighteenth), and by Johannes Player (*c.* 1700), are to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum (London). Pepys had a peculiar name for the instrument, for on June 14, 1661, he enters: "I sent to my house, by my Lord's order, his Shipp and triangle Virginal"; but the use of the word "triangle" shows clearly that the instrument meant was a Spinet. But on April 4, 1668, Pepys writes: "To White Hall. Took Aldgate Street in my way,

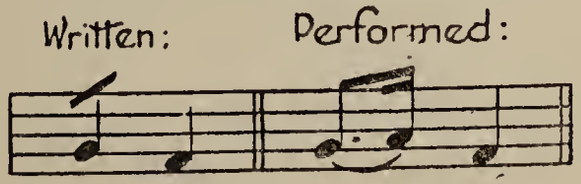
SPINET
By John Player, *ca.* 1700
(*Victoria and Albert Museum*)

[*face p.* 212

and there called upon one Hayward, that makes Virginalls, and there did like of a little espinette, and will have him finish them for me ; for I had a mind to a small harpsichon, but this takes up less room." On July 13, 1668, he adds : ". . . I to buy my espinette, which I did now agree for. . . ." Two days later : " at noon is brought home the espinette I bought the other day of Haward ; cost me £5."

Some of the foreign Spinets were very elaborate. One by Hans Ruckers of Antwerp had a smaller instrument, tuned an octave higher, placed on the left-hand side of the larger keyboard ; this was a survival of the practice resorted to in the earlier Virginals, and which accounts for the expression " a pair of virginals." A beautiful example of Italian work is preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum, by Annibale dei Rossi of Milan, dated 1577, and decorated with nearly two thousand precious and semi-precious stones. This specimen has a compass of four octaves and a semitone.

SPRINGER : An ornament in common use during the Seventeenth Century, and given by Playford as follows :



Christopher Simpson said that the Springer made " the Sound of a note more acute, by Clapping down another Finger just at the expiring of it."

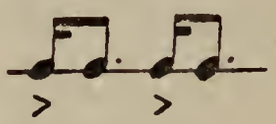
STAY. *v.* HOLD.

STILL SHALM. *v.* SHALM.

STING : An embellishment in lute-playing, of similar effect to the left-hand Vibrato of the violinist. No modern phraseology could describe this effect so well as that used by Thomas Mace (*Musick's Monument*, 1676). After saying that the grace was not " modish in these days," he continues : " First strike your note, and as soon as it is struck, hold your finger (but not too hard) stopt upon the place (letting your thumb loose) and wave your hand . . . downwards and upwards, several times, from the nut to the bridge ; by which motion, your finger will draw, or stretch the string a little upwards and downwards, so, as to make the sound seem to swell with pritty unexpected

humour, and gives much contentment upon cases." This effect is, of course, perfectly easy to understand ; the waving motion of the hand rolled the tip of the stopping finger backwards and forwards in such manner as alternately to sharpen and flatten the note very slightly. This produced the faint "beat" responsible for the tremulous note.

STRATHSPEY : A dance peculiar to Scotland, not unlike the Reel, except that it is slower. A feature of the form is its dotted rhythm in duple time. Although it was probably danced earlier, named specimens of the Strathspey are not found before the Eighteenth Century. Writers of that period were not always careful to keep this form and the Reel distinct, and we must conclude from this circumstance that with slight modifications the same music could be made to serve for both dances. The music written specifically for the Strathspey, however, shows a frequent use of a characteristically Scottish rhythmic figure of a very short note, taking the accent, preceding a longer one :



and known as the "Scotch Snap."

STUMP : Beyond the fact that this was an instrument strung with wire, and that Daniel Farrant was its inventor, nothing is known of it. The only reference to it that I have been able to trace is the one made by Playford in 1661 (*v.* POLIPHANT).

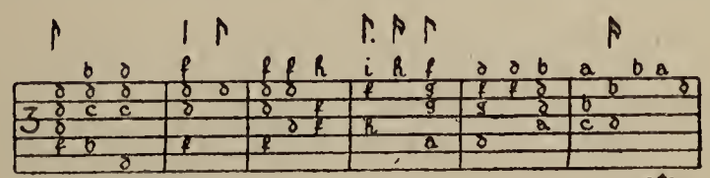
SWORD DANCE : A very ancient dance that bears a close resemblance in many respects to the Morris Dance, though there is sufficient to separate them. It is true that sword-bearers were common adjuncts to the Morris, but the mumming that was added to the latter keeps it distinct from the true Sword-dance. The Morris (*q.v.*) seems to have been a later development, and was subject to many influences at different periods ; yet the possibility is present that—in one of its aspects at any rate—it may be descended from the Sword-dance. Still, the fact remains that such dances as the *Danse des Bouffons* and the *Matacins*, both using sword and shield, were mentioned by Tabourot at the same time as he speaks of the Morisco ; so that an equal possibility remains that the Sword-dance may have been derived from one of these. But

whatever its origin, it is undoubtedly of great antiquity, and may have had its beginnings in some primitive war-dance. It is quite likely that the wooden staves used by the Morris dancers in the South may have been borrowed from the swords of the dancers in the North of England.

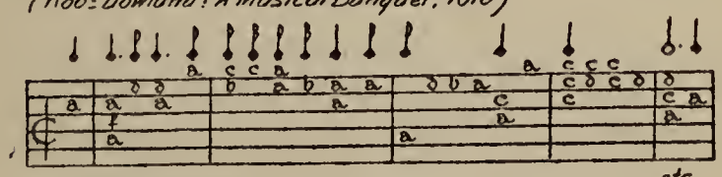
The character of the Sword-dance was that of a serious and complicated performance; its movements were exceedingly intricate, and they called for great physical activity and a quick brain. It was invariably danced by men only, and in some some parts of the country it is still cultivated. Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, who is responsible for *The Morris Book*, also collected music and steps for the Sword-dance (Novello), and his researches bear all the signs of authority.

TABERET. *v.* TABOR.

TABLATURE: A system of musical notation in which letters, figures, and other signs took the place of the usual method of writing notes. As far as England is concerned the system was employed chiefly for the music of Lutes, Viols, Citterns, and other fretted instruments, and for wind-instruments like the



1. Lute Tablature etc.
(Robt Dowland: A Musical Banquet, 1610)



2. Viol Tablature etc.
(John Playford. Musick's Recreation on the Viol, Lyra-way, 1661).

Recorder and Flageolet. On the Continent of Europe Tablatures were even used for the keyboard instruments, but this never became popular in England. For the other instruments mentioned, however, this method of writing was very largely used, especially towards the end of the Sixteenth Century and the first half of the Seventeenth.

Commencing with the "letter" Tablature for the lutes, the system was in principle very simple. A stave of lines as numerous as the strings of the instrument carried letters of the alphabet corresponding to the frets on the fingerboard. The

letter *a* on the second line, for example, meant the first fret on the second string; an *e* on the fourth line represented the fifth fret on the fourth string, and so on. The times values of the notes were given by the note-tails used in ordinary notation, placed over the stave of Tablature. Music for the Cittern or Gittern was written on a four-line stave, one for each string (or, rather, pair of strings). In like manner, the Tablatures for the Viols were written on six or seven-line staves, according to the stringing of the instrument. Since each fret on all these instruments was at the distance of a semitone from its neighbour, it follows that on the same line of the stave, *a* and *b* were a semitone apart, *a* and *c* a whole tone asunder, and so on. Such a system, of course, was possible only so long as the instruments were fretted. In the case of wind-instruments, figures sometimes replaced the letters, each number applying to one of the finger-holes. A different method was applied for the Recorder and Flageolet, for which the "Dot-way" system (*q.v.*) was used. The different Tablatures varied slightly in different countries and periods, but none are really difficult to decipher.

TABOR: A drum varying in size and method of handling according to the period. The word itself is of great antiquity, and occurs in our literature very early. Derived from the Spanish *Atambor* (the initial *A* of which betrays a Moorish origin) the word—and presumably the instrument also—passed through Old French and Middle French *Tambour*, to the English of the Thirteenth Century (*Tabour*). In this form the word is to be found in *Havelock the Dane* (*Ed.* Skeat; *l.* 2329): "The gleumen on the tabour dinge"; in Stephen Hawes' *Pastyme of Pleasure* (1506; *Chap.* xvi); and in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* (IV, 4): "O, Master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe." At about the date of the last-named play, the *u* of the French word was dropped. As "Taborn" the instrument is mentioned in *Octavian Imperator* (Fourteenth Century; *ll.* 67/8): "Ther mygth men here menstralsye, Trompys, Taborns, and cornettys crye." The diminutive form "Tabourine" (not to be confounded with *Tambourine*) was also frequent, and may have had something in common with the long, narrow, Provençal drum called *Tambourin.*

Shakespeare uses this word in *Antony and Cleopatra* (Act IV): "Trumpeters, With brazen din, blast you the city's ear, Make mingle with our ratling tabourines." The variant *Tabouret* was contracted to the familiar biblical *Tabret.* The player on the Tabor was called a *Taborer*, or *Tabrere;* in the latter spelling Spenser used it in the *Shepherd's Calendar* (May 23, 1579): "A lusty tabrere That to the many a hornpipe played."

The Tabor in its commonest form was small and light, but covered at both ends with skin. It was attached to the left wrist or thumb of the player by a loop, and beaten with a single stick held in the right hand, while the fingers of the left hand played on the pipe (*v.* TABOR-PIPE). Larger Tabors were carried obliquely on the left side, suspended from a belt and played by beating with two sticks on the uppermost head.

TABORINE. *v.* TABOR.

TABOR-PIPE: A small instrument of the whistle or fipple-flute type, with two finger-holes in front, and a third for the thumb at the back of the pipe. As its name implies, it was almost inseparable from its companion, the Tabor or hand-drum; and together they supplied the music for the rustic dances of old England. The bore of the pipe was a cylindrical one, and on account of its evenness a rich supply of harmonics was procurable. With the assistance of these the range of the pipe covered an octave and three notes, though not completely chromatic. The Tabor-pipe was manipulated by the left hand only, leaving the right free for beating the drum.

TABRERE. *v.* TABOR.

TABRET. *v.* TABOR.

TANGENT: The brass pin or stud which was the characteristic feature of the Clavichord (*q.v.*). It was about an inch in height, broadened at the head, and tapering to the point at which it was fixed into the end of the key farthest from the player's hand. The depression of the key caused the Tangent to rise and strike the string stretched above it. This method of playing did not cause the whole length of the string to vibrate in a way that would produce one tone, but divided it into two portions, one much larger than the other. Both of these parts vibrated, but the unwanted section was damped by

means of a strip of cloth interlaced between the strings. Now, since the tangent formed, at one and the same time, the bridge and the hammer, it follows that sounds of only a certain strength (or lack of strength) could be obtained; for the moment that the strings were struck too forcibly, the pitch of the note was raised. The tone however, such as it was, proved to be of a very sweet quality, and on that account the instrument played by Tangents persisted in favour for a long time. More than one Tangent could be used for each string, the pitch of the note depending upon the position of the Tangent (*v.* CLAVICHORD).

TENOR STRING: The fifth string of the Viol, counting downward from the treble. This string was in the ordinary accordance tuned to G, and hence was often named the Gamut-string.

THEORBO: A large lute, sometimes used as the Tenor instrument in a consort of lutes (when the Arch-lute was also used), and sometimes as the Bass. It differed from the ordinary lute in that it had extra bass-strings at the side of the fingerboard (not over it), which were plucked with the thumb to provide a bass. They were tuned from a peg-box situated at the side of the ordinary one, or, as in many examples, from pegs in a second head placed above the other as an extension. These extra strings were only used unstopped. In appearance the Theorbo was a very complicated instrument, and we can very well understand how it came about that when Inigo Jones brought an example to England, the authorities at Dover mistook it for a Popish infernal machine, and sent the bearer of it to the "council table" for trial. The strings passing over the fingerboard were mounted in unison pairs as usual, and the Theorbo was possibly even more popular in England as an accompanying instrument to the voice than was the ordinary lute. This system of using extra bass-strings was a very ancient one and can be seen in use in many of the very early plucked instruments. Thomas Mace (*Musick's Monument*, 1676) says that "the Theorbo is no other than that which we call'd the old English lute," and that it was originally so called. He adds that as many as twenty-four strings were used on the instrument and that he personally—"truly on my Theorboes I put twenty-six strings."

The Lord Chamberlain's Records abound in references to the

Theorbo, but a selection of them will suffice to show how common it was. On June 6, 1629, a warrant was issued to pay £20 to John Coggeshall for a year's supply of strings for "his Majesty's lutes and theorba," a like sum being paid on other occasions. In 1632 the sum of £15 was paid to Mr. Roberts for a "theorba," and in 1633 a similar sum was given to Nicholas Lanier for another example. In the list of musicians for 1660 John Jenkins appears as a musician on the Theorbo in the place of John Coggeshall, and John Lylly in succession to John Kelleye. Captain Henry Cooke, Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, taught the choristers to play on the lute, theorbo, and other instruments, and in 1667 received £110 for the work—a sum which included strings, "fire for the musicke roome," and other extras. Entries referring to payments for such service are frequent. In 1673 Pelham Humphrey, the new Master of the Children, received £6 each for two Theorboes supplied for use in the schoolroom, cheaper instruments being thus employed for teaching purposes. In 1679 the cost of a Theorbo for professional use was £14, but in 1662 Henry Cooke received £20 for one, no doubt a fine specimen, richly ornamented and possibly old—for twenty pounds was a large sum of money at the middle of the Seventeenth Century. The instrument was used well into the Eighteenth Century, and only the improvement in the keyboard instruments caused its decline.

THOROUGH-BASS : A bass-part written continuously throughout a composition, and on that account also called Through-Bass (Italian, *Basso Continuo ;* German, *General-Bass*). It was indicated by one or more figures placed under the bass notes of a harmony, each figure referring to a note of the chord required ; this provided the basis of the accompaniment, and the intelligent use of the system required the ready brain of a really well-schooled musician. It appeared first in Italy at about the commencement of the Seventeenth, or perhaps the very last few years of the Sixteenth, Century, There seems to be little reason for supposing that this method of indicating the bass was the invention of any one person ; it would appear rather to have been called forth by the necessity for some such means of writing a support for the monodies then becoming popular. The enthusiastic *coterie* of musicians and

noblemen who made of Florence so important a musical centre at that period provided in their works the earliest examples of Thorough-Bass. In England it was taught in the last quarter of the Seventeenth Century, although, of course, isolated compositions printed earlier already show it—used probably in imitation of foreign examples.

THREE IN ONE or THREE TO ONE. *v.* PROPORTION.

THUMP: A form of composition of which little seems to be known; possibly only a variant of Dump (*q.v.*). It was mentioned in Thomas Ford's *Musick of Sundrie Kindes*, 1607: "A Pill to Purge Melancholie; M. Richard Martin's Thumpe."

TIE: In addition to the usual sense of this term—that of connecting two notes of the same denomination over an intervening bar—there was applied an older one which gave it the force of the present-day "slur," or sign of the *legato*. "The second sort of Tye," says Playford, "is, when two or more notes are to be sung to one syllable, or two notes or more to be plaid with once drawing the bow on the Viol or Violin"; a sentence which shows the old meaning in the first half and the modern sense in the second.

TIMBREL: An ancient tambourine; a shallow hoop of wood covered on one side only with skin, and having a varying number of metal "jingles" in the wooden frame. In the *Promptorium Parvulorum* (first half of the Fifteenth Century) the form *Tymbyr* occurs, and is defined as "a lytyl tabowre, *Timpanillum*." "Tymbres" are mentioned in *Kyng Alisaunder* (Weber's *Metrical Romances*). Gower, in *Confessio Amantis* (*ll.* 1843/4) has:

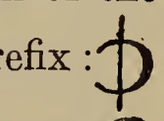
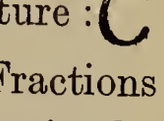
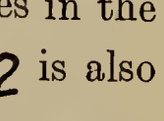
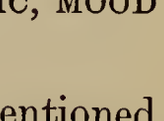
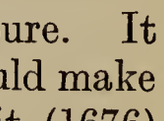
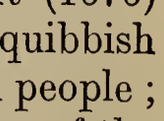
Timbrel
(From a small drawing in British Museum Ms. Harleian 6563, ca. 1330)

Wher as sche passeth be the strete
Ther was ful many a tymber bete.

a spelling that with French influence would explain the name for a performer on this instrument (*Timbestre; Romaunt de la Rose*, *l.* 769). Timbrelle and Tymbrelle are clearly derivatives from Timbre or Tymbyr, and examples of the use of the word,

and its more modern descendant, Timbrel, will be too common to need quoting.

A performer on the Timbrel is clearly shown among the figures in the "Minstrels' Gallery" of Exeter Cathedral (Fourteenth Century), and a drawing in *Harleian MS.* 6563 (British Museum), dating from the early years of the Fourteenth Century, shows the Medieval form of the instrument very well. The specimen illustrated has four jingles, and a straight line drawn across the parchment would suggest a catgut "snare," still used on the modern side-drum.

TIME (*TEMPUS*): In Medieval music the quantitative relationship between the Breve and the Semibreve, the term being also used to designate the Breve itself as a unit of measurement. In Perfect Time (*Tempus Perfectum*) the breve equalled three semibreves, and was thus the contents of what we should call one measure in triple time. In Imperfect Time the breve contained only two semibreves. The signatures were a circle for the Perfect, and a broken circle or a semicircle (later the capital C) for the Imperfect. A line drawn through these signs halved the values of all the notes. Reversing the semicircle thus : ↄ halved the values likewise, and a line through this sign further reduced the duration of the notes to a similar extent. A passage with the prefix :  was thus four times as fast, and one with the signature :  twice as fast, as one marked with the simple :  Fractions were sometimes used to reduce the values of the notes in the same way, as  ,  , *etc.* The indication  is also frequently to be met with (*see also* MENSURABLE MUSIC, MOOD (*Modus*), *and* PROLATION).

TOY: A light and trifling composition, frequently mentioned in late Sixteenth- and Seventeenth-century literature. It seems to have possessed no particular features that could make of it an accepted form, and Mace's description of it (1676) probably fits it exactly : "Toys or Jiggs, are light squibbish things, only fit for Fantastical and Easie light-hearted people ; and are in any sort of time." There are three specimens of the Toy in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book and another in Benjamin

Cosyn's Virginal Book (beginning of the Seventeenth Century). In *Musicke of Sundrie Kindes* by Thomas Ford (1607) there is a trifle called, "A Snatch and Away; Sir John Paulet's toy," and this use of the word is typical of many.

TRIPLA (PROPORTIO TRIPLA): The indication of triplicity in Mensurable Music. Sometimes it merely meant the same as Perfect Time or Mood, in which three notes of any value went to one immediately above it in the series (three breves to the long, and so on). Frequently the Tripla time (shown by a figure 3 above or below the stave) indicated the same as our modern triplet sign, and it was used when such a triple figure occurred in the body of a composition. In the Seventeenth Century the term was used simply to show triple time as distinct from duple. Some writers understood a quicker tempo to accompany the demand for Tripla; *i.e.* a rhythm of threes in the time of twos.

TRIPLEX: An old term for triple time (*v.* TRIPLA). Shakespeare uses it in *Twelfth Night* (V. 1): "the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure." The word was also employed to designate the third part in polyphonic music.

TRIPLUM. *v.* CANTUS.

TROPES: Interpolated pieces of vocal music used to extend the dimensions of the sacred service music, out of which grew the Sequences (*q.v.*). They became expanded as time went on, and eventually were given their own texts. The period during which the Tropes found favour lay between the Ninth and Sixteenth Centuries, after which they gradually fell out of use leaving only the few Sequences still in divine service.

The term was also applied to the closing *formulae* of the lesser doxology attached to the Introit. Each of the Church Modes originally had its own Trope, but later on a greater number for each mode was used.

TRUMPET MARINE: A very ancient stringed instrument played with the bow, and most probably evolved from the still more ancient Monochord. It must be remarked at the outset that the instrument came to England fairly late in its career, and when it did arrive was looked upon more as a curiosity than as a musical instrument calculated to give pleasure to a society already accustomed to far better things. Nevertheless,

it was much used for the scientific observation of musico-physical phenomena, and thus deserves some consideration. There are not many references to it in our older literature, but such as there are require explanation. Moreover, the accounts given of it are usually so incomplete and full of error, that something on the subject may be of service. Samuel Pepys, writing in his *Diary* under date October 24, 1667, says: ". . . we in to see a Frenchman, at the house, where my wife's father last lodged, one Monsieur Prin, play on the trump-marine, which he do beyond belief; and the truth is, it do so far outdo a trumpet as nothing more, and he do play anything very true, and it is most admirable and at first was a mystery to me that I should hear a whole concert of chords together at the end of a pause, but he showed me that it was only when the last notes were fifths or thirds one to another, and then their sounds like an Echo did last so as they seemed to sound all together. The instrument is open at the end, I discovered; but he would not let me look into it, but I was mighty pleased with it, and he did take great pains to shew me all he could do on it, which was very much; and would make an excellent concert, two or three of them, better than trumpets can ever do, because of their want of compass." Pepys's mystification would not have been so great at the vibration of the natural harmonics had he but been able to satisfy his curiosity by peering inside the instrument and seeing the sympathetic strings there. But before going into the history of the instrument it will be interesting to notice that a concert, such as the diarist thought advisable, was actually advertised. In the *London Gazette* for February 1–4, 1674/5 (No. 961), was the announcement: "A Rare Concert of four Trumpets Marine, never heard of before in *England*. If any persons desire to come and hear it, they may repair to the *Fleece Tavern* near *St. James's*, about two of the Clock in the afternoon every day in the week, except Sunday. Every concert shall continue one hour, and so to begin again. The best places are one shilling, the other sixpence."

Although the Trumpet Marine was an amusing novelty when it was first introduced into England, it had passed through more than five centuries of usefulness. A representation of the instrument on the coping-stone over the door of the Abbey of Vezelay dates from the Twelfth Century; it is

mentioned in a Fifteenth-century manuscript of Froissard; and when printed books became fairly common, accounts of it multiplied. Virdung gives an account and an illustration of it in 1511, and Agricola, in his *Musica Instrumentalis Deudsch* (1545), prints amusing metrical hints on its handling, and suggests that letters be painted on the fingerboard to assist the performer in finding the positions of the notes. The *Dodecachordon* of Glareanus (1547) gives a very full description.

It would be very unsafe to give to any particular country the credit for having invented or evolved the Trumpet Marine; but judging by the popularity it enjoyed in Germany very early in history, it would not be too speculative to look for its place of origin in that country. From the Thirteenth Century to the Sixteenth it was in great favour there—in the hands of the masses as well as in the study of the physicist. By the third quarter of the Eighteenth Century it had penetrated into every corner of Europe—and yet, to-day, it seems as little known as if it had belonged to the antiquity of Ancient Assyria.

In physical respects the Trumpet Marine, or Tromba Marina, as it was more generally known on the continent of Europe, consisted of a long, narrow, triangular box running in a gradual taper from its open base to the head or peg-holder. Perhaps the best description of it would be that it was constructed of three long (often six or seven feet) boards each in the shape of an isosceles triangle, so put together that the open end showed an equilateral triangle. It was, in the first stage of its career, provided with a single string which passed over a bridge that was one of the characteristic features of the instrument. This bridge, or shoe, as the old Germans called it, was curved in shape, one of its feet resting firmly on that side of the box which formed the belly, while the other foot, very slightly shorter, lightly touched the table. The result of this unequal pressure was to cause the vibrating string to set up a rattling between the short foot and the belly, and give the tone of the Trumpet Marine the peculiar buzzing quality that was its particular feature. Sometimes a morsel of ivory, glass, or metal was fixed to the loose foot of the bridge, the vibration of which, enhanced by a piece of glass let into the belly under the foot and against which it rattled, still further increased the buzzing effect. The tone that resulted was, according to many

writers, so like that of a trumpet that no further search after the origin of the first half of the name need be attempted. The string was put into vibration with a short bow applied near the bridge. In operation, the instrument rested against the shoulder of the standing performer, its wide end on the ground. The string, which was of the thickness of a 'cello D-string, was stopped lightly with the thumb, and only harmonics were used. This being the case, it produced only the series of notes peculiar to the natural trumpet.

The fact that the instrument was particularly adapted to the production of overtones caused it to be developed, and further strings of varying length and differing tuning were added. These extra strings were not played with the bow, but merely used to vibrate in response to some note produced on the bowed string. Glareanus mentions a two-stringed Trumpet Marine. Praetorius gives the information that the first added string was half the length of the bowed string, thus producing the octave ; but this, of course, was unnecessary, since modification by means of the tuning peg could easily have secured an octave without undue consideration for the length of the string. Praetorius (*Theatrum Instrumentorum*, 1620) gives an illustration of a four-stringed specimen, each string of different length. This particular picture shows the construction of the instrument very well. In Germany the term Tromba Marina seems to have been reserved for the older monochord form, and a variant—Trumscheidt—was used for the three- and four-stringed specimens (*v.* Valentin Trichter, *Curiöses . . . Exercitien Lexicon*, 1742). The sympathetic strings that interested Pepys so much were often placed inside the sound-box, and thus produced very peculiar effects from no apparent cause. Vidal speaks of such an example in the Conservatoire of Paris, and another with forty-two sympathetic strings is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. The present writer remembers having seen a very fine collection of these quaint instruments in the museum of Dr. D. F. Scheurleer at The Hague.

The tone produced by the Trumpet Marine varied with the skill of the performer, and judging by the widely different opinions expressed by many writers, one is forced to the conclusion that the skill of the performers varied too. The combination of the floating tone produced by harmonics with

the rattling of the loose foot of the bridge must have been very original, and need not have been at all unpleasant. When Paganini removed three strings from his violin, and played harmonics, he merely converted his instrument into a small Trumpet Marine in effect; for the tension of the single string (G) depressed one side of the bridge only, leaving the other foot fairly loose and capable of independent vibration. Who knows how far the peculiar effects produced by the great violinist were due to such physical causes?

A great many improvements were introduced, but the present-day importance of the instrument will not merit more details being given under this head. The uses to which the Trumpet Marine was put were many and varied. Its social status fluctuated in different centuries, and those to whom it appealed ranged from the wandering vagabond to the ducal minstrel. In 1619 Praetorius said that "the minstrels carried it about the streets"—yet at the same time it was being used in the laboratories of the serious students of acoustics. One of the most dignified of its uses was to fill a part in the musical service of the nunneries. In this environment it probably took the place of the inaccessible wind-instruments, and it was employed in complete sets of three or four. In the hands of a careful player—one whose hand on the bow was not too heavy—the tone must have been eminently suited to accompany the vocal *ensemble*. Personally, I see no reason why they should have been less musical than, say, the Bass Cornets. In France the Trumpet Marine became very popular, and in 1666 no fewer than six performers on it were on the lists of the French king's musical establishment. Yet more amazing is it to find that as late as 1767 there were still references to it in the French State Papers. Its use in England was, as we have seen, only very slight from the musical point of view—although learned societies made a good deal of it for acoustical research.

TRUMP-MARINE. *v.* TRUMPET MARINE.

TUCK. *v.* TUCKET.

TUCKET: A military call stated by Francis Markham (1622) to have been "a signal for marching used by cavalry." This shows clearly how closely Shakespeare could keep to facts when he introduced technical details: "Then let the trumpet sound the tucket-sonance and the note to mount" (*Henry V*,

IV, 2). The derivation of the term would be through Old Northern French *Touket*, and Old French *Touchet*, a blow, from a Teutonic source (*cf.* German, *Tusch*, a flourish of brass). The *Tucket* may, originally, have been a drum-signal, as the Teutonic word from which it had its name had the sense of "to touch" or "to beat," and especially so since the noun Tuck meant a drum-beat (*cf.* the Italian *Toccata*, touched; *i.e.* music touched or struck on a keyboard, as distinct from *Sonata*, sounded, and *Cantata*, sung).

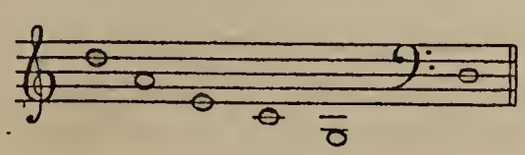
TUT: In lute-playing the Tut was the sudden deadening of a note just played, by damping the vibration of the string with the next finger.

TYMBYR. *v.* TIMBREL.

UT. *v.* ARETINIAN SYLLABLES *and* GAMUT.

VIAL, VIALL. *v.* VIOLS.

VIOLS: A family of bowed stringed instruments that became exceedingly popular in England. Indeed, they became so acclimatised in this country, that their foreign origin, at one period at any rate, was almost lost sight of. The influence they exercised on the history of English instrumental music was very great, and in this class of composition the English use of the Viols even affected continental art. In its commonest form the Viol was used in three sizes and pitches—Treble, Tenor, and Bass—and combined as mentioned in the article CHEST OF VIOLS. The instruments of this family are distinguished from those of the modern violin species by having a flat back, sloping shoulders, C-shaped sound-holes, a tail-piece fixed on a notched pin, and generally six strings. Their tone was soft and sympathetic, eminently suited to the music of the period, and especially well-fitted to be an accompaniment for voices—a use in which the Viols might be profitably revived to-day. The Treble-Viol was the first of the family to disappear before the irresistible invasion of the Violin. Its six strings were tuned in fourths with an interpolated third, as follows:



showing a tremendous range when compared with the modern violin. Possibly the gravity of the bass-string used on the

body-size of the Treble-Viol was too great; and this circumstance, added to the greater facility with which the violin could be handled, conspired to hasten the demise of the treble.

The Tenor-Viol was tuned a fifth below the Treble:

It was, as John Playford says, "an excellent inward part (*q.v.*) and much used in Consort (*q.v.*), especially in Fantasies and Ayres of three, four, five, and six parts." To ensure proper resonance for strings of such gravity, the size of the sound-box (body) had to be proportionately greater than that of the modern viola; and a specimen of the instrument in my possession is in its original condition. This is a very rare state of affairs, since vandal modernisers have been all too busy cutting down the depth of the ribs of the old Tenor-Viols in order to make them as easy of manipulation as the viola. The result of such cutting down was to reduce the air-contents of the body and thus entirely destroy the balance between string-weight and body-resonance. My example is labelled: "William Turner, at ye hande and Crowne in gravelle Lane nere Aldgate London, 1652," and thus dates from the period of the instrument's greatest popularity. The marks of the old catgut frets can still be seen impressed in the varnish of the neck. It was the custom to apply frets to all the instruments of the Viol family, even when they were not used Lyraway (*q.v.*), Playford observing that it was "a most sure and easie way for the first entring of Scholars, and after, to cut them off when they become perfect in the knowledge of all the several notes." Certain it is that the difficult divisions of Christopher Simpson could not be played easily with frets in the way of free movement for the left hand.

The Bass-Viol, or Viola-da-Gamba (leg-viol), because it was played between the legs of the performer, was used in three different sizes according to the particular purpose for which it was required. These were known as the Consort-Viol, the Division-Viol, and the Lyra-Viol (see these three headings). The tuning of the Consort-Viol was like that of the Treble-Viol, but an octave lower. The Lyra-Viol, of course, was tuned to

TENOR VIOL, by William Turner, London, 1652
In the author's possession
Size: Back, 16½in.; Greatest Breadth, 9in.; Length over all, 28½in.; Finger-board, 10¾in.; Ribs, 2¾in Left Sound-hole, 2⅞in.; Right Sound-hole, 2¾in.

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the chord indicated in each piece of music written for it and played from Tablature (*v.* LYRAWAY).

Each string of the Viol had its own name, counting from the highest downwards, as follows : Treble, Small Mean, Great Mean, Counter-Tenor, Tenor, and Bass.

The uses to which the Viols were put in England were of great interest and importance. Chronologically the predecessors, and later on for a time the contemporaries, of the violin family, though historically and structurally they had less to do with their successors, the Viols—in all probability introduced into England from the Netherlands—enjoyed a vogue here unequalled in any other country. Nowhere in Europe were the Viols clung to so tenaciously, and nowhere were they given up in favour of the violins with greater reluctance. The English performers brought their virtuosity to a very high pitch, and many foreign students came to England to perfect themselves in the art of Viol-playing. For this purpose Maugars came from France, Paul Kress, David Adams, Vogelsang, August Kuehnel, and others, came from Germany. At this period the technique of the English gambists exceeded that possessed by those of any other country, and the music written here often asks for great dexterity. Most of the musical publications at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century were arranged so that the Madrigals and Ayres which they contained could be performed equally well on the Viols. The decline of the Madrigal and the rise of technique soon made the composition of special music for the instruments of the Viol family an absolute necessity. At first the old vocal music sufficed and it was used for some time ; but the advent of the craze for Divisions (*q.v.*), and the successive development of the In Nomine and the Fancy (*q.v.*), provided music to meet the popular demand. So rapid was this development of purely instrumental music that scarcely a single generation separated the time when the violist was compelled to play a well-known song if he wished to have a solo, from the period at which elaborate suites and fantasias were being written on an almost wholesale scale, specifically for each and every member of the Viol family, and for all of them in consort. Anthony Holborne, only four years before James I ascended the throne, issued a typical specimen of the former class of composition—music that could be played on

wind-instruments, stringed-instruments, or sung. Giovanni Coperario (*né* John Cooper), Alphonso Ferabosco III, and their numerous contemporaries, were writing true Viol music, intended for this one purpose only, under the very next sovereign.

The State Papers preserved in the Record Office and a few public and private collections of manuscripts afford all the information necessary to give us a good idea of the instrument's English history. In 1526 the list of the royal musicians of Henry VIII contained fifteen trumpets, three lutes, three rebecks, three taborets, a harp, two viols, four drumslades, a fife, and ten sackbuts; but whether these instruments were ever used in combination is very open to doubt. The moral to be drawn from this list lies in the fact that only two viols appear in a list containing a great amount of percussion and brass. And even these two viols were played by foreigners—two Flemings named Hans Hossenet and Hans Highorne—at a salary of "xxxiiis. iiijd. paide monethly" each (*Egerton MS.* 2604; 17 Henry VIII). Only six years later mention is made of "three of the Viols," a remark that would point to the probability that there were more than three of them by then. The new names are now Italian. During the reign of Henry VIII a constant stream of embassies passed between England and Italy—and particularly Venice—and it is not at all surprising that many Italian musicians should be preferred to positions in the royal music. Henry had a very highly developed taste in the art, and his discrimination was well known. Therefore he rarely allowed a good player to enter any other service once he had formed a good opinion of the foreigner's performance. The Audit Office accounts for 1540 state that "Alberto da Venitia, Vincenzo da Venizia, Alexander, Ambroso, and Romano da Milano, and Joan Maria da Cremona" were appointed as "Vialls" during the king's pleasure at a wage of twelve pence per day. Henry's collection of viols was of very respectable size and quality (*v. Harleian MS.* 1419A). Exactly when English players first appear in the royal band cannot be fixed with certainty; but the first native name I have come across in the State Papers is that of Thomas Kentt "lately admitted to the Vialles in place of greate Hans deceased" (1549; Lord Chamberlain's Records). In 1554 (December 23) Thomas Browne was engaged as one of the

"Vyalls." In 1555 the word "Violon" is used, and we find it frequently during the reign of Mary Tudor and Elizabeth. These entries have caused many authorities to come to the conclusion that the modern violin was used in England thus early in the Tudor era. I shall return to this point later; for the moment let it suffice that I consider the term "Violin" to have been applied to the smaller Viols—Treble and Tenor—thus giving the Italian diminutive termination its proper sense, while the word "Viol" was employed for the larger, or bass, viol.

The accession of Queen Elizabeth and the general elevation of the musical plane in England had their effect upon the viols. Their use became more extended, and the excellence of the composers of the period settled the artistic future of the instrument. At Court the Italian performers were still employed, but English names began to become more and more frequent. The entries in the State Papers of that period provide a good deal of very interesting information of every kind. Thus, *Additional MS.* 5750 (British Museum) tells us that a "sett of Vyalls" cost the Queen "the some of 15 poundes" It is also instructive to note that the Italian players, who have hitherto been described as "Vials" or "Violons," appear in 1559 as "Violetts." There can be no doubt that the same Viols were meant in each case, and that "Violet" was used as a diminutive for Viol just as was "Violon." The prices paid by Elizabeth for a set of Viols seems to have been a usual one, for the "Account Book" of Trinity College, Cambridge, for 1595 gives the item: "xiii*li* for a sett of Vialles." The cost of "viall strings and mending ye College Instruments" was twelve shillings. Sir Thomas Kytson, of Hengrave Hall, paid 20*s.* for "a treble violin" in 1592, and when he died he left "six violenns." I have no doubt that Treble and Tenor Viols were meant in each case.

Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign the way in which the Viols were used is very interesting to note. Besides the work of 1599 already alluded to (*Pavans, Galliards, Almains, and other Short Aeirs both Grave and light, in five parts, for Viols, Violins, and other musical Winde Instruments*) Anthony Holborne published a *Cittharn Schoole* in 1597, which contains, among other compositions, twenty-three pieces for the Cittern in Tablature, with an accompaniment in ordinary notation

for the Bass-Viol, and two for the Cittern accompanied by Treble, Tenor, and Bass Viols. In this case also, I am of opinion that Holborne meant Treble and Tenor Viols when he spoke of "violins" on his title-page. Another work which shows a typical use of the Bass-Viol as an accompanying instrument, is John Dowland's *Second Booke of Songs or Ayres . . . with Tablature for the Lute or Orpherian, with the Violl de Gamba* (1600). At the end of the last Tudor reign a new figure of great importance in the history of the Viols rose above the musical horizon in the person of Alfonso Ferabosco II (born *c.* 1580). He was "an excellent composer for instrumental Musick" (Anthony Wood), and was one of the first to write music Lyraway (*q.v.*). His importance lies in the circumstance that he, more than any other one musician, laid the foundations for that English school of Gambists and writers for the instrument which, according to Maugars (one of its most celebrated foreign pupils), surpassed all others in the world.

The question of the use of the modern violin in Tudor times is interesting and worthy of being cleared up. Carl Engel thinks that violins were used together with viols, lutes, *etc.*, from the time of Elizabeth onwards; the Rev. F. W. Galpin says: "Violins, as distinct from Viols, had already been included in the King's music; and at the time of Henry the Eighth's death they were played by six Italians from Venice, Milan, and Cremona. . . ." These two quotations are representative of many; and it may be well to consider a few pieces of evidence in opposition to these statements. For true violins to have been firmly established as orchestral instruments by the middle of the Sixteenth Century, would have made it necessary for the very earliest specimens to have been introduced. It is, I think, fairly well established that no instrument of the modern violin-family was made before the middle of the Sixteenth Century. It is, of course, quite possible, chronologically, for early examples to have been brought to England, especially when we remember how active was the correspondence between this country and Italy during the reign of Henry VIII. But to expect at least six violins to be accepted as an integral part of Henry's orchestra so early in the career of the new instrument is, I think, rather too much. When authenticated cases of their importation are recorded,

the fact is especially noted as something unusual. On March 14, 1637/8 a "Treble Violin bought . . . for his Majesty's service" was paid for with the sum of twelve pounds (Lord Chamberlain's Records of that date), and on January 31 of the same year a similar amount was paid for "a Cremona Violin to play to the Organ." Here, clearly, treble viols are not meant, and this reference is probably the first in which the celebrated products of Cremona are mentioned. These entries occur more than eight decades later than the first mention of "Violins" in the State Papers. Had violins been used in England for so long a time, we should certainly not have had to wait until the mid-Stuart period for famous English performers on it to appear; especially when we remember the state of technical excellence shown by the native violists. How can the fact be explained away that we have to wait until Playford's *Introduction to the Skill of Musick* appeared before we find a picture of the true violin? The confusion, I suggest, was caused by the musicians of Tudor England modifying the Italian diminutive *Violino* for the purpose of naming the "small viol." The Italians themselves used the word *Violino* when referring to true Viols. An Italian chap-book of *c.* 1550 has on its title-page a picture of an old viol and the name *La Violina, etc.* The circumstance that the early players on the Viols at the court of Henry VIII were Italians, would help to explain the use of the Italian term. Furthermore, before the Restoration the violin was considered to be a far more inferior instrument, socially, than the Viol. Anthony Wood tells us that the gentlemen who attended music parties played on Viols, "for they esteemed a violin to be an instrument only belonging to a common fiddler, and could not endure that it should come among them, for feare of making their meetings to be vaine and fiddling." This being so, would so artistic a pair of sovereigns as Henry VIII and Elizabeth have employed them in their bands? It was necessary for a Charles II with his French tastes to make this innovation, and his imitation of the French king's band of violins was really the first sanction given the newer instrument. And even then many of the more orthodox among the older musicians complained bitterly at the change.

To return to the history of the Viols. The succession of the house of Stuart marked the beginning of the greatest period

for the Viols in England. They came more and more into favour, even usurping the place hitherto held by the lutes. Composers and publishers encouraged the fashion by issuing ever-increasing quantities of music for the Viols. It was part of everyone's education to learn at least one of the instruments of the family, and to play on it at sight (Peacham, *Compleat Gentleman*). The literary works of the Seventeenth Century abound with references to chance visitors being asked to take up a Viol and " bear a part " in the consort. This explains the ubiquity of the Chest of Viols (*q.v.*). The manner in which the playwrights of the era helped themselves to the instruments proves how common they were. In *Twelfth Night* (I, 3) Shakespeare gives the sentence, " he plays o' the Viol-de-Gamboys " to prove the culture of one of his characters ; and in *Pericles* (I, 1) we have :

> You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
> Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
> Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken.

In George Chapman's comedy *Monsieur d'Olive* (*Act* III, 1606) a dandy of the period says : " Here shall stand my Court Cupbord, with its furniture of Plate : Heere shall runne a Winde Instrument : Heere shall hang my base viall : Heere my Theorbo : and heere will I hang myselfe." Middleton, in *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (1608), says : " She now remains in London to learn fashions, practise music ; the voice between her lips, and the viol between her legs, she'll be a fit consort very speedily "—a reference that shows how early the ladies played the Gamba in Stuart England. With this evidence of the instrument's popularity it will not be necessary to draw on the State Papers for further proofs. Suffice it to say that the *Calendar of State Papers* contains countless entries concerning the appointment of violists, their work, and their instruments.

During the Commonwealth the Viols suffered no neglect, in spite of the historians who would have us think of this as a mirthless and songless period. The Puritan wife of the Puritan soldier, Colonel Hutchinson, said of her husband that " he had a great love to music, and often diverted himself with a viol on which he played masterly." Of course, there were a few fanatics who thought that because the puritanical decree

went forth against the ornate Cathedral music, all music should be banned. The notorious Solomon Eagles, who became a Quaker in 1660, burned his Viols and music. But the action of a few men like Eagles did not prevent music being cultivated very largely during the Commonwealth, though more space cannot be spared for a history of the music of those famous eleven years than suffices to draw attention to the musical publications that appeared. In 1653 East's *Fantasies for Viols* were issued. Roger L'Estrange's description of a private concert attended by Cromwell will be enough to show that the Protector did not ban music secularly, and since it includes references to the Viols it is worth quoting once more : " Being in St. *James* his *Parke*, I heard an Organ Touched in a little Low Room of one Mr. Hinckson's (John Hingston). I went in, and found a Private Company of some five or six Persons. They desired me to take up a Viole, and bear a Part. . . By and By (without the least colour of a *Design* or *Expectation*) in comes *Cromwell*. He found us playing and (as I remember) so he left us."

With the accession of Charles II the violin became a more serious competitor of the Viol. The formation of the select band of violins, already mentioned, gave the *coup-de-grâce* to the Treble and Tenor Viols, at any rate. The increasing number of the violinists required for the royal music and that of the nobility, offered a new incentive to musicians to take up the newer instrument. With artists like Davis Mell to imitate and teachers like John Banister (the Elder) to learn from, a school of violinists arose in England that compared very favourably with the Viol-players of two or three generations earlier. The Bass-Viol alone persisted in public favour, and it was a full century more before the Gamba could be said to have become antiquated. Samuel Pepys gives a few pieces of interesting information in his *Diary* concerning the Bass-Viol of his time. In 1663 he went to his Viol-maker in Bishopsgate Street, London : " his name is Wise, who is a pretty fellow at it." He paid three pounds for his instrument,— " besides the carving which I paid this day 10*s*. for to the carvers." The diarist also makes frequent mention of ladies playing the Gamba. On February 19, 1663/4, Mrs. Jaggard played " . . . but so well as I did not think any woman in England could and but few Maisters." The Bass-Viol was also

used in the Chapel Royal, and at the concerts of Thomas Britton, the musical coalman, the Gamba was extensively used.

Although it is not intended to make of this work one of biography, it is necessary to mention two men who played a very important part in the later history of the Bass-Viol. Each was representative of a certain class of composer and performer : the one appealing to the serious musician, and the other—though himself a great musician—to the more popular taste : one of them Christopher Simpson, and the other John Jenkins. The former by his sound musicianship and amazing technique said what was probably the last word in the development of viol-music. He published a good deal of educational music, the chief being his *Compendium* (1665, 1667, and seven later editions, the last appearing near the end of the Eighteenth Century), and his *Division-Violist* (first edition, 1659), a purely technical work on the Viol and its handling in Divisions. Jenkins was typical of the " old-fashioned school," and though not so profoundly learned as Simpson, secured the affectionate regard of all his contemporaries by his geniality, originality, and charm.

The Bass-Viol, the last of a great and noble race, died none too easily. Thomas Mace, in the last quarter of the Seventeenth Century, did his utmost to defend the older instrument against the " scolding violins," but it was too late. A few good players still remained, and a post was open for a violist in the Chapel Royal until the middle of the Eighteenth Century ; but the glory had departed, and the place of the Gamba was taken by the bass of the violin family.

VIOL DE GAMBOYS. *v.* VIOLS.

VIOLET, VIOLLETT : Undoubtedly derived from the Italian *Violetta*, a Small Viol. Although the meaning of the term is quite clear, it is not always easy to know exactly what instrument is referred to when the word was used in the Seventeenth Century. In its earliest uses this diminutive of *Viola* was certainly applied to a high-pitched treble-viol ; later it named the small French violins, possibly also the Kits. It is to be found occasionally as a designation for the Viola d'Amore, but this last-named instrument was far too little used here to require special treatment at this place. Why he should have

done so is not clear, but Leopold Mozart referred to the Viole d'Amour as the English Violet.

VIRGINAL: A keyboard instrument in a rectangular case, popular, roughly speaking, from about 1500 to 1700. The defects in the methods of tone-production in the Clavichord (*q.v.*) caused a different system of string-vibration to be developed; and undoubtedly taking the plectrum-plucked Psaltery as a model, the experimenters of the early Fifteenth Century replaced the tangents of the Clavichord with small quill points so mounted that they twanged the strings that were stretched above them. These quills were inserted into strips of wood known as Jacks, which in their turn stood perpendicularly at the end of the balanced keys. On the latter being depressed, the Jack was raised carrying the quill with it, until the plectrum was forced past the string, which was thus set in vibration. In the descent of the Jack a small hinged and sprung portion at its head turned aside to allow the quill to return without again twanging the string; and a piece of cloth at the top of the Jack damped the tone as soon as the key reached its position of rest. This method of producing vibration in the keyboard-instrument family was employed in several of its members which differed from the Virginal chiefly in size, shape, and efficiency. Crow-quills were the commonest plectra used, though strips of hard leather, whalebone, or metal were used at different periods. The compass of the Virginal also varied at different times, and one or two typical specimens will be referred to later. In the Seventeenth Century a second, smaller, Virginal was added to the larger one, and placed on the top of the case, as was sometimes done in the case of the Clavichord. This auxiliary instrument was tuned an octave higher than the other and was used together with it, thus most probably explaining the expression "a pair of Virginals." Later the added octave strings were placed in the case under the ordinary strings. These latter, again profiting by the development of the Clavichord, were often bichord or trichord. In the Harpsichord, of course, the octave strings were a permanent feature. One specimen of double Virginal known to the writer had a compass of four octaves on each of the two keyboards, ranging from the second C below middle C to the second octave above. The

auxiliary keyboard, which was detachable, operated strings tuned an octave higher.

It would be interesting, from an antiquarian point of view, if it could be definitely proved that the inscriptions on the walls of the Leckingfield (Yorkshire) Manor-house dated from the reign of Henry VII. If this were decided—though there is no good reason for doubting it even now—then we possess in England the first reference to the Virginal. The verse in question reads :

> A slac strynge in a Virginall soundithe not aright,
> It doth abide no wrestinge it is so loose and light ;
> The sound-borde crasede, forsith the instrumente,
> Throw misgovernance, to make notes which was not his intent.

Henry VIII himself played on the Virginal, besides employing professional performers. *Egerton MS.* 2604 (British Museum) records payment to "a Virginal player" (*c.* 1525), the musician probably being John Heywood, or Haywood, who appears in the State Papers for 1520, first as a singer, and later as virginalist. He was still active under Mary Tudor when he, Antony Chaunter, and Robert Bowman are entered together as "Players on the Virginals" with a salary of £92 11*s.* 8*d.*, presumably between them. In the book containing Henry the Eighth's Privy Purse Expenses (N. H. Nicholas, 1827) is the entry for April, 1530 : "Item the vj daye paied to William Lewes for ii payer of Virginalls in one coffer with iiii stoppes, brought to Grenewiche iii*li.* And for ij Virginalls in one coffer brought to the More iii*li.* And for a little payer of Virginalls brought to the More xx*s.*" There can be no doubt that the word Virginal had by now become very loosely applied to other instruments with keyboards. The fact that these entries refer to "pairs" of Virginals need not, as we have seen, prove that anything but Virginals were meant ; but the "iiij stoppes" are more difficult to explain away. We can only suppose that some such device as was used in the later Harpsichords was employed in these instruments. A warrant in the Lord Chamberlain's Records of April 10, 1558, is very interesting reading, for it deals with the handing over of "as much grene velvett as will suffice for the covering of one pair of Virginals and as much grene satten as shall serve to lyne the same, with passamayne lace of silver for the garnishing and

edginge of the same. And that ye paie unto the said John Grene as well for two cases of tymber covered with lether and lyned, th' one being for the aforesaid Virgynalls."

During the reign of Elizabeth the Virginal probably enjoyed its greatest vogue in England. The Queen herself—and, indeed, every lady of education—played on the instrument, and several contemporary pieces of evidence point to the fact that excellence in performance was keenly sought after. Elizabeth, in an interview with Sir James Melville, the envoy from Scotland in 1564, was anxious to know if Mary Stuart " or sche, played best. In that I gaif hir the prayse." But the Scot's private opinion was that Elizabeth played passably for a queen, but that she performed only when she " was solitary to shun melancholy." The Virginal supposed to have been Queen Elizabeth's was an Italian instrument of about 1570. It contained fifty Jacks and quills, and had a range of four octaves and a semitone, from B to C. When in use at its own period, this Virginal had the lowest string tuned down to G (a common procedure in those days). The instrument is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In the case of a German Virginal of *c.* 1600 (also in the same collection) the compass was three octaves and a tone (from G to A), the highest G-sharp being omitted—another common practice.

The State Papers of Elizabeth's reign contain many interesting references showing that the instrument was a regular feature in the official music-making. The Lord Chamberlain's accounts for Michaelmas, 1582, for example, authorise a warrant for giving crimson velvet for covering and lining the queen's keyboard instruments, and orders payment for covering four pairs of Regals and Virginals with velvet and embellishing them with silver and gold lacquer. In 1593 entries of a like nature are to be found. In that year a list " of all in the offices in England with their fees " is given, and includes " Players on the virginalles 3, fee to every of them, £50." In 1595/6 the payment is ordered for " fourteen yards of carnation velvet and eight yards of wrought velvet black and ash colour, employed and spent in covering of our Virginals, and for twelve yards of grene velvet to cover a greate instrument, all being garnished with lace of gold and silver and silke riben and sewing silke to them " (Lord Chamberlain's Records, *Vol.* 797).

At the turn of the century the Virginal was a frequent piece of furniture in the barber's establishment, and "barber's virginal" was synonymous with whatever was common property, a distinction which it shared with the Cittern (*q.v.*).

If the word Virginal was loosely applied during the reign of Henry VIII, it was still more so during those of the Stuart kings. It is, I think, beyond doubt that many of the instruments alluded to in this era were Spinets or Harpsichords, though England seemed to cling affectionately to the older names. At the same time there were such instruments as true Virginals still in use, side by side with the Harpsichord; for as late as the reign of Charles II (1663) we find the two instruments named together in an entry in the Lord Chamberlain's Records. In 1664 Captain Cooke, Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, received £78 "for teaching of the children of the Chappell . . . and for strings for violins, lutes, and virginals. . . ." In 1665/6 Giles Tomkins was engaged as "musician in ordinary to his Majesty for the Virginalls in the place of Richard Deering, deceased." Another familiar name appears in the entry for January 7, 1667/8, when Christopher Preston was appointed musician for the Virginal "and private musique without fee in the place of Dr. Christopher Gibbons, to come in ordinary with fee after the decease of the said Dr. Gibbons. . . ." The latter celebrated musician received £46 per annum as virginalist, and made Preston wait until 1676 for his post. John Blow was appointed as a performer on the Virginal in 1668/9, while Henry Purcell was given the post of keeper of the king's instruments in 1683/4—his charges including Virginals. It will be seen that some of the most famous names in Seventeenth-century English music are to be found connected with this instrument. Before leaving the official records we must note that in 1696/7 (William and Mary) Dr. John Blow is mentioned again as a virginalist, and in 1699 as one of the "tuners of the regalls, organs, virginalls, etc."

In the Seventeenth Century the Virginal no doubt occupied the position, in the domestic life of England, of the pianoforte of to-day. At the same time it must not be forgotten that it could be far more easily dispensed with in those days than could the pianoforte at the present day. The practice of accompanying the voice with the lute had not yet died out, and the popularity of the viols was still great. Towards the

end of the century, when lutes and viols had gone the way of the "good old times," the instruments of the violin family were employed in other directions, leaving the keyboard instruments as the means of accompaniment. At the period of the Great Fire of London there must have been a Virginal or similar instrument in almost every house. Pepys, describing the conflagration in his *Diary*, writes under date September 2, 1666: ". . . River full of lighters and boats taking in goods. . . . and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginalls in it" (*see also* SPINET, HARPSICHORD, JACK, *and* WREST).

VOLTE: An ancient dance-form that originated as a variety of the Galliard (*q.v.*) and became very popular in England. So great a favourite did this dance become in the days of Elizabeth that the Queen herself fell a victim to its attractions and danced it frequently. Mary Stuart was also a lover of the form, but, although she showed surprising agility in its performance, she "did not dance so high as her royal cousin of England" (Melville). The "height" of her dancing referred to the fact that in this successor of the Galliard the cavalier turned his partner (whence the name) and assisted her to leap high in the air; and the excellence of the dancer was gauged by the height of the leap. Such wild springing, of course, made of the Volte a butt for the censure of moralists, and a vigorous campaign was waged against it both in Germany and France. Sermons were preached and pamphlets written condemning the form, and the Volte did not survive very long on the Continent. Whether its early abandonment there was caused by the outcry of the puritans or by the too exacting nature of its steps, cannot be determined with certainty. The feature which caused the condemnation of the Volte on the Continent remained one of its chief characteristics in the merry England of the last of the Tudors. Shakespeare speaks of it in *Henry V* (III, 5).

> They bid us to the English dancing schools,
> And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos.

Robert Greene's play, *The Honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (first acted in 1591), contains the lines:

> Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
> And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
> To dance lavoltas in the purple streams.

Ben Jonson has it that "Ixion is turned dancer and leads lavaltoes"—a line which shows that the dance lived up to its name (*i.e.* turning dance). These quotations, too, show the different forms that the name had in England; its curious appearance being accounted for by the fact that the French definite article was retained as part of the name.

The popularity of the Volte continued in England until Stuart times, for we are told that James I and his queen were excellent in these "feats of capering." But although the dance may have survived later, there is not much music for it to be found in the works of the later Stuart writers. The examples which have made us familiar with this form in England are nearly all to be found in the Elizabethan books, and after the middle of James the First's reign the Volte was of rare occurrence in native music. The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book contains it (William Byrd); the works of Thomas Morley also include the "lavolto"; and seven specimens may be seen in Robert Dowland's *Varietie of Lute Lessons* (1610). Remembering the frequent use made of the word by the writers of the period, the comparative paucity of Voltes in the musical publications may occasion some surprise. But it may be that the dance did not absolutely need special music, and that it could be executed to Galliard-music of sufficient spirit, just as the Canary could have been danced to Jig-tunes.

Arbeau (*Orchésographie*, 1588) would be the best authority on the Volte in its original form, and he states that its measure and rhythm were identical with those of the Galliard, and that it was very much favoured by the Provençals. Mersenne's *Harmonie Universelle*, 1636, contains specimens of the dance as it was written in France, and Besard's *Thesaurus Harmonicus*, published in Cologne (1603), give no fewer than thirty-four examples. In Germany it was mentioned by Praetorius in 1612, and Fuhrmann's *Testudo Gallo-Germanica* (1615) has eleven Voltes.

It will be seen that even the German publications containing the form were influenced by French fashions, and there can be no doubt that the dance came to England also direct from France.

WAIT, WAYTE, or WAYGHTE: An instrument dating from the Middle Ages and used by the watchmen who waited at the

gates of castles and cities. It no doubt derived its name from that of the watchman himself (*v.* WAITS) and it is mentioned very early in the State Papers. The Wait was a Shalm (*q.v.*): either that instrument itself or some slight variation in pitch, size, or (and) tone-quality. The term was used quite late, and even in the Chapel Royal a place was found for the instrument it designated; the Cheque-Book of that institution describing Dr. John Wilson as a "Musician for the Waytes" in 1641. Rimbault is in error when he says that the name was never used in the singular number. It is so used, for in *Egerton MS.* 2604 (British Museum) "a waite" is mentioned, as also in a Statute of the Thirteenth Century. The players upon this primitive oboe were often called Waitmen.

WAITS: Originally the watchmen who kept the gates of a city or castle, and who announced the hour of the night on a pipe of the Shalm type. The name is to be derived from the same source as "Watch" (Middle English, *Waitan;* Anglo-Saxon, *Wacan; cf.* German, *Wacht*), and an early meaning applied to the verb "to wait" was "to watch." These night-watchmen date from very early times—certainly from the Thirteenth Century. During the reign of Edward IV (1461/83) there was "A Wayte that nightely from Mychelmas to Shreve Thorsdaye, pipe the watche within this Courte fowere tymes; in the somer nightes iii tymes, and makete Bon Gayte at every chamber, doore, and office. . . ."

Although in the Middle Ages only playing some sort of signal on their pipes, the Waits later on became more ambitious musically, and performed all the popular melodies of their own period. In the Fifteenth and still more so in the Sixteenth Century, they were looked upon as proficient and well-organised musicians, having become, in effect, municipal bandsmen. They drew their salaries from the towns' coffers, and assisted musically at all civic gatherings. They were never to be confounded with the itinerant begging musicians, and to prevent all risk of losing the respect that the dignity of their calling merited, the Waits were early formed into conservative guilds. Apprenticeship was common, and no one was admitted into their profession without acquitting himself well in very searching tests.

It will not be necessary to make long quotations from the

records dealing with the Waits and their duties. A few representative entries will be sufficient to show that they were an accepted feature in the social life of the cities. In the Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII are noted two payments to the " Waytes at Caunterbury " (1532) in reward for playing during the King's progress through the Cathedral city. When Edward VI passed through the City of London, on one occasion, the Waits were stationed at St. Peter's Church in Cheapside (where now the plane-tree flourishes). At about the same period there are references to the Waits doing duty for the Mayor and Sheriffs. In the reign of Elizabeth there is an entry respecting the retirement of one Jeffrey Foster, a City Wait, and the relinquishment of his chain of office. When the Queen traversed Cheapside in 1558 she was greeted by " the Waytes of the Citie which did give a pleasant noyse with their instruments as the Queen's Majesty did pass by " (and in reference to this use of the word Noise, see the article NOISE OF MUSIC). It must be clear from these documents (relating to the activities of the Court of Common Council) that the Waits enjoyed a certain status of which they were very proud. One entry in particular shows that they were actually employed as are many military bands to-day : " 1642. Ordered that the City Waits shall cease to play at the Royal Exchange on the Sundays as heretofore hath been accustomed, but shall perform the said service every holiday hereafter at and for the time accustomed "—the civil disorders of that year probably causing the curtailment. As late as 1802 the City Waits numbered eight.

There are likewise many indications that the Waits assisted in Church services and processions, as choristers as well as in the capacity of instrumentalists. The *Diary* of the London citizen Machyn (printed by the Camden Society) contains many references to such employment. For example, when speaking of the Parish Clerks' procession on May 27, 1555, he says : ". . . ther was a goodly Masse be hard, . . . and the whettes playing round Chepe and so to Ledynhall " ; and already in 1554, " the 25th day of Juin anodur Masse kept at the Grey-frers for the sextons of London and after precessyons with the whetes plahyng, and clarkes syngyng thrug Chepe-syd. . . ."

Naturally, the Waits of the City of London were kept in

such state as was in keeping with the dignity and magnificence of the first city in the kingdom. They were richly liveried and their "Chains of Office" were wrought of silver. So highly esteemed were the Waits at the end of Elizabeth's reign that Thomas Morley, dedicating his *Consort Lessons* to the Lord Mayor, says: ". . . as the ancient custom hath been to retain excellent and expert musicians to adorn your Honour's famous feasts and solemn meetings, to these your Lordship's Waits I recommend the same to your servants' careful and skilful handling." It is highly probable, however, that by the Sixteenth Century the Waits had entirely ceased to be what they originally were—*i.e.* night-watchmen who piped the hour—and had become, as was the custom all over the continent of Europe, the town band. What applies to the Waits of London can be repeated, *mutatis mutandis*, in the case of other towns and cities. The period during which the Waits really flourished was from the beginning of the Sixteenth to the end of the Seventeenth Century. In some towns they lingered on in reduced numbers and limited use, until the police took their place as watchmen, and military bands fulfilled their musical function.

At the time during which the Waits performed as organised bodies of musicians they were part of the life of the city, and the allusions in contemporary literature to their music show how great a part they played in the entertainment of our ancestors. Whetstone's translated play of *Promos and Cassandra* (used by Shakespeare in *Measure for Measure*) mentions them in 1578: "Erect a stage that the Waits in sight may stand." From a play of James Shirley it appears that the Waits could be hired for private merrymakings: ". . . keep our Wedding at my own house at Croydon. We will have the City Waits down with us" (*v. also* WAIT).

WHIFFLER: The player on a kind of pipe (Whiffle), who led the way in a procession as an usher. The instrument probably received its name from the puff of wind, or whiff, required to produce its music, and the pipe named its player. The fact that the Whiffler led a procession soon extended the meaning of the term, and it became applied to any herald who preceded a notability, whether he actually played on the Whiffle or not. Shakespeare uses the word in the Chorus to *Act* V of *Henry V*

in a metaphorical sense : ". . . the deep-mouthed sea, Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king, Seems to prepare his way." In one of Bishop Hales's sermons we meet with it again when he says : " . . . if there do but an earthly prince come over, what pressing there is to see him ! So as there is need of ushers and whifflers, to stave off the multitude." In the *Diary* of Henry Machyn (Camden Society) we read of a procession in the City of London in which there were twenty-eight " wyfflers in velvet cotes and chaynes of gold with white staves in their hands." The Whiffler was an indispensable figure in that essentially English diversion, the Morris Dance (*q.v.*).

WHITTLE : A colloquial term for the Tabor-pipe (*q.v.*). Tabor and Pipe were often called " Whittle and Dub," but whence Whittle is to be derived is not clear. The only suggestion I can offer is that it was connected in the mind of the Sixteenth-century merrymaker with the small pipe known as the Whiffle (*v.* WHIFFLER).

WREST : To wrest, when used in connection with music, meant to tune the strings, particularly of the keyboard instruments ; the verb having been evolved from the mechanical action of the tuning-key on the pins or pegs which held the strings. The Middle English *Wresten*, from the Anglo-Saxon *Wraestan*, signified " to turn or twist forcibly," and this perfectly described the movement used in tuning. At the turn of the Fifteenth Century we read an interesting reference to the word :

> The Clavicorde hath a tunely kynde,
> As the wyre is wrested hye or lowe.
> . . . . . .
> Any instrument mystunyd shall hurt a trew song,
> Yet blame not the Clavycorde the wrester doth wrong.

Here we find the noun which was derived from the verb. Another reference of about the same era reads :

> Who pleythe on the harp he should play trew ;
> Who syngeth a song, let his voice be tunable ;
> Who wrestythe the clavychorde, mystuning eschew.

The satirical Skelton, in his *Colin Clout*, shows that the word was used in connection with the harp as well as the keyboard instruments :

> My penne now will I sharpe,
> And wrest up my harpe,
> With sharpe twynkyng trebelles,

Shakespeare has a figurative use for the word in *Troilus and Cressida* (III, 3) :

> . . . but this Antenor,
> I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
> That their negotiations all must slack,
> Wanting his manage. . . .

The employment of the word " slack " in a breath with " wrest " explains the force of the metaphor.

Although To Wrest and Wrester have given place to the more modern though not more happy, To Tune and Tuner, the word has not entirely fallen into disuse ; it survives in the language of the present-day pianoforte manufacturer, who still speaks of the Wrest-plank and Wrest-pins.

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U. S. Constitution

Declaration of Independence
and
The Monroe Doctrine

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U. S. Constitution

Declaration of Independence and The Monroe Doctrine

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CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

The Constitution originally consisted of a Preamble and seven Articles, and in that form was ratified by a convention of the States, Sept. 17, 1787. The Government under the Constitution was declared in effect on the first Wednesday in March, 1789.

THE CONSTITUTION

PREAMBLE

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

ARTICLE I

Section 1—(Legislative powers: in whom vested.)

All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 2—(House of Representatives, how and by whom chosen. Qualifications of a Representative. Representatives and direct taxes, how apportioned. Enumeration. Va-

cancies to be filled. Power of choosing officers, and of impeachment.)

1. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States, and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature.

2. No person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years and been several years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.

3. Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons. The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct. The number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand, but each State shall have at least one Representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the State of New Hampshire

shall be entitled to choose 3; Massachusetts, 8; Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, 1; Connecticut, 5; New York, 6; New Jersey, 4; Pennsylvania 8; Delaware, 1; Maryland, 6; Virginia, 10; North Carolina, 5; South Carolina, 5, and Georgia 3.*

4. When vacancies happen in the representation from any State, the Executive Authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.

5. The House of Representatives shall choose their Speaker and other officers, and shall have the sole power of impeachment.

Section 3.—(Senators, how and by whom chosen. How classified. State Executive, when to make temporary appointments, in case, etc., Qualifications of a Senator. President of the Senate, his right to vote. President pro tem., and other officers of the Senate, how chosen. Power to try impeachments. When President is tried. Chief Justice to preside. Sentence.)

1. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for six years; and each Senator shall have one vote.

2. Immediately after they shall be assembled in consequence of the first election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three classes. The seats of the Senators of the first

*See Article XIV., Amendments.

class shall be vacated at the expiration of the second year, of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year, and of the third class at the expiration of the sixth year, so that one-third may be chosen every second year; and if vacancies happen by resignation, or otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary appointment until the next meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies.

3. No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen.

4. The Vice-President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote unless they be equally divided.

5. The Senate shall choose their other officers, and also a President pro tempore, in the absence of the Vice-President, or when he shall exercise the office of President of the United States.

6. The Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. When sitting for that purpose, they shall be on oath or affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside: and no

person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present.

7. Judgment of cases of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States; but the party convicted shall nevertheless be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment, and punishment, according to law.

Section 4—(Times, etc., of holding elections, how prescribed. One Session in each year.)

1. The times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to places of choosing Senators.

2. The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day.

Section 5—(Membership, Quorum, Adjournments, Rules. Power to punish or expel. Journal. Time of adjournments, how limited, etc.)

1. Each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members, and a majority of each shall constitute a quorum to do business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the attendance of

absent members in such manner and under such penalties as each House may provide.

2. Each House may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and with the concurrence of two-thirds expel a member.

3. Each House shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy; and the yeas and nays of the members of either House on any question shall, at the desire of one-fifth of those present, be entered on the journal.

4. Neither House, during the session of Congress, shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two Houses shall be sitting.

Section 6—(Compensation Privileges. Disqualification in certain cases.)

1. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the Treasury of the United States. They shall in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either House they shall not be questioned in any other place.

2. No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time: and no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office.

Section 7—(House to originate all revenue bills. Veto. Bill may be passed by two-thirds of each House, notwithstanding, etc. Bill, not returned in ten days, to become a law. Provisions as to orders, concurrent resolutions, etc.)

1. All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments, as on other bills.

2. Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the United States; if he approve, he shall sign it, but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such reconsideration two-thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall like-

wise be reconsidered; and if approved by two-thirds of that House it shall become a law. But in all such cases the votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each House respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their adjournment prevent its return; in which case it shall not be a law.

3. Every order, resolution, or vote to which the concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a question of adjournment) shall be presented to the President of the United States; and before the same shall take effect shall be approved by him, or being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two-thirds of the Senate and the House of Representatives, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in the case of a bill.

Section 8—(Powers of Congress.)

1. The Congress shall have power :

To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; but all duties imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States.

2. To borrow money on the credit of the United States.

3. To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.

4. To establish an uniform rule of naturalization and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States.

5. To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures.

6. To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States.

7. To establish post-offices and post-roads.

8. To promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries.

9. To constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court.

10. To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the law of nations.

11. To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water.

12. To raise and support armies, but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years.

13. To provide and maintain a navy.

14. To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces.

15. To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions.

16. To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress.

17. To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of Government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, drydocks, and other needful buildings.

18. To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.

Section 9—(Provision as to migration or importation of certain persons. Habeas Corpus. Bills of attainder, etc. Taxes, how apportioned.

No export duty. No commercial preference. Money, how drawn from treasury, etc. No titular nobility. Officers not to receive presents, etc.)

1. The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person.

2. The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it.

3. No bill of attainder or ex post facto law shall be passed.

4. No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken.

5. No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State.

6. No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over those of another, nor shall vessels bound to or from one State be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another

7. No money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of

the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time.

8. No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States. And no person holding any office of profit or trust under them shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever from any king, prince, or foreign state.

Section 10—(States prohibited from the exercise of certain powers.)

1. No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation, grant letters of marque and reprisal, coin money, emit bills of credit, make anything but gold and silver coin a tender of payment of debts, pass any bill of attainder, ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility.

2. No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any impost or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws, and the net produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any State on imports or exports shall be for the use of the Treasury of the United States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the Congress.

3. No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into agreement or compact with another State, or

with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

ARTICLE II

Section 1—(President; his term of office. Electors of President; number and how appointed. Electors to vote on same day. Qualification of President. On whom his duties devolve in case of his removal, death, etc. President's compensation. His oath of office.)

1. The Executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, and, together with the Vice-President, chosen for the same term, be elected as follows:

2. Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no Senator or Representative or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States shall be appointed an elector.

3. The electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. And they shall make a list of all the persons voted for, and of, the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify and transmit, sealed, to the seat of the Government of the United

States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if there be more than one who have such a majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately choose by ballot one of them for President; and if no person have a majority, then from the five highest on the list the said House shall in like manner choose the President. But in choosing the President, the vote shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote. A quorum, for this purpose, shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. In every case, after the choice of the President, the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors shall be the Vice-President. But if there should remain two or more who have equal vote, the Senate shall choose from them by ballot the Vice-President.*

4. The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors and the day on which

*This clause is superseded by Article XII., Amendments.

they shall give their votes, which day shall be the same throughout the United States.

5. No person except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years and been fourteen years a resident within the United States.

6. In the case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

7. The President shall, at stated times, receive for his service a compensation which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from the United States, or any of them.

8. Before he enter on the execution of his office he shall take the following oath or affirmation:

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Section 2—(President to be Commander-in-Chief. He may require opinions of Cabinet Officers, etc., may pardon. Treaty-making power. Nomination of certain officers. When President may fill vacancies.)

1. The President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States; he may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices, and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the United States except in cases of impeachment.

2. He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law;

but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

3. The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate by granting commissions, which shall expire at the end of their next session.

Section 3—(President shall communicate to Congress. He may convene and adjourn Congress, in case of disagreement, etc. Shall receive ambassadors, execute laws, and commission officers.)

He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both Houses, or either of them, and in case of disagreement between them with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper; he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers; he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.

Section 4—(All civil offices forfeited for certain crimes.)

The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction

of treason, bribery or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

ARTICLE III

Section 1—(Judicial powers. Tenure. Compensation.)

The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The judges, both of the Supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior, and shall at stated times receive for their services compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

Section 2—(Judicial power; to what cases it extends. Original jurisdiction of Supreme Court. Appellate. Trial by jury, etc. Trial, where.)

1. The judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States, between a State and citizens of another State, between citizens of different States, between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different

States, and between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens, or subjects.

2. In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, and those in which a State shall be party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.

3. The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury, and such trial shall be held in the State where the said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any State the trial shall be at such place or places as the Congress may by law have directed.

Section 3—(Treason defined. Proof of. Punishment of.)

1. Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

2. The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason, but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or

forfeiture except during the life of the person attained.

ARTICLE IV

Section 1—(Each State to give credit to the public acts, etc., of every other State.)

Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State. And the Congress may by general laws prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.

Section 2—(Privileges of citizens of each State. Fugitives from justice to be delivered up. Persons held to service having escaped, to be delivered up.)

1. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.

2. A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the Executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.

3. No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on

claim of the party to whom such service or lābor may be due.

Section 3—(Admission of new States. Power of Congress over territory and other property.)

1. New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State, nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress.

2. The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular State.

Section 4—(Republican form of government guaranteed. Each State to be protected.)

The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and, on application of the Legislature, or of the executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence.

ARTICLE V

(Constitution; how amended. Proviso.)

The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both

Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress; provided that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the Ninth Section of the First Article; and that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

ARTICLE VI

(Certain debts, etc., declared valid. Supremacy of Constitution, treaties, and laws of the United States. Oath to support Constitution, by whom taken. No religious test.)

1. All debts contracted and engagements entered into before the adoption of this Constitution shall be as valid against the United States under this Constitution as under the Confederation.

2. This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof and all treaties made, or which

shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

3. The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution; but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.

ARTICLE VII

(What ratification shall establish Constitution.)

The ratification of the Conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

Opposition in and out of Congress to the Constitution, in that it was not sufficiently explicit as to individual and State rights, led to an agreement to submit to the people immediately after the adoption of the Constitution a number of safeguarding amendments.

And so it was that the First Congress, at its first session, at the City of New York, Sept. 25, 1789, adopted and submitted to the States twelve proposed amendments—A Bill of Rights, as it was then and ever since has been popularly called. Ten of these amendments (now commonly known as one to ten inclusive, but in reality three to twelve inclusive) were ratified by the States as follows: New Jersey, Nov. 20, 1789; Maryland, Dec. 19, 1789; North Carolina, Dec. 22, 1789; South Carolina, Jan. 19, 1790; New Hampshire, Jan. 25, 1790; Delaware, Jan. 28, 1790; Pennsylvania, March 10, 1790; New York, March 27, 1790; Rhode Island, June 15, 1790; Vermont, Nov. 3, 1791; Virginia, Dec. 15, 1791. No ratification by Connecticut, Georgia or Massachusetts is on record. These original ten ratified amendments appear in order below as Articles I to X inclusive.

The two of the original proposed amendments which were not ratified by the necessary number of States related, the first to apportionment of Representatives; the second to compensation of members of Congress.

TITLES OF NOBILITY

Congress, May 1, 1810, proposed to the States the following Amendment to the Constitution:

"If any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive, or retain any title of nobility or honor, or shall, without the consent

of Congress, accept and retain any present, pension, office, or emolument of any kind whatever, from any emperor, king, prince, or foreign power, such person shall cease to be a citizen of the United States and shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them or either of them."

It was ratified by Maryland, Dec. 25, 1810; Kentucky, Jan. 31, 1811; Ohio, Jan. 31, 1811; Delaware, Feb. 2, 1811; Pennsylvania, Feb. 6, 1811; New Jersey, Feb. 13, 1811; Vermont, Oct. 24, 1811; Tennessee, Nov. 21, 1811; Georgia, Dec. 13, 1811; North Carolina, Dec. 23, 1811; Massachusetts, Feb. 27, 1812; New Hampshire, Dec. 10, 1812.

Rejected by New York (Senate), March 12, 1811; Connecticut, May session, 1813; South Carolina, approved by Senate Nov. 28, 1811, reported unfavorably in House and not further considered Dec. 7, 1813; Rhode Island, Sept. 15, 1814.

The amendment failed, not having sufficient ratifications.

AMENDMENT TO PROHIBIT THE CONSTITUTION FROM ABOLISHING OR INTERFERING WITH SLAVERY.

(The Corwin Amendment.)

Congress, March 2, 1861, proposed to the States the following Amendment to the Constitution.

"No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State."

Ratified by Ohio, March 13, 1861; Maryland, Jan. 10, 1862; Illinois (convention), Feb. 14, 1862. The amendment failed, for lack of a sufficient number of ratifications.

THE TEN ORIGINAL AMENDMENTS

(They were declared in force December 15, 1791.)

ARTICLE I

Religious Establishment Prohibited, Freedom of Speech, of the Press, and Right to Petition.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

ARTICLE II

Right to Keep and Bear Arms.

A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

ARTICLE III

No Soldier to Be Quartered in Any House, Unless, Etc.

No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

ARTICLE IV

Right of Search and Seizure Regulated.

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

ARTICLE V

Provisions Concerning Prosecution, Trial and Punishment,—Private Property Not to Be Taken for Public Use, Without Compensation.

No person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual serv ice, in time of war or public danger; nor shall

any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

ARTICLE VI

Right to Speedy Trial, Witnesses, Etc.

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

ARTICLE VII

Right of Trial By Jury.

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise reexamined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law.

ARTICLE VIII

Excessive Bail or Fines and Cruel Punishments Prohibited.

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

ARTICLE IX

Rule of Construction of Constitution.

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

ARTICLE X

Rights of States Under Constitution.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

The following amendment was proposed to the Legislatures of the several States by the Third Congress on the 5th of March, 1794, and was declared to have been ratified in a message from the President to Congress, dated Jan. 8, 1798.

ARTICLE XI

Judicial Powers Construed.

The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States, by citizens of another

State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state.

The following amendment was proposed to the Legislatures of the several States by the Eighth Congress on the 12th of December, 1803, and was declared to have been ratified in a proclamation by the Secretary of State, dated September 25, 1804. It was ratified by all the States except Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire.

ARTICLE XII

Manner of Choosing President and Vice-President.

The Electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate; the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives,

open all the certificates and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of Electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest number, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President shall be the Vice-President if such number be a majority of the whole number of Electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice-President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a

majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice-President of the United States.

The following amendment was proposed to the Legislatures of the several States by the Thirty-eighth Congress on the 1st of February, 1865, and was declared to have been ratified in a proclamation by the Secretary of State dated December 18, 1865. It was rejected by Delaware and Kentucky; was conditionally ratified by Alabama and Mississippi; and Texas took no action.

ARTICLE XIII

Slavery Abolished.

1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

The following, popularly known as the Reconstruction Amendment, was proposed to the Legislature of the several States by the Thirty-ninth Congress on the 16th of June, 1866, and was declared to have been ratified in a procla-

mation by the Secretary of State, dated July 28, 1868. The amendment got the support of 23 Northern States; it was rejected by Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, and 10 Southern States. California took no action. Subsequently it was ratified by the 10 Southern States.

ARTICLE XIV

Citizenship Rights Not to Be Abridged.

1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Apportionment of Representatives in Congress.

2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of

the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male members of such State, being of twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Power of Congress to Remove Disabilities of United States Officials for Rebellion.

3. No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or Elector of President and Vice-President or holding any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath, as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid and comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

What Public Debts Are Valid.

4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and

bounties for services in suppressing insurrection and rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void.

5. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

The following amendment was proposed to the Legislatures of the several States by the Fortieth Congress on the 27th of February, 1869, and was declared to have been ratified in a proclamation by the Secretary of State, dated March 30, 1870. It was not acted on by Tennessee; it was rejected by California, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, and Oregon; ratified by the remaining 30 States. New York rescinded its ratification January 5, 1870. New Jersey rejected it in 1870, but ratified it in 1871.

ARTICLE XV

Equal Rights for White and Colored Citizens.

1. The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

2. The Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation.

The following amendment was proposed to the Legislatures of the several States by the Sixty-first Congress on the 12th day of July, 1909, and was declared to have been ratified in a proclamation by the Secretary of State, dated February 25, 1913. The income tax amendment was ratified by all the States except Connecticut, Florida, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Utah, and Virginia.

ARTICLE XVI

Income Taxes Authorized.

The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever sources derived, without apportionment among the several States, and without regard to any census or enumeration.

The following amendment was proposed to the Legislatures of the several States by the Sixty-second Congress on the 16th day of May, 1912, and was declared to have been ratified in a proclamation by the Secretary of State, dated May 31, 1913. It got the vote of all the States except Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Utah, and Virginia.

ARTICLE XVII

United States Senators to Be Elected by Direct Popular Vote.

1. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, elected by the people thereof, for six years; and each Senator shall have one vote. The electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislatures.

Vacancies in Senatorships, When Governor May Fill by Appointment.

2. When vacancies happen in the representation of any State in the Senate, the executive authority of such State shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies: Provided, That the Legislature of any State may empower the Executive thereof to make temporary appointment until the people fill the vacancies by election as the Legislature may direct.

3. This amendment shall not be so construed as to affect the election or term of any Senator chosen before it becomes valid as part of the Constitution.

The following amendment was proposed to the Legislatures of the several States by the Sixty-fifth Congress, December 18, 1917; and on January 29, 1919, the United States Secretary of State proclaimed its adoption by 36 States,

and declared it in effect on January 16, 1920.

Enforcement of the National Prohibition Act was in effect at 12 P. M., January 16, 1920, except as to certain sections of Title II, wherein other dates were specified.

Early in 1920, the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment was upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States, in suits to void, brought by the States of Rhode Island and New Jersey, and by various brewers and distillers.

ARTICLE XVIII

Liquor Prohibition Amendment.

1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

2. The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

3. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the Legislatures of the several States as provided in the Constitution, within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the States by the Congress.

The following amendment was proposed to

the Legislatures of the several States by the Sixty-fifth Congress, having been adopted by the House of Representatives, May 21, 1919, and by the Senate, June 4, 1919. On August 26, 1920, the United States Secretary of State proclaimed it in effect, having been adopted (June 10, 1919-August 18, 1920), by three-quarters of the States. The Tennessee House, August 31, rescinded its ratification, 47 to 24.

ARTICLE XIX

Giving Nation-Wide Suffrage to Women.

1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.

2. Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to enforce the provisions of this article.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

(Unanimously adopted, July 4, 1776; signed by 54 delegates, August 2, 1776)

When, in the course of human evcnts, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men. deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments

long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Depotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right

of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies, without the Consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretending Legislation: For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us: For protecting them by a mock Trial from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States: For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world: For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent: For depriving us in many cases of the benefits of Trial by Jury: For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offenses: For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies: For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments: For suspending our own Legislatures,

and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions. In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms. Our repeated Petitions have been answered by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit

to be the ruler of a free people. Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly *publish* and *declare*, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be *free and independent States*; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as *free and independent States*, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace,

contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which *independent States* may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Name	Delegate from	Occupation
Adams, John,	Massachusetts Bay	Lawyer
Adams, Samuel,	Massachusetts Bay	Merchant
Bartlett, Josiah,	New Hampshire	Physician
Braxton, Carter,	Virginia	Planter
Carroll, Charles,	Maryland	Lawyer
Chase, Samuel,	Maryland	Lawyer
Clark, Abraham,	New Jersey	Lawyer
Clymer, George,	Pennsylvania	Merchant
Ellery, William,	Rhode Island	Lawyer
Floyd, William,	New York	Farmer
Franklin, Benjamin,	Pennsylvania	Printer
Gerry, Elbridge,	Massachusetts Bay	Merchant
Gwinnett, Button,	Georgia	Merchant
Hall, Lyman,	Georgia	Physician
Hancock, John,	Massachusetts Bay	Merchant
Harrison, Benjamin,	Virginia	Farmer
Hart, John,	New Jersey	Farmer
Hewes, Joseph,	North Carolina	Lawyer

Heyward, Thomas, Jr., South Carolina....Lawyer
Hooper, William, North Carolina.....Lawyer
Hopkins, Stephen, Rhode Island.....Farmer
Hopkinson, Francis, New Jersey.....Lawyer
Huntington, Samuel, Connecticut.....Lawyer
Jefferson, Thomas, Virginia.....Lawyer
Lee, Richard Henry, Virginia.....Soldier
Lee, Francis Lightfoot, Virginia.....Farmer
Lewis, Francis, New York.....Merchant
Livingston, Philip, New York.....Merchant
Lynch, Thomas, Jr., South Carolina.....Lawyer
McKean, Thomas, Delaware .....Lawyer
Middleton, Arthur, South Carolina.....Lawyer
Morris, Lewis, New York.....Farmer
Morris, Robert, Pennsylvania.....Merchant
Morton, John, Pennsylvania.....Surveyor
Nelson, Thomas, Jr., Virginia.....Statesman
Paca, William, Maryland.....Lawyer
Paine, Robert Treat, Massachusetts Bay..Lawyer
Penn, John, North Carolina.....Lawyer
Read, George, Delaware.....Lawyer
Rodney, Caesar, Delaware.....General
Ross, George, Pennsylvania.....Lawyer
Rush, Benjamin, Pennsylvania.....Physician
Rutledge, Edward, South Carolina.....Lawyer
Sherman, Roger, Connecticut.....Shoemaker
Smith, James, Pennsylvania.....Lawyer
Stockton, Richard, New Jersey.....Lawyer
Stone, Thomas, Maryland.....Lawyer
Taylor, George, Pennsylvania.....Physician
Thornton, Matthew, New Hampshire....Physician

Walton, George, Georgia.....Lawyer
Whipple, William, New Hampshire.....Sailor
Williams, William, Connecticut.....Statesman
Wilson, James, Pennsylvania.....Lawyer
Witherspoon, John, New Jersey.....Minister
Wolcott, Oliver, Connecticut.....Physician
Wythe, George, Virginia.....Lawyer

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

The Secretary of State of the United States, Charles E. Hughes, in an address delivered before the American Bar Association at Minneapolis, Minn., August 30, 1923, restated the genesis and scope of the Monroe Doctrine as it stands today, one hundred years after its promulgation. The Secretary's main points were:

The Monroe Doctrine had its dramatic setting as a striking and carefully formulated announcement, but it was in no sense a departure or something novel or strange engrafted upon American policy. The people of the United States had watched with deep sympathy the long struggle of our Southern neighbors for independence. The Republic of Colombia was recognized in 1822, the Government of Buenos Ayres and the States of Mexico and Chile, early in 1823. Deeply interested as we were in the development of republican institutions, the United States did not hesitate because of the political form of government and was the first to recognize the independent Empire of Brazil in May, 1824, and this was followed by the recognition of the Federation of Central American States in August of the same year.

Meanwhile, the Holy Alliance formed by the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia had sought to enforce the divine right of kings

against the progress of liberal principles. Joined by France, they undertook "to put an end to the system of representative government" and after France had proceeded accordingly to restore the rule of Ferdinand VII in Spain, it was proposed to direct their efforts to the overthrowing of the new governments erected out of the old colonies of Spain in the Western Hemisphere. This was the situation 100 years ago—in August, 1823—when George Canning, British Foreign Secretary, wrote his celebrated letter to Richard Rush, American Minister in London, suggesting a joint declaration, in substance, that the recovery of the colonies by Spain was hopeless; that neither Great Britain nor the United States was aiming at the possession of any portion of these colonies; and that they could not see with indifference any portion of them transferred to any other power. Great Britain, however, had not at that time recognized the new States in Spanish America, and this made a point of distinction. Correspondence followed between Presidents Monroe and Jefferson and Madison, whose advice he sought. It was after mature deliberation by the President and his Cabinet, which contained not only John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, and John C. Calhoun and William Wirt, that the American position was formally stated. It was deemed advisable to make a separate declaration of policy and this

was formulated in President Monroe's message of December 2, 1823.

The doctrine is set forth in two paragraphs of this message. The first of these had a genesis distinct from the situation of the former colonies of Spain. It grew out of the question of Russian claims on the northwest coast of North America. The Russian Emperor had issued a ukase in 1821 prohibiting citizens of other nations from navigating and fishing within 100 Italian miles of the northwest coast of North America from Bering Straits to the fifty-first parallel of north latitude. Protest had followed. In July, 1823, Secretary Adams informed the Russian Minister that the United States "should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent, and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any new European colonial establishments." It was in connection with this pretension of Russia that President Monroe, after adverting to the proposal of arranging the respective rights and interests on the northwest coast by amicable negotiations, declared in his message:

"In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle, in which the rights and interests of the United

States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

The other paragraph of President Monroe's message bore upon the situation of our neighbors to the south, as follows:

"In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are involved or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more intimately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. * * *

"We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and have maintained it and whose inde-

pendence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

Properly understood, it is opposed (1) to any non-American action encroaching upon the political independence of American States under any guise and (2) to the acquisition in any manner of the control of additional territory in this hemisphere by any non-American power.

The Monroe Doctrine is not a legislative pronouncement; it has been approved by action of Congress, but it does not rest upon any Congressional sanction. It has had the implied indorsement of the treaty-making power in the reservations to the two Hague conventions of 1899 and 1907, but it is not defined by treaty and does not draw its force from any international agreement. It is not like a constitutional provision deriving its authority from the fact that it is a part of the organic law transcending and limiting executive and legislative power. It is not a part of international law, maintained by the consent of the civilized powers and alterable only at their will. It is a policy declared by the Executive of the United States and repeated in one form or another by Presidents and

Secretaries of State in the conduct of our foreign relations. Its significance lies in the fact that in its essentials, as set forth by President Monroe and as forcibly and repeatedly asserted by our responsible statemen, it has been for 100 years, and continues to be, an integral part of our national thought and purpose, expressing a profound conviction which even the upheaval caused by the Great War, and our participation in that struggle upon European soil, has not uprooted or fundamentally changed.

The Monroe Doctrine is not a policy of aggression; it is a policy of self-defense. It was asserted at a time when the danger of foreign aggression in this hemisphere was very real, when the new American States had not yet established a firm basis of independent national life, and we were menaced by threats of old world powers directed against republican institutions. It still remains an assertion of the principle of national security.

As the policy embodied in the Monroe Doctrine is distinctively the policy of the United States, the Government of the United States reserves to itself its definition, interpretation and application. This Government has welcomed the recognition by other Governments of the fact and soundness of this policy and of the appropriateness of its application from time to time.

But the United States has not been disposed

to enter into engagements which would have the effect of submitting to any other power or to any concert of powers the determination either of the occasions upon which the principles of the Monroe Doctrine shall be invoked or of the measures that shall be taken in giving it effect. As President Wilson observed: "The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It always has been maintained and always will be maintained upon her own responsibility."

This implies neither suspicion nor estrangement. It simply means that the United States is asserting a separate national right of self-defense, and that in the exercise of this right it must have an unhampered discretion.

The policy of the Monroe Doctrine does not infringe upon the independence and sovereignty of other American States. Misconception upon this point is the only disturbing influence in our relations with Latin American States. The declaration of our purpose to oppose what is inimical to our safety does not imply an attempt to establish a protectorate any more than a similar assertion by any one of the great southern republics of opposition to conduct on the part of any of the others endangering its security would aim at the establishment of a protectorate.

We utterly disclaim as unwarranted the observations which occasionally have been made im-

plying a claim on our part to superintend the affairs of our sister republics, to assert an overlordship, to consider the spread of our authority beyond our own domain as the aim of our policy and to make our power the test of right in this hemisphere.

Such assertions do not express our national purpose; they belie our sincere friendship; they are false to the fundamental principles of our institutions and of our foreign policy which has sought to reflect with rare exceptions, the ideals of liberty; they menace us by stimulating a distrust which has no real foundation. They find no sanction whatever in the Monroe Doctrine. There is room in this hemisphere without danger of collision, for the complete recognition of that doctrine and the independent sovereignty of the Latin-American republics.

We have grown rich and powerful, but we have not outgrown the necessity, in justice to ourselves and without injustice to others, of safeguarding our future peace and security. By building the Panama Canal we have not only established a new and convenient highway of commerce, but we have created exigencies and new conditions of strategy and defense. It is for us to protect that highway.

It may also be necessary for us at some time to build another canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans and to protect that. I believe that the sentiment of the American people

is practically unanimous that in the interest of our national safety we could not yield to any foreign power the control of the Panama Canal or the approaches to it, or the obtaining of any position which would interfere with our right of protection or would menace the freedom of our communications.

So far as the region of the Caribbean Sea is concerned it may be said that if we had no Monroe Doctrine we should have to create one. * * * The United States has rights and obligations which that doctrine does not define. And in the unsettled condition of certain countries in the region of the Caribbean it has been necessary to assert these rights and obligations as well as the limited principles of the Monroe Doctrine. * * *

The disturbed conditions and revolutionary tendencies in some of the Central American republics have given great solicitude to the Government of the United States, and its efforts have been directed to the promotion of tranquillity and stability. This is in the interest of the maintenance of the unimpaired integrity and sovereignty of these republics.

It is apparent that the Monroe Doctrine does not stand in the way of Pan-American co-operation; rather it affords the necessary foundation for that co-operation in the independence and security of American States. * * *

The Monroe Doctrine is not an obstacle to a

wider international co-operation, beyond the limits of Pan-American aims and interests, whenever that co-operation is congenial to American institutions.

With the passing of 100 years it remains a cherished policy, inimical to no just interest and deemed to be vitally related to our own safety and to the peaceful progress of the peoples of this hemisphere.

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Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Prostitution in the Ancient World

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PROSTITUTION IN THE ANCIENT WORLD

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PROSTITUTION IN THE ANCIENT WORLD

The problems of sex are ever with us. The more complex our civilization becomes, the more difficult are certain sexual questions. Especially as the years of education and apprenticeship in the art of earning a living tend to grow longer, and to reach out far beyond the age of puberty, marriage ceases for many to be in any sense an answer to the sexual problems. Thus, even if man were essentially a monogamous animal, the occasion for prostitution would still arise.

It is instructive as to the nature of present conditions to see what the situation has been in the past. Probably it is best to begin with a definition of prostitution. It is the "common lewdness of a woman, especially for hire," according to Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. "Lewdness" of course implies moral condemnation. If we wish to be scientifically accurate, we must try to leave out such terms as in themselves pass a judgment. Although the courtesan is now held in common contempt, and this has usually been so in the past, yet there are cases in which prostitution becomes a religious duty.

There have been various efforts by legislators and others to define prostitution. It is not merely illicit sexual intercourse. The concubine is not a prostitute; neither is the adulterous wife who has a single lover.

Dr. Iwan Bloch's somewhat complex defini-

tion amounts to this, that the prostitute is a person, male or female, who sells himself or herself for sexual purposes to a great number of persons, and with little or no choice among them. "Seldom without payment," he says, but I think the payment is a necessary characteristic. A wealthy woman who became a prostitute would ask for pay, because this is almost part of the sexual act. This is brought out very well by Schnitzler in his novelette, "Casanova's Homecoming."

Bloch's definition varies in at least one important matter from that of most of his predecessors. Very seldom has the term been made to include males. However, there now exist and there have existed from time immemorial two classes of men who have permitted the sexual use of their bodies for hire. These are homosexuals and the men who for one reason or another are paid by women to have sexual relations with them. There are reasons why these men should be considered in any serious study of prostitution.

Especially because sexual relations between men did not appear vicious and immoral, but natural and even beautiful, to the ancient Greeks and to other antique races, this question of definition becomes of some importance in an exposition of prostitution as it existed in the ancient world. For practical purposes I will accept Iwan Bloch's definition, although I am not entirely convinced as to the scientific validity of thus grouping males and females together.

As Bloch himself says, all prostitutes tend to approach a certain type. The two sorts of

male professional exploiters of sex differ widely from each other; and neither sort, except in certain minor matters, tends to approach the type of the female prostitute. However, as we have no accepted terms for these men, we must continue to call them prostitutes.

PROSTITUTION AMONG THE PRIMITIVE RACES

Among scientific investigators of sexual problems, there is a sharp split over the question whether prostitution and other departures from normal and approved marital relations are forms of degeneracy or reversions to the primitive type. In other words, was primitive man promiscuous? Did he practice perversions, or only normal coition? Is morality stricter among savage or among civilized races?

Let us consider our brothers in the animal world. Most mammals, if they enter into "marriages" at all, do not keep them up long. They do not tend to remain faithful to a single mate. As we know, the males of many species have no interest in their off-spring. In some cases they show a hostility to their young, going so far as to eat them when they are not driven off by the female.

Among the anthropoid apes, says Dr. August Forel, there exists genuine monogamous marriage, accompanied by family life. The male protects his mate and the young ones.

According to Westermarck, this is also true of primitive man. Everywhere, he says, there is the unit built around parents and children.

However, most anthropologists, disagreeing with him, say that sexual promiscuity prevails in savage society.

The facts are pretty well established, and the difference is chiefly one of definition. In order to say that marriage is the rule with early man, Westermarck makes that institution include polygyny (or the state of having a plurality of wives), polyandry (or the state of having at the same time several husbands), and monogamous marital relations of only temporary duration.

Of polygamy in the broader sense (including both polygyny and polyandry) we may say that it undoubtedly is marriage, but yet something very different from our typical, monogamous sort. When the question is one of temporary marriage, we may well ask just how short the relations may last and still come within the category. Even the very liberal government of the Soviets has found it necessary to set a limit to the number of times any individual might be divorced and remarried in any one year. A marriage which lasts ten years is clearly something very different from sexual promiscuity. Can there be a marriage for a month, or a week, or a single night?

Primitive man knows nothing of that refinement of civilization, the divorce court. On occasions he enters into marirage quite unceremoniously. However, if he stays with the same woman for a number of years, guarding their home and their offspring, undoubtedly he is as much married as though he had previously had to do with licenses, banns, ministers' fees, and the throwing of old shoes.

Perhaps we may make this distinction: if the male remains faithful to the female after she has borne him a child, takes care of it, and remains to beget other progeny on the same woman, we may consider him married. If he deserts her before the child is born, or at this time, he is but a lusty bachelor.

It is extremely probable that marriage sprang up early in the life of primitive man. So long as the sexual impulse remained confined to the rutting period, or special time of desire, there was little incitive to married life. For some reason or reasons not perfectly clear to us now, the love life of prehistoric man gradually became perennial instead of periodic. Virey's suggestion is that the sexual life expanded when men came into possession of more food than was sufficient barely to support life. In the same way, he says, our domesticated animals become perennial lovers when we take care of their alimentary needs.

A more constant libido and a developed brain, these two things brought about the institution of marriage. It occurs to me that the increased influence of the female, as the warlike prowess of the male comes to be less significant, may have something to do with the development of marriage. The marriage relation surely works out to the advantage of the female sex more than to that of the male.

When the rut came, in the early days of man, it came at once to the whole tribe. All the males battled with one another for the desirable females. When the next rut took place, the fight began all over again. Under such

conditions, of course there could be no real marriage.

Probably, then, prostitution is to be regarded as a relic or as a symbolical reminiscence of ancient promiscuity. It is a dark shadow out of the past falling now upon family life, as Lewis H. Morgan says.

The family arose when love had lost something of its periodic limits, and when man developed such occupations as required the co-operative labors of a group. To the farmer, his wife is still an economic asset. The number *one* was not universally held in mystical reverence; therefore these marriages were not necessarily entered into between a single man and a single woman. One man might be married to a number of women, or one woman to à number of men, or a group of men might have several wives in common.

Morality generally arises out of certain considerations of safety and convenience. Among some African tribes it is highly moral to kill most female children shortly after birth. This is because they would for some years be impediments in battle and in the search for new hunting grounds. Naturally no monogamous marriage is possible under such a condition as this. Either promiscuity or polyandry must prevail.

Among some of the tribes practicing polyandry, it is customary for a number of brothers to have one wife. The first child she bears is attributed to the oldest brother, the next to the second, and so on. In general, the child of a polyandrous marriage inherits the property

of its mother, and concerns itself little with its father.

All sorts of sexual customs have been found among primitive races. In some sections of the world it is good form to lend your wife for a night or two to the friend or even to the stranger who is visiting you. Among some tribes, promiscuity prevails until marriage. In some places the lord or chief has the right to spend the first night with every newly-married woman in his dominions. Up to the French Revolution, certain feudal lords in Europe received taxes or dues which were substitutes for this "right of the first night." Many of these customs and conditions appear to contradict Westermarck's opinion that the earliest primitive men were essentially monogamous.

Did prostitution exist in primitive society? Certainly not if promiscuity prevailed. Prostitution is a by-product of marriage. Whenever normal woman had sexual relations with a large number of men, there could not exist such a thing as a prostitute class.

However, among such savages as observe the marriage tie, prostitution exists, and in many cases there are even brothels. Where the bachelors of a tribe live together in a communal hall, as is the case in some parts of the world, this house is often provided with one or two women. Widows, abandoned wives, and slaves captured in war most commonly make up the prostitutes among savages. Ploss-Bartels cites some cases, though, in Africa and elsewhere, of women who are given up to prostitution by their husbands.

Herodotus says of certain Thracian tribes:

"They sell their children to traders. On their maidens they keep no watch, but leave them altogether free; while on the conduct of their wives they keep a most strict watch. Brides are purchased of their parents for large sums of money."

In other words, the husbands, having paid well for their women, kept them strictly for themselves. They did not, however, inquire too closely as to what had previously taken place.

When Herodotus visited Lydia, he found that the magnificent tomb of King Alyattes had been erected at the expense of the various tradesmen and professional men of Sardis. It "had at the top five stone pillars which remained to my day" (the Fifth Century before the Christian era) "with inscriptions cut on them showing how much of the work was done by each class of workpeople. It appeared on measurement that the portion of the courtesans was the largest. The daughters of the common people in Lydia, one and all, pursue this traffic, wishing to secure money for their dowries. They continue the practice until they marry; and are accustomed to make the wedding contracts themselves."

What Herodotus says in another place is illuminating as to the growth of the feeling that the sexual relation is somehow unclean: "The Egyptians first made it a point of honor to have no converse with women in the sacred places, and not to enter them without washing, after such converse. Almost all nations except the Greeks and the Egyptians act differently, regarding man as in this matter under

no other law than the brutes. Many animals, they say, and various kinds of birds, may be seen to couple in the temples and sacred precincts, which would certainly not happen if the gods were displeased at it."

Not only in the manner of birds and animals have men and women cohabited in the temples, that is, without paying any attention to the supposed sacredness of the place, but also with the idea that the sexual act was one of religious devotion.

The intimate connection between religion and the sexual libido is of course not a matter of primitive society alone. Every once in a while our sensational Sunday magazines tell of some "prophet" who has organized a group of women into a society for worshipping according to new and strange rites. Polygamy was an important item among the dogmas of Mormonism. To violate the seraglio is a religious desecration among the followers of Mohammed. How important a rôle celibacy has played and still plays in Christianity! The nun who enters a convent and assumes the final vows is said to "marry Christ." This same connection between sex and religion is shown in the importance of the rite of circumcision among the Jews.

To quote again from Herodotus: "The Babylonians have one most shameful custom. Every woman born in the country must once in her life go and sit down in the precinct of Aphrodite, and there consort with a stranger. Many of the wealthier sorts, who are too proud to mix with the others, drive in covered carriages to the precinct, followed by a goodly

train of attendants, and there take their station. But the larger number seat themselves within the holy enclosure with wreaths of string about their heads; and here is always a great crowd, some coming and others going; lines of cords mark out paths in all directions among the women, and the strangers pass along them to make their choice. A woman who has once taken her seat is not allowed to return home till one of the strangers throws a silver coin into her lap, and takes her with him beyond the holy ground. When he throws the coin he says these words, 'The goddess Mylitta prosper thee.' (Aphrodite is called Mylitta by the Assyrians.) The silver coin may be of any size; it cannot be refused, for that is forbidden by the law, since once thrown it is sacred. The woman goes with the first man who throws her money, and rejects no one. When she has gone with him, and so satisfied the goddess, she returns home, and from that time forth no gift, however great, will prevail with her. Such of the women as are tall and beautiful are soon released, but others who are ugly have to stay a long time before they can fulfil the law. Some have waited three or four years in the precinct. A custom very much like this is found also in certain parts of the Island of Cyprus."

Similar customs have existed in many different places. Among some of the inhabitants of Asia (in India, for example) it is a religious duty for a maiden to go to a priest for her defloration. In my edition for this series of the "Kama Sutra," which is a Hindu manual of love, I have pointed out how sexology is con-

sidered a part of religion, or at least very closely mingled with it.

The Nautches of India are prostitutes connected with a temple of religion. Until recently three Nautches and other courtesans formed about the only educated class among the women of India. The religious prostitutes of India have always been famous for their erotic dances.

Of all the gods of antiquity, very few were ascetic. Many religious holidays were celebrated with sexual orgies. Dionysus and his Roman counterpart, Bacchus, may be named as gods especially favorable to libidinous lust. They were primarily the gods of wine; but Priapus, whom Dinoysus begot on Aphrodite, goddess of love, was the Greek phallic god, the deity of fruitfulness and the generative power.

Because the phenomena of sex appear shameful or even sinful to us, we find it hard to appreciate how the ancients felt about these things. Why does not sex appear to us as natural and as open a thing as eating and drinking? The social psychologists are not unanimous in their answers to this question. Probably it is because primitive man, being constantly exposed to attacks from wild beasts and from his fellow-men, found it best to withdraw during the act of coition into a secluded place. Then the very fact that the sexual act was performed privately came to identify it with shameful things. The ascetic teachings of Christianity, themselves largely arising from the primitive sense of modesty and shame, have also contributed to our conception of sex as a dirty and sinful thing.

It is very difficult for us to understand the point of view of the tribes among which promiscuity is prescribed as a religious duty. We have our own peculiar superstitions, but we do not agree with the inhabitants of Java and New Guinea who hold that performing the sexual act in a field is absolutely necessary if the soil is to be fertile during the following year. We do not assign the first night of a woman's married life to a priest or a king, or yet to a stone or metal phallus, but we do make her defloration by her husband almost a religious rite.

The non-Hebraic races of Palestine were addicted to sexual orgies in the name of religion, as many passages in the Bible make clear. At times numbers of Jewish maidens went over to the worship of the nature divinities. Many of the outbursts of Jeremiah and the other prophets were directed against this practice.

Although, as we have seen, Herodotus felt that sexual relations were unclean, yet in many parts of Greece there were organizations of holy prostitutes. Flora, the Roman goddess of flowers and spring, was according to legend originally a prostitute. Her annual festival, the Floralia, which was celebrated for a week at the end of April and the beginning of May, was a time of great merriment and voluptuousness. We are told that during this holiday the Roman prostitutes used publicly to remove their clothing and to execute lively and lascivious dances.

There have been various theories as to how religious prostitution arose. Perhaps it was in some way a substitution for a state of unbridled

sexual freedom. However, the fact that generation and birth are the great mysteries of life is no doubt sufficient explanation.

PROSTITUTION AMONG THE GREEKS

We may date the beginning of organized prostitution in Europe, religious prostitution aside, in the time of the great Athenian legislator Solon. He was a great reformer, and his object in establishing brothels was to reduce promiscuity, not to increase it.

The laws of Solon permitted a man to kill anybody he found cohabiting with his wife. The rape of an unmarried woman, however, was punished by a fine, and the seduction of any unmarried woman except a harlot, by a lesser fine. The fine for a rape amounted to about the value of a hundred sheep, and for that of a seduction, to about the value of twenty sheep. Solon forbade men to sell their sisters and daughters except in cases of unchastity.

His laws regulated many rather intimate matters. One of them provided that an heiress whose husband proved impotent might choose one of his relatives to provide her with an heir to her estate. The husband of an heiress had to cohabit with her at least three times a month.

Some of Solon's other laws might be more acceptable to husbands of today. A woman was not allowed to travel with more than three dresses, for instance. She was not to travel at night except in a wagon with a light

carried before it. When a man put certain provisions into his will because of his wife's solicitations, these were held invalid.

Dr. Iwan Bloch, whose large work on prostitution has for its object the demonstration that it is an unnecessary evil, calls Solon the first fallacious defender of governmental regulation. His fallacy, according to the views of men who favor the abolition of the brothel, consists in his opinion that legalized prostitution preserves the sanctity of the home and preserves the chastity of citizens' wives and daughters. This is of course the idea which lies behind every defense of the "red light district" by respectable and law-abiding men and women.

The paternalism of the state was carried much further by the ancient Greeks than it is with us. That is perfectly clear to any careful reader of Plato's "Republic" or of Aristotle's ethical and political works. There was nothing radically new about Solon's prescriptions of how certain matters within the family should be carried out.

Solon was by no means a feminist. He accepted without question the double standard of sexual morality. His whole system bound the wife to her husband, but permitted him full freedom of intercourse so long as he interfered with no other citizen's wife or daughter.

The prostitute class under Solon's system was not recruited from volunteers. It was made up of slaves, most of whom were foreigners. The prostitutes were maintained in brothels by the state. According to Nikander,

Solon gave the profits derived from the brothels to the priests of the temple of Aphrodite Pandemus. Probably he felt that prostitution was in some way still a religious matter.

However, he did not feel that this religion made the harlots themselves sacred. They were miserable prisoners of war who stood naked before the brothels to entice the passers-by. They were not permitted to choose, but had to find acceptable any male who presented the extremely low fee set by law.

Probably all women were held in little esteem at this time. Wives had one duty to perform, the bearing of legitimate children and heirs. Yet, as we have seen, Solon safeguarded the rights of such married women as had property of their own. Plutarch, however, when he came to report these provisions of Solon's laws, found them very strange. In general, the married woman was expected to remain at home and take care of the household and her children. She married early and she was seldom educated even in the arts necessary to a good housewife. She never dreamed of discussing literature or philosophy or politics with her husband.

The respectable wife of classical Greek times had probably less education than that of the average dweller in a Turkish seraglio. She was aloof from the world, too.[6] She had not seen much of her husband before marriage. Love was not considered necessary between the bride and the groom.

Women were not admitted to the theatre, to the Olympic games, or to other public and semi-public gatherings. This prohibition was

customarily removed only in the case of prostitutes. The female sex was considered decidedly inferior to the male. In Homeric times women had been comparatively well off, although they were subject to violent abduction, marriage or concubinage by capture, and to all the vicissitudes which befall the female sex in unsettled periods. The beauty of a Helen might launch a thousand ships, and her lesser and perhaps luckier sisters were their husbands' advisers and honored comforters.

Neither in preclassical or heroic Greece nor in classical times was it considered a light matter to have sexual intercourse with the wife or the unmarried female relative of another. The aggrieved person was usually permitted to take any revenge he could, not excluding death. The state, too, often set up various penalties designed to check adultery and fornication with women of the free class.

These dishonorable penalties turned men away from the chaste women and sent them to the slaves in the public brothels. There was no feeling of shame about relations with the public women. They were provided by the civic zeal of great statesmen. Furthermore, there was less to fear in visiting a prostitute than there is to-day. So long as the harlots were all slaves maintained by the state, there was little danger that they might be in league with thieves for the despoilment of their patrons. Of especial importance is the fact that there existed practically no fear of the venereal diseases.

Syphilis does not seem to have occurred in

Europe until after Columbus discovered America. It was pretty surely brought to Spain from Hayti at that time.

Gonorrhea and chancroids appear to have existed in classical Europe, but yet the nature of the diseases, and especially the manner of their transmission, appear hardly to have been understood. It happens that gonorrhea is in some ways a more dangerous disease than even syphilis; but ignorance was bliss, and the fear of infection was something that ordinarily did not occur.

Prostitution was a means by which the despised slave class served to protect the chastity of free men's wives. Slavery was a very important factor in the social and economic life of antiquity. An Athenian census of the Fourth Century before Christ gave the following figures for the population of the city: free citizens, 21,000; resident foreigners, 10,000; slaves, 400,000. Under such conditions there was naturally a tremendous social gulf between the slaves and their masters. Later, in Rome, emancipation became common, but in Greece the freeing of slaves was quite rare.

We can understand, then, that few free women entered the ranks of the prostitutes. It was possible, however, for a citizen's daughter to be captured by pirates or taken prisoner in a war. She might even be sold into slavery by her father. In this way and from the children of slaves the brothels were filled.

It was considered a sign of weakness among the old Greeks to fall in love with any woman. The prostitute existed for man's pleasure, the concubine to take care of his needs and his

home, the wife to bear him legitimate children. The elder Cato called the wife a necessary evil, and this was also the Greek view.

Love was a disease, a mild form of madness. "Not in Homer nor in Hesiod nor in Aeschylus is there a love scene," says Dr. Bloch. Yet, when in the sixth book of the "Iliad," Hector bids farewell to his wife Andromache, surely genuine love is shown on both sides. In general, the position of woman in Homeric times was higher than it afterwards became.

Romantic love had existed in early Greece. We have but to name Sappho to make that plain. When we name her, though, in this connection, we are immediately reminded that this love might be homosexual. Of that anon.

In the "Antigone" of Sophocles, Creon calls his son Haemon "foul spotted heart—a woman's follower" when the young man pleads for the life of his beloved. Haemon, however, perhaps having a touch of madness in him, slays himself at Antigone's side.

If we wish to understand why romantic love in general was of little importance to the Greeks, we must first of all remember that sex was open, unconcealed, unashamed. We are so very far from their point of view that even a novelist who talks much about the importance of phallic worship (Mr. D. H. Lawrence) becomes indignant about having to remove his clothing for a physician's examination. To the Greeks nakedness was no sin. The athletes at the Olympic games did not wear shirts and drawers. Statues and paintings in the nude stood everywhere, and no one smirked at the sight. This very openness no doubt hindered

the spiritualization of love. Love was a religious thing, but so were eating and drinking. They still are, in the Holy Communion—and many Christians still consider marriage a sacrament.

To individualize love was against the whole philosophical trend of classical Greece. The tendency was to look toward the perfection of the state, without regard to the improvement of any unit except as it contributed to the development of the whole. Any reader of the "Republic" should immediately perceive this fact. Plato's ideal state, in which perfect justice was to prevail, was to be ruled by the philosophers without regard to their own happiness. They would at once abolish the family and establish the community of wives and children.

"Our object in the construction of our state," according to Plato's Socrates, "is not to make any one class preëminently happy, but to make the whole state as happy as it can be." All that matters, according to this view, is divine symmetry. It is not utilitarianism (which seeks the greatest good of the greatest number) any more than it is individualism.

According to most Greek thinkers, organized prostitution performed a service for the state. It was not an instrument of licentiousness, but a means of satisfying the natural wants of men.

"In the temperate man," says Aristotle, "the concupiscent element ought to live in harmony with reason, since nobleness is the object of them both, and the temperate man desires what

is right, and desires it in the right way and at the right time, that is, according to the law of reason."

The idea that life should be a glorious orgy was accepted neither by the Greek philosophers nor the Greek populace. Aristotle's Golden Middle was the expression of a common ideal. Excess (or *hybris*) was the one great sin in the old Hellenic world. It was supposed to tempt the gods to send sorrow to the offending individual.

However, the Greek conception of moderation as applied to sexual matters was very far from Christian asceticism. There was no feeling, in antique and heathen times, that flesh was inherently sinful. Among some of the barbarian neighbors of the Greeks, this idea was evidently coming in. The Lydians, for instance, thought it shameful to strip off their clothing in order to participate in athletic games.

As we know, the Greeks erected statues in honor of their beautiful men and women. We are rather contemptuous of male beauty today. If we wish to be polite, we say "handsome," not "beautiful," of a man. Perhaps this is partly due to our different way of looking at homosexuality.

If we must worship something, it might as well be Beauty as any other idol we can set up. Certainly beauty is not an attribute of the female alone. Schopenhauer, in a well-known passage, argues that the female form is less comely than that of the male.

We moderns are obsessed, more or less con-

sciously, by the idea that the object of the sexual act is the reproduction of the race. This idea, taught by some religions, has taken a firm hold on the unconscious mind of almost all of us. Even though we generally practice birth control, we have a violent prejudice against such forms of sexual intercourse as can not lead to generation.

Our most enlightened men tend to regard the practice of these as symptoms of mental illness or moral decay. The Greeks, however, regarded all forms of sexual enjoyment, even those which appear to us corrupt and perverse, as perfectly natural.

Dr. Bloch points out that satyriasis and nymphomania, that is to say, supernormal sexual feeling and desire in the male and the female, are represented in the Greek medical books as common diseases. This he attributes, at least in part, to the warm climate of the Hellenic peninsula. However, I think that sexual hyperesthesia was little if at all commoner among the Greeks than it is with us. The absence of prudery made people discuss the thing more freely, that is all. Our very physicians are ready to join in the work of draping statues with skirts and trousers. A woman Doctor of Medicine recently wrote to the editor of one of our staidest and most solid old monthlies, complaining that the fiction dealt with sexual problems which she found sufficiently discussed in her medical journals. What the Greek physicians called by their proper names, our own doctors label "hysteria" or "neurasthenia."

In antique times, prostitution was not con-

fined to the large cities. Brothels were to be found in little villages. The inhabitant of a small town did not find it necessary to employ the fiction of a business trip in order that he might lose his identity among the unknown crowds of Athens or Corinth. If he wished to enter the local brothel, he would not lose his reputation as an honorable citizen because he fulfilled his natural desires.

Nevertheless prostitutes were especially active among foreigners and other strangers, in the sea-ports, centers of trade, and religious centers. They followed the armies on their expeditions. They flocked to the universities. They were numerous at religious festivals, at pilgrimages, at fairs, at all places where men gathered in great numbers.

Some of the religious celebrations were especially dedicated to the prostitutes, as we have seen in the case of the Floralia at Rome. There were many such holidays in Greece as well, among which perhaps the most famous was the celebration of the harlots at Corinth in honor of laughter-lovirg Aphrodite.

Although most of the Greek courtesans were slaves, yet there were gradations among them. From the hetæræ, many of whom were really concubines living for a period with one man, and therefore really not prostitutes at all, down to the lowest wenches, there were all sorts of subdivisions.

Many of the slaves had been maidens or young wives of a good family, and had suddenly found themselves prostitutes after a pirate's surprise attack or the defeat of their

city or tribe in war. Perhaps they had already been trained in music and the dance. Else, if they were attractive and apparently capable of being taught, they might have lessons in the brothel.

A woman who could dance and sing or play a musical instrument was worth much more in the slave market than one who was merely a female animal of the human species. Although most of the Greeks didn't want their wives to be educated, they attached a special value to courtesans who could talk of learned things.

The prostitutes who stood at the entrance to the brothels were of the lowest and least valuable class. In a time when the sense of modesty was quite different from ours, it was possible for the prostitutes not only to entice men on the streets and in other public places, but also to go through the sexual acts in the more secluded streets and corners.

Among the higher types of the courtesan, we may name those capable of playing skilfully upon the various musical instruments then in use. These, to ther with singers, dancers, reciters, and readers, were much in demand at banquets. The formal feast among the Greeks was always a "stag party." Such women as were there came to entertain and amuse and give pleasure. Wives were invariably left at home.

The dances of the slave-women were chiefly of an openly erotic nature. Almost all dancing, ancient or modern, is more or less indicative or symbolical of the act of coition. In times when nakedness was no sin, this was plain

enough. Today the dance hall is still often a brothel, or the recruiting-ground for the brothel.

With the dance was associated then, as now, certain forms of theatrical representations. Vestiges still remain of the belief that the theatre is no place for an honorable woman. Among the Greeks, a woman who appeared on the stage was thereby clearly identified as a harlot.

In the regular comedy and tragedy of classical times, as in the early English theatre, men took all parts, representing alike male and female. There was no attempt at realism. The Attic theatre was romantic, idealized. The actors wore masks to make themselves appear divine or heroic, and they wore shoes that were designed to add to their apparent height.

The one form of the drama in which women took part was the mime, a sort of realistic burlesque or travesty. Imagine the burlesque show of today (or its aristocratic sister, the revue) removed from all fear of police interference and from all need to cater to the "high class family trade," and you have a fairly accurate conception of what the ancient Greek mimes were like. Openly lascivious dances were the rule. Of course the women who, naked or dressed in the half-concealment that is still more provocative, went through these symbolical gyrations, were ready to cap the climax after the performance.

The mime and the ancient equivalent of our cabaret merged into each other. The music and the dances of the mime tended to be more important than the words. This although some

talented poets were among the writers of the mimes. In Byzantine days, the theatre which presented mimes came to be identified even in name with the brothel.

Perhaps this identification of the ancient burlesque theatre with sexual things is part of the reason why Puritans tend to frown altogether upon the theatre. The tradition lingers, and even now the Methodist Church is gradually being won over to the view that the theatre is not necessarily and inherently vicious.

All forms of pleasure tend to be thought of and engaged in together. Although an excess of alcohol makes impotent, a moderate quantity, especially when taken with a generous meal, stimulates sexual desire. With the subtler sides of sex, flowers and delicate shades of perfume are associated. The serving-women and the young women who sold fruits and flowers in the market-places of old Greece were mostly courtesans.

Our word *bagnio*, which etymologically signifies a bath, means nothing more to us now than a brothel. The connection between public bathing and prostitution thus indicated has especially been developed in the Orient. However, we find traces of it in European antiquity, although it became much more significant in Europe in the later Middle Ages and in the Renaissance. The massagist or other bath attendant was often expected to perform sexual acts. The public baths were especially important for homosexual prostitution.

The brothels of Athens and other Greek

cities tended to be grouped around the baths. They were also located in the neighborhood of the other places of amusement and recreation. "Other places," I say, because the bath was considered much more than merely a place to remove dirt from one's body. It ranked with the theatres, the circus, and other resorts which supplied entertainment. Around these and around the temples were established the principal houses of prostitution. The cheaper brothels were often located in the outskirts and suburbs of large cities.

In Shakespeare's day, somewhat similarly, the theatres, the bear-baiting pits, and the brothels formed a group on the Bankside, near Southwark, outside the limits of London.

The brothel in Greece was not only open and unashamed. It was in the nature of a public building and usually, during the classical period, was owned and operated by the state. In any case, it was strictly regulated by public officials.

Some of the brothels served also as hotels, and in most of them food and drink were offered for sale. Outside these brothels, many of the prostitutes of a higher type occupied small apartments or furnished rooms of their own.

The better-class courtesans were called hetæræ. The chief characteristic of this class was that the members became remarkably individualized. A hetæræ might become famous in the whole antique world, not only for beauty, but also for wit and culture.

Herodotus tells how Rhodopis, a famous

courtesan, was redeemed from slavery by Charaxus, the brother of the poetess Sappho, but continued to pursue her trade in Egypt. It was said that she became immensely wealthy, and rumor had it that one of the pyramids was built at her expense.

Plutarch, in his life of Pericles, relates the common report that he plunged Athens into war with the Samians in order to please the hetæra Aspasia. "She is said to have reserved her favors for the most powerful personages of Greece, in imitation of Thargelia, an Ionian lady of ancient times, of great beauty, ability, and attractions, who had many lovers among the Greeks, and brought them all over to the Persian interest, by which means the seeds of the Persian faction were sown in many cities of Greece, as they were all men of great influence and position.

"Now, some writers say that Pericles valued Aspasia only for her wisdom and political ability. Indeed Socrates and his friends used to frequent her society; and those who listened to her discourse used to bring their wives with them, that they too might profit by it, although her profession was far from being honorable or decent, for she kept courtesans in her house. . . . . But Pericles seems to have been enamored more of Aspasia's person than of her intellect." Plutarch goes on to tell how Pericles sent his wife away and lived with Aspasia, "of whom he was passionately fond. He is said never to have gone in or out of the house during the day without kissing her."

Plutarch lived five centuries later than

Aspasia, aud he reports hearsay and legend. We can be pretty sure that no wives were brought to Aspasia to learn wisdom from her.

In the first volume of his work on prostitution, Iwan Bloch devotes a number of pages to a list of the famous courtesans and concubines of antiquity. There is Archippe, to whom the dramatist Sophocles left his fortune. There are the two famous courtesans named Lais. There is Leontion, beloved of Epicurus and his disciples, herself a writer and philosopher. There is Phryne, well known through all Greece for her beauty, whose golden statue stood in Delphi. There is Thais of Athens, who became the mistress of Alexander the Great and then sat on the throne with Ptolemæus I of Egypt. The mother of this first Ptolemy, incidentally, had been the mistress of Alexander's father, Philip of Macedon.

Apelles, the most celebrated of Greek painters (contemporary with Alexander the Great, that is, of the Fourth Century before the Christian era) did not disdain to paint courtesans. For his most admired picture, "Venus Rising Out of the Sea", Phryne served as model, plunging naked into the sea on the occasion of a feast to the sea-god Poseidon. She is also said to have served as model to Praxiteles for the famous Cnidian Aphrodite.

The sense of shame developed rather late in Greece. The Greek vases of the Fifth Century before Christ, many of which portray brothel scenes, were considered respectable enough to be placed in an honorable citizen's home.

However, we find Aristotle in his "Politics" seeking the prohibition of the display of lascivious pictures. These were to be found not only in brothels but also in the private houses of the wealthy. No doubt Aristotle felt that these pictures would encourage sexual excess, drawing men away from the Golden Middle.

The opinion was advanced, even among the Greeks, that to refrain from sexual intercourse was pleasing to the gods and philosophically desirable. The physicians argued about the value of coition to the men and women who participated in it. There were some who felt that it was more healthful for the individual to refrain from it. Thus, although the ancient world generally left the sexual life free and untrammeled, there were all sorts of tendencies in the opposite direction.

The Greeks were a temperate people. They mixed their wine with water and ate sparingly of simple foods. There were, however, gluttonous individuals and topers; and there were times and places where rich voluptuousness prevailed.

Were the prostitutes of ancient Hellas like their modern successors, so far as personal characteristics are concerned? Dr. Bloch believes that the old Greek and Roman courtesans were like the typical modern prostitute, as Lombroso has described her. Among the attributes of the courtesans of all times and places are said to be piety, superstition, deceitfulness, jealousy, and shamelessness. Except perhaps for the last, a cynical philosopher might suggest that these traits apply to all women.

What Bloch has forgotten, I think, in applying these universal attributes of the prostitute to the harlots of antiquity, is the fact that most of the women went into the brothels absolutely against their own will. Once in the brothel, they learned the tricks of the profession and conformed somewhat to the prostitute type. However, under other circumstances they might have lived happily in monogamous marriage. Lombroso's theory, which Bloch, to be sure, does not fully accept, is that the modern prostitute is such because of her inborn nature rather than because of the circumstances to which she is exposed.

Many of the minor details descriptive of the Greek courtesan apply also to the harlot of present-day Europe and America. The prostitutes of Greece and Rome put rouge upon their faces, and occasionally the respectable women followed them in this practice. Courtesans walked then as they walk now, with a lascivious twisting of the hips. Clothing was simpler among the Greeks than it is with us. Yet the hetæræ found occasion to introduce new fashions.

The cosmetic art was evidently developed to quite as great a degree as it is with us. The art of making old or ugly prostitutes look like their more fortunate sisters was very closely studied. Our surgeons, to be sure, in taking up methods of beautification, are likely to leave Greek methods far behind. The old Hellenes could build up a nose or a chin out of clay, but not out of flesh and blood.

False teeth were known to the courtesans of ancient times, although they were of a primi-

tive sort. Very likely these were constructed of wax or some similar substance, and were intended for ornament, not for use. Various sorts of dentifrices were known to antiquity, chiefly being used to beautify the teeth of prostitutes.

Dyeing the hair, supplying false hair, removing hair from the body, all these were practiced by the old Greek courtesans. The cosmetics of the ancient world, so far as we can now tell, were in no way inferior to those of today. Then, as now, red and white were to be had for the purchasing.

The prostitutes and those who profited by their earnings learned early in antiquity what every modern woman knows, the seductive power of the *decolleté* and of half-concealment in general. The human imagination is powerful; that is why the nude is infinitely less "dangerous" than the partly draped. That is also the reason, by the way, why professional searchers for vice become angriest about works of art which they do not understand.

In general, then, the prostitute of ancient Greece was a great deal like her successors in Europe and America. Whatever differences are to be found are to be explained in terms of economic and possibly of philosophical changes. There is no need to enter here into the question of just how far philosophy depends on economic life. In any case, modern men do not look at the universe in exactly the same way as the ancients did.

We have no reason to believe that human nature or, to be specific, the sexual impulse, has

in any way changed in the last five thousand years or so. This in spite of the numerous revival meetings, revelations, prophecies, and judicial executions of this period.

More than that, the machinery and appointments of the brothel remain pretty much the same. The courtesan of today smokes a good many cigarettes and drinks as much whiskey as she can conveniently get. The prostitute of ancient Greece was also a drinker of alcoholic beverages. She had no tobacco, but she was addicted to various other drugs. The courtesan of India chews betel nuts and offers a supply to all callers.

Anatole France, in his novel "Thais", describes delightfully and with acute insight the life of a beautiful and very popular hetæra. His heroine lives not in classical Greece but in Egypt, when the great cities of that land are under a Hellenic civilization. There is a story here, a powerful story of how a certain devout monk exerts a remarkable influence over a courtesan and is himself influenced by her. The modern popularization of this theme is to be found in the drama "Rain", adapted from Maugham's "Miss Sadie Thompson."

I refer here to Anatole France's novel not for the stylistic beauty which it undoubtedly possesses, or even for its psychological profundity, but for the vivid picture it presents of the aristocratic prostitute of antiquity. The hetæra lives for us again in her splendid house, surrounded by rich furniture and draperies, waited on by many slaves, dining in magnificent luxury, looking calmly down upon the

world of fashionable and brilliant young men at her feet.

We see also the prostitute swayed by the superstitions of her time, converted to Christianity, at last acclaimed as a saint. There is no exaggeration in Anatole France's account. Such things as he describes did actually occur.

It is said—and of course there is a good deal of truth in this saying—that in our own days harlots have swayed kingdoms, caused the downfall of monarchies, occasioned and decided problems of state. Always blue blood has voluntarily turned red in response to the red blood of beauty. To be sure, it is nearly impossible coldly to analyze the sexual problems of today. At every instant we are treading on somebody's toes, offending against one propriety or another, violating some taboo. Especially in America, where prostitution, although common enough, is generally illicit, it is difficult for the scientific investigator to assemble and publish his data.

In classical days, a man might go out and boldly purchase a season-ticket to the brothel. Perhaps he did not assume the self-righteous air of a man who has just subscribed for a box at the opera. As I have already mentioned, there were sexual reformers among the Greeks and Romans. At all times the brothel had its vigorous opponents.

In actual practice, though, almost the whole nubile male population patronized the harlot's house. It was easily accessible, the fees were cheap, and attendance, according to the consensus of opinion, was not shameful. Compared

with the situation in classical times, attendance at the modern houses of prostitution in London or Paris or Amsterdam is quite light. There are a number of reasons why this is so. First, the cost has gone up to a considerable extent. There is also a new sense of shame or sexual modesty (prudery, in its extreme manifestations) which has to some extent curbed natural instincts. Most important of all, no doubt, is the fear of syphilis which has spread since Columbus discovered the Americas.

In Solon's time the equivalent of a few cents purchased the services of an ordinary prostitute. The courtesans who were much sought after set a high price on themselves. Occasionally there was haggling over a price.

Procurers or panders existed, of course. These intermediaries between the courtesan and her patrons might be state officers or owners of the prostituted slaves or agents of the free prostitutes. In some cases they were relatives. A mother might deliver over her daughter or a husband, his wife.

Most often in antiquity the prostitutes were handled by people who thought of them as goods which should bring a profit to the purchaser. They were sold with other slaves in the market-place. No consideration for their feelings was manifested in the transaction. Prospective customers examined them carefully. Speculators sometimes rented a woman to a pander or to one who desired a mistress.

The prostitute was supposed to satisfy all the demands of the libido. In ancient literature there are references to sadists and

masochists, and to the special arrangements made for them in brothels. Almost all the desires which now appear to us to be perversions or symptoms of sexual psychopathia were considered reasonable and natural by the ancients. So long as no excess was practiced, indulgence in almost any pleasure was considered proper. Homosexuality, notably, was open and important. It held such an important place in the life of the ancients that I am devoting a section at the end of this book to homosexual prostitution.

Many books which would now be considered dangerously pornographical circulated freely among the ancients. For instance, there were many treatises on the "figures of Venus", the various ways of carrying out coition. Our medical authorities on sex say that the proper exercise of the function is not instinctively acquired by men. (See, for instance, Malchow, "The Sexual Life", St. Louis, 1923. Page 126.) However, even in works intended for physicians, there is seldom any discussion of the right way or the right ways. The Greeks had many gods, but we worship one whom they did not know—Ignorance.

Scientifically, to be sure, they were inferior to us. However, if they knew something, they did not conceal it because it was supposedly offensive to religion. What good is it to the citizens of a free and democratic country to have scientific discoveries made, if they are carefully to be hidden from all students, on the ground that they contradict what is stated in certain holy books?

The most sacred of all our writings is the unpublished volume containing the sayings of that estimable lady, Mrs. Grundy. The strange thing is that the moralists, when they become too moral, help to destroy their own morality. Especially in the matter of sex, many ignorant preachers and lecturers have driven the more susceptible of their hearers to mental illness or to unhealthful excess. The Greeks, although they actually knew less than we, made better use of their knowledge.

It is sometimes surprising to find out the gaps in their science. Thus, it is pretty sure that both gonorrhea and chancroids were common diseases in ancient times. Yet the Greek and Roman physicians seem not in the least to have suspected that these diseases were transmitted in the act of coition. They knew that certain diseases were contagious. In fact, they cautioned men against having relations with women who were afflicted with eczema, leprosy, or certain other easily-recognized illnesses.

Among the Hebrews, the bath after coition was a religious requirement; originally, no doubt, hygienic considerations prompted the law. Among other antique races this practice was fairly general. As we have seen, the bath and the brothel were often adjoining places and occasionally the same place. The Greeks anointed themselves with oil before any physical exercise. This fact probably often prevented a venereal infection.

The ancients were, for their own sake, careful about the physical cleanliness of the prostitute. For her mental and moral cleanliness

they concerned themselves little. She was a useful object, a religious object, for at least this reason, that she insured the sanctity of the home. A splendid harlot might be given luxuries, but it would be as though a champion race-horse were given an expensive stall. Except in the case of the few hetæræ who aroused romantic love, the prostitutes were hardly considered to be persons.

The regulation of prostitution by the police as it prevails today in many European cities, according to Iwan Bloch, is a system of inscribing the courtesans on a slave list. In some cases the harlots have been exposed almost without restriction to the tyrannies of certain officials. There are pictured such conditions in Hugo's "Les Misérables".

In one form or another the slavery of prostitutes has existed uninterruptedly from ancient times to our own. We all know what "white slavery" means. The Italian padrones in New York formerly held young girls in subjection under conditions pretty much resembling those of antique slavery, except that the legal justification did not exist. I see no reason to agree with Dr. Bloch that modern "white slavery" is an outgrowth or result of ancient conditions. For one matter, the problem of recruiting the slaves has become an altogether different one.

So long as brothels exist, there will probably be some sort of slavery. There will be some sort of domination of the weak will by the strong will. Always the lone prostitute has had her bully or "protector", the man on whom she

has lavishly poured her affections and her booty.

In Greece the prostitute's bully was the state, which took her earnings or a share in them. There was a whole class of Collectors of the Prostitutes' Revenue. The courtesan who did not belong to the state paid a monthly tax which amounted to her usual fee for her favors.

If the sexual phenomena of today are somewhat different from those of yesterday and if the conditions of tomorrow appear likely to be different from those of today, this is due most of all to the gradual decline of the double standard of sexual morality. This dual set of rules of conduct, accepted without question by the Greeks and Romans of classical times, is coming more and more to be questioned. So long as women are climbing firmly to a position of equality with (possibly of superiority to) men, we can be sure that the old measuring rods will go.

In addition to the double standard just mentioned, classical prostitution rested on the distinction between those who needed to work and those who were too noble and too proud to do any manual or certain kinds of mental labor. Thus there was normally a deep gulf, a deeper gulf even than exists with us, between a man's wife and the harlots of whom he was fond. Yet men were known to marry prostitutes, even in Greece. More frequently they took them to themselves as concubines or mistresses.

Despite the shameful position of the prostitute, she played in ancient India, Greece, and

Rome a greater rôle than the legitimate wife. Whereas the wife had to stay at home and supervise the cooking and the care of the young children, the courtesan conversed freely with many men. If she was intelligent, she might have it in her power to sway the destinies of a state. At any rate, she was permitted a wide range of interests. If she had the desire and the ability to join in philosophical discussions, she was welcome to do so! She could be praised by all, toasted by all, greeted by all men with honors and with gifts. A good wife, by way of contrast, was one who herself remained silent and about whom nothing good and nothing bad was ever said.

Any reader of this booklet who is familiar with many comedies of the Elizabethan age will recall that the favorite setting is a brothel or a boisterous tavern. This setting was borrowed, along with a number of other things, from the Latin comedy; and this, in turn, from the Greek. The ancients were not shocked, as the New York authorities have been in the case of "The God of Vengeance," to see a brothel on the stage. The hetæra was the heroine of many a Greek comedy. The mimes have already been mentioned, in which the parts of harlots were taken, realistically enough, by the harlots themselves.

A great deal about the prostitutes of Greece in the time of the Roman empire is to be learned from the satirical dialogues of Lucian and the imaginary letters of his contemporary Alciphron. Both the great and the little writers of antiquity discussed sex freely, and many of the literary works were frankly intended

to be aphrodisiac. This purpose is referred to in ancient medical works.

The same thing was true in all the branches on ancient art. Phallic symbols exist today in great numbers, but only the initiated recognize them as such. In ancient times, when the symbols were still more numerous, everyone knew what they meant.

Many great artists worked at paintings and decorations intended for the walls of a brothel. Artistic representations of the nude, which were many, did not usually have any erotic significance.

It has happened since classical times that a painter or a sculptor has used as model for a sacred work of art a woman herself not saintly. A good many of the Greek statutes of Aphrodite were modelled after well-known courtesans. Since the goddess of love had no need to look ascetic, there was nothing strange about this. The gods and goddesses of Homer and the Greek dramatists were not aloof from humanity, and they were themselves quite susceptible to the normal passions of mankind.

PROSTITUTION IN ROME

The civilization of the Roman world was largely founded upon that of Greece. Most of the things said about prostitution in the Hellenic peninsula apply also to the Italian, as well as to the empire which spread out from Rome. The system of slavery continued, although the conditions became somewhat different. The dual standard of sexual morality

remained. However, it was upon a Roman world that the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth burst forth, although the first disciples were Hebrews to whom education meant largely the language and culture of the Greeks. The growth of Christianity meant a change in ethics, a vastly different way of looking at the universe. Moreover, the development of Christianity was contemporaneous with many economic and political changes. All these things together marked the end of the ancient and the beginning of the medieval world. For practical purposes, most historians say that the Middle Ages began with the fall of the western Roman Empire.

From primitive times the Romans inherited the worship of the phallus. From the Greeks and from the Orientals they learned to worship a goddess of love. The Roman Venus had in general the same characteristics as the Greek Aphrodite. It has been conjectured that the word Venus was derived from *Benot*, the Hebrew for "daughters" or "girls," and that in this etymology a connection is shown between the "maidens' huts" of the Orientals and religious prostitution. Many passages in the Bible show that the daughters of Israel, when they ran after strange gods, indulged in strange orgies also.

The brothel in Rome, as it had been in Greece, was open to all who possessed the necessary small fee. In the days of the Empire, almost every tavern was a house of prostitution.

When Horace upbraided his steward for despising a country life (see the fourteenth let-

ter in the first book of his Epistles) this is what he wrote:

"We two do not admire the same things. What you regard as desert and inhospitable wilds, I call delightful places, and I dislike what you consider pleasant. I see that the brothel and the greasy taverns raise your inclination for the city: and this because my little spot will sooner yield frankincense and pepper than grapes; nor is there a tavern here to supply you with wines, nor a minstrel harlot, to whose thrumming you may dance."

The Roman prostitutes were usually slaves taken in the wars, and the dancers and singers of Syria were well known by the banks of the Tiber. All nations were represented among the public woman, and they came from all classes of society and all degrees of cultural life.

Food and drink and music and perfumes aroused the sexual desires of men in the voluptuous cabarets of the time. There were two sanctuaries in Rome erected to Pudicitia, but this goddess of modesty was not so well worshipped as Venus. Upon the very altars of Pudicitia sexual orgies took place.

During the period of the empire, the bathing of men and women together was introduced into Rome. The public baths came to have the reputation of being brothels. The satirical poet Martial waxed indignant when the prostitutes were permitted to attend the baths. Special permission had to be given to them because they did not of course possess the ordinary rights of citizens.

The male attendants at the baths sometimes engaged in hetero-sexual prostitution. Homosexual acts also took place in the bagnios.

In Rome, as previously in Greece, the brothel was considered an aid to the purity of family life. Adultery was the greatest of sins: the cuckolded husband might put his guilty wife to death and take what revenge he pleased on the man he found with her. Under the later emperors, there was a death penalty inflicted by the state for adultery.

A great military victory would throw hundreds or thousands of young female slaves upon the market. However, the Roman armies provided a demand for prostitutes as well as a supply of them. The Roman soldier might be kept in a foreign garrison for many years. He was not permitted to marry; and in any case, no Roman citizen could legally marry a foreigner. Therefore the soldier turned for the satisfaction of his sexual desires either to a concubine or to prostitutes. The Dutch soldiers who today make up the garrisons of the Netherlands East Indies are similarly permitted to take dusky native girls to themselves as concubines.

In Rome the circus, the theatres, the religious assemblies and all public gatherings served prostitution. Everywhere the courtesans showed themselves freely.

Horace, comparing the attractions of married women with those of the prostitutes (in the Satires, Book I, No. 2) says, "A man can see nothing but the face of a matron. The other throws no obstacles in your way;

through the silken vest you can discern her almost as well as if she was naked; you can see her form, and observe that she has neither a bad leg nor disagreeable foot."

On any of the busy streets of Rome prostitutes might be found seeking patrons. The city numbered perhaps a million and a half inhabitants at the height of its ancient prosperity, or about its present population. It was busy, crowded with citizens, free foreigners, and slaves. There were certain sections where the courtesans were especially numerous, but nothing in the nature of a "red light" or segregated district. Harlots were as numerous in the neighborhood of the temples as anywhere. Many of the cheaper prostitutes, however, were to be found in certain outlying neighborhoods.

The brothels opened in the afternoon and they remained open all night. Prostitutes took part in the night life at the cabarets, as well as in banquets at private houses.

Voluptuous music played a greater part in antiquity than it does today. Men went to the music schools to pick out prostitutes. Wine, woman, and song: indeed it is a time-honored combination.

Imperial Rome was the seat of much luxury and of many excesses. Whether this fact contributed to the downfall of the empire, as Bossuet, Montesquieu, and many other historians have maintained, I will not venture to say. Probably there are sufficient other reasons to explain the fall of Rome.

"The plebeians of Rome," according to Montesquieu, "did not hate even the worst of the

emperors. As soon as they had lost the empire and had ceased to occupy themselves with war, the Romans had become the vilest of nations; they considered commerce and the arts as things suitable only for slaves; the free wheat which they received made them neglect agriculture; they had become accustomed to games and spectacles. Caligula, Nero, Commodus and Caracalla were mourned for their very madness, because they loved furiously what the citizens loved, and they contributed to their pleasures as much as was in their power, even with their own bodies; they poured out for them the riches of the empire; and though the rich families were ruined, the poor thoughtlessly enjoyed themselves, finding their safety in their low rank."

Perhaps there were times when a majority of the citizens of imperial Rome lived on the government doles, with little independent income and less inclination to do manual labor. Prostitutes, however, were cheap. In old Rome a great population was crowded together, for there were no means of rapid transit to draw the people into outlying sections. Poor but proud citizens wanted to live in the city, even though the less exciting life in the country was considerably cheaper. In Robert Browning's poem "Up at a Villa—Down in the City" we see how a modern Italian "person of quality" feels about living on a farm. Alas, prices are high in the city, and he must needs stay away from the fifing and drumming and gossiping. No processions pass his door, there are no quack doctors standing around the corner to give pills, draw blood, and extract teeth.

We must imagine the harlot of old Italy walking slowly down the crowded streets, rubbing elbows with beggars and peddlers and thieves and slaves and idle citizens. All was brilliantly colored, noisy. All was open and unashamed.

Sometimes the daughter of a respectable but impoverished citizen living in a provincial town, hearing the splendors of Rome or of some other city larger than her own, ran away from home and slowly drifted into a life of prostitution. Free harlots were more common in Rome than they had been in classical Greece.

The Roman prostitutes of the higher class were mostly freed slaves or the daughters of such. Many of the famous harlots were Asiatic women. Some of them had been enslaved, others came willingly to Rome and other cities of the empire to pursue their trade. As we have seen in the case of the hetæræ in Greece, a number of courtesans became historical figures. In Horace we find a large number of names. Cynara and Lalage, Lydia and Phyllis, they are all familiar to us.

However, we can not always pin these names down to definite persons. They were often what the French call *noms de guerre* or war-names, that is, pleasant-sounding pseudonyms adopted for professional purposes. As we call many dogs Rover or Prince, the ancients called many prostitutes Lalage, from the Greek word for prattling or talking baby-fashion.

It is to be noted that many courtesans were accomplished in more than baby talk. There

were splendid musicians among them, and even poets. To these women opportunities not dreamed of by honorable wives and maidens were extended. A woman of the prostitute class, moreover, was valued all the more by her lovers if she had a reputation as a wit or an artist.

We moderns have a prejudice against the bluestocking. We are especially inclined to think of her as being epicene. Here classical opinion offers a marked contrast with ours. Just those women given over to delight were the ones who developed their literary and artistic powers. There is no good reason why this should be otherwise, since the whole artistic impulse appears to have arisen out of the sexual libido.

Perhaps in a half-conscious striving for this spiritual freedom, many married women of Rome secretly gave themselves up to prostitution. The wives of emperors sold themselves to all comers in the brothel. The name of Messalina, wife of the emperor Claudius, is especially notorious in this connection. She was at last put to death, in the forty-eighth year of the Christian era, because she publicly married a handsome Roman youth while her husband was busy elsewhere.

Juvenal tells us of this empress that she had a cell or compartment reserved regularly for her in a house of prostitution. Each night she came, disguised in a blonde wig and taking the name of Lycisca. Messalina was pretty surely mentally ill, and close to the border line of insanity.

It is noteworthy that the Roman poets of the imperial period called the brothel a shameful and dirty place. This is a change from the attitude of Solon and the Greeks of his time.

The Roman brothels were usually divided into windowless cells leading off from a corridor. Male and female prostitutes were often found in the same lupanar. In the principal hall a number of prostitutes might be ranged, from among whom the visitor was permitted to take his choice. There might be young girls in the line as well as middle-aged women, long experienced in the ways of shame.

Of course the famous courtesans of antiquity needed neither to occupy brothel cells nor to go hunting in the streets. Appointments were made with a servant, and the fee was arranged in advance.

At the entrances to some lupanars signs were posted, giving a list of the inmates, with sometimes an account of the specialties of each and the fees charged. The lowest charge seems to have been the equivalent of only a few cents of our money. The highest charge was as much as some sex-intoxicated and wealthy patrician could afford to pay, or a little more.

Then, as is still the case, frequent visitors were accustomed to bring presents as well as the regular charge. The well-known courtesans received valuable jewelry and other costly articles. This custom (I speak by the authority of the Sunday magazines and the periodicals devoted to sophisticated but not vulgar fiction) still prevails.

In the Roman comedies we find many de-

tails as to the sale of prostituted slaves and as to their leasing for specified periods. The contracts between speculators and panders were often considered in the law-courts. As to the greater prevalence of sexual abnormalities in antiquity, we may attribute this in part to the fact that the mass of the prostitues were slaves, who had willy-nilly to do as they were bidden. Iwan Bloch says that the brothel is today the great teacher of perversities. However, the courtesan is now usually at least to a degree mistress of her own actions.

"And then he asked of her a monstrous thing.
The strumpet blanched and, rising from the couch,
Spat in His face."

Thus George Sylvester Viereck depicts a modern situation in "The Pilgrim" ("The Three Sphinxes and Other Poems," LITTLE BLUE BOOK number 579). Indeed the present-day harlot is likely enough to be something of a Puritan. A member of the sisterhood who wrote her confessions not very long ago, proudly stated that she had never committed the one unpardonable sin. She had never presumed to alter the face God had given her with rouge or powder.

As we have seen, the ancients did not frown upon perversions. The sadistic emperors of Rome did much to encourage the joy in cruelty among their subjects. Blood flowed freely from the wounds of gladiators, and gentle Roman ladies turned their thumbs down to sig-

nify that they desired death and not mercy. The lesser degrees of sadism and masochism were satisfied in the brothels. The great epidemic of masochism which took place in the Roman Empire is described in histories of the early Christian church. I refer, of course, to the martyrs.

In my edition for The Little Blue Books of "The Kama Sutra," a Hindu love manual, I have spoken of the importance which the Hindus attached to pain in their erotology. In this present booklet I have no room to discuss conditions outside Greece and Rome. Of course, prostitution was important in many other countries in ancient times.

The Greek tax on free courtesans has already been mentioned. Beginning in the reign of Alexander Severus, in the third Christian century, this tax was introduced into the Roman Empire. The proceeds were devoted to popular amusements, to the circus and to the theater. Thus the women of pleasure were taxed to provide more pleasure for the voluptuous populace.

The free prostitutes of antiquity stood under the control of certain magistrates, usually those who exercised the general supervision of morals. The Roman Ædiles, who made regulations for the courtesans, were also in charge of the sanitation of the city, the baths and the markets.

In Rome the prostitutes had to wear a distinctive costume. This was as rich and as brilliantly dyed as the harlot could afford. Respectable matrons more simple clothes, espe-

cially in the republican days. The dark toga was the special mark of the harlot.

A passage in Horace to which I have already referred speaks of the long flowing gown of the married woman, which did not permit her feet to be seen. The harlot wore comparatively little clothing. It would have been considered highly presumptuous for her to wear the palla or cloak of the matron. In the time of the empire, these differences in dress became obscured.

Prostitutes had to receive licenses from the Ædiles when they began to ply their trade, and their names were enrolled in a register. Police registration of courtesans is still required in many European cities.

We find several of the imperial laws directed against the prostitution of a wife by her husband. Other laws we find attempting to keep free Roman women, or at least those of noble descent, from prostitution. The Emperor Tacitus attempted to abolish all brothels in the city of Rome, but found the accomplishment impossible. This was in the third Christian century. Theodosius the Great and Valentinian I, in the next century, absolutely forbade prostitution within the limits of the Roman Empire.

Justinian, Roman Emperor of the East in the Sixth Century, famous for the legal compilations drawn up in his reign, continued the work of attempting to extirpate prostitution. For a reason which we shall see later, this fact is especially curious.

These legal attacks upon the courtesans all

took place in Christian times, after the downfall of the antique, pagan spirit. . Yet the Middle Ages pretty generally accepted prostitution as a necessary evil.

Among the pagan Romans the feeling that prostitution was dirty and dishonorable had already penetrated. Even though a harlot was free, she had not the rights of a woman of the citizen class. Her word was not taken in a court of law. She could not sue for debts arising in the exercise of her trade.

In imperial Rome men came gradually over to the view that it wasn't entirely a matter-of-fact and honorable thing to enter a lupanar. Persons of good family and established position did not want to be recognized in the act of walking into a brothel. They covered their heads, and came in only after dark.

This was a change from the opinion of Greece and of Republican Rome that prostitution, because it protected the sacred institution of marriage from adultery, was therefore praiseworthy.

The praise had hardly been extended to include the prostitutes themselves. Under Augustus a law was enacted forbidding the marriage of citizens with prostitutes and former prostitutes. Men of senatorial rank were forbidden to marry even a maiden descended from a prostitute. However, a courtesan might be taken into a senator's house to live there as his concubine.

In a few cases there were marriages between prostitutes and persons of high rank. The marriage of Thais to Ptolemy of Egypt has

already been mentioned. The Emperor, Justinian married Theodora, who had been from childhood an actress in the mimes and a prostituted slave. We are told that she had been proficient in her work, and had taught the other girls in the brothel the tricks of the trade. Theodora worked with her husband in the attempt to abolish prostitution. Before Justinian married her, he had repealed Constantine's law which forbade a person of senatorial rank to marry an actress in the mimes. Theodora was made empress regnant, and she took an important part in the business of government. She seems to have made Justinian a good and respectable wife.

Many of the details of the sexual life of antiquity are preserved for us in Ovid's poem, "The Art of Love." When the poet was banished from Rome, the profligacy of his book was alleged as the reason. It has been supposed, however, that the real reason was his intrigue with Julia, the emperor's granddaughter.

Ovid's book deals only with sexual relations outside the tie of marriage. It is a manual of instructions for having pleasant dealings with courtesans, supplemented by hints to the prostitutes on how to make their profession profitable and agreeable to themselves.

Martial, Juvenal, Catullus, Tibullus and Petronius are some of the other Latin writers from whose works we may learn much about the sexual morals and practices of the Romans.

The theory has been advanced that in his

"Satyricon" Petronius meant to satirize the Emperor Nero. There is a passage in the book where two men invade a ceremony sacred to women. This was reminiscent of the act of Publius Clodius, a notorious enemy to Cicero, who profaned the mysteries of the Good Goddess. Because, it is said, he had fallen in love with Caesar's wife, he disguised himself in woman's attire and entered Caesar's house, where the ceremonies were being held. For this serious offense Clodius was put on trial, and he escaped only by bribing the jurors. How very modern some of these stories seem!

For such a mysterious orgy as this, see "The Bacchantes" of Euripides, in Gilbert Murray's translation or in the version by Alexander Harvey (Little Blue Book number 418). On page 10 of this edition, where the thyrsus is designated as "lively and vivacious," Mr. Harvey adds a note to the effect that "the thyrsus was called wanton or insolent because of the liberties the Bacchantes took with their wands." This does not quite hit the mark. The thyrsus, a staff entwined with ivy, was a phallic symbol. It betokened the male regenerative organ. Reason enough for it to be called "wanton," quite aside from its use in the mysteries.

Petronius says plainly that the women whom his two male characters happen to come upon are carrying phallic symbols. We are told that the ceremonies are carried on in the temple of Priapus, a sexual god.

The "Satyricon" is especially valuable for what it tells us of homosexuality. It is chiefly to this which Mr. J. M. Mitchell refers in the

introduction to his version of Petronius (one of the "Broadway Translations" published by Dutton).

"It is a great misfortune," he says, "that the Satyricon should contain so much that is alien to modern taste. One passage has been omitted altogether, and a number of other passages has, as in Mr. Heseltine's version in the Loeb Series, been left in the original Latin. In many other cases, where the sense allowed, the translation represents the original in a modified form. Such devices, unsatisfactory though they be, cannot reasonably be avoided, and it is hoped that the result will be excused on the score of public decency."

Public decency is the censor which restricts unexpurgated books to them that can afford limited editions and, in certain cases, to them who can read the books in the original language. Since the "Satyricon" is fragmentary as we have it, it is almost meaningless when it is cut up still more by the censors. Especially obnoxious is the use without warning of euphuisms which pervert the sense of the original.

In a poem, "The Civil War," which is recited in the well-known banquet scene of the "Satyricon," the Oriental practice of castrating slaves, which had been imported into Greece and Rome, is violently attacked. The Oriental eunuchs were used to guard the seraglio; the Papal choirs have employed eunuchs in order to secure mature male soprano voices. In the European ancient world, they were used in homosexual prostitution.

We have seen how in the later days of the Roman Empire abolitionists of the brothel arose. All sorts of opinions were expressed about the public utility of prostitution. It was sometimes a religious performance, sometimes a necessary evil, sometimes and unnecessary evil which ought promptly to be suppressed.

It is not the purpose of this little book to point morals. Almost any desired lesson could be tacked on to a statement of the facts of prostitution in the classical world. About the only thing it is safe to say is that no matter how much superstitions change, no matter how much the will to believe may fasten itself upon new objects, no matter how much economic and social conditions may vary, human nature remains pretty much the same.

This fact, which at first sight seems to contradict the evolutionary doctrines, appears upon further consideration to explain and strengthen them. No wonder, when changes are so gradual, that we fail to see the transformation of one species into another. Surely the sexual impulses of men have been pretty much the same for thousands of years. It is interesting to note how romantic love, which is largely a matter of convention, can be a very different thing to two races, each being mentally and physically very similar to the other.

Shelley considered himself the disciple of Plato. How very differently, though, the two men thought of love! This in spite of the fact that the English poet could use the Athenian philosopher's very phrases.

HOMOSEXUAL PROSTITUTION IN THE ANCIENT WORLD

My last topic in this little book is one on which antique public opinion and the modern view are far apart. Consequently the subject is a delicate one.

I will assume (what is not rare) total ignorance on this subject in the minds of my readers. There are persons who are attracted to individuals of the same sex in the manner in which ordinary normal people are drawn to those of the opposite sex. These homosexuals are sexually repulsed by individuals of the opposite gender, as heterosexuals are sexually repulsed by those of the same sex. The homosexual man is drawn to males, the homosexual woman is attracted by females. Homosexuality, so far as we can tell, has existed since the dawn of history.

Krafft-Ebing was at first of the opinion that homosexuals were to be considered degenerate products of civilization, but he later found reason to modify his view. The homosexuals form a bridge between the typically male and the typically female. It is to be understood, then, that they are not merely criminals drawn on by some inexplicable curiosity to explore strange fields of vice.

Iwan Bloch distinguishes between true homosexuality and what he calls pseudohomosexuality. The true homosexual, he says, may deviate from psychic normality only in this one respect. There is no doubt that many men of

genius have been born with homosexual tendencies. Among them are to be named Oscar Wilde, Walt Whitman, the Russian composer Tschaikowsky, and numerous others.

Whether homosexuality be a sign of mental illness or not there is no good reason why it should be punished by law. Probably the proportion of congenital homosexuals in the general population is about one in a hundred.

The homosexuals in classical Greece were much more numerous than this proportion would indicate. Furthermore, many of them were clearly bisexual, attracted in love by both their own and the opposite sex. This indicates pseudohomosexuality, a condition which is not innate but acquired.

The love of a man for a boy, or pederasty, came to Greece from the Orient. No doubt it was spread by natural homosexuals to heterosexual individuals. Especially because the psychic life of women was hardly recognized, romantic love came in Greece to be centered on the boy.

Homosexual prostitution has had religious importance. Among the Romans homosexuality between women (tribady) was considered a sacrifice to Pudicitia, goddess of modesty, and to the Bona Dea or Good Goddess, sister of Faunus the goat-footed. It was a homosexual orgy to which Publius Clodius was a witness in Caesar's house. Sappho, the Greek poetess, is the most famous of the women known to have practiced tribady.

Boy and men prostitutes used cosmetics and perfumes, sang and played erotic music, exe-

cuted erotic dances, much in the same fashion as the female prostitutes. So far as prostitution goes, homosexuality among the ancients meant relations between males. Female homosexuality was carried on either in the religious orgies or privately at home.

The greatest men of Greece practiced pederasty. How many of them were natural homosexuals, how many congenitally heterosexual, it is impossible to say, especially because there are all sorts of conditions in between the two poles, and no man is altogether free from bisexuality.

Plato's "Lysis" speaks plainly of the love of a man for a boy. This love, although it had its ideal side, was based on physical relations. Indeed the Romans omitted to sublimate pederasty, and to them only the sensual side mattered.

Just how important homosexual prostitution was in antiquity is a question that must be answered from an incomplete record. We have no contemporary account of prostitution that is complete and detailed. However, it is certain that at least in certain times and places the hiring out of men for the sexual satisfaction of other men was as important as the traffic in women.

The idea that homosexuality was honorable does not appear to have prevailed in Solon's time, although two centuries later Socrates found nothing ill in it. Only the prostitution of one's body did he condemn, and not relations between friends.

After Plato's time, homosexual prostitution

became general, and the idea that friendship and love should enter into the relationship was gradually abandoned. The male prostitutes, like the female, were generally slaves.

Several of the Roman emperors, among whom Heliogabalus is especially to be noted, were favorable to the homosexually prostituted youths. Great prices were paid for handsome young slaves.

The male prostitutes were recognizable on the street by the paint on their faces, by the garb they wore, and by special gestures the significance of which was generally understood. In general they imitated as closely as possible the women who followed the same trade.

In some cases a male companion was retained for a long period, and there might even be a "marriage" ceremony to signalize the beginning of a relationship. Nero and Heliogabalus both went through such ceremonies.

Some male prostitutes offered themselves both to men and to women, or to women exclusively. Many a Roman matron, in the luxurious imperial days, paid for the favors of a gladiator or an actor or some other handsome slave.

A good deal of antique art was devoted to homosexual love. There are very few indications that it was found disgusting or even shameful. In this one matter we have gone very far from the classical ideal.

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 1056
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

The Devil's Dictionary

Ambrose Bierce

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PREFACE

The Devil's Dictionary was begun in a weekly paper in 1881, and was continued in a desultory way and at long intervals until 1906. In that year a large part of it was published in covers with the title *The Cynic's Word Book*, a name which the author had not the power to reject nor the happiness to approve. To quote the publishers of the present work:

"This more reverent title had previously been forced upon him by the religious scruples of the last newspaper in which a part of the work had appeared, with the natural consequence that when it came out in covers the country already had been flooded by its imitators with a score of 'cynic' books—*The Cynic's This*, *The Cynic's That*, and *The Cynic's t'Other*. Most of these books were merely stupid, though some of them added the distinction of silliness. Among them, they brought the word 'cynic' into disfavor so deep that any book bearing it was discredited in advance of publication."

Meantime, too, some of the enterprising humorists of the country had helped themselves to such parts of the work as served their needs, and many of its definitions, anecdotes, phrases and so forth, had become more or less current in popular speech. This explanation is made, not with any pride of priority in trifles, but in simple denial of possible charges of plagiarism, which is no trifle. In merely resuming his own the author hopes to be held guiltless by those to whom the work is addressed—enlightened souls who prefer dry wines to sweet, sense to sentiment, wit to humor and clean English to slang.

A conspicuous, and it is hoped not unpleasing, feature of the book is its abundant illustrative quotations from eminent poets, chief of whom is that learned and ingenious cleric, Father Gassalasca Jape, S. J., whose lines bear his initials. To Father Jape's kindly encouragement and assistance the author of the prose text is greatly indebted.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY

A

ABNORMAL, *adj.* Not conforming to standard. In matters of thought and conduct, to be independent is to be abnormal, to be abnormal is to be detested. Wherefore the lexicographer adviseth a striving toward a straiter resemblance to the Average Man than he hath to himself. Whoso attaineth thereto shall have peace, the prospect of death and the hope of Hell.

ABSOLUTE, *adj.* Independent, irresponsible. An absolute monarchy is one in which the sovereign does as he pleases so long as he pleases the assassins. Not many absolute monarchies are left, most of them having been replaced by limited monarchies, where the sovereign's power for evil (and for good) is greatly curtailed, and by republics, which are governed by chance.

ABSTAINER, *n.* A weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure. A total abstainer is one who abstains from everything but abstention, and especially from inactivity in the affairs of others.

ABSURDITY, *n.* A statement or belief manifestly inconsistent with one's own opinion.

ACADEME, *n.* An ancient school where morality and philosophy were taught.

ACADEMY, *n.* (from *academe*). A modern school where football is taught.

ACHIEVEMENT, *n.* The death of endeavor and the birth of disgust.

ACQUAINTANCE, *n.* A person whom we know well enough to borrow from, but not well

enough to lend to. A degree of friendship called slight when its object is poor or obscure, and intimate when he is rich or famous.

ADAMANT, *n.* A mineral frequently found beneath a corset. Soluble in solicitate of gold.

ADHERENT, *n.* A follower who has not yet obtained all that he expects to get.

ADMIRATION, *n.* Our polite recognition of another's resemblance to ourselves.

AIM, *n.* The task we set our wishes to.

> "Cheer up! Have you no aim in life?"
> She tenderly inquired.
> "An aim? Well, no, I haven't, wife;
> The fact is—I have fired."
>
> —*G. J.*

ALLIANCE, *n.* In international politics, the union of two thieves who have their hands so deeply inserted in each other's pocket that they cannot separately plunder a third.

APOLOGIZE, *v. i.* To lay the foundation for a future offense.

APPETITE, *n.* An instinct thoughtfully implanted by Providence as a solution to the labor question.

APPLAUSE, *n.* The echo of a platitude.

ARDOR, *n.* The quality that distinguishes love without knowledge.

ARISTOCRACY, *n.* Government by the best men. (In this sense the word is obsolete; so is that kind of government.) Fellows that wear downy hats and clean shirts—guilty of education and suspected of bank accounts.

ARTLESSNESS, *n.* A certain engaging quality to which women attain by long study and severe practice upon the admiring male, who

is pleased to fancy it resembles the candid simplicity of his young.

ASPERSE, *v. t.* Maliciously to ascribe to another vicious actions which one has not had the temptation and opportunity to commit.

B

BACK, *n.* That part of your friend which it is your privilège to contemplate in your adversity.

BACKBITE, *v. t.* To speak of a man as you find him when he can't find you.

BAIT, *n.* A preparation that renders the hook more palatable. The best kind is beauty.

BAROMETER, *n.* An ingenious instrument which indicates what kind of weather we are having.

BELLADONNA, *n.* In Italian a beautiful lady; in English a deadly poison. A striking example of the essential identity of the two tongues.

BIGOT, *n.* One who is obstinately and zealously attached to an opinion that you do not entertain.

BIRTH, *n.* The first and direst of all disasters. As to the nature of it there appears to be no uniformity. Castor and Pollux were born from the egg. Pallas came out of a skull. Galatea was once a block of stone. Peresilis, who wrote in the tenth century, avers that he grew up out of the ground where a priest had spilled holy water. It is known that Arimaxus was derived from a hole in the earth, made by a stroke of lightning. Leucomedon was the son of a cavern in Mount Ætna, and I have myself seen a man come out of a wine cellar.

BORE, *n.* A person who talks when you wish him to listen.

BOUNDARY, *n.* In political geography, an imaginary line between two nations, separating the imaginary rights of one from the imaginary rights of the other.

BRAIN, *n.* An apparatus with which we think that we think. That which distinguishes the man who is content to *be* something from the man who wishes to *do* something. A man of great wealth, or one who has been pitchforked into high station, has commonly such a headful of brain that his neighbors cannot keep their hats on. In our civilization, and under our republican form of government, brain is so highly honored that it is rewarded by exemption from the cares of office.

C

CALAMITY, *n.* A more than commonly plain and unmistakable reminder that the affairs of this life are not of our own ordering. Calamities are of two kinds: misfortune to ourselves, and good fortune to others.

CANONICALS, *n.* The motley worn by Jesters of the Court of Heaven.

CAPITAL, *n.* The seat of misgovernment. That which provides fire, the pot, the dinner, the table and the knife and fork for the anarchist; the part of the repast that he himself supplies is the disgrace before meat. *Capital Punishment,* a penalty regarding the justice and expediency of which many worthy persons—including all the assassins—entertain grave misgivings.

CAT, *n.* A soft, indestructible automaton provided by nature to be kicked when things go wrong in the domestic circle.

CHILDHOOD, *n.* The period of human life intermediate between the idiocy of infancy and the folly of youth—two removes from the sin of manhood and three from the remorse of age.

CHRISTIAN, *n.* One who believes that the New Testament is a divinely inspired book admirably suited to the spiritual needs of his neighbor. One who follows the teachings of Christ in so far as they are not inconsistent with a life of sin.

I dreamed I stood upon a hill, and, lo!
The godly multitudes walked to and fro
Beneath, in Sabbath garments fitly clad,
With pious mien, appropriately sad,
While all the church bells made a solemn din—
A fire-alarm to those who lived in sin.
Then saw I gazing thoughtfully below,
With tranquil face, upon that holy show
A tall, spare figure in a robe of white,
Whose eyes diffused a melancholy light.
"God keep you, stranger," I exclaimed. "You are
No doubt (your habit shows it) from afar;
And yet I entertain the hope that you,
Like these good people, are a Christian too."
He raised his eyes and with a look so stern
It made me with a thousand blushes burn
Replied—his manner with disdain was spiced:
"What! I a Christian? No, indeed! I'm Christ."

—*G. J.*

CIRCUS, *n.* A place where horses, ponies and elephants are permitted to see men, women and children acting the fool.

CLAIRVOYANT, *n.* A person, commonly a woman, who has the power of seeing that which is invisible to her patron—namely, that he is a blockhead.

CLERGYMAN, *n.* A man who undertakes the management of our spiritual affairs as a method of bettering his temporal one.

CLOCK, *n.* A machine of great moral value to man, allaying his concern for the future by reminding him what a lot of time remains to him.

CONGRATULATIONS, *n.* The civility of envy.

CONNOISSEUR, *n.* A specialist who knows everything about something and nothing about anything else.

An old wine-bibber having been smashed in a railway collision, some wine was poured upon his lips to revive him. "Pauillac, 1873," he murmured, and died.

CONSERVATIVE, *n.* A statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others.

CONSULT, *v. t.* To seek another's approval of a course already decided on.

CONTEMPT, *n.* The feeling of a prudent man for an enemy who is too formidable safely to be opposed.

CORPORATION, *n.* An ingenious device for obtaining individual profit without individual responsibility.

COWARD, *n.* One who in a perilous emergency thinks with his legs.

CUPID, *n.* The so-called god of love. This bastard creation of a barbarous fancy was no doubt inflicted upon mythology for the sins of its deities. Of all unbeautiful and inappropriate conceptions this is the most reasonless and offensive. The notion of symbolizing sexual love by a semi-sexless babe, and comparing the

pains of passion to the wounds of an arrow—of introducing this pudgy homunculus into art grossly to materialize the subtle spirit and suggestion of the work—this is eminently worthy of the age that, giving it birth, laid it on the doorstep of posterity.

CURIOSITY, *n.* An objectionable quality of the female mind. The desire to know whether or not a woman is cursed with curiosity is one of the most active and insatiable passions of the masculine soul.

D

DAMN, *v.* A word formerly much used by the Paphlagonians, the meaning of which is lost. By the learned Dr. Dolabelly Gak it is believed to have been a term of satisfaction, implying the highest possible degree of mental tranquillity. Professor Groke, on the contrary, thinks it expressed an emotion of tumultuous delight, because it so frequently occurs in combination with the word *jod* or *god*, meaning "joy." It would be with great diffidence that I should advance an opinion conflicting with that of either of these formidable authorities.

DANCE, *v. i.* To leap about to the sound of tittering music, preferably with arms about your neighbor's wife or daughter. There are many kinds of dances, but all those requiring the participation of the two sexes have two characteristics in common: they are conspicuously innocent, and warmly loved by the vicious.

DAY, *n.* A period of twenty-four hours, mostly misspent. This period is divided into two parts, the day proper and the night, or day im-

proper—the former devoted to sins of business, the latter consecrated to the other sort. These two kinds of social activity overlap.

DECALOGUE, *n.* A series of commandments, ten in number—just enough to permit an intelligent selection for observance, but not enough to embarrass the choice. Following is the revised edition of the Decalogue, calculated for this meridian.

Thou shalt no God but me adore:
'Twere too expensive to have more.

No images nor idols make
For Robert Ingersoll to break.

Take not God's name in vain; select
A time when it will have effect.

Work not on Sabbath days at all,
But go to see the teams play ball.

Honor thy parents. That creates
For life insurance lower rates.

Kill not, abet not those who kill;
Thou shalt not pay thy butcher's bill.

Kiss not thy neighbor's wife, unless
Thine own thy neighbor doth caress.

Don't steal; thou'lt never thus compete
Successfully in business. Cheat.

Bear not false witness—that is low—
But "hear 'tis rumored so and so."

Covet thou naught that thou hast not
By hook or crook, or somehow, got.

—*G. J.*

DELUSION, *n.* The father of a most respectable family, comprising Enthusiasm, Affection, Self-denial, Faith, Hope, Charity and many other goodly sons and daughters.

All hail, Delusion! Were it not for thee
The world turned topsy-turvy we should see;
For Vice, respectable with cleanly fancies,
Would fly abandoned Virtue's gross advances.
—*Mumfrey Mappel.*

DESTINY, *n.* A tyrant's authority for crime and a fool's excuse for failure.

DIARY, *n.* A daily record of that part of one's life, which he can relate to himself without blushing.

DICTIONARY, *n.* A malevolent literary device for cramping the growth of a language and making it hard and inelastic. This dictionary, however, is a most useful work.

DIPLOMACY, *n.* The patriotic art of lying for one's country.

DISCUSSION, *n.* A method of confirming others in their errors.

DISOBEDIENCE, *n.* The silver lining to the cloud of servitude.

DISTANCE, *n.* The only thing that the rich are willing for the poor to call theirs, and keep.

DIVINATION, *n.* The art of nosing out the occult. Divination is of as many kinds as there are fruit-bearing varieties of the flowering dunce and the early fool.

DOG, *n.* A kind of additional or subsidiary Deity designed to catch the overflow and surplus of the world's worship. This Divine Being in some of his smaller and silkier incarnations takes, in the affection of Woman, the place to which there is no human male aspirant. The Dog is a survival—an anachronism. He toils not, neither does he spin, yet Solomon in all his glory never lay upon a door-mat all day long, sun-soaked and fly-fed and fat, while his

master worked for the means wherewith to purchase an idle wag of the Solomonic tail, seasoned with a look of tolerant recognition.

E

ECCENTRICITY, *n.* A method of distinction so cheap that fools employ it to accentuate their incapacity.

EDIBLE, *adj.* Good to eat, and wholesome to digest, as a worm to a toad, a toad to a snake, a snake to a pig, a pig to a man, and a man to a worm.

EDUCATION, *n.* That which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.

EFFECT, *n.* The second of two phenomena which always occur together in the same order. The first, called a Cause, is said to generate the other—which is no more sensible than it would be for one who has never seen a dog except in pursuit of a rabbit to declare the rabbit the cause of the dog.

EGOTIST, *n.* A person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me.

ELOQUENCE *n.* The art of orally persuading fools that white is the color that it appears to be. It includes the gift of making any color appear white.

EMBALM, *v. t.* To cheat vegetation by locking up the gases upon which it feeds. By embalming their dead and thereby deranging the natural balance between animal and vegetable life, the Egyptians made their once fertile and populous country barren and incapable of supporting more than a meager crew. The modern

metallic burial casket is a step in the same direction, and many a dead man who ought now to be ornamenting his neighbor's lawn as a tree, or enriching his table as a bunch of radishes, is doomed to a long inutility. We shall get him after awhile if we are spared, but in the meantime the violet and rose are languishing for a nibble at his *glutoeus maximus*.

ENVELOPE, *n.* The coffin of a document; the scabbard of a bill; the husk of a remittance; the bed-gown of a love-letter.

ERUDITION, *n.* Dust shaken out of a book into an empty skull.

EVANGELIST, *n.* A bearer of good tidings, particularly (in a religious sense) such as assure us of our own salvation and the damnation of our neighbors.

EXCESS, *n.* In morals, an indulgence that enforces by appropriate penalties the law of moderation.

EXECUTIVE, *n.* An officer of the Government, whose duty it is to enforce the wishes of the legislative power until such time as the judicial department shall be pleased to pronounce them invalid and of no effect.

EXILE, *n.* One who serves his country by residing abroad, yet is not an ambassador.

An English sea-captain being asked if he had read "The Exile of Erin," replied: "No, sir; but I should like to anchor on it." Years afterward, when he had been hanged as a pirate after a career of unparalleled atrocities, the following memorandum was found in the ship's log that he had kept at the time of his reply:

"Aug. 3d, 1842. Made a joke on the ex-Isle of Erin. Coldly received. War with the whole world!"

EXPERIENCE, *n.* The wisdom that enables us to recognize as an undesirable old acquaintance the folly that we have already embraced.

EXTINCTION, *n.* The raw material out of which theology created the future state.

F

FAITH, *n.* Belief without evidence in what is told by one who speaks without knowledge, of things without parallel.

FASHION, *n.* A despot whom the wise ridicule and obey.

FELON, *n.* A person of greater enterprise than discretion, who in embracing an opportunity has formed an unfortunate attachment.

FEMALE, *n.* One of the opposing, or unfair, sex.

FIB, *n.* A lie that has not cut its teeth. An habitual liar's nearest approach to truth: the perigee of his eccentric orbit.

FICKLENESS, *n.* The iterated satiety of an enterprising affection.

FIDDLE, *n.* An instrument to tickle human ears by friction of a horse's tail on the entrails of a cat.

FIDELITY, *n.* A virtue peculiar to those who are about to be betrayed.

FINANCE, *n.* The art or science of managing revenues and resources for the best advantage of the manager. The pronunciation of this word with the *i* long and the accent on the first syllable is one of America's most precious discoveries and possessions.

FLAG, *n.* A colored rag borne above troops and hoisted on forts and ships. It appears to

serve the same purpose as certain signs that one sees on vacant lots in London—"Rubbish may be shot here."

FLESH, *n.* The Second Person of the secular Trinity.

FOLLY, *n.* That "gift and faculty divine" whose creative and controlling energy inspires Man's mind, guides his actions and adorns his life.

FOOL, *n.* A person who pervades the domain of intellectual speculation and diffuses himself through the channels of moral activity. He is omnific, omniform, omnipercipient, omniscient, omnipotent. He it was who invented letters, printing, the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph, the platitude and the circle of the sciences. He created patriotism and taught the nations war—founded theology, philosophy, law, medicine and Chicago. He established monarchical and republican government. He is from everlasting to everlasting—such as creation's dawn beheld he fooleth now. In the morning of time he sang upon primitive hills, and in the noonday of existence headed the procession of being. His grandmotherly hand has warmly tucked-in the set sun of civilization, and in the twilight he prepares Man's evening meal of milk-and-morality and turns down the covers of the universal grave. And after the rest of us shall have retired for the night of eternal oblivion he will sit up to write a history of human civilization.

FORK, *n.* An instrument used chiefly for the purpose of putting dead animals into the mouth. Formerly the knife was employed for

this purpose, and by many worthy persons is still thought to have many advantages over the other tool, which, however, they do not altogether reject, but use to assist in charging the knife. The immunity of these persons from swift and awful death is one of the most striking proofs of God's mercy to those that hate Him.

FREEDOM, *n.* Exemption from the stress of authority in a beggarly half dozen of restraint's infinite multitude of methods. A political condition that every nation supposes itself to enjoy in virtual monopoly. Liberty. The distinction between freedom and liberty is not accurately known; naturalists have never been able to find a living specimen of either.

FREEMASONS, *n.* An order with secret rites, grotesque ceremonies and fantastic costumes, which, originating in the reign of Charles II, among working artisans of London, has been joined successively by the dead of past centuries in unbroken retrogression until now it embraces all the generations of man on the hither side of Adam and is drumming up distinguished recruits among the pre-Creational inhabitants of Chaos and the Formless Void. The order was founded at different times by Charlemagne, Julius Cæsar, Cyrus, Solomon, Zoroaster, Confucius, Thothmes, and Buddha. Its emblems and symbols have been found in the Catacombs of Paris and Rome, on the stones of the Parthenon and the Chinese Great Wall, among the temples of Karnak and Palmyra and in the Egyptian Pyramids—always by a Freemason.

FROG, *n.* A reptile with edible legs. The frog is a diligent songster, having a good voice but no ear.

FUNERAL, *n.* A pageant whereby we attest our respect for the dead by enriching the undertaker, and strengthen our grief by an expenditure that deepens our groans and doubles our tears.

FUTURE, *n.* That period of time in which our affairs prosper, our friends are true and our happiness is assured.

G

GALLOWS, *n.* A stage for the performance of miracle plays, in which the leading actor is translated to heaven. In this country the gallows is chiefly remarkable for the number of persons who escape it.

GEOLOGY, *n.* The science of the earth's crust —to which, doubtless, will be added that of its interior whenever a man shall come up garrulous out of a well. The geological formations of the globe already noted are catalogued thus: The Primary, or lower one, consists of rocks, bones of mired mules, gas-pipes, miners' tools, antique statues minus the nose, Spanish doubloons and ancestors. The Secondary is largely made up of red worms and moles. The Tertiary comprises railway tracks, patent pavements, grass, snakes, mouldy boots, beer bottles, tomato cans, intoxicated citizens, garbage, anarchists, snap-dogs and fools.

GHOST, *n.* The outward and visible sign of an inward fear.

Accounting for the uncommon behavior of ghosts, Heine mentions somebody's ingenious

theory to the effect that they are as much afraid of us as we of them. Not quite, if I may judge from such tables of comparative speed as I am able to compile from memories of my own experience.

There is one insuperable obstacle to a belief in ghosts. A ghost never comes naked: he appears either in a winding-sheet or "in his habit as he lived." To believe in him, then, is to believe that not only have the dead the power to make themselves visible after there is nothing left of them, but that the same power inheres in textile fabrics. Supposing the products of the loom to have this ability, what object would they have in exercising it? And why does not the apparition of a suit of clothes sometimes walk abroad without a ghost in it? These be riddles of significance. They reach away down and get a convulsive grasp on the very tap-root of this flourishing faith.

GLUTTON, *n.* A person who escapes the evils of moderation by committing dyspepsia.

GRAMMAR, *n.* A system of pitfalls thoughtfully prepared for the feet of the self-made man, along the path by which he advances to distinction.

GRAVE, *n.* A place in which the dead are laid to await the coming of the medical student.

GRAVITATION, *n.* The tendency of all bodies to approach one another with a strength proportioned to the quantity of matter they contain—the quantity of matter they contain being ascertained by the strength of their tendency to approach one another. This is a lovely and

edifying illustration of how science, having made A the proof of B, makes B the proof of A.

GUILLOTINE, *n.* A machine which makes a Frenchman shrug his shoulders with good reason.

H

HALO, *n.* Properly, a luminous ring encircling an astronomical body, but not infrequently confounded with "aureola," or "nimbus," a somewhat similar phenomenon worn as a headdress by divinities and saints. The halo is a purely optical illusion, produced by moisture in the air, in the manner of a rainbow; but the aureola is conferred as a sign of superior sanctity, in the same way as a bishop's mitre, or the Pope' tiara. In the painting of the Nativity, by Szedgkin, a pious artist of Pesth, not only do the Virgin and the Child wear the nimbus, but an ass nibbling hay from the sacred manger is similarly decorated and, to his lasting honor be it said, appears to bear his unaccustomed dignity with a truly saintly grace.

HAND, *n.* A singular instrument worn at the end of the human arm and commonly thrust into somebody's pocket.

HANDKERCHIEF, *n.* A small square of silk or linen, used in various ignoble offices about the face and especially serviceable at funerals to conceal the lack of tears. The handkerchief is of recent invention; our ancestors knew nothing of it and intrusted its duties to the sleeve. Shakespeare's introducing it into the play of "Othello" is an anachronism: Desdemona dried her nose with her skirt, as Dr. Mary Walker

and other reformers have done with their coat-tails in our own day—an evidence that revolutions sometimes go backward.

HEATHEN, *n.* A benighted creature who has the folly to worship something that he can see and feel.

HEAVEN, *n.* A place where the wicked cease from troubling you with talk of their personal affairs, and the good listen with attention while you expound your own.

HELPMATE, *n.* A wife, or bitter half.

"Now, why is yer wife called a helpmate, Pat?"
Says the priest. "Since the time o' yer wooin'
She's niver assisted in what ye were at—
For it's naught ye are ever doin'."

"That's true of yer Riverence," Patrick replies,
And no sign of contrition evinces;
"But, bedad, it's a fact which the word implies,
For she helps to mate the expinses!"

—*Marley Wottel.*

HEMP, *n.* A plant from whose fibrous bark is made an article of neckwear which is frequently put on after public speaking in the open and prevents the wearer from taking cold.

HERS, *pron.* His.

HISTORY, *n.* An account mostly false, of events mostly unimportant, which are brought about by rulers mostly knaves, and soldiers mostly fools.

HOMICIDE, *n.* The slaying of one human being by another. There are four kinds of homicide: felonious, excusable, justifiable and praiseworthy, but it makes no great difference to the person slain whether he fell by one kind or another—the classification is for the advantage of the lawyers.

HOSPITALITY, *n.* The virtue which induces us to feed and lodge certain persons who are not in need of food and lodging.

HOSTILITY, *n.* A peculiarly sharp and specially applied sense of the earth's overpopulation. Hostility is classed as active and passive; as (respectively) the feeling of a woman for her female friends, and that which she entertains for all the rest of her sex.

HOUSE, *n.* A hollow edifice erected for the habitation of man, rat, mouse, beetle, cockroach, fly, mosquito, flea, bacillus and microbe. *House of Correction*, a place of reward for political and personal service, and for the detention of offenders and appropriations. *House of God*, a building with a steeple and a mortgage on it. *House-dog*, a pestilent beast kept on domestic premises to insult persons passing by and appal the hardy visitor. *House-maid*, a youngerly person of the opposing sex employed to be variously disagreeable and ingeniously unclean in the station in which it has pleased God to place her.

HUMORIST, *n.* A plague that would have softened down the hoar austerity of Pharaoh's heart and persuaded him to dismiss Israel with his best wishes, cat-quick.

HYPOCRITE, *n.* One who, professing virtues that he does not respect, secures the advantage of seeming to be what he despises.

I

I is the first letter of the alphabet, the first word of the language, the first thought of the mind, the first object of affection. In grammar

it is a pronoun of the first person and singular number. Its plural is said to be *We*, but how there can be more than one myself is doubtless clearer to the grammarians than it is to the author of this incomparable dictionary. Conception of two myselves is difficult, but fine. The frank yet graceful use of "I" distinguishes a good writer from a bad; the latter carries it with the manner of a thief trying to cloak his loot.

ICONOCLAST, *n.* A breaker of idols, the worshipers whereof are imperfectly gratified by the performance, and most strenuously protest that he unbuildeth but doth not reedify, that he pulleth down but pileth not up. For the poor things would have other idols in place of those he thwacketh upon the mazzard and dispelleth. But the iconoclast saith: "Ye shall have none at all, for ye need them not; and if the rebuilder fooleth round hereabout, behold I will depress the head of him and sit thereon till he squawk it."

IDIOT, *n.* A member of a large and powerful tribe whose influence in human affairs has always been dominant and controlling. The Idiot's activity is not confined to any special field of thought or action, but "pervades and regulates the whole." He has the last word in everything; his decision is unappealable. He sets the fashions of opinion and taste, dictates the limitations of speech and circumscribes conduct with a dead-line.

IDLENESS, *n.* A model farm where the devil experiments with seeds of new sins and promotes the growth of staple vices.

ILLUSTRIOUS, *adj.* Suitably placed for the shafts of malice, envy and detraction.

IMAGINATION, *n.* A warehouse of facts, with poet and liar in joint ownership.

IMMIGRANT, *n.* An unenlightened person who thinks one country better than another.

IMMODEST, *adj.* Having a strong sense of one's own merit, coupled with a feeble conception of worth in others.

IMMORAL, *adj.* Inexpedient. Whatever in the long run and with regard to the greater number of instances men find to be generally inexpedient comes to be considered wrong, wicked, immoral. If man's notions of right and wrong have any other basis than this of expediency; if they originated, or could have originated, in any other way; if actions have in themselves a moral character apart from, and nowise dependent on, their consequences—then all philosophy is a lie and reason a disorder of the mind.

IMMORTALITY, *n.*

A toy which people cry for,
And on their knees apply for,
Dispute, contend and lie for,
  And if allowed
  Would be right proud
Eternally to die for.

—*G. J.*

IMPROVIDENCE, *n.* Provision for the needs of today from the revenues of tomorrow.

IMPUNITY, *n.* Wealth.

INDISCRETION, *n.* The guilt of woman.

INFANCY, *n.* The period of our lives when, according to Wordsworth, "Heaven lies about

us." The world begins lying about us pretty soon afterward.

INFIDEL, *n.* In New York, one who does not believe in the Christian religion; in Constantinople, one who does. A kind of scoundrel imperfectly reverent of, and niggardly contributory to, divines, ecclesiastics, popes, parsons, canons, monks, mollahs, voodoos, presbyters, hierophants, prelates, obeah-men, abbés, nuns, missionaries, exhorters, deacons, friars, hadjis, high-priests, muezzins, brahmins, medicine-men, confessors, eminences, elders, primates, prebendaries, pilgrims, prophets, imaums, beneficiaries, clerks, vicars-choral, archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, preachers, padres, abbotesses, caloyers, palmers, curates, patriarchs, bonezs, santons, beadsmen, canonesses, residentiaries, diocesans, deans, subdeans, rural deans, abdals, charm-sellers, archdeacons, hierarchs, class-leaders, incumbents, capitulars, sheiks, talapoins, postulants, scribes, gooroos, precentors, beadles, fakirs, sextons, reverences, revivalists, cenobites, perpetual curates, chaplains, mudjoes, readers, novices, vicars, pastors, rabbis, ulemas, lamas, sacristans, vergers, dervishes, lectors, church wardens, cardinals, prioresses, suffragans, acolytes, rectors, curés, sophis, mutifs and pumpums.

INSURRECTION, *n.* An unsuccessful revolution. Disaffection's failure to substitute misrule for bad government.

INTENTION, *n.* The mind's sense of the prevalence of one set of influences over another set; an effect whose cause is the imminence, imme-

diate or remote, of the performance of an involuntary act.

INTERPRETER, *n.* One who enables two persons of different languages to understand each other by repeating to each what it would have been to the interpreter's advantage for the other to have said.

INTIMACY, *n.* A relation into which fools are providentially drawn for their mutual destruction.

IRRELIGION, *n.* The principal one of the great faiths of the world.

J

J is a consonant in English, but some nations use it as a vowel—than which nothing could be more absurd. Its original form, which has been but slightly modified, was that of the tail of a subdued dog, and it was not a letter but a character, standing for a Latin verb, *jacere*, "to throw," because when a stone is thrown at a dog the dog's tail assumes that shape. This is the origin of the letter, as expounded by the renowned Dr. Jocolpus Bumer, of the University of Belgrade, who established his conclusion on the subject in a work of three quarto volumes and committed suicide on being reminded that the j in the Roman alphabet had originally no curl.

JEALOUS, *adj.* Unduly concerned about the preservation of that which can be lost only if not worth keeping.

K

KILL, *v. t.* To create a vacancy without nominating a successor.

KINDNESS, *n.* A brief preface to ten volumes of exaction.

KING, *n.* A male person commonly known in America as a "crowned head," although he never wears a crown and has usually no head to speak of.

KISS, *n.* A word invented by the poets as a rhyme for "bliss." It is supposed to signify, in a general way, some kind of rite or ceremony appertaining to a good understanding; but the manner of its performance is unknown to this lexicographer.

KORAN, *n.* A book which the Mohammedans foolishly believe to have been written by divine inspiration, but which Christians know to be a wicked imposture, contradictory to the Holy Scriptures.

L

LABOR, *n.* One of the processes by which A acquires property for B.

LAUGHTER, *n.* An interior convulsion, producing a distortion of the features and accompanied by inarticulate noises. It is infectious and, though intermittent, incurable. Liability to attacks of laugher is one of the characteristics distinguishing man from the animals —these being not only inaccessible to the provocation of his example, but impregnable to the microbes having original jurisdiction in bestowal of the disease. Whether laughter could be imparted to animals by inoculation from the human patient is a question that has not been answered by experimentation. Dr. Meir Witchell holds that the infectious character of laughter is due to instantaneous fermentation

of *sputa* diffused in a spray. From this peculiarity he names the disorder *Convulsio spargens*.

LEARNING, *n.* The kind of ignorance distinguishing the studious.

LECTURER, *n.* One with his hand in your pocket, his tongue in your ear and his faith in your patience.

LIBERTY, *n.* One of Imagination's most precious possessions.

The rising People, hot and out of breath,
Roared round the palace: "Liberty or death!"
"If death will do," the King said, "let me reign;
You'll have, I'm sure, no reason to complain."
—*Martha Braymance.*

LIFE, *n.* A spiritual pickle preserving the body from decay. We live in daily apprehension of its loss; yet when lost it is not missed. The question, "Is life worth living?" has been much discussed; particularly by those who think it is not, many of whom have written at great length in support of their view and by careful observance of the laws of health enjoyed for long terms of years the honors of successful controversy.

LIMB, *n.* The branch of a tree or the leg of an American woman.

LOVE, *n.* A temporary insanity curable by marriage or by removal of the patient from the influences under which he incurred the disorder. This disease, like *caries* and many other ailments, is prevalent only among civilized races living under artificial conditions; barbarous nations breathing pure air and eating simple food enjoy immunity from its rav-

ages. It is sometimes fatal, but more frequently to the physician than to the patient.

M

MAD, *adj.* Affected with a high degree of intellectual independence; not conforming to standards of thought, speech and action derived by the conformants from study of themselves; at odds with the majority; in short, unusual. It is noteworthy that persons are pronounced mad by officials destitute of evidence that themselves are sane. For illustration, this present (and illustrious) lexicogapher is no firmer in the faith of his own sanity than is any inmate of any madhouse in the land; yet for aught he knows to the contrary, instead of the lofty occupation that seems to him to be engaging his powers he may really be beating his hands against the window bars of an asylum and declaring himself Noah Webster, to the innocent delight of many thoughtless spectators.

MAGIC, *n.* An art of converting superstition into coin. There are other arts serving the same high purpose, but the discreet lexicographer does not name them.

MAGNIFICENT, *adj.* Having a grandeur or splendor superior to that to which the spectator is accustomed, as the ears of an ass to a rabbit, or the glory of a glowworm to a maggot.

MAGNITUDE, *n.* Size. Magnitude being purely relative, nothing is large and nothing small. If everything in the universe were increased in bulk one thousand diameters nothing would be any larger than it was before, but if one thing remained unchanged all the others would

be larger than they had been. To an understanding familiar with the relativity of magnitude and distance the spaces and masses of the astronomer would be no more impressive than those of the microscopist. For anything we know to the contrary, the visible universe may be a small part of an atom, with its component ions, floating in the life-fluid (luminiferous ether) of some animal. Possibly the wee creatures peopling the corpuscles of our own blood are overcome with the proper emotion when contemplating the unthinkable distance from one of these to another.

MAIDEN, *n.* A young person of the unfair sex addicted to clewless conduct and views that madden to crime. The genus has a wide geographical distribution, being found wherever sought and deplored wherever found. The maiden is not altogether unpleasing to the eye, nor (without her piano and her views) insupportable to the ear, though in respect to comeliness distinctly inferior to the rainbow, and, with regard to the part of her that is audible, beaten out of the field by the canary—which, also, is more portable.

MALE, *n.* A member of the unconsidered, or negligible sex. The male of the human race is commonly known (to the female) as Mere Man. The genus has two varieties: good providers and bad providers.

MAN, *n.* An animal so lost in rapturous contemplation of what he thinks he is as to overlook what he indubitably ought to be. His chief occupation is extermination of other animals and his own species, which, however, mul-

tiplies with such insistent rapidity as to infest the whole habitable earth and Canada.

MARRIAGE, *n.* The state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress and two slaves, making in all, two.

MARTYR, *n.* One who moves along the line of least reluctance to a desired death.

MATERIAL, *adj.* Having an actual existence, as distinguished from an imaginary one. Important.

MAUSOLEUM, *n.* The final and funniest folly of the rich.

MAYONNAISE, *n.* One of the sauces which serve the French in place of a state religion.

ME, *pro.* The objectionable case of I. The personal pronoun in English has three cases, the dominative, the objectionable and the oppressive. Each is all three.

MEANDER, *n.* To proceed sinuously and aimlessly. The word is the ancient name of a river about one hundred and fifty miles south of Troy, which turned and twisted in the effort to get out of hearing when the Greeks and Trojans boasted of their prowess.

MEDAL, *n.* A small metal disk given as a reward for virtues, attainments or services more or less authentic.

MEDICINE, *n.* A stone flung down the Bowery to kill a dog in Broadway.

MIND, *n.* A mysterious form of matter secreted by the brain. Its chief activity consists in the endeavor to ascertain its own nature, the futility of the attempt being due to the fact that it has nothing but itself to know itself with. From the Latin *mens*, a fact un-

known to that honest shoe-seller, who, observing that his learned competitor over the way had displayed the motto "*Mens conscia recti*," emblazoned his own shop front with the words "Men's, women's and children's conscia recti."

MINISTER, *n.* An agent of a higher power with a lower responsibility. In diplomacy an officer sent into a foreign country as the visible embodiment of his sovereign's hostility. His principal qualification is a degree of plausible inveracity next below that of an ambassador.

MIRACLE, *n.* An act or event out of the order of nature and unaccountable, as beating a normal hand of four kings and an ace with four aces and a king.

MONARCH, *n.* A person engaged in reigning. Formerly the monarch ruled, as the derivation of the word attests, and as many subjects have had occasion to learn. In Russia and the Orient the monarch has still a considerable influence in public affairs and in the disposition of the human head, but in western Europe political administration is mostly entrusted to his ministers, he being somewhat preoccupied with reflections relating to the status of his own head.

MONARCHIAL GOVERNMENT, *n.* Government.

MONDAY, *n.* In Christian countries, the day after the baseball game.

MONEY, *n.* A blessing that is of no advantage to us excepting when we part with it. An evidence of culture and a passport to polite society. Supportable property.

MONUMENT, *n.* A structure intended to commemorate something which either needs no

commemoration or cannot be commemorated. The monument custom has its *reductiones ad absurdum* in monuments "to the unknown dead" —that is to say, monuments to perpetuate the memory of those who have left no memory.

MORAL, *adj.* Conforming to a local and mutable standard of right. Having the quality of general expediency.

MULTITUDE, *n.* A crowd; the source of political wisdom and virtue. In a republic, the object of the statesman's adoration. "In a multitude of counselors there is wisdom," saith the proverb. If many men of equal individual wisdom are wiser than any one of them, it must be that they acquire the excess of wisdom by the mere act of getting together. Whence comes it? Obviously from nowhere—as well say that a range of mountains is higher than the single mountains composing it. A multitude is as wise as its wisest member if it obey him; if not, it is no wiser than its most foolish.

MYTHOLOGY, *n.* The body of a primitive people's belief concerning its origin, early history, heroes, deities and so forth, as distinguished from the true accounts which it invents later.

N

NEGRO, *n.* The *pièce de résistance* in the American political problem. Representing him by the letter *n*, the Republicans began to build their equation thus: "Let n = the white man." This, however, appears to give an unsatisfactory solution.

NEIGHBOR, *n.* One whom we are commanded

to love as ourselves, and who does all he knows how to make us disobedient.

NOVEL, *n.* A short story padded. A species of composition bearing the same relation to literature that the panorama bears to art. As it is too long to be read at a sitting the impressions made by its successive parts are successively effaced, as in the panorama. Unity, totality of effect, is impossible; for besides the few pages last read all that is carried in mind is the mere plot of what has gone before. To the romance the novel is what photography is to painting. Its distinguishing principle, probability, corresponds to the literal actuality of the photograph and puts it distinctly into the category of reporting; whereas the free wing of the romancer enables him to mount to such altitudes of imagination as he may be fitted to attain; and the first three essentials of the literary art are imagination, imagination and imagination. The art of writing novels, such as it was, is long dead everywhere except in Russia, where it is new. Peace to its ashes—some of which have a large sale.

NOVEMBER, *n.* The eleventh twelfth of a weariness.

O

OATH, *n.* In law, a solemn appeal to the Deity, made binding upon the conscience by a penalty for perjury.

OBLIVION, *n.* The state or condition in which the wicked cease from struggling and the dreary are at rest. Fame's eternal dumping ground. Cold storage for high hopes. A place where ambitious authors [illegible] without

pride and their betters without envy. A dormitory without an alarm clock.

OCEAN, *n.* A body of water occupying about two-thirds of a world made for man—who has no gills.

OLD, *adj.* In that stage of usefulness which is not inconsistent with general inefficiency, as an *old man.* Discredited by lapse of time and offensive to the popular taste, as an *old* book.

OLYMPIAN, *adj.* Relating to a mountain in Thessaly, once inhabited by gods, now a repository of yellowing newspapers, beer bottles and mutilated sardine cans, attesting the presence of the tourist and his appetite.

OMEN, *n.* A sign that something will happen if nothing happens.

OPPORTUNITY, *n.* A favorable occasion for grasping a disappointment.

OPTIMISM, *n.* The doctrine, or belief, that everything is beautiful, including what is ugly, everything good, especially the bad, and everything right that is wrong. It is held with greatest tenacity by those most accustomed to the mischance of falling into adversity, and is most acceptably expounded with the grin that apes a smile. Being a blind faith, it is inaccessible to the light of disproof—an intellectual disorder, yielding to no treatment but death. It is hereditary, but fortunately not contagious.

OPTIMIST, *n.* A proponent of the doctrine that black is white.

A pessimist applied to God for relief.
"Ah, you wish me to restore your hope and cheerfulness," said God.

"No," replied the petitioner, "I wish you to create something that would justify them."

"The world is all created," said God, "but you have overlooked something—the mortality of the optimist."

ORTHODOX, *n.* An ox wearing the popular religious yoke.

OTHERWISE, *adv.* No better.

OUTCOME, *n.* A particular type of disappointment. By the kind of intelligence that sees in an exception a proof of the rule the wisdom of an act is judged by the outcome, the result. This is immortal nonsense; the wisdom of an act is to be judged by the light that the doer had when he performed it.

P

PALACE, *n.* A fine and costly residence, particularly that of a great official. The residence of a high dignitary of the Christian Church is called a palace; that of the Founder of his religion was known as a field, or wayside. There is progress.

PALMISTRY, *n.* The 947th method (according to Mimbleshaw's classification) of obtaining money by false pretenses. It consists in "reading character" in the wrinkles made by closing the hand. The pretense is not altogether false; character can really be read very accurately in this way, for the wrinkles in every hand submitted plainly spell the word "dupe." The imposture consists in not reading it aloud.

PANTALOONS, *n.* A nether habiliment of the adult civilized male. The garment is tubular and unprovided with hinges at the points of flexion. Supposed to have been invented by a

humorist. Called "trousers" by the enlightened and "pants" by the unworthy.

PANTHEISM, *n.* The doctrine that everything is God, in contradistinction to the doctrine that God is everything.

PANTOMIME, *n.* A play in which the story is told without violence to the language. The least disagreeable form of dramatic action.

PARDON, *v.* To remit a penalty and restore to a life of crime. To add to the lure of crime the temptation of ingratitude.

PASSPORT, *n.* A document treacherously inflicted upon a citizen going abroad, exposing him as an alien and pointing him out for special reprobation and outrage.

PAST, *n.* That part of Eternity with some small fraction of which we have a slight and regretable acquaintance. A moving line called the Present parts it from an imaginary period known as the Future. These two grand divisions of Eternity, of which the one is continually effacing the other, are entirely unlike. The one is dark with sorrow and disappointment, the other bright with prosperity and joy. The Past is the region of sobs, the Future is the realm of song. In the one crouches Memory, clad in sackcloth and ashes, mumbling penitential prayer; in the sunshine of the other Hope flies with a free wing, beckoning to temples of success and bowers of ease. Yet the Past is the Future of yesterday, the Future is the Past of tomorrow. They are one—the knowledge and the dream.

PATIENCE, *n.* A minor form of despair, disguised as a virtue.

PATRIOT, *n.* One to whom the interests of a part seem superior to those of the whole. The dupe of statesmen and the tool of conquerors.

PATRIOTISM, *n.* Combustible rubbish ready to the torch of anyone ambitious to illuminate his name.

In Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary patriotism is defined as the last resort of a scoundrel. With all due respect to an enlightened but inferior lexicographer I beg to submit that it is the first.

PEACE, *n.* In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.

PEDIGREE, *n.* The known part of the route from an arboreal ancestor with a swim bladder to an urban descendant with a cigarette.

PERFECTION, *n.* An imaginary state or quality distinguished from the actual by an element known as excellence; an attribute of the critic.

The editor of an English magazine having received a letter pointing out the erroneous nature of his views and style, and signed "Perfection," promptly wrote at the foot of the letter: "I don't agree with you," and mailed it to Matthew Arnold.

PESSIMISM, *n.* A philosophy forced upon the convictions of the observer by the disheartening prevalence of the optimist with his scarecrow hope and his unsightly smile.

PHILISTINE, *n.* One whose mind is the creature of its environment, following the fashion in thought, feeling and sentiment. He is sometimes learned, frequently prosperous, commonly clean and always solemn.

PHILOSOPHY, *n.* A route of many roads leading from nowhere to nothing.

PHRENOLOGY, *n.* The science of picking the

pocket through the scalp. It consists in locating and exploiting the organ that one is a dupe with.

PHYSICIAN, *n.* One upon whom we set our hopes when ill and our dogs when well.

PHYSIOGNOMY, *n.* The art of determining the character of another by the resemblances and differences between his face and our own, which is the standard of excellence.

"There is no art," says Shakespeare, foolish man,
"To read the mind's construction in the face."
The physiognomists his portrait scan,
And say: "How little wisdom here we trace!
He knew his face disclosed his mind and heart,
So, in his own defense, denied our art."
—*Lavatar Shunk.*

PIANO, *n.* A parlor utensil for subduing the impenitent visitor. It is operated by depressing the keys of the machine and the spirits of the audience.

PICTURE, *n.* A representation in two dimensions of something wearisome in three.

PIE, *n.* An advance agent of the reaper whose name is Indigestion.

Cold pie was highly esteemed by the remains.—*The Rev. Dr. Mucker, in a Funeral Sermon Over a British Nobleman.*

Cold pie is a detestable
American comestible.
That's why I'm done—or undone—
So far from that dear London.
—*From the Headstone of a British Nobleman, in Kalamazoo.*

PIETY, *n.* Reverence for the Supreme Being, based upon His supposed resemblance to man.

The pig is taught by sermons and epistles
To think the God of Swine has snout and bristles.
—*Judibras.*

PIG, *n.* An animal (*Porcus omnivorus*) closely allied to the human race by the splendor and vivacity of its appetite, which, however, is inferior in scope, for it sticks at pig.

PIRACY, *n.* Commerce without its folly-swaddles, just as God made it.

PITIFUL, *adj.* The state of an enemy or opponent after an imaginary encounter with oneself.

PLAGARIZE, *v.* To take the thought or style of another writer whom one has never, never read.

PLAN, *v. t.* To bother about the best method of accomplishing an accidental result.

PLATITUDE, *n.* The fundamental element and special glory of popular literature. A thought that snores in words that smoke. The wisdom of a million fools in the diction of a dullard. A fossil sentiment in artificial rock. A moral without the fable. All that is mortal of a departed truth. A demi-tasse of milk-and-morality. The Pope's-nose of a featherless peacock. A jelly-fish withering on the shore of the sea of thought. The cackle surviving the egg. A desiccated epigram.

PLATONIC, *adj.* Pertaining to the philosophy of Socrates. Platonic Love is a fool's name for the affection between a disability and a frost.

PLAUDITS, *n.* Coins with which the populace pays those who tickle and devour it.

PLOW, *n.* An implement that cries aloud for hands accustomed to the pen.

PLUNDER, *v.* To take the property of another without observing the decent and customary reticences of theft. To effect a change of ownership with the candid concomitance of a brass band. To wrest the wealth of A from B and leave C lamenting a vanished opportunity.

POCKET, *n.* The cradle of motive and the grave of conscience. In woman this organ is lacking; so she acts without motive, and her conscience, denied burial, remains ever alive, confessing the sins of others.

POLICE, *n.* An armed force for protection and participation.

POLITENESS, *n.* The most acceptable hypocrisy.

POLITICS, *n.* A strife of interests masquerading as a contest of principles. The conduct of public affairs for private advantage.

POLITICIAN, *n.* An eel in the fundamental mud upon which the superstructure of organized society is reared. When he wriggles he mistakes the agitation of his tail for the trembling of the edifice. As compared with the statesman, he suffers the disadvantage of being alive.

POLYGAMY, *n.* A house of atonement, or expiatory chapel, fitted with several stools of repentance, as distinguished from monogamy, which has but one.

POSTERITY, *n.* An appellate court which reverses the judgment of a popular author's contemporaries, the appellant being his obscure competitor.

POVERTY, *n.* A file provided for the teeth of the rats of reform. The number of plans for

its abolition equals that of the reformers who suffer from it, plus that of the philosophers who know nothing about it. Its victims are distinguished by possesion of all the virtues and by their faith in leaders seeking to conduct them into a prosperity where they believe these to be unknown.

PRAY, *v.* To ask that the laws of the universe be annulled in behalf of a single petitioner confessedly unworthy.

PREDESTINATION, *n.* The doctrine that all things occur according to program. This doctrine should not be confused with that of foreordination, which means that all things are programed, but does not affirm their occurrence, that being only an implication from other doctrines by which this is entailed. The difference is great enough to have deluged Christendom with ink, to say nothing of the gore. With the distinction of the two doctrines kept well in mind, and a reverent belief in both, one may hope to escape perdition if spared.

PREFERENCE, *n.* A sentiment, or frame of mind, induced by the erroneous belief that one thing is better than another.

An ancient philosopher, expounding his conviction that life is no better than death, was asked by a disciple why, then, he did not die. "Because," he replied, "death is no better than life."

It is longer.

PREJUDICE, *n.* A vagrant opinion without visible means of support.

PRELATE, *n.* A church officer having a superior degree of holiness and a fat preferment.

One of Heaven's aristocracy. A gentleman of God.

PREROGATIVE, *n.* A sovereign's right to do wrong.

PRESBYTERIAN, *n.* One who holds the conviction that the governing authorities of the Church should be called presbyters.

PRESCRIPTION, *n.* A physician's guess at what will best prolong the situation with least harm to the patient.

PRESENT, *n.* That part of eternity dividing the domain of disappointment from the realm of hope.

PRESENTABLE, *adj.* Hideously appareled after the manner of the time and place.

In Boorioboola-Gha a man is presentable on occasions of ceremony if he have his abdomen painted a bright blue and wear a cow's tail; in New York he may, if it please him, omit the paint, but after sunset he must wear two tails made of the wool of a sheep and dyed black.

PREVARICATOR, *n.* A liar in the caterpillar state.

PRICE, *n.* Value, plus a reasonable sum for the wear and tear of conscience in demanding it.

PRISON, *n.* A place of punishments and rewards. The poet assures us that—

Stone walls do not a prison make,

but a combination of the stone wall, the political parasite and the moral instructor is no garden of sweets.

PROJECTILE, *n.* The final arbiter in international disputes. Formerly these desputes were settled by physical contact of the disputants, with such simple arguments as the rudimentary

logic of the times could supply—the sword, the spear, and so forth. With the growth of prudence in military affairs the projectile came more and more into favor, and is now held in high esteem by the most courageous. Its capital defect is that it requires personal attendance at the point of propulsion.

PROOF, *n.* Evidence having a shade more of plausibility than of unlikelihood. The testimony of two credible witnesses as opposed to that of only one.

PROOFREADER, *n.* A malefactor who atones for making your writing nonsense by permitting the compositor to make it unintelligible.

PROPERTY, *n.* Any material thing, having no particular value, that may be held by A against the cupidity of B. Whatever gratifies the passion for possession in one and disappoints it in all others. The object of man's brief rapacity and long indifference.

PROVIDENTIAL, *adj.* Unexpectedly and conspicuously beneficial to the person describing it.

PUBLISH, *v.* In literary affairs, to become the fundamental element in a cone of critics.

PUSH, *n.* One of the two things mainly conducive to success, especially in politics. The other is Pull.

Q

QUEEN, *n.* A woman by whom the realm is ruled when there is a king, and through whom it is ruled when there is not.

QUILL, *n.* An implement of torture yielded by a goose and commonly wielded by an ass.

This use of the quill is now obsolete, but its modern equivalent, the steel pen, is wielded by the same everlasting Presence.

QUORUM, *n.* A sufficient number of members of a deliberative body to have their own way and their own way of having it. In the United States Senate a quorum consists of the chairman of the Committee on Finance and a messenger from the White House; in the House of Representatives, of the Speaker and the devil.

QUOTIENT, *n.* A number showing how many times a sum of money belonging to one person is contained in the pocket of another—usually about as many times as it can be got there.

R

RABBLE, *n.* In a republic, those who exercise a supreme authority tempered by fraudulent elections. The rabble is like the sacred Simurgh, of Arabian fable—omnipotent on condition that it do nothing. (The word is Aristocratese, and has no exact equivalent in our tongue, but means, as nearly as may be, "soaring swine.")

RADICALISM, *n.* The conservatism of tomorrow injected into the affairs of today.

RATIONAL, *adj.* Devoid of all delusions save those of observation, experience and reflection.

RAILROAD, *n.* The chief of many mechanical devices enabling us to get away from where we are to where we are no better off. For this purpose the railroad is held in the highest favor by the optimist, for it permits him to make the transit with great expedition.

READING, *n.* The general body of what one

reads. In our country it consists, as a rule, of Indiana novels, short stories in "dialect" and humor in slang.

We know by one's reading
His learning and breeding;
But what draws his laughter
We know his Hereafter.
Read nothing, laugh never—
The Sphinx was less clever!
—*Jupiter Muke.*

REALISM, *n.* The art of depicting nature as is seen by toads. The charm suffusing a landscape painted by a mole, or a story written by a measuring-worm.

REALITY, *n.* The dream of a mad philosopher. That which would remain in the cupel if one should assay a phantom. The nucleus of a vacuum.

REAR, *n.* In American military matters, that exposed part of the army that is nearest to Congress.

REASON, *v. i.* To weigh probabilities in the scales of desire.

REASONABLE, *adj.* Accessible to the infection of our own opinions. Hospitable to persuasion dissuasion and evasion.

REBEL, *n.* A proponent of a new misrule who has failed to establish it.

RECONCILIATION, *n.* A suspension of hostilities. An armed truce for the purpose of digging up the dead.

RECONSIDER, *v.* To seek a justification for a decision already made.

RECTOR, *n.* In the Church of England, the Third Person of the parochial Trinity, the Curate and the Vicar being the other two.

REDEMPTION, *n.* Deliverance of sinners from

the penalty of their sin, through their murder of the deity against whom they sinned. The doctrine of Redemption is the fundamental mystery of our holy religion, and whoso believeth in it shall not perish, but have everlasting life in which to try to understand it.

REFERENDUM, *n.* A law for submission of proposed legislation to a popular vote to learn the nonsensus of public opinion.

REFLECTION, *n.* An action of the mind whereby we obtain a clearer view of our relation to the things of yesterday and are able to avoid the perils that we shall not again encounter.

REFORM, *n.* A thing that mostly satisfies reformers opposed to reformation.

REFUSAL, *n.* Denial of something desired; as an elderly maiden's hand in marriage, to a rich and handsome suitor; a valuable franchise to a rich corporation, by an alderman; absolution to an impenitent king, by a priest, and so forth. Refusals are graded in a descending scale of finality thus: the refusal absolute, the refusal conditional, the refusal tentative and the refusal feminine. The last is called by some casuists the refusal assentive.

RELIGION, *n.* A daughter of Hope and Fear, explaining to Ignorance the nature of the Unknowable.

"What is your religion, my son?" inquired the Archbishop of Rheims.

"Pardon, monseigneur," replied Rochebriant; "I am ashamed of it."

"Then why do you not become an atheist?"

"Impossible! I should be ashamed of atheism."

"In that case, monsieur, you should join the Protestants."

RELIQUARY, *n.* A receptacle for such sacred objects as pieces of the true cross, short-ribs of saints, the ears of Balaam's ass, the lung of the cock that called Peter to repentance and so forth. Reliquaries are commonly of metal, and provided with a lock to prevent the contents from coming out and performing miracles at unseasonable times. A feather from the wing of the Angel of the Annunciation once escaped during a sermon in Saint Peter's and so tickled the noses of the congregation that they awoke and sneezed with great vehemence three times each. It is related in the "Gesta Sanctorum" that a sacristan in the Canterbury cathedral surprised the head of Saint Dennis in the library. Reprimanded by its stern custodian, it explained that it was seeking a body of doctrine. This unseemly levity so enraged the diocesan that the offender was publicly anathematized, thrown into the Stour and replaced by another head of Saint Dennis, brought from Rome.

REPRESENTATIVE, *n.* In national politics, a member of the Lower House in this world, and without discernible hope of promotion in the next.

REPUBLIC, *n.* A nation in which, the thing governing and the thing governed being the same, there is only a permitted authority to enforce an optional obedience. In a republic the foundation of public order is the ever lessening habit of submission inherited from ancestors who, being truly governed, submitted because they had to. There are as many kinds of republics as there are gradations between the

despotism whence they came and the anarchy whither they lead.

RESOLUTE, *adj.* Obstinate in a course that we approve.

RESPECTABILITY, *n.* The offspring of a *liaison* between a bald head and a bank account.

RESPONSIBILITY, *n.* A detachable burden easily shifted to the shoulders of God, Fate, Fortune, Luck or one's neighbor. In the days of astrology it was customary to unload it upon a star.

REVELATION, *n.* A famous book in which St. John the Divine concealed all that he knew. The revealing is done by the commentators, who know nothing.

REVERENCE, *n.* The spiritual attitude of a man to a god and a dog to a man.

REVOLUTION, *n.* In politics, an abrupt change in the form of misgovernment. Specifically, in American history, the substitution of the rule of an Administration for that of a Ministry, whereby the welfare and happiness of the people were advanced a full half-inch. Revolutions are usually accompanied by a considerable effusion of blood, but are accounted worth it—this appraisement being made by beneficiaries whose blood had not the mischance to be shed. The French revolution is of incalculable value to the Socialist of today; when he pulls the string actuating its bones its gestures are inexpressibly terrifying to gory tyrants suspected of fomenting law and order.

RICH, *adj.* Holding in trust and subject to an accounting the property of the indolent, the incompetent, the unthrifty, the envious and the

luckless. That is the view that prevails in the underworld, where the Brotherhood of Man finds its most logical development and candid advocacy. To denizens of the midworld the word means good and wise.

RICHES, *n.*

A gift from Heaven signifying, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."—*John D. Rockefeller.*

The reward of toil and virtue.—*J. P. Morgan.*

The savings of many in the hands of one.—*Eugene Debs.*

To these excellent definitions the inspired lexicographer feels that he can add nothing of value.

RIGHT, *n.* Legitimate authority to be, to do or to have; as the right to be a king, the right to do one's neighbor, the right to have measles, and the like. The first of these rights was once universally believed to be derived directly from the will of God; and this is still sometimes affirmed *in partibus infidelium* outside the enlightened realms of Democracy.

RIGHTEOUSNESS, *n.* A sturdy virtue that was once found among the Pantidoodles inhabiting the lower part of the peninsula of Oque. Some feeble attempts were made by returned missionaries to introduce it into several European countries, but it appears to have been imperfectly expounded.

RITE, *n.* A religious or semi-religious ceremony fixed by law, precept or custom, with the essential oil of sincerity carefully squeezed out of it.

RITUALISM, *n.* A Dutch Garden of God where He may walk in rectilinear freedom, keeping off the grass.

ROAD, *n.* A strip of land along which one may pass from where it is too tiresome to be to where it is futile to go.

ROBBER, *n.* A candid man of affairs.

It is related of Voltaire that one night he and some traveling companions lodged at a wayside inn. The surroundings were suggestive, and after supper they agreed to tell robber stories in turn. When Voltaire's turn came he said: "Once there was a Farmer-General of the Revenues." Saying nothing more, he was encouraged to continue. "That," he said, "is the story."

ROMANCE, *n.* Fiction that owes no allegiance to the God of Things as They Are. In the novel the writer's thought is tethered to probability, as a domestic horse to the hitching-post, but in romance it ranges at will over the entire region of the imagination—free, lawless, immune to bit and rein. Your novelist is a poor creature, as Carlyle might say—a mere reporter. He may invent his characters and plot, but he must not imagine anything taking place that might not occur, albeit his entire narrative is candidly a lie. Why he imposes this hard condition on himself, and "drags at each remove a lengthening chain" of his own forging he can explain in ten thick volumes without illuminating by so much as a candle's ray the black profound of his own ignorance of the matter. There are great novels, for great writers have "laid waste their powers" to write them, but it remains true that far and away the most fascinating fiction that we have is "The Thousand and One Nights."

RUBBISH, *n.* Worthless matter, such as the religions, philosophies, literatures, arts and

sciences of the tribes infesting the regions lying due south from Boreaplas.

RUIN, *v.* To destroy. Specifically, to destroy a maid's belief in the virtue of maids.

RUMOR, *n.* A favorite weapon of the assassins of character.

S

SABBATH, *n.* A weekly festival having its origin in the fact that God made the world in six days and was arrested on the seventh. Among the Jews observance of the day was enforced by a Commandment of which this is the Christian version: "Remember the seventh day to make thy neighbor keep it wholly." To the Creator it seemed fit and expedient that the Sabbath should be the last day of the week, but the Early Fathers of the Church held other views. So great is the sanctity of the day that even where the Lord holds a doubtful and precarious jurisdiction over those who go down to (and down into) the sea it is reverently recognized, as is manifest in the following deep-water version of the Fourth Commandment:

Six days shalt thou labor and do all thou art able,
And on the seventh holystone the deck and scrape the cable.

Decks are no longer holystoned, but the cable still supplies the captain with opportunity to attest a pious respect for the divine ordinance.

SACRAMENT, *n.* A solemn religious ceremony to which several degrees of authority and significance are attached. Rome has seven sacraments, but the Protestant churches, being less prosperous, feel that they can afford only two.

and these of inferior sanctity. Some of the smaller sects have no sacraments at all—for which mean economy they will indubitably be damned.

SACRED, *adj.* Dedicated to some religious purpose; having a divine character; inspiring solemn thoughts or emotions; as, the Dalai Lama of Thibet; the Moogum of M'bwango; the temple of Apes in Ceylon; the Cow in India; the Crocodile, the Cat and the Onion of ancient Egypt; the Mufti of Moosh; the hair of the dog that bit Noah, etc.

> All things are either sacred or profane.
> The former to ecclesiasts bring gain;
> The latter to the devil appertain.
> —*Dumbo Omohundro.*

SAINT, *n.* A dead sinner revised and edited.

The Duchess of Orleans relates that the irreverent old calumniator, Marshal Villeroi, who in his youth had known St. Francis de Sales, said, on hearing him called saint: "I am delighted to hear that Monsieur de Sales is a saint. He was fond of saying indelicate things, and used to cheat at cards. In other respects he was a perfect gentleman, though a fool."

SATAN, *n.* One of the Creator's lamentable mistakes, repented in sashcloth and ashes.

Being instated as an archangel, Satan made himself multifariously objectionable and was finally expelled from Heaven. Halfway in his descent he paused, bent his head in thought a moment and at last went back. "There is one favor that I should like to ask," said he.

"Name it."

"Man, I understand, is about to be created. He will need laws."

"What, wretch! you his appointed adversary,

charged from the dawn of eternity with hatred of his soul—you ask for the right to make his laws?"

"Pardon; what I have to ask is that he be permitted to make them himself."

It was so ordered.

SAW, *n.* A trite popular saying, or proverb. (Figurative and colloquial.) So called because it makes its way into a wooden head.

SCRAP-BOOK, *n.* A book that is commonly edited by a fool. Many persons of some small distinction compile scrap-books containing whatever they happen to read about themselves or employ others to collect.

SCRIPTURES, *n.* The sacred books of our holy religion, as distinguished from the false and profane writings on which all other faiths are based.

SOUL, *n.* A spiritual entity concerning which there hath been brave disputation. Plato held that those souls which in a previous state of existence (antedating Athens) had obtained the clearest glimpses of eternal truth entered into the bodies of persons who became philosophers. Plato was himself a philosopher. The souls that had least contemplated divine truth animated the bodies of usurpers and despots. Dionysius I, who had threatened to decapitate the broad-browed philosopher, was a usurper and despot. Plato, doubtless, was not the first to construct a system of philosophy that could be quoted against his enemies; certainly he was not the last.

"Concerning the nature of the soul," saith the renowned author of *Diversiones Sanctorum*, "there hath been hardly more argument than that of its place in the body. Mine own be-

lief is that the soul hath her seat in the abdomen—in which faith we may discern and interpret a truth hitherto unintelligible, namely that the glutton is of all men most devout. He is said in the Scripture to 'make a god of his belly'—why, then, should he not be pious, having ever his Deity with him to freshen his faith? Who so well as he can know the might and majesty that he shrines? Truly and soberly, the soul and the stomach are one Divine Entity; and such was the belief of Promasius, who nevertheless erred in denying it immortality. He had observed that its visible and material substance failed and decayed with the rest of the body after death, but of its immaterial essence he knew nothing. This is what we call the Appetite, and it survives the wreck and reek of mortality, to be rewarded or punished in another world, according to what it hath demanded in the flesh. The Appetite whose coarse clamoring was for the unwholesome viands of the general market and the public refectory shall be cast into eternal famine, whilst that which firmly though civilly insisted on ortolans, caviar, terrapin, anchovies, *pâtès de foie gras* and all such Christian comestibles shall flesh its spiritual tooth in the souls of them forever and ever, and wreak its divine thirst upon the immortal parts of the rarest and richest wines ever quaffed here below. Such is my religious faith, though I grieve to confess that neither His Holiness the Pope nor His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury (whom I equally and profoundly revere) will assent to its dissemination."

SUCCESS, *n.* The one unpardonable sin against one's fellows.

SUFFRAGE, *n.* Expression of opinion by means of a ballot. The right of suffrage (which is held to be both a privilege and a duty) means, as commonly interpreted, the right to vote for the man of another man's choice, and is highly prized. Refusal to do so has the bad name of "incivism." The incivilian, however, cannot be properly arraigned for his crime, for there is no legitimate accuser. If the accuser is himself guilty he has no standing in the court of opinion; if not, he profits by the crime, for A's abstention from voting gives greater weight to the vote of B. By female suffrage is meant the right of a woman to vote as some man tells her to. It is based on female responsibility, which is somewhat limited. The woman most eager to jump out of her petticoat to assert her rights is first to jump back into it when threatened with a switching for misusing them.

T

TABLE D' HÔTE, *n.* A caterer's thrifty concession to the universal passion for irresponsibility.

TALK, *v. t.* To commit an indiscretion without temptation, from an impulse without purpose.

TARIFF, *n.* A scale of taxes on imports, designed to protect the domestic producer against the greed of his consumer.

TELEPHONE, *n.* An invention of the devil which abrogates some of the advantages of making a disagreeable person keep his distance.

TELESCOPE, *n.* A device having a relation to the eye similar to that of the telephone to the ear, enabling distant objects to plague us with a multitude of needless details. Luckily it is unprovided with a bell summoning us to the sacrifice.

THEOSOPHY, *n.* An ancient faith having all the certitude of religion and all the mystery of science. The modern Theosophist holds, with the Buddhists, that we live an incalculable number of times on this earth, in as many several bodies, because one life is not long enough for our complete spiritual development; that is, a single lifetime does not suffice for us to become as wise and good as we choose to wish to become. To be absolutely wise and good—that is perfection; and the Theosophist is so keen-sighted as to have observed that everything desirous of improvement eventually attains perfection. Less competent observers are disposed to except cats, which seem neither wiser nor better than they were last year. The greatest and fattest of recent Theosophists was the late Madame Blavatsky, who had no cat.

TRINITY, *n.* In the multiplex theism of certain Christian churches, three entirely distinct deities consistent with only one. Subordinate deities of the polytheistic faith, such as devils and angels, are not dowered with the power of combination, and must urge individually their claims to adoration and propitiation. The Trinity is one of the most sublime mysteries of our holy religion. In rejecting it because it is incomprehensible, Unitarians betray their

inadequate sense of theological fundamentals. In religion we believe only what we do not understand, except in the instance of an intelligible doctrine that contradicts an incomprehensible one. In that case we believe the former as a part of the latter.

TRUTH, *n.* An ingenious compound of desirability and appearance. Discovery of truth is the sole purpose of philosophy, which is the most ancient occupation of the human mind and has a fair prospect of existing with increasing activity to the end of time.

TRUST, *n.* In American politics, a large corporation composed in greater part of thrifty working men, widows of small means, orphans in the care of guardians and the courts, with many similar malefactors and public enemies.

TYPE, *n.* Pestilent bits of metal suspected of destroying civilization and enlightenment, despite their obvious agency in this incomparable dictionary.

UBIQUITY, *n.* The gift of power of being in all places at one time, but not in all places at all times, which is omnipresence, an attribute of God and the luminiferous ether only. This important distinction between ubiquity and omnipresence was not clear to the mediæval Church and there was much bloodshed about it. Certain Lutherans, who affirmed the presence everywhere of Christ's body were known as Ubiquitarians. For this error they were doubtless damned, for Christ's body is present only in the eucharist, though that sacrament may be performed in more than one place simultaneously. In recent times ubiquity

has not always been understood—not even by Sir Boyle Roche, for example, who held that a man cannot be in two places at once unless he is a bird.

UGLINESS, *n.* A gift of the gods to certain women, entailing virtue without humility.

UN-AMERICAN, *adj.* Wicked, intolerable, heathenish.

UNCTION, *n.* An oiling, or greasing. The rite of extreme unction consists in touching with oil consecrated by a bishop several parts of the body of one engaged in dying.

UNDERSTANDING, *n.* A cerebral secretion that enables one having it to know a house from a horse by the roof on the house. Its nature and laws have been exhaustively expounded by Locke, who rode a house, and Kant, who lived in a horse.

UNITARIAN, *n.* One who denies the divinity of a Trinitarian.

UNIVERSALIST, *n.* One who foregoes the advantage of a Hell for persons of another faith.

URBANITY, *n.* The kind of civility that urban observers ascribe to dwellers in all cities but New York. Its commonest expression is heard in the words, "I beg your pardon," and it is not inconsistent with disregard of the rights of others.

USAGE, *n.* The First Person of the literary Trinity, the Second and Third being Custom and Conventionality. Imbued with a decent reverence for this Holy Triad an industrious writer may hope to produce books that will live as long as the fashion.

UXORIOUSNESS, *n.* A perverted affection that has strayed to one's own wife.

V

VALOR, *n.* A soldierly compound of vanity, duty and the gambler's hope.

VANITY, *n.* The tribute of a fool to the worth of the nearest ass.

VIRTUES, *n. pl.* Certain abstentions.

VOTE, *n.* The instrument and symbol of a freeman's power to make a fool of himself and a wreck of his country.

W

WALL STREET, *n.* A symbol of sin for every devil to rebuke. That Wall Street is a den of thieves is a belief that serves every unsuccessful thief in place of a hope in Heaven.

WAR, *n.* A by-product of the arts of peace. The most menacing political condition is a period of international amity. The student of history who has not been taught to expect the unexpected may justly boast himself inaccessible to the light. "In time of peace prepare for war" has a deeper meaning than is commonly discerned; it means, not merely that all things earthly have an end—that change is the one immutable and eternal law—but that the soil of peace is thickly sown with seeds of war and singularly suited to their germination and growth. It was when Kubla Khan had decreed his "stately pleasure dome"—when, that is to say, there were peace and fat feasting in Xanadu—that he

> heard from far
> Ancestral voices prophesying war.

One of the greatest of poets, Coleridge was one of the wisest of men, and it was not for nothing that he read us this parable. Let us

have a little less of "hands across the sea," and a little more of that elemental distrust that is the security of nations. War loves to come like a thief in the night; professions of eternal amity provide the night.

WEAKNESSES, *n. pl.* Certain primal powers of Tyrant Woman wherewith she holds dominion over the male of her species, binding him to the service of her will and paralyzing his rebellious energies.

WEATHER, *n.* The climate of an hour. A permanent topic of conversation among persons whom it does not interest, but who have inherited the tendency to chatter about it from naked arboreal ancestors whom it keenly concerned. The setting up of official weather bureaus and their maintenance in mendacity prove that even governments are accessible to suasion by the rude forefathers of the jungle.

WEDDING, *n.* A ceremony at which two persons undertake to become one, one undertakes to become nothing, and nothing undertakes to become supportable.

WINE, *n.* Fermented grape-juice known to the Women's Christian Union as "liquor," sometimes as "rum." Wine, madam, is God's next best gift to man.

WIT, *n.* The salt with which the American humorist spoils his intellectual cookery by leaving it out.

WOMAN, *n.* An animal usually living in the vicinity of Man, and having a rudimentary susceptibility to domestication. It is credited by many of the elder zoölogists with a certain vestigial docility acquired in a former state

of seclusion, but naturalists of the postsusanan-thony period, having no knowledge of the seclusion, deny the virtue and declare that such as creation's dawn beheld, it roareth now. The species is the most widely distributed of all beasts of prey, infesting all habitable parts of the globe, from Greenland's spicy mountains to India's moral strand. The popular name (wolfman) is incorrect, for the creature is of the cat kind. The woman is lithe and graceful in its movements, especially the American variety (*Felis pugnans*), is omnivorous and can be taught not to talk.—*Balthasar Pober.*

WORSHIP, *n.* Homo Creator's testimony to the sound construction and fine finish of Deus Creatus. A popular form of abjection, having an element of pride.

X

X in our alphabet being a needless letter has an added invincibility to the attacks of the spelling reformers, and like them, will doubtless last as long as the language. X is the sacred symbol of ten dollars, and in such words as Xmas, Xn, etc., stands for Christ, not, as is popularly supposed, because it represents a cross, but because the corresponding letter in the Greek alphabet is the initial of his name. If it represented a cross it would stand for St. Andrew who "testified" upon one of that shape. In the algebra of psychology x stands for Woman's mind. Words beginning with X are Grecian and will not be defined in this standard English dictionary.

Y

YANKEE, *n.* In Europe, an American. In the Northern States of our Union, a New Englander. In the Southern States the word is unknown.

YEAR, *n.* A period of three hundred and sixty-five disappointments.

YESTERDAY, *n.* The infancy of youth, the youth of manhood, the entire past of age.

YOKE, *n.* An implement, madam, to whose Latin name, *jugum*, we owe one of the most illuminating words in our language—a word that defines the matrimonial situation with precision, point and poignancy. A thousand apologies for withholding it.

YOUTH, *n.* The Period of Possibility, when Archimedes finds a fulcrum, Cassandra has a following and seven cities compete for the honor of endowing a living Homer.

Z

ZEAL, *n.* A certain nervous disorder afflicting the young and inexperienced. A passion that goeth before a sprawl.

ZEUS, *n.* The chief of Grecian gods, adored by the Romans as Jupiter and by the modern Americans as God, Gold, Mob and Dog. Some explorers who have touched upon the shores of America, and one who professes to have penetrated a considerable distance into the interior, have thought that these four names stand for as many distinct deities, but in his monumental work on Surviving Faiths, Frumpp insists that the natives are monotheists, each having no other god than himself, whom he worships under many sacred names.

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WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN

An Examination of the God-Idea and Christianity.

[*The lecture that is here reproduced was delivered at the Battersea Town Hall under the auspices of the South London Branch of the National Secular Society, England. It should be added that the editor is willing to share full responsibility with the Hon. Bertrand Russell in that he is in accord with the political and other opinions expressed.*]

As your Chairman has told you, the subject about which I am going to speak to you tonight is "Why I Am Not a Christian." Perhaps it would be as well, first of all, to try to make out what one means by the word "Christian." It is used in these days in a very loose sense by a great many people. Some people mean no more by it than a person who attempts to live a good life. In that sense I suppose there would be Christians in all sects and creeds; but I do not think that that is the proper sense of the word, if only because it would imply that all the people who are not Christians—all the Buddhists, Confucians, Mohammedans, and so on—are not trying to live a good life. I do not mean by a Christian any person who tries to live decently according to his lights. I think that you must have a certain amount of definite belief before you

have a right to call yourself a Christian. The word does not have quite such a full-blooded meaning now as it had in the times of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas. In those days, if a man said that he was a Christian it was known what he meant. You accepted a whole collection of creeds which were set out with great precision, and every single syllable of those creeds you believed with the whole strength of your convictions.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

Nowadays it is not quite that. We have to be a little more vague in our meaning of Christianity. I think, however, that there are two different items which are quite essential to anybody calling himself a Christian. The first is one of a dogmatic nature—namely, that you must believe in God and immortality. If you do not believe in those two things, I do not think that you can properly call yourself a Christian. Then, further than that, as the name implies, you must have some kind of belief about Christ. The Mohammedans, for instance, also believe in God and in immortality, and yet they would not call themselves Christians. I think you must have at the very lowest the belief that Christ was, if not divine, at least the best and wisest of men. If you are not going to believe that much about Christ, I do not think that you have any right to call yourself a Christian. Of course there is another sense which you find in *Whitaker's Almanack* and in geography books, where the population of the world is said to be divided into Christians,

Mohammedans, Buddhists, fetish worshippers, and so on; and in that sense we are all Christians. The geography books count us all in, but that is a purely geographical sense, which I suppose we can ignore. Therefore I take it that when I tell you why I am not a Christian I have to tell you two different things: first, why I do not believe in God and in immortality; and, secondly, why I do not think that Christ was the best and wisest of men, although I grant him a very high degree of moral goodness.

But for the successful efforts of unbelievers in the past, I could not take so elastic a definition of Christianity as that. As I said before, in olden days it had a much more full-blooded sense. For instance, it included the belief in hell. Belief in eternal hell fire was an essential item of Christian belief until pretty recent times. In this country, as you know, it ceased to be an essential item because of a decision of the Privy Council, and from that decision the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York dissented; but in this country our religion is settled by Act of Parliament, and therefore the Privy Council was able to override their Graces, and hell was no longer necessary to a Christian. Consequently I shall not insist that a Christian must believe in hell.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

To come to this question of the existence of God, it is a large and serious question, and if I were to attempt to deal with it in any adequate manner I should have to keep you here

until Kingdom Come, so that you will have to excuse me if I deal with it in a somewhat summary fashion. You know, of course, that the Catholic Church has laid it down as a dogma that the existence of God can be proved by the unaided reason. That is a somewhat curious dogma, but it is one of their dogmas. They had to introduce it because at one time the Freethinkers adopted the habit of saying that there were such and such arguments which mere reason might urge against the existence of God, but of course they knew as a matter of faith that God did exist. The arguments and the reasons were set out at great length, and the Catholic Church felt that they must stop it. Therefore they laid it down that the existence of God can be proved by the unaided reason, and they had to set up what they considered were arguments to prove it. There are, of course, a number of them, but I shall take only a few.

THE FIRST CAUSE ARGUMENT

Perhaps the simplest and easiest to understand is the argument of the First Cause. It is maintained that everything we see in this world has a cause, and as you go back in the chain of causes further and further you must come to a First Cause, and to that First Cause you give the name of God. That argument, I suppose, does not carry very much weight nowadays, because, in the first place, cause is not quite what it used to be. The philosophers and the men of science have got going on cause, and it has not anything like the vitality that

it used to have; but, apart from that, you can see that the argument that there must be a First Cause is one that cannot have any validity. I may say that when I was a young man, and was debating these questions very seriously in my mind, I for a long time accepted the argument of the First Cause, until one day, at the age of eighteen, I read John Stuart Mill's Autobiography, and I there found this sentence: "My father taught me that the question, Who made me? cannot be answered, since it immediately suggests the further question, Who made God?" That very simple sentence showed me, as I still think, the fallacy in the argument of the First Cause. If everything must have a cause, then God must have a cause. If there can be anything without a cause, it may just as well be the world as God, so that there cannot be any validity in that argument. It is exactly of the same nature as the Hindu's view, that the world rested upon an elephant and the elephant rested upon a tortoise; and when they said, "How about the tortoise?" the Indian said, "Suppose we change the subject." The argument is really no better than that. There is no reason why the world could not have come into being without a cause; nor, on the other hand, is there any reason why it should not have always existed. There is no reason to suppose that the world had a beginning at all. The idea that things must have a beginning is really due to the poverty of our imagination. Therefore, perhaps, I need not waste any more time upon the argument about the First Cause.

THE NATURAL LAW ARGUMENT

Then there is a very common argument from natural law. That was a favorite argument all through the eighteenth century, especially under the influence of Sir Isaac Newton and his cosmogony. People observed the planets going round the sun according to the law of gravitation, and they thought that God had given a behest to these planets to move in that particular fashion, and that was why they did so. That was, of course, a convenient and simple explanation that saved them the trouble of looking any further for explanations of the law of gravitation. Nowadays we explain the law of gravitation in a somewhat complicated fashion that Einstein has introduced. I do not propose to give you a lecture on the law of gravitation, as interpreted by Einstein, because that again would take some time; at any rate, you no longer have the sort of natural law that you had in the Newtonian system, where, for some reason that nobody could understand, nature behaved in a uniform fashion. We now find that a great many things we thought were natural laws are really human conventions. You know that even in the remotest depths of stellar space there are still three feet to a yard. That is, no doubt, a very remarkable fact, but you would hardly call it a law of nature. And a great many things that have been regarded as laws of nature are of that kind. On the other hand, where you can get down to any knowledge of what atoms actually do, you will find that they are much less subject to law

than people thought, and that the laws at which you arrive are statistical averages of just the sort that would emerge from chance. There is, as we all know, a law that if you throw dice you will get double sixes only about once in thirty-six times, and we do not regard that as evidence that the fall of the dice is regulated by design; on the contrary, if the double sixes came every time we should think that there was design. The laws of nature are of that sort as regards a great many of them. They are statistical averages such as would emerge from the laws of chance; and that makes this whole business of natural law much less impressive than it formerly was. Quite apart from that, which represents the momentary state of science that may change tomorrow, the whole idea that natural laws imply a law-giver is due to a confusion between natural and human laws. Human laws are behests commanding you to behave in a certain way, in which way you may choose to behave, or you may choose not to behave; but natural laws are a description of how things do in fact behave, and, being a mere description of what they in fact do, you cannot argue that there must be somebody who told them to do that, because even supposing that there were you are then faced with the question, Why did God issue just those natural laws and no others? If you say that he did it simply from his own good pleasure, and without any reason, you then find that there is something which is not subject to law, and so your train of natural law is interrupted. If you say, as more ortho-

dox theologians do, that in all the laws which God issues he had a reason for giving those laws rather than others—the reason, of course, being to create the best universe, although you would never think it to look at it—if there was a reason for the laws which God gave, then God himself was subject to law, and therefore you do not get any advantage by introducing God as an intermediary. You have really a law outside and anterior to the divine edicts, and God does not serve your purpose, because he is not the ultimate law-giver. In short, this whole argument about natural law no longer has anything like the strength that it used to have. I am traveling on in time in my review of the arguments. The arguments that are used for the existence of God change their character as time goes on. They were at first hard intellectual arguments embodying certain quite definite fallacies. As we come to modern times they become less respectable intellectually and more and more affected by a kind of moralizing vagueness.

THE ARGUMENT FROM DESIGN

The next step in this process brings us to the argument from design. You all know the argument from design: everything in the world is made just so that we can manage to live in the world, and if the world was ever so little different we could not manage to live in it. That is the argument from design. It sometimes takes rather a curious form; for instance, it is argued that rabbits have white tails in order to be easy to shoot. I do not know how

rabbits would view that application. It is an easy argument to parody. You all know Voltaire's remark, that obviously the nose was designed to be such as to fit spectacles. That sort of parody has turned out to be not nearly so wide of the mark as it might have seemed in the eighteenth century, because since the time of Darwin we understand much better why living creatures are adapted to their environment. It is not that their environment was made to be suitable to them, but that they grew to be suitable to it, and that is the basis of adaptation. There is no evidence of design about it.

When you come to look into this argument from design, it is a most astonishing thing that people can believe that this world, with all the things that are in it, with all its defects, should be the best that omnipotence and omniscience has been able to produce in millions of years. I really cannot believe it. Do you think that, if you were granted omnipotence and omniscience and millions of years in which to perfect your world, you could produce nothing better than the Ku Klux Klan, the Fascisti, and Mr. Winston Churchill? Really I am not much impressed with the people who say: "Look at me: I am such a splendid product that there must have been design in the universe." I am not very much impressed by the splendor of those people. Therefore I think that this argument of design is really a very poor argument indeed. Moreover, if you accept the ordinary laws of science, you have to suppose that human life and life in general on

this planet will die out in due course: it is merely a flash in the pan; it is a stage in the decay of the solar system; at a certain stage of decay you get the sort of conditions of temperature and so forth which are suitable to protoplasm, and there is life for a short time in the life of the whole solar system. You see in the moon the sort of thing to which the earth is tending—something dead, cold, and lifeless.

I am told that that sort of view is depressing, and people will sometimes tell you that if they believed that they would not be able to go on living. Do not believe it; it is all nonsense. Nobody really worries much about what is going to happen millions of years hence. Even if they think they are worrying much about that, they are really deceiving themselves. They are worried about something much more mundane, or it may merely be a bad digestion; but nobody is really seriously rendered unhappy by the thought of something that is going to happen to this world millions and millions of years hence. Therefore, although it is of course a gloomy view to suppose that life will die out—at least I suppose we may say so, although sometimes when I contemplate the things that people do with their lives I think it is almost a consolation—it is not such as to render life miserable. It merely makes you turn your attention to other things.

THE MORAL ARGUMENTS FOR DEITY

Now we reach one stage further in what I shall call the intellectual descent that the

Theists have made in their argumentations, and we come to what are called the moral arguments for the existence of God. You all know, of course, that there used to be in the old days three intellectual arguments for the existence of God, all of which were disposed of by Immanuel Kant in the *Critique of Pure Reason;* but no sooner had he disposed of those arguments than he invented a new one, a moral argument, and that quite convinced him. He was like many people: in intellectual matters he was skeptical, but in moral matters he believed implicity in the maxims that he had imbibed at his mother's knee. That illustrates what the psycho-analysts so much emphasize —the immensely stronger hold upon us that our very early associations have than those of later times.

Kant, as I say, invented a new moral argument for the existence of God, and that in varying forms was extremely popular during the nineteenth century. It has all sorts of forms. One form is to say that there would be no right or wrong unless God existed. I am not for the moment concerned with whether there is a difference between right and wrong, or whether there is not: that is another question. The point I am concerned with is that, if you are quite sure there is a difference between right and wrong, you are then in this situation: Is that difference due to God's fiat or is it not? If it is due to God's fiat, then for God himself there is no difference between right and wrong, and it is no longer a significant statement to say that God

is good. If you are going to say, as theologians do, that God is good, you must then say that right and wrong have some meaning which is independent of God's fiat, because God's fiats are good and not bad independently of the mere fact that he made them. If you are going to say that, you will then have to say that it is not only through God that right and wrong came into being, but that they are in their essence logically anterior to God. You could, of course, if you liked, say that there was a superior deity who gave orders to the God who made this world, or could take up the line that some of the agnostics took up—a line which I often thought was a very plausible one—that as a matter of fact this world that we know was made by the devil at a moment when God was not looking. There is a good deal to be said for that, and I am not concerned to refute it.

THE ARGUMENT FOR THE REMEDYING OF INJUSTICE

Then there is another very curious form of moral argument, which is this: they say that the existence of God is required in order to bring justice into the world. In the part of this universe that we know there is great injustice, and often the good suffer, and often the wicked prosper, and one hardly knows which of those is the more annoying; but if you are going to have justice in the universe as a whole you have to suppose a future life to redress the balance of life here on earth,

and so they say that there must be a God, and there must be heaven and hell in order that in the long run there may be justice. That is a very curious argument. If you looked at the matter from a scientific point of view, you would say: "After all, I know only this world. I do not know about the rest of the universe, but so far as one can argue at all on probabilities one would say that probably this world is a fair sample, and if there is injustice here the odds are that there is injustice elsewhere also." Supposing you got a crate of oranges that you opened, and you found all the top layer of oranges bad, you would not argue: "The underneath ones must be good, so as to redress the balance." You would say: "Probably the whole lot is a bad consignment;" and that is really what a scientific person would argue about the universe. He would say: "Here we find in this world a great deal of injustice, and so far as that goes that is a reason for supposing that justice does not rule in the world; and therefore so far as it goes it affords a moral argument against deity and not in favor of one." Of course I know that the sort of intellectual arguments that I have been talking to you about are not what really moves people. What really moves people to believe in God is not any intellectual argument at all. Most people believe in God because they have been taught from early infancy to do it, and that is the main reason.

Then I think that the next most powerful reason is the wish for safety, a sort of feeling that there is a big brother who will look after

you. That plays a very profound part in influencing people's desire for a belief in God.

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST

I now want to say a few words upon a topic which I often think is not quite sufficiently dealt with by Rationalists, and that is the question whether Christ was the best and the wisest of men. It is generally taken for granted that we should all agree that that was so. I do not myself. I think that there are a good many points upon which I agree with Christ a great deal more than the professing Christians do. I do not know that I could go with Him all the way, but I could go with Him much further than most professing Christians can. You will remember that He said: "Resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." That is not a new precept or a new principle. It was used by Lao-Tse and Buddha some 500 or 600 years before Christ, but it is not a principle which as a matter of fact Christians accept. I have no doubt that the present Prime Minister, for instance, is a most sincere Christian, but I should not advise any of you to go and smite him on one cheek. I think you might find that he thought this text was intended in a figurative sense.

Then there is another point which I consider is excellent. You will remember that Christ said: "Judge not lest ye be judged." That principle I do not think you would find was popular in the law courts of Christian countries. I have known in my time quite a number of Judges who were very earnest Christians, and

they none of them felt that they were acting contrary to Christian principles in what they did. Then Christ says: "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." That is a very good principle. Your Chairman has reminded you that we are not here to talk politics, but I cannot help observing that the last general election was fought on the question of how desirable it was to turn away from him that would borrow of thee, so that one must assume that the Liberals and Conservatives of this country are composed of people who do not agree with the teaching of Christ, because they certainly did very emphatically turn away on that occasion.

Then there is one other maxim of Christ which I think has a great deal in it, but I do not find that it is very popular among some of our Christian friends. He says: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that which thou hast, and give to the poor." That is a very excellent maxim, but, as I say, it is not much practiced. All these, I think, are good maxims, although they are a little difficult to live up to. I do not profess to live up to them myself; but then, after all, I am not by way of doing so, and it is not quite the same thing as for a Christian.

DEFECTS IN CHRIST'S TEACHING

Having granted the excellence of these maxims, I come to certain points in which I do not believe that one can grant either the superlative wisdom or the superlative goodness of Christ as depicted in the Gospels; and here I

may say that one is not concerned with the historical question. Historically it is quite doubtful whether Christ ever existed at all, and if He did we do not know anything about Him, so that I am not concerned with the historical question, which is a very difficult one. I am concerned with Christ as He appears in the Gospels, taking the Gospel narrative as it stands, and there one does find some things that do not seem to be very wise. For one thing. He certainly thought that His second coming would occur in clouds of glory before the death of all the people who were living at that time. There are a great many texts that prove that. He says, for instance: "Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of Man be come." Then He says: "There are some standing here which shall not taste death till the Son of Man comes into His kingdom"; and there are a lot of places where it is quite clear that He believed that His second coming would happen during the lifetime of many then living. That was the belief of His earlier followers, and it was the basis of a good deal of His moral teaching. When He said, "Take no thought for the morrow," and things of that sort, it was very largely because He thought that the second coming was going to be very soon, and that all ordinary mundane affairs did not count. I have, as a matter of fact, known some Christians who did believe that the second coming was imminent. I knew a parson who frightened his congregation terribly by telling them that the second coming was very imminent indeed, but they were much consoled when

they found that he was planting trees in his garden. The early Christians did really believe it, and they did abstain from such things as planting trees in their gardens, because they did accept from Christ the belief that the second coming was imminent. In that respect clearly He was not so wise as some other people have been, and he was certainly not superlatively wise.

THE MORAL PROBLEM

Then you come to moral questions. There is one very serious defect to my mind in Christ's moral character, and that is that He believed in hell. I do not myself feel that any person who is really profoundly humane can believe in everlasting punishment. Christ certainly as depicted in the Gospels did believe in everlasting punishment, and one does find repeatedly a vindictive fury against those people who would not listen to His preaching—an attitude which is not uncommon with preachers, but which does somewhat detract from superlative excellence. You do not, for instance, find that attitude in Socrates. You find him quite bland and urbane towards the people who would not listen to him; and it is, to my mind, far more worthy of a sage to take that line than to take the line of indignation. You probably all remember the sort of things that Socrates was saying when he was dying, and the sort of things that he generally did say to people who did not agree with him.

You will find that in the Gospels Christ said: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell." That was

said to people who did not like His preaching. It is not really to my mind quite the best tone, and there are a great many of these things about hell. There is, of course, the familiar text about the sin against the Holy Ghost: "Whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world nor in the world to come." That text has caused an unspeakable amount of misery in the world, for all sorts of people have imagined that they have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and thought that it would not be forgiven them either in this world or in the world to come. I really do not think that a person with a proper degree of kindliness in his nature would have put fears and terrors of that sort into the world.

Then Christ says: "The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth"; and He goes on about the wailing and gnashing of teeth. It comes in one verse after another, and it is quite manifest to the reader that there is a certain pleasure in contemplating wailing and gnashing of teeth, or else it would not occur so often. Then you all, of course, remember about the sheep and the goats; how at the second coming He is going to divide the sheep from the goats, and He is going to say to the goats: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." He continues: "And these shall go away into everlasting fire." Then He says again: "If thy

hand offend thee, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched; where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." He repeats that again and again also. I must say that I think all this doctrine, that hell-fire is a punishment for sin, is a doctrine of cruelty. It is a doctrine that put cruelty into the world and gave the world generations of cruel torture; and the Christ of the Gospels, if you could take Him as His chroniclers represent Him, would certainly have to be considered partly responsible for that.

There are other things of less importance. There is the instance of the Gadarene swine, where it certainly was not very kind to the pigs to put the devils into them and make them rush down the hill to the sea. You must remember that He was omnipotent, and He could have made the devils simply go away; but He chooses to send them into the pigs. Then there is the curious story of the fig-tree, which always rather puzzled me. You remember what happened about the fig-tree. "He was hungry; and seeing a fig-tree afar off having leaves, He came if haply He might find anything thereon; and when He came to it He found nothing but leaves, for the time of figs was not yet. And Jesus answered and said unto it: 'No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever' . . . . and Peter . . . . saith unto Him: 'Master, behold the fig-tree which thou cursedst is withered away.'" That is a very curious story, because it was not the right time of year for

figs, and you really could not blame the tree. I cannot myself feel that either in the matter of wisdom or in the matter of virtue Christ stands quite as high as some other people known to History. I think I should put Buddha and Socrates above Him in those respects.

THE EMOTIONAL FACTOR

As I said before, I do not think that the real reason why people accept religion has anything to do with argumentation. They accept religion on emotional grounds. One is often told that it is a very wrong thing to attack religion, because religion makes men virtuous. So I am told; I have not noticed it. You know, of course, the parody of that argument in Samuel Butler's book, *Erewhon Revisited.* You will remember that in *Erewhon* there is a certain Higgs who arrives in a remote country, and after spending some time there he escapes from that country in a balloon. Twenty years later he comes back to that country and finds a new religion, in which he is worshiped under the name of the "Sun Child"; and it is said that he ascended into heaven. He finds that the Feast of the Ascension is about to be celebrated, and he hears Professors Hanky and Panky say to each other that they never set eyes on the man Higgs, and they hope they never will; but they are the high priests of the religion of the Sun Child. He is very indignant, and he comes up to them, and he says: "I am going to expose all this humbug and tell the people of Erewhon that it was only I, the man Higgs, and

I went up in a balloon." He was told: "You must not do that, because all the morals of this country are bound round this myth, and if they once know that you did not ascend into heaven they will all become wicked"; and so he is persuaded of that, and he goes quietly away.

That is the idea—that we should all be wicked if we did not hold to the Christian religion. It seems to me that the people who have held to it have been for the most part extremely wicked. You find this curious fact, that the more intense has been the religion of any period and the more profound has been the dogmatic belief, the greater has been the cruelty and the worse has been the state of affairs. In the so-called ages of faith, when men really did believe the Christian religion in all its completeness, there was the Inquisition, with its tortures; there were millions of unfortunate women burnt as witches; and there was every kind of cruelty practiced upon all sorts of people in the name of religion.

You find as you look around the world that every single bit of progress in humane feeling, every improvement in the criminal law, every step towards the diminution of war, every step towards better treatment of the colored races, or every mitigation of slavery, every moral progress that there has been in the world, has been consistently opposed by the organized churches of the world. I say quite deliberately that the Christian religion, as organized in its churches, has been and still is the principal enemy of moral progress in the world.

HOW THE CHURCHES HAVE RETARDED PROGRESS

You may think that I am going too far when I say that that is still so. I do not think that I am. Take one fact. You will bear with me if I mention it. It is not a pleasant fact, but the churches compel one to mention facts that are not pleasant. Supposing that in this world that we live in today an inexperienced girl is married to a syphilitic man, in that case the Catholic church says: "This is an indissoluble sacrament. You must stay together for life," and no steps of any sort must be taken by that woman to prevent herself from giving birth to syphilitic children. That is what the Catholic church says. I say that that is fiendish cruelty, and nobody whose natural sympathies have not been warped by dogma, or whose moral nature was not absolutely dead to all sense of suffering, could maintain that it is right and proper that that state of things should continue.

That is only an example. There are a great many ways in which at the present moment the church, by its insistence upon what it chooses to call morality, inflicts upon all sorts of people undeserved and unnecessary suffering. And of course, as we know, it is in its major part an opponent still of progress and of improvement in all the ways that diminish suffering in the world, because it has chosen to label as morality a certain narrow set of rules of conduct which have nothing to do with human happiness; and when you say that this or that ought to be done because it would make for human happiness, they think that has nothing to do

with the matter at all. "What has human happiness to do with morals? The object of morals is not to make people happy."

FEAR THE FOUNDATION OF RELIGION

Religion is based, I think, primarily and mainly upon fear. It is partly the terror of the unknown, and partly, as I have said, the wish to feel that you have a kind of elder brother who will stand by you in all your troubles and disputes. Fear is the basis of the whole thing—fear of the mysterious, fear of defeat, fear of death. Fear is the parent of cruelty, and therefore it is no wonder if cruelty and religion have gone hand-in-hand. It is because fear is at the basis of those two things. In this world we can now begin a little to understand things, and a little to master them by the help of science, which has forced its way step by step against the Christian religion, against the churches, and against the opposition of all the old precepts. Science can help us to get over this craven fear in which mankind has lived for so many generations. Science can teach us, and I think our own hearts can teach us, no longer to look round for imaginary supports, no longer to invent allies in the sky, but rather to look to our own efforts here below to make this world a fit place to live in, instead of the sort of place that the churches in all these centuries have made it.

WHAT WE MUST DO

We want to stand upon our own feet and look fair and square at the world—its good facts, its bad facts, its beauties, and its ugliness; see the

world as it is, and be not afraid of it. Conquer the world by intelligence, and not merely by being slavishly subdued by the terror that comes from it. The whole conception of God is a conception derived from the ancient Oriental despotisms. It is a conception quite unworthy of free men. When you hear people in church debasing themselves and saying that they are miserable sinners, and all the rest of it, it seems contemptible and not worthy of self-respecting human beings. We ought to stand up and look the world frankly in the face. We ought to make the best we can of the world, and if it is not so good as we wish, after all it will still be better than what these others have made of it in all these ages. A good world needs knowledge, kindliness, and courage; it does not need a regretful hankering after the past, or a fettering of the free intelligence by the words uttered long ago by ignorant men. It needs a fearless outlook and a free intelligence. It needs hope for the future, not looking back all the time towards a past that is dead, which we trust will be far surpassed by the future that our intelligence can create.

WHY I AM A RATIONALIST

THE RATIONAL HABIT OF MIND IS A RARE ONE

I am, in this age when there are a great many appeals to unreason, an unrepentant Rationalist. I have been a Rationalist ever since I can remember, and I do not propose to cease to be so whatever appeals to unreason may be made. We have listened to a speech, by which I think we were all much moved, about the pioneers in the past who have done what they could to promote the cause of freedom of thought. I suppose it is for me to speak about the great need of continuing this work in our own day, and about how much there is that remains for all who sympathize with its objects to accomplish. We are not yet, and I suppose men and women never will be, completely rational. Perhaps, if we were, we should not have all the pleasures that we have at present; but I think complete rationality is so distant a prospect that we need not be much alarmed by it, and the nearest approach that we are likely to get is sure to be all to the good. I certainly find that there is a very great deal of irrationality still about in the world.

While Professor Graham Wallas was speaking about the bequests that have been made to the Rationalist Press Association I was thinking: What is its creed, what is its dogma, and what is going to be the, so to speak, doctrine that these benefactions are going to be devoted to propagating? You have, of course, to be a little

careful, when you find yourself landed with endowments and benefactions, lest you should become another endowed church. (*Laughter.*) As far as I can see, the view to which we are committed, one which I have stated on a former occasion, is that we ought not to believe, and we ought not to try to cause others to believe, any proposition for which there is no evidence whatever. That seems a modest proposition, and if you can stick to that you will be fairly sure that you are not going to become a sort of ossified endowed church. We ought not to commit ourselves to dogmatic negations any more than to dogmatic affirmations; we ought merely to say that there are a great many propositions about which men and women feel pretty certain, but, concerning which they have no right to feel certain, and it is our business as Rationalists to try to make them see that those things are not certain. I am told that that is a very wicked position to maintain. I have here a book recently published which I commend to your attention. You may or may not know that some little time ago, under the auspices of the National Secular Society, I delivered a lecture on "Why I am Not a Christian." Now, it appears that I did not know why it is that I am not a Christian; and here is a book which will tell you why I am not—by Mr. H. G. Wood, who is a somewhat eminent member of the Society of Friends, a body for which I have the greatest respect. His book is called *Why Mr. Bertrand Russell is Not a Christian.* It seems that the reasons are not those which I thought they were. He says in one

sentence: "The main reason why he is not a Christian is that he simply does not know what religion is." One might say that Mr. Wood is not an Agnostic because he does not know what Agnosticism is. After all, I had all the benefits of a Christian education, and he did not have the benefits of an Agnostic education; so that possibly the argument might be considered two-edged. Nevertheless, I commend the book to your attention, and you will then know why it is that I am not a Christian.

There is a very large amount of Rationalist work required in the world. I think the battle is quite as fierce as ever it was. Take, for example America. America is a very important country. What America thinks today the rest of the world will be forced to think tomorrow, and therefore what America thinks is important. There are some hopeful features about America. I was recently on a boat going to America, and a minister of religion on the boat invited me to speak to his congregation about my views on religion. I said: "Yours must be a very broad-minded congregation"; and this minister of religion, somewhat to my surprise, replied: "Oh, of course, I do not believe in God." I met other ministers of religion in America who took the same line. That, I must say, somewhat surprised me; but they are, I am afraid, rather a small minority, and the great bulk of Americans are still extremely theological. Moreover, we have to face the very serious position due to the growth of the Roman Catholic Church in America, because, as far as I can see, the Roman Catholic Church

is likely to dominate America in another fifty or a hundred years by the sheer increase of numbers, and not by rational propaganda. That is a very grave matter, and a matter which I think will affect the whole of the civilized world very much. Of course, you know that already in Boston, which was once the home of advanced Protestantism, the Roman Catholics rule the whole place; and there is a censorship upon literature more severe than in any other part of America. I expect you know that in America men are still sent to prison for Atheism, not only in Fundamentalist States, but even in States of the East, and altogether there is in that part of the world an enormous need of propaganda on these matters. It is very important to all of us, because the Americans tend more and more to rule the world, and we shall find ourselves in a very difficult position unless we can more or less liberalize them—a mission, I may say, in which I have done what I can, and my wife has also.

We have to realize that the attitude of Rationalism, which I defined as that of not believing a proposition or causing others to believe it unless there is at least some reason for supposing it to be true, is by no means widespread. Take the matter of education, concerning which Professor Graham Wallas spoke. In most countries of the world a great many extremely dubious propositions are taught to the young with great emphasis, and the young grow up accepting those extremely dubious propositions. If by any chance you attempt, as my wife and I are attempting at this moment,

to bring up a small number of young people free from superstition, you find yourself in a very difficult situation. You find, of course, that the public money which goes to education will not be given to any education that involves no element of superstition; you find that support is extremely difficult to obtain; you find that altogether it is thought that, whatever grown men and women may be allowed to think, the young, at any rate, ought to believe a whole lot of absurdities, and that it is quite impossible for the young to attain the necessary minimum of virtues unless you produce an extremely large number of very bad arguments in favor of that virtue—arguments which, of course, they will see through as soon as they get a little older; but it is thought that what they do then when they see through them does not so much matter. I cannot quite take that view. I think that any virtue that you may believe in should be one that you can support from the very first without appealing to anything that you do not yourself believe. Education will have to be quite enormously transformed if that view is accepted. I believe that it is at present illegal in every country of the world except Russia to teach children in the kind of way which skilled medical practitioners would consider the best for their mental health. That is one point upon which irrational convictions as generally held interfere, and there are a number of ways in which it is at present impossible to educate rationally without coming up against the authorities. The authorities are organized upon a basis of certain irrational dogmas, and those dogmas are not all of them theological.

Some are theological, and some are of other sorts; but the rational habit of mind is a very rare one.

I think that we ought to do all that we can to bring before the world the importance of the attitude that we are not going to believe a thing unless there is some reason to think that it is true. I know that that is thought to be very shocking. It is supposed that there are a lot of things that you ought to believe because good people believe them, and not because there is any reason for them. I do not take that view. I think anything that is worth believing must have some positive ground in its favor.

There are always new grounds being alleged in favor of irrationality; perpetually new things come up. Take, for example, the kind of use that has been made by some people of psycho-analysis. If you read the works of the founder of psycho-analysis, you find an entirely rationalist attitude; but if you listen to some of the minor disciples you will imagine that this doctrine has swept away the idea that opinions can be based upon reason at all. That, of course, is not the truth of it. You will always find a number of clever people engaged in perversions of anything that comes up—engaged in saying that the latest results of science prove that the people who always opposed science are after all in the right. That is where there is always humbug. Anybody who tells you that the latest results of science prove something, he himself not being a scientist, you may be pretty sure is talking nonsense.

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 988
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

How to Win a Mate

(The Art of Courtship)

Clement Wood

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The Art of Courtship

Clement Wood

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THE ART OF COURTSHIP

WHY ONE MUST WOO

The Origin of Wooing.—The normal man must woo the woman who attracts him, because of an instinct planted deep in his nature, which had its origin far down in the scale of life. The modern civilized woman must woo, because this obligation has been laid upon her by man's rearrangement of society, dating from the savage hour when he ended the era of woman-rule, the matriarchate, and took the leadership himself.

The first separate male appears at about the stage of the barnacle in the scale of animal life. The female barnacle, a shellfish attached permanently to a rock, pier, or the hull of a ship, gives birth to from two to seven little male consorts, or husbands, whom she keeps in little openings in her shell, like pockets. From among these pocket-husbands she picks out the one she pleases to mate with her; usually selecting the largest (for all are much smaller than herself), and, where sizes are equal, the one that she feels drawn to emotionally. From this emotion gradually emerges the esthetic sense, or sense of the beautiful. Thus the first male did not have to do any wooing: he was picked, like the apple that one day made Eden vanish away.

As we rise higher in the scale of animal life, say among the spiders and insects like the grotesquely horrible praying mantis, the male

has to woo: and a bloody and savage mate he must go after! The female, still larger than her male, sits back and waits for the audacious mate to approach. He feels one impelling biological purpose: to mate with her, and make sure that offspring will come. Nature has implanted this overpowering instinct in him. In the female, are two appetites; a fainter desire to mate, and ordinary hunger. Her male must satisfy both, in his wooing. As he approaches her, the Theda Bara among insects grasps the male and eats, first his head, then a leg or two, and a part of his body. When the edge has been taken off her appetite, she rests. At this time what is left of the male completes the mating. When her hunger returns again, the female finishes her devouring of the male.

The male bee, who outflies the other males in the lofty nuptial flight of the queen bee, mates with her in thin high air far above the earth; and dies at the moment of mating, his husk of a body falling, like Lucifer out of heaven, to the earth far below. There are other cases where mating spells death for the male: but Nature is kinder in most matings, and the male surivives. When we reach the birds and the mammals, the wooing is a gorgeous thing. For the male bird or beast, as a slow result of female selection based upon her esthetic or beauty-loving sense, has developed into a far more gorgeous creature than his mate. The bright glitter of the peacock, the gorgeous flame of the male tanager and cardinal bird, the glow of gay tropical bird

males, the lion's mane, the rooster's comb and feather display, the stag's branching antlers, the humble billygoat's beard, the man's beard, all have developed to stimulate the jaded eye of the female. The mating songs, from the bird carols to the whooping crane's strange howls, with bill opened to the sky, neck stiff as a ramrod, and wings pumping out the weird noises, and from the tomcat's caterwauling to the corner quartette's strange agonies over "Sweet Adeline"—all have developed to stimulate the bored ear of the female. At mating time, the male is often a ridiculous sight, with his stiff formal dances and prancings before the female, even among the animals. He must woo: that is what he was made for. The female was not made primarily to woo: her task is to live, and to transmit life to the generations after her. The male, originally, was merely an incident in her life.

Thus the normal boy and young man came to the wooing period with a tremendous inward urge, that gives them no release until they have wooed and won. The female matures earlier in the human race; and girls pass through a year or two of excessive curiosity and interest in the male sex, when their boy friends of the same age are ordinarily entirely cold to all female charms. The hidden hour comes when boy alters to man. His voice changes and lowers, in that ridiculous kaleidoscope of sound that is humorously called "the goslings." A tiny fuzz appears on male lips, cheeks, and chin: the young man is as proud

of the first hair of his incipient mustache as if he were entitled to credit for it. His body alters, and the mating impulse sweeps over him. No matter how much he has scoffed at mere girls before, they suddenly fill the whole horizon. Just as the animals strut to attract attention, so boys and young men during this transition and shortly afterwards will do anything to gain the gaze of even a passing girl. They talk in loud tones on the street, they jostle a passing girl, they cut up absurd capers—all to gain the first look from a woman's eyes. Then this bubbling simmers down, and they set out on the long chase of the female, which may occupy much of their lives thereafter.

If the boy or young man continues uninterested in girls, this is a bad sign. It may be bashfulness: we will take up that symptom and its cure later. It may indicate some inner twist, which makes him prefer his own company, or that of members of his own sex, to female company. This is, spiritually at least, a sort of perversion; it is a sterile attitude, contrary to the wide purposes of nature. In normal cases, he can no more avoid wooing than he can avoid feeling hungry and going after food. For that is what he is on earth for, from a physical point of view.

Reasons Against Wooing.—Lord Bacon, that prosy old cynic whom misguided persons have sought to identify as the author of the plays attributed to Shakespeare, says in his Essays: "A wife and children are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief."

There is the smoke of truth here, but it points to a fire very different from the one the sardonic old politician intended. Great enterprises gain much of their impetus, from the male's desire to stand well in the female's eyes. Another angle on the matter might be worded, that the energy which is implanted in man for wooing purposes may be deflected into enterprises, such as piratical and military careers, adventure trips and explorations. But more often than not, the spur that sends the man into building a house, or tilling a field, into slicing mountains apart to wed great oceans, discovering a pole or a hidden hinterland civilization, into achievement of any distinguished kind, is the desire to gain merit in the eyes of some specific woman, or of women in general. A great thinker has said that civilization is a sublimation, or expression in another form, of the primitive love desire. A man, because of his short height, or some physical diseases or disability, is rebuffed in youth by a woman: to provide against a repetition of the rebuff, he becomes a financial figure in Wall Street, or a conqueror of the world; or, at least, he tries to achieve this. Thus the spur of feminine approval is what goads the horse, man, to enterprises of virtue and mischief.

Of course, wooing does not necessarily involve marriage, or the man's assumption of responsibility for the children. Many men remain closer to the primitive, and are satisfied to enjoy the woman, often at great cost to her, and thereafter to abandon her with what

children she may have as a result of the union. Such men lose the finer fruits of mating, the long comradeship of a compatible woman that makes life a complete enjoyment, rather than a fragmentary one. The fact that a man has accepted a wife and children may tone down his spirit of adventure: from absurd masculine displays, "playing to the galleries" of mankind, his energy is altered to proper continuing courtship of his wife, and the making of a home for her and the children. To that extent Bacon is right: "great," in the sense of flashy and foolhardy, enterprises "of virtue or mischief" are replaced by ordinary sensible human living. But there is no loss to the man, rather a gain.

Again, the fact of acquiring a wife and children, if the man is well mated, acts as his chief spur to steady achievement in whatever is his role in human life. The unmated man is a wild, reckless creature, taking any kind of absurd risk, sinking a year's earnings in one night's play at the gambling table, going on roaring drinking parties, regarding women as his prey rather than as possible companions. The well-mated man is a social unit, or a part of one, at least. The wanderlust is drained away in the humbler yet loftier task of building his own world toward his dreams, rather than skylarking over the world in the vain hope that somewhere he will find the world of his dreams already built for him.

There are dangers in mating, grave dangers: the divorce records of the country indicate many of them. The chief one is where

the man, at an early age, contracts a marriage with a woman who is a fit mate for him then, but lacks the capacity for growth along with him. This applies in many cases where the man makes a success thereafter in any line. When he was a ten-dollar-a-week man, he married a ten-dollar-a-week woman; when he became a ten thousand dollar a year man, the woman remained a ten-dollar-a-week woman, and became a distinct and draining load upon his back, and a deterrent to his continued success and happiness. Boswell, Johnson's biographer, may have had this type in mind when he wrote:

Whilst courting, and in honeymoon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I loved her late, I loved her soon,
And called her dearest kitten.

But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross, like other wives.
Alas! alas! my honest Matt,
I fear she has nine lives.

In "How to Love" (Little Blue Book No. 98), problems of this nature were taken up and discussed: the only remedy being, where a marriage becomes loveless, to terminate the marriage, for the benefit of the man, the woman, and the children concerned. From the woman's standpoint, the chief danger in mating is that she will get a man lacking her sensitiveness, and unable to grow into an appreciation of it. She finds herself mated for life to a cruder, coarser, and incompatible male; and, when love dies, and cruelty and infidelity take its place, only the remedy indicated above

will serve. There are all these dangers: but they call rather for a wiser courtship, than for an abolition of wooing and mating.

Lastly, a man or woman is incomplete without courtship and mating. Those who say that a man or woman can become a perfected, rounded human being without human love, are deceivers, spreading a mental poison. The man or woman who goes too long without the practice of love contracts a case of ingrowing love, as painful and morbid as an ingrowing toenail. All the immense love energy stagnates and fouls into a diseased nature, hateful, spiteful, gossipy, perverted and warped from real humanness. There can be no ultimate reason against mating. The task is to woo well and mate wisely.

Wooing by Women.—Today, contrary to the custom in the sub-human world and among the earliest savage men, woman must woo as well as man. The reason lies in man's alteration of the standards of society. The female animal is not as competent as her mate in the hunt and the kill, and in coping with life. Men have rendered women incompetent by thousands of years of hothouse sheltering and by servile toil for many more. The woman today realizes, —we speak of the less intelligent woman now— that her task in life is to obtain a husband, as a permanent meal ticket, and as provider of home, clothing, and all the rest of the tremendous trifles of civilization. Such a mistaught girl goes after a man as a fisherman goes after a brook trout, and more frequently than is good for the man lands the poor

fish, and has him hooked thoroughly thereafter. Such a woman has been taught that marriage should be based, not upon love, but upon a man's ability to care financially for the woman. Life's highest crown is a satisfying human love. This she has not aimed for, and this she does not get. When she aims low, she scores low; and, if the man is wise, he will dump her and leave her high and dry, when it is too late for her to go after the finer goal.

But even the wise woman today realizes that the whole social arrangement of mating between the sexes is overcast with absurd taboos and restrictions; and that, if she is to mate happily, she must regain part of woman's lost privilege of choice. There is nothing "unladylike" in her doing the choosing, in her unostentatious wooing, and, if necessary, in her proposing marriage herself. We will take up woman as a wooer later.

What Wooing Consists Of.—From the standpoint of either sex, wooing superficially consists of only one thing: conquest of the woman or man pursued, the gaining of the ultimate favor, if the woman be pursued, with or without marriage, and the gaining of marriage, if the man is the pursued. If wooing is regarded in this light, it is possible that the pursuit is always limited, if not erroneous. For the matter of conquest is not the ultimate one in wooing and mating. The proper purpose of wooing is to choose and win the right mate.

The matter of choosing brings up the second and far more important element of wooing, which might be described as education in the

opposite sex. Society today makes no adequate provision for practical laboratory education in the characteristics of the opposite sex: a wiser civilization will supply ample facilities for this indispensable part of human education. The man comes to adolescence without any knowledge of woman, beyond his slight information concerning his mother and his sisters, if he has any, and casual contacts with other girls and women. The girl comes to adolescence as ill-informed. Yet soon thereafter man and girl are called upon to enter, without preliminary training, the game or gamble of securing a life mate, who will lift them up or drag them down thereafter, in all of their efforts. Socially this is a crime. The only thing that can partially supply the lack of information, today, is the wooing period. For, after marriage, it is difficult to end the relationship; and, before marriage, if the parties learn they are ill-suited, intelligent men and women still have a dignified chance to break off the unwise mating before it solidifies into the chains of marriage. Keep in mind, then, that the wooing period is primarily a time for learning about the other sex, and its traits and eccentricities. The young man or woman in love should study the subject, from books and from living teachers, as amply as possible: and should observe other men and women, unmarried and married, with eyes as clear as he or she can make them. If the wooing is regarded as an education in love, and especially in the person wooed, its value will be doubled.

II

WHOM TO WOO

Physical Mates.—The lowest form of mating is that on the exclusively physical plane. Yet this is perhaps the most important aspect of all. If lovers are not physically pleasing and satisfactory to each other, all the financial and other inducements are worthless.

The first problem concerns the respective ages of the parties. Should they be of the same ages? If not, which should be older? On this point, Shakespeare says:

> Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
> So sways she level in her husband's heart.
> For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and inform,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
> Than woman's are.

The woman matures earlier; so the younger woman is the normal equivalent, especially physically, of the man a few years older. This is all right for the time of the mating: but thereafter the man overcomes the woman's lead, and soon surpasses her; and when, at her change of life, she has largely finished her physical function of love-making, the man is still equipped as a wooer and lover. On the other side of the same question, the same poet wrote:

> Crabbed Age and Youth
> Cannot live together:
> Youth is full of pleasance,
> Age is full of care;

Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O! my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee—
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

This is worth quoting in full to drive home, in the concentrated phrasing of a master, the extreme differences between youth and age. When an elderly well-to-do man marries a young and lovely girl, as often happens, this may apply; and when a young man marries a woman old enough to be his mother, this may also apply.

And yet, each one's problems of the choice of a mate is an individual problem: no general rules may be laid down. The man's first vague ideal of the woman he wishes to love is made to imitate largely, in normal cases, his mother; the girl's, her father. If this first ideal impression persists with great strength thereafter, youth will be happy only with age. If, in the more normal case, youth desires youth finally, then the invaluable courtship period should have taught this lesson: the young man or woman turns from the intended older mate, and the evil is corrected before it is too late. The person fully experienced in love will have experimented in courtship with

people of various ages, to find where the ideal lies. Too much experimentation, of course, rubs off something of the bloom, but if enlightenment follows this rubbing off of the bloom, the thing is worthwhile.

As to dispositions, again no general rule can be laid down. Biological science says those are most happily mated whose dispositions are opposite. Similarly, biological science says that blonde should mate with brunette, and tall with short: it making no difference to science whether the man is the tall or short one, or the woman the short or tall one. Biological science is true in generalities, and does not pretend to solve individual cases and preferences. The only recommendation is, try the one you are first attracted to; and, if the period of courtship indicates a mistake has been made, and that incompatibility comes from opposite temperaments, or from the same temperaments, try elsewhere.

When should one woo and marry? Are early or late marriages advisable? Here society's present financial arrangement comes in. Unless the man or woman is wealthy already—and few are—the man cannot afford to support a wife, in professional or white-collared business life, until he is from 25 to 30. Marriage on a very small income may work out successfully; in the majority of cases, it does not. The girl who marries at eighteen has hardly had time to know her own mind yet: there are arguments for waiting until she is 22 to 25, or even older. If the man or woman matures slowly, this is reason for later mating.

The danger in late matings is that the man and woman have grown more fixed and rigid in minor matters: more crotchety, more old-maidish or old-mannish. The young are more adaptable. All of these things must be weighed. In general, courtship should begin soon after adolescence, and the mating should be entered upon as soon as the young man and young woman feel that they are completely unhappy unless living together.

Health is an important matter. Some states require a health certificate from both man and woman; and this is a wise precaution. The man or woman venereally infected should not be permitted to marry, until medical science gives a clean bill of health. If a man marries a sickly and ailing woman, who will become an invalid, he is bound down to an excessive and unpleasing load for life. On the other hand, marriage may end the woman's invalidism, which may have been assumed subconsciously as a protection against being overworked at home, or which may be a case of physical warping caused by non-expression of the love energy. If the woman marries an invalid man, unless she wishes to support him for life, more unhappiness will follow. Samuel Butler, in *Erewhon*, calls disease a crime; and crime, a mere disease, to be cured by doctors. For ill health, punishment should follow. This attitude, revolutionary in a high degree, is in the main sound. Except in rare cases, only the physically sound should mate. During the courtship, this should be gone into carefully.

From the physical standpoint, a man should

woo that woman or those women who attract him physically. The wooing period will indicate whether any one woman is congenial and increasingly desirable. No one but a congenial woman who is increasingly desirable should be permanently mated with. The girl should be guided by the same principle of choice.

Mental Mates.—The former conception was that the man was supposed to be the intellectual one, by training, and by contact with the broadening influences of his work, and of the world of men; and that the woman should be an intellectual weakling, tending toward imbecility. In the Oriental world, with its harems and harem favorites, this is at times the situation achieved. Such a method deprives love and mating of its chief glory: the intellectual companionship of congenial spirits.

Woman is no longer forbidden an education. Elementary education is generally hers, required by law; she may have a college training, or its equivalent; and, in general, in life thereafter, if left with time on her hands at home, she is more literate, in the world of books and ideas, than the man; although she may have had less personal contact with large groups of minds, such as a man encounters in his business and social connections. The balance, for the ideal mating, should swing closer. A woman is the gainer by practical experience at working, so that she may realize from the standpoint of the earner the value of a dollar, and not measure it merely from the standpoint of the spender.

A man once locked his business cares up

when the left the office, and never brought them home; or, if he brought them home, brought them merely as complaints, unintelligible to his wife. The ideal mating is where the man and woman are equally interested and intelligent in the business welfare, and are, in effect, partners, as they must be in results. This state can rarely be entirely reached. But if, during the courtship, the girl turns out to be a chatter-tongued and scatter-brained little fool, this is a danger signal to the man, to get out while the getting is good. The girl who raves over the movies, dances like a feather, and thinks like one, is not likely to be a fit mate or mother to the man's children. The man who turns out to be merely a would-be sheik, with no ideas above professional baseball or spending all he has made in a week in one night, is hardly to be chosen as a permanent mate. Unless such a pair woo and win each other: which makes two other people happy, who might have won these lemons and been unhappy thereafter. Courtship is the great testing time, to see whether the two concerned are congenial mentally, and whether they apparently have similar capacities of mental growth.

Social Mates.—Should a girl marry only a man well able to support her? Should a man marry only a girl who is well off financially? These questions would be absurd, if current standards of society did not let them largely dictate many of the most unhappy marriages among us. One should marry for love, primarily and almost entirely. The purpose of

mating is to increase one's happiness: love cannot be bought, and the thing called bought love cannot increase happiness. Love in poverty has a harder row to hoe than love in comparative opulence: but love in poverty is immeasurably better than sham love in opulence, which grows soon enough to hatred in opulence. Let physical attractiveness, plus mental congeniality, be the touchstones during the wooing period. The money will somehow come to those who are not utterly spiritual weaklings, and who present a loving and united front to the world. They may never be well off: but they will win more of the goal of mating and life, which is happiness, than well-to-do haters of their mates.

The matter of social position is similar. The chance of happiness in marriage today is not great when all advantages are in favor of the mating parties. When to this is added a distinct difference in social standing, this makes the problem harder of solution. Let this fact, when ascertained, put you on your guard. But, at the same time, it is only one fact among many to be weighed; and, if the physical and mental attractions are strong enough, they should overweigh any inequality in rearing and background.

Of all errors achieved in mating, perhaps marrying to reform a man is the worst. If a man cannot overcome his pet vices during the courting period, when he is free to fight the battle out within himself, it is almost a sure bet he will not alter after marriage. Even if he temporarily ends the faults or vices during

the courting, he may slump later. Reforming a man (or a girl either) is a tremendous gamble. If you choose to gamble with your life, and enjoy the risk, that is an excellent reason for going ahead with it. But the more normal human beings will leave reformation to the person concerned, and marry for other and sounder reasons.

Special Problems.—Should a man be married who has sowed his wild oats? Or should a girl insist upon the man's coming to the mating pure? Should a girl be married who has sowed her wild oats? Or should a man insist upon her coming to the mating pure?

The average answer is that the man is the gainer by the sowing of wild oats; and that the girl is ruined by the practice. Needless to say, this angle of judgment is all wrong. If the sowing of wild oats consists in mere amorous experience with other women, or in this coupled with drinking, even to the point of moderate drunkenness, and gambling on a scale not too large, the man is not injured for marriage by these. Nor is the girl injured in the slightest. The object of life is to achieve happiness. The chief method of gaining this is by experiencing the world. Love experience is no more harmful (unless pregnancy results) than experience in sampling different food menus. If disease has come, that is a matter for the doctors to pass upon, and the discussion of health above covers it. If the girl has had an illegitimate child, society's ban is so strong that the case is altered somewhat. This is a factor to be weighed by both parties: it

does not of necessity make the girl any the less fit as a mate, than the man would be if he had had an illegitimate child by another woman.

In general, the man is better off for having sowed some wild oats before marriage: he is less liable to plow a field of post-marital wild oats. The same is true, although in a slightly less degree, of the girl. The only difference is caused by the weight of social standards upon the two sexes today.

Should a bashful man or woman woo or be wooed? Bashfulness is in no wise discreditable; it is in general a nervous trait which may be remedied. It comes in general from a want of self-confidence. In general, the bashful continue plugging away in humble self-effacement; and, at times, suddenly burst forth with an achievement far ahead of that of the brassiest individual, self-confident from birth. The cure for bashfulness is contact with crowds, which brings sooner or later the realization that you are not inferior in the slightest to the run of humanity, and are superior to many of your associates. Something of the Coué method—repeating to yourself, without intentional compulsion, "I am important, I believe in myself," might help. Luckily for the bashful, they ordinarily attract the opposite temperament. If the husband of the bashful woman does not make fun of her peculiarity, but sympathetically brings her out, and if the wife of the bashful man does the same, the effort becomes more than twice as successful. In general, the bashful make mates as satis-

factory, or more satisfactory, than the self-confident.

Is love at first sight a possibility? Of course, and a frequent one. The normal man falls in love, at first sight, with every attractive woman he sees. If this is an error, take it as a confession. Many a woman falls in love at first sight with a man who satisfies her ideal, hitherto unrealized. If both feel the emotion simultaneously, we have the perfect case. The subsequent wooing will indicate whether this is enduring love, or an illusion.

Should a man or woman woo several persons at once? In general, especially in the earlier stages of the wooing, this is an advantage. If you wish to buy a jewel, you are wise if you examine several, before making your final choice. The same applies to wooing for a mate. We say at once, because successive wooing permits choice really only of some subsequent love object; whereas the first may be, after all, the most suited. Wooing should be done in honesty; so the element of deception of the parties concerned should not ordinarily be used. This is not because it is ethically wrong, but because, if found out, unpleasant consequences may ensue. But, in general, the wider the choice, the more satisfactory the mating that follows. People who marry the first woman or man they are infatuated with are seldom well mated. Since trial wooings are socially accepted, they should be taken advantage of.

We can now proceed to the technique of wooing.

III

HOW A MAN WOOS

Whom to Woo.—The first thing to emphasize is that you are wooing the girl, and not her father, her mother, her aunts, or her family in general. Since the objects of the wooing are (1) to learn whether the girl is congenial, and (2) to persuade her that you are congenial, and should be accepted, you will find that the second object is achieved best by making yourself attractive to her. In cases where she cares for the opinion of her mother, or father, or family, it is the part of wisdom to court, within reason, the family as well. But the main thing is to woo the girl.

The girl must be willing to be wooed, sooner or later, or you had best cease your efforts. In normal cases, she will not object from the start. If she objects, because she is interested in someone else, or thinks she does not care to be made love to or to marry, or because she thinks there is some personal reason why you are distasteful, your first task is to continue courteously in your suit, until you test out whether or not you can remove this preliminary bar. If she is interested in some one else, this becomes the old conflict between males for the female's favor: and you will use the methods indicated hereafter. If she professes to be entirely uninterested in love and mating, unless she is abnormal fundamentally this is easy to overcome. Lay aside your obvious wooing, interest yourself in whatever she is interested in, and

qualify as a friend and companion in her own interests. She will soon, if she is normal, recognize the great value of your companionship, and from this love should speedily grow.

If the objection is that she finds some trait in the man that is distasteful to her, this dislike must be overcome. Perhaps the objection is to some mannerism of the man's, some error of speech, or some habit which may be altered by him. In such cases, if he desires to win the girl's favor, he must either change the trait, or convince her that she does not really object to it. Of course, her very objection may be an education to the young man, both as to her nature, and as to how others look upon his actions. If, for objection, she objects to his friendship with a certain man, or to his going to baseball games, he may, after studying out the matter, decide that the girl is too narrow in her ideas to be his desired mate. He should, of course, first try to educate her attitude toward an acceptance of his trait; but, if he fails, the world is full of girls, and he may find much more happiness elsewhere. Suppose her objection is to some error of speech that the man constantly commits. In this case, his task is to correct it, not only to please the girl, but because her objection has given him an insight into how other people regared the mistake which he may have always hear dmade and made himself, without exciting comment.

Six months ago, a girl whom I know met a young man, of good family, fairly well-to-do, fairly educated (a couple of college degrees, I think), and a man who had traveled rather ex-

tensively in Europe and South America. He played a good hand of bridge, was interested in the same artistic things that the girl was, and was smitten with her from the first. After playing around with him for a couple of months, she refused to see him thereafter, except in a large party; and absolutely refused to let him court her further. The reason can be gathered from this typical specimen of his conversation. "I was at the club, see? A lot of the fellows were there, see? And we decided to shoot a little bridge, see? On the very first hand, see? I had four honors in diamonds, and I bid two diamonds, see?" Tactfully the girl had pointed out that the constantly reiterated "see" just was not done by literate people. The man could not or would not change it: and yet that small irksome trait was what cost him the girl he wanted.

In more usual cases, however, the girl is willing to be wooed from the start. Then your task is easier.

Object and Methods of Wooing.—The object of wooing, in addition to its value as education in the opposite sex, is to win the regard of the other person, if you continue to desire her, and to win her consent to the mating. What is the practical method of doing this? The easy and only wholly satisfactory way is to make yourself attractive to the girl, so that you become indispensable to her happiness, her enjoyment of any experience, and her contented living.

Let it be repeated, that the man must stand high in the girl's eyes, to give the mating a chance for success. If the girl takes a man as

a last chance, because she fears she can get no other suitor, the chance for happiness is lessened: if at any time later she meets a more attractive man who persuades her that he would have proposed, if she had waited, regret and dissatisfaction may set in, and the whole love and marriage relationship may be curdled. When a man singles out a girl for his attention, he cannot avoid transplanting the situation back to the old savage days, when the male preened and strutted before the female, anxious for her approval. What are some of the obvious ways to win her approval, which at times are neglected so disastrously that the man's chances end at once?

Notice the man's difficult task: to look at himself with the girl's eyes, and furnish her with an increasingly attractive picture of himself. Some genius uttered the brilliant half truth that love is blind. Luckily for all of us, this is largely true. But a girl's parents and relatives, friends, and rival suitors, will obligingly lend their eyes as glasses to her: and the man may expect to find what faults he has magnified almost out of recognition. What, then, from the girls' standpoint, will she look for in the man?

First of all, girls are by nature neater than men. Girls will allow much latitude to a man for carelessness in attire. But the man who neglects such simple toilet matters as the care of his nails, and presents himself with a black rim under them; who lets his shirts and collars remain in service till they are sooty; whose shoes are unnecessarily unpolished, on occa-

sions when she may expect to be judged by other eyes from the standpoint of her escort,—such a neglectful man may as well know that any one of these things may damn him more in the eyes of the girl than if he had committed murder.

Secondly, a girl will judge the man by how she thinks he will look in the eyes of her friends and associates. If the man is slightly ungrammatical, and so are she and her friends, this makes no difference. But, if she has more booklearning than he, and if her friends are critical in this regard, and regard themselves as at all highbrowish, the man must make it his job to grow up to her literate standards. "I don't like that there show," "them sort of pictures," "moving pitchers," "I ought to of went," and all the rest of the verbal atrocities that the ungrammatical blunder into, must be corrected. Winning and keeping a girl's regard must be regarded as seriously as getting ahead in business. Wooing thus includes a course in self-improvement, along every line. It will do no harm to obtain a book of handy helps in grammar, in etiquette, and the like. Don't eat peas with your knife, or wear a red tie with a dinner jacket: unless the girl prefers it. In that case, the advice is the reverse: study the proper mistakes to make. Later on, you can gradually lead the girl toward improving herself. Make yourself attractive in every way in the eyes of the girl, and of the relatives or friends on whose judgment she relies.

The moral qualities go along with this. The normal girl will prefer a man who stands well

in mens' eyes: that is, who has the reputation of a he-man, equipped with at least an average amount of human courage. As a matter of fact, if the last sentence were truer, it would be better for girls. A large number of them, unfortunately, prefer instead the man whom women like, and men dislike: the parlor lizard type, the afternoon tea snake specimen, the namby-pamby woman-pleaser who never makes a success of anything in life except wooing women. There is a thrill, beyond doubt, in being wooed and kissed by such a man: there is much unhappiness in a continuing relationship with him.

Having made yourself attractive, the next thing is to make yourself important and indispensable in the girl's eyes. If the girl is sensible, a display of sensible ideas on matters of life will aid; if she is frivolous minded, a display of a frivolous, spendthrift nature is more shrewd. Do the things she expects of you: date her up as often as she desires—it may take all of your shrewdness to ascertain the fact, too. Take her, not essentially where you want to, but where she wants to go. If you adore boxing matches, and she prefers Coney Island and art museums, postpone the boxing matches and take in the others. If you like good music, and she cares only for the movies and baseball, first make up your mind whether you want to continue to woo her; and, if you do, especially at first, take her where she wants to go, and only slowly and tactfully sprinkle in with the cinema thrills and the paid athletics a small dose of Brahms and Beethoven. Do what she

expects of you: and always do a little more. That is, do the unexpected thoughtful little things. Find out her favorite foods, chewing gums, cigarettes, people, amusements; and go out of your way to provide her with these. If you like chewy chocolates, and she detests candy and adores pickles, do not provide her with an elegant two pound box of chewy chololates. Don't be like the married man who presents his timid old-fashioned wife with a box of cigars for Christmas, and then smokes them himself. Be more courteous and thoughtful to her in public that she has a right to expect. This advice is sound, unless the girl is of the rare clinging vine type who wants a man to bang her around in alleged he-man style. If that is what she wants, give her all the banging she can stand. Make your motto, "We Strive to Please"—and do more than strive.

You will want, and she will expect, some physical love from the start. Among different strata of society, customs as to kissing and caressing differ. Never give the girl less than she expects. After you have found out that she likes to be kissed, you will disappoint her permanently if you give her the sort of kiss you would give dear old Aunt Tabbie, aged ninety-eight in the shade. Yet remember to think of her wishes primarily: don't give her the sort of kisses you want first, but the kind that she wants. Your artistry will come in subtly leading her to want things that you want. And, once a woman is generally satisfied with a wooer, and wants his approval, she moves swiftly to the place where she wants to

please her lover in every way. Then the desires coincide: and the man can read his own wishes, and know them for the girl's as well.

Problems of Wooing.—The man should find out what he wants from the girl—whether a mere flirtation, a temporary mating, or a permanent one: and adapt his technique to gaining his goal. For instance, in the question of letters. He should do his best to satisfy a girl's craving for love letters, if separations occur. In all probability, he cannot satisfy her desires here: what she really wants is his presence, and a thousand-page letter does not give the thrill of that. Ordinarily it is not the best tactics to spill over endlessly in a love letter: a chatty, companionable letter, with artistically worded love phrases that hint a vast withheld reservoir of love, is better as a rule than pages of sugary sentimentality. Except at the very first, when all rules of sanity are laid aside. And yet, recall that, if you desire subsequently to retire from the courtship, love letters may be very embarrassing. Try to phrase your letters so that they mean everything to the girl, and nothing to the outside world, which may have the pleasure of reading them in newspaper columns featuring a breach of promise case. It is well to keep this possibility in mind from the start. Don't store up trouble for yourself in this fashion. Be cryptic and allusive, leaving more than half for the girl to read between the lines. It may save you trouble in the long run.

As for wooing and proposing by proxy, even the most bashful person had just as well learn

that it is suicidal. The proxy brings a message to the girl that should come from the beloved man: insensibly her emotion goes out to the bearer of the message. Captain Miles Standish sent John Alden to woo Priscilla for him, and the maiden wisely said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" King Edgar's trusted courier wrote the king that the maiden he desired to wed was ugly and wholly unattractive: and then proceeded to marry her himself for her beauty, for which the king later lopped off the man's head. Wooing by proxy is much worse than not wooing at all.

As for quarrels, the more experienced wooer will have few or none of them. Beginners in love will insensibly drift into them. Now quarrels have no place in most real loves: they are a sign of some concealed dislike or aversion, which may take a more virulent and costly form after the wooing has been made irrevocable, or comparatively so, by marriage. If the quarrel can be easily patched up, well and good; but if quarrels constantly come, it is a bad omen. The only exception is where both man and girl enjoy a quarrel more than peace, and mate in order to have a mate to quarrel with for life. This is abnormal; and, if you are a normal man or girl, understand that quarrels, especially if they are usually over trifles, are a good warning to break off the courtship and look elsewhere.

The Proposal, and After.—No sensible girl today wants the man to propose to her father, or her parents, before he proposes to her. After all, he is not marrying the father, or the par-

ents; he is marrying the girl. The father or parents are consulted after the plans are made, for ratificaiton and aid: the goal is the mutual consent of the lovers. Again, customs as to the seriousness with which proposals are regarded differ strikingly in certain localities and at certain seasons. In the South, from which I came, a girl is proposed to almost as easily as she is asked for a dance; she becomes engaged as casually as she accepts a drink of water, and breaks it off whenever the mood strikes her. During college days and the girl's early debutante days, she may be "engaged" to several or half a dozen men at a time. In the North, the custom is ordinarily different. Again, there are seasonal variations: young couples who meet at a summering place may become engaged for their mutual pleasure during the summer, with no intention of ever seeing each other when they return to their regular homes in the autumn. All of these things must be taken into account.

Don't study a book of etiquette as to how to propose. The more stilted and formal a proposal is, the easier it is for the girl to laugh at the ridiculousness of the situation. Real lovers know, without the words having been said, that their equivalent in deeds has been achieved. Even a slang proposal, "Well, honey, shall we hit it off together?" may be far more effective than "May I have the honor of making you my wife?" Be natural in this, unless you have ascertained that the girl desires the frills. In that case, give her what she desires. The acceptance may be given with a kiss, or with

mere words. More usually, the girl will ask time to consider the matter. If she means yes by this, proceed to make that clear to her. If not, keep after her until you win the acceptance, or her friendly refusal.

It is not hard to read from a girl's refusal whether she means a real objection, or merely a delay. If you really desire her, she will be flattered by your continuing to woo her, and to make yourself more and more attractive in her eyes. In any case, if she is worthy at all, she will word her rejection so as never to wound the man unnecessarily. If the parties are suitable as mates, a rejection alters soon enough to an acceptance.

Courtship After Marriage.—How to Love (Little Blue Book No. 98) takes up the problem of how to act after the mate has been won. It may be briefly summarized here thus: the real lover, man or woman, continues the courtship as long as the mating lasts. All that has been said about making oneself attractive in the eyes of the other, applies with especial force to this wooing after marriage. Do your best to make a success of the mating; if your efforts fail, and a separation or divorce is necessary, you can never reproach yourself afterwards with the accusation that you did not try your best.

As for courtship of other women after marriage, or a woman's courtship of other men after marriage, both of these are known; and, in our present organization of society, are natural. The man who is by nature promiscuous, or the woman who has the same nature, for

his or her happiness will be as faithful as possible. If love comes toward another woman or man, the lover will come to it with more artistry and more experience than in the earlier attempts; and the technique of wooing should be correspondingly improved.

IV

HOW A WOMAN WOOS

Fancy Flitations.—Most textbooks on wooing and courtship devote their space alloted to woman's wooing to such absurd devices as flirtation by parasol, fan, glove, handkerchief, dining table signals, window flirtation, and flower flirtation. The number of people who read such silly books is limited; the number among these who remember what they have read is far smaller; and perhaps no men are included in the latter number. Thus no man will understand what your signals mean. A few of the choice instructions given are as follows:

Parasol Flirtations

Carrying it elevated in left hand—Desiring acquaintance.
Carrying it closed in left hand—Meet on the first crossing.
Carrying it closed in right hand by the side—Follow me.
Closing it up—I want to speak to you, love.
Swinging to and fro on the handle, on right side—I am married.
With handle to lips—Kiss me.

The trouble is, all women must carry their parasols somehow, and in more than nine cases out of ten, they have no faintest dream of these so-called signals. If you ignore them, and they are intended, you insult the lady; if you act on them—as, for instance, stepping up and kissing a stranger who has nervously brought the handle of her parasol to her lips—you are liable to be fined $750 in Pennsylvania, $2,500 in New

York State, and the vast sum of $1.15 in New Jersey. This whole procedure is a bit too dumb even for Rotary Club members and old maid school teachers, the two classes who seem to know least about life.

Now for the fan:

Fan Flirtations

Drawing across the forehead—We are watched.
Fanning fast—I am engaged.
Open and shut—You are cruel.
Dropping—We will be friends.

It fills space in the books, but don't try to follow it, unless you wish to get the most unpleasant surprise of your career.

We learn that a girl who drops both gloves means thereby "I love you"; that the right hand with the naked thumb exposed means "Kiss me," and so interminably on. So anything done with the handkerchief is supposed to mean some tender message. There are 21 tender messages conveyed with napkin, knife, fork, spoon, and cup; there are 40 tender signals conveyed by finger signals through a window, perhaps the dumbest being:

Closing hand to the eye, *a la* telescope—I would see you.

Or take the elaborate language of flowers. If a man sends a girl white roses, quite a possible gift if they are the most attractive things in the florist's shop, his message, also is, "I am too young to marry yet"! If he presents her with tansy, one of the loveliest of the daisy family, his message is "I declare war against

you." The books omit a few of the more useful flowers and vegetables, so we add them here as a supplement, urging that they be tried out at least. Send your girl one of the following (or send it to your man), with the meaning indicated:

Chrysanthemum—I prefer Norma Talmadge to kissing at Coney Island.
Cauliflower—My sister is married to a retired butcher with a cork leg.
Onion—You will weep if you don't marry me.
Japanese Persimmon—Kiss me, my lips are ripe.
Apple—I'll be your Eve, if you care, Adam.
Wild Leek—Please 'phone the plumber for mother.

Having carefully memorized this list, proceed to forget it, and go ahead and woo naturally without it.

Judging Men.—In general, men have a fairly easy time in judging the girls they go with. For, common opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, a man is more secretive and shrewder in hiding his faults than a woman. A girl who is sparing in her use of paint and cosmetics ordinarily is sensible and fit to be a mate. A girl who over-rouges and over-paints is one of two things: either typically "fast" or an imitator of her favorite movie heroine. Either may make a good mate. In either case, the progress of the wooing will soon teach the man whether the girl has any conception of happy mating, or is only a parasite who wants to be decked in fine feathers and princessed through life, with the man paying the bills.

When a girl comes to judge a man, her task is harder. The man who is liked by other men is, in most cases, to be preferred to the man

who is despised by men, and adored by vapid women. There is a class of women who are mere men-hunters, ranging from the out-and-out gold-digger, who sells her charms as shrewdly as she can for outright gifts amounting to support—and who may remain, in the eyes of society, a "good girl" in spite of it—to the girl who protests vehemently that she despises the gold-digger, yet spends all her energies in securing men to take her to dinner and the theater, and to give her gifts sufficient for her support, or at least sufficient to give her the luxuries she would not otherwise get. These parasitic or sponging women are to be avoided, except by the man who wants them frankly, being willing to pay the price for the temporary stimulus of their company.

There is a far larger class of men who prey on women. These men are the vestiges of the social system that is already dying—the system of the double standard of morals for men and women, by which a man was allowed to sow as extensive a crop of wild oats as he could, with social sanction; and by which the woman who strayed a trifle from the narrow path of rectitude was thereafter regarded as a "fallen woman," and any man's legitimate prey. To such men, women are the goal of man's predatory instincts. It was a man's imperative to seek out innocent girls, and seduce as many of them as possible, taking no thought for their welfare, and caring only to shield himself. The girl who resisted the seductions (and she was equipped for resistance only with an intense and abiding ignorance of all things concerning

sex life) was qualified to be a man's wife; the other, the girl who was deceived by glib promises and a suave exterior into a surrender of her body, and the girl who was willing to experiment with love, were henceforth regarded as fallen women, and were disqualified as permanent mates. Such men exist today: the general class of traveling salesman, not quite fairly, is taken as an example of such men of prey. Needless to say, the girl's task is to ascertain at once if her would-be suitor belongs to this class. If he does, she must decide whether or not she wishes to play with such unworthy fire. It is a safe gamble that, if she gets him to the point of marrying, with any intention of reforming him, she will fail in the last undertaking by a tremendous margin. If she wants the experience of being seduced, she may go ahead and undergo it, for the man will be found willing. And modern standards of judgment hold that the girl who has sowed her wild oats is no more "fallen" than the man who has sowed his wild oats. Society is only slowly accepting this point of view; but as more and more women become wage-earners, as managers and owners of businesses, as office workers and store workers, they are reaching the point where they can buy their will of the world, and insist that their wild oats be judged no more harshly than a man's. The girl supported by others, as the girl living at home, cannot afford to run such risks. Furthermore, even the working girl has to face blackmail from the seducer, the possible loss of her job, and the unpleasantnesses and expense of bearing an illegitimate child. But

if she understands matters of sex, and desires to go ahead, that is her business.

The more normal girl will regard such a man as the vestigial anachronism that he is, and will promptly give him his walking papers. She will confine her acceptance of courtship, and her wooing itself, to a man with more intelligence and a more modern outlook upon life.

Should a girl woo, when she is convinced that the man is worthy to be her mate? There is no reason in the world why she should not. Her object is to make herself attractive to the man: and this usually involves preserving a certain amount of dignity. Thus her wooing should, as a rule, be less obtrusive and more subtle than a man's. But, once having decided that she desires a man for a mate, she should use every method of proving herself his invaluable companion—a campaign that the man should use in a similar situation. A little tactful questioning on her part will soon discover where the man's ideals lie. If he really wants a home-maker, and she is willing to give this rather subservient role a trial, she can emphasize her domestic capabilities, cook him tasty dishes if there is an opportunity, embroider his handkerchiefs, and otherwise show that she fits into the role of his desired mate. If he wants an intellectual companion primarily, she can indicate that she qualifies in this respect.

In general, there is a prejudice against a woman's taking the aggressive in the actual wooing, and the final proposing. This prejudice is dissolving. Wooing and mating should be matters of mutual choice: and if, for in-

stance, the man is the more backward and bashful of the two, it is the duty of the girl to aid him over the difficult spot, even to the extent of doing the proposing. Just so she preserves the role of being pleasing and attractive, there is no limit to what she may ethically do.

This altering standard carries with it a change in the man's attitude. There was once a so-called chivalrous attitude, which would prevent a man's refusing a woman, in such a situation. Now such chivalry is based upon a false assumption, and tends to produce lifelong unhappiness, rather than happiness. After the preliminaries have been finished, the course of the courtship and the mating should be marked by as high a degree of honesty and sincerity as is possible. Insincere chivalry is a wrecker of happiness. If the man does not want to marry the girl, it is his duty to say so, just as sincerely as a girl would refuse, if the roles were reversed. He will, of course, phrase his rejection finally, but at the same time so tactfully that the girl will not feel insulted. In such cases, a good way is to refuse on the ground that the man regards himself as unworthy: a courteous insincerity which both will understand, if the man makes it clear that his decision upon this ground is final.

"Nice" Girl or Human Being?—The old-fashioned training of girls developed them into "nice" girls, with Victorian prejudices, ignorant of everything essential to life. The pendulum has swung to the other extreme: the modern generation of petters and neckers, who have the forefront of today's picture, are the very

reverse of this. There are still enough girls today, who have much of the old so-called "niceness," and hardly tend at all to the petting type. Many of them retain this finicky and meticulous niceness, because they are assured, by their dumb elders, that this makes them more attractive in the eyes of men.

It does not. Unless you desire your man to continue to divide womankind into two classes —"nice" women like his wife, to whom he may not tell a clever risque story, whom he will love physically only in a "nice way"; and the other type of women, to whom he probably will turn sooner or later, and thereafter increasingly, for the solid human comfort of utter physical mating—unless you wish your husband to share his physical love with less worthy and more human women, you had best get over your "niceness" as soon as possible, and graduate into the class of human beings.

Here is a typical problem. A young friend of mine was tremendously intrigued by an attractive young girl. He told her censored versions of some of his favorite stories, such as the story of the negro preacher who announced to his congregation: "Breddren an' sistren, I aim to take my text, dis mawnin', from de text 'De widder's mite.'" As he paused impressively, a deacon in the front row rose. "Brudder, dere's only one thing wrong wid dat text: Dey do!" This is a delightfully clever story, with a subtle and inoffensive double meaning. The girl put on her "nicest" expression, and said, with finicky distaste in her face, "How revolting!"

When she had made the same response to all

efforts on his part to interest her in matters which men regard as almost too mild for a laugh, and which other girls of his acquaintance were highly amused at, he came to the wise conclusion that this was not the girl for him. He had no intention of being saddled for life with a girl whose attitude was "How revolting!" He ceased to pay attentions to her, and soon found a much more admirable girl, with whom he is at present happily married. The "How revolting!" girl still thinks that her conduct was right; that the man has lowered himself; and will continue to delude herself so until she wastes into a vinegary old-maidhood.

If a girl has had a normal rearing, she will not make the mistake of thinking that the Puritans were right: that bodies end at the neck and at the shoe-tops, with nothing between, and that ordinary human matters, especially those touching the tabooed facts of life, are never to be mentioned intimately between men and women. No matter what the taboo before mating, after mating the happy lovers speak with utter frankness to each other. A certain amount of coarseness, in its place, is a splendid release for energy that would otherwise fester and warp, and lead the lovers to seek satisfaction outside of the mating relationship. And, since this will come after mating in well-mated couples, even before the mating an increasing frankness will mark the intercourse of an intelligent young man and young woman.

There is one other thing to be remembered by the girl, both as wooer and as wooed. Court-

ship is an education in the opposite sex, and in love: and this education should not be superficial. It is a common statement of doctors that engaged people as a rule know each other physically before the marriage. I will take this up in the next chapter.

V

CONDUCT DURING THE ENGAGEMENT

Conduct in Public.—An engagement is a pledge, mutually given by two people, that their courtship is to terminate in mating or marriage. This is both a private and a public matter. Personal reasons may make it necessary to keep this secret, at least for a time. It is preferable, from many standpoints, that it be announced as soon as possible. Intimate friends, at least, should be let in on the secret. Whenever possible, it should be made public. For it affects other people, and their conduct toward the engaged couple, as well as the two themselves.

An engagement, luckily for men and women, is not irrevocable: I will take up the breaking of engagements later. But it should not be entered upon too casually. This is especially true when, for instance, two men woo one girl. If one man persuades her to decide in his favor and against the other man, he should weigh more carefully than usual his proposal. For, if he gets her to surrender something tangible—the courtship of the other man—for his own courtship, it is less fair to her thereafter to break the engagement. She has actually surrendered something; it may be impossible for her subsequently to accept the attentions of the other man, who will not renew an offer once rejected. A breakage in such cases should only be urged by the man, when the happiness of both clearly demands it.

The matter of an engagement ring comes up, as the conventional way of announcing to the world that the girl is engaged. There is a decided feeling today against wedding rings, originating as symbols of servitude; and this extends, among some girls, to a dislike of engagement rings as well. For all their jeweled state, they represent a subjection, a surrender of freedom to the other party. The sting of the subjection is lessened, if both man and woman wear wedding rings, and both wear engagement rings. Yet there are men who are not willing to wear rings: and, if the girl objects, it may be better for neither to wear them. As to choice of ring, the girl is wisest who makes sure that the young man does not exceed his legitimate income for spending, in purchasing her a ring. The object should not be to secure a ring slightly larger than any worn by her girl friends; it should be to wear an attractive token of an inner affection. There is no sense in going into love blindly, even at this stage: it is the girl's duty to find out what her fiancée's financial prospects are, and for him to find out hers. Since they propose to share financial life together, there is no sense in even starting this blindly.

As to the ring, it is true that it symbolizes a loss of freedom. But it is also true that this loss of freedom is an actual thing. Parties to an engagement must of necessity surrender much, when they decide to proceed with a courtship into a mating or marriage. Before the proposal is given and accepted, the man and the girl as well have the whole world of

women and men to choose from: the proposal and its acceptance definitely mark a surrender of all the other possibilities, in favor of this one. When you scan a menu of desserts, you can elect pie, ice cream, pudding, or many another choice. The choice of one, as a rule, must mean the surrender of the right to choose any of the others. This is, as a rule, as true of lovers as it is of desserts. Since, then, the loss of freedom is actual, there is no great extrinsic objection to the custom of the wearing of rings by both.

The compensations for the loss of freedom should overbalance the surrender. A man cannot forever balance in his mind the rival possibilities of settling in Florida, California, Chicago, New York, or some village: he must sooner or later make up his mind, choose one, and do his best to make his life a success there. It is so with love. The engaged couple have given up the rest of the world as potential mates: and they step at once, and increasingly, into the pleasure-garden of mated human love. A mere choice of all the women in the world is not to be compared with the actual embrace of the one among these that you desire. Only the man or woman with an insatiable physical wanderlust will prefer the wandering to the arrival at the goal of love.

Mating does not mean slavery to the other party: it means, as a rule, exclusive physical love with one person, but constant human intercourse with many more. There is not even the slightest ethical offense in a girl's acceptance of attentions from other men, which stop

short of the erotic. She can go to dances, plays, meals, with them; and a man can do the same with other girls. Life after mating will be monotonous enough, in most cases: if the engaged couple dance exclusively with each other, the monotony may commence so soon that it will frighten the pair off from ultimate marriage. As a rule, other people incline to leave an engaged couple alone anyhow: it will be up to the man and girl to encourage reasonable attentions from others.

This is theoretically sound: but the element of human jealousy must be taken into account. If either of the parties is excessively jealous, since the lover's desire is to remain attractive in the eyes of the other lover, there must be some compromise. Jealousy partakes of the nature of a malignant disease: rooted in a normal desire to possess the loved one, it may degenerate into an insanity that wrecks all happiness. If the jealousy of the other party is increasingly extreme, our advice is to end the relationship. If the decision is to continue it, compromises will have to come in: and the girl or man will retain the right to go with other people, only to the extent that the jealous one can be persuaded to permit. This calls for all the tact and sympathy in the world.

In Private.—The conduct of engaged people in private must keep in mind the purpose of the engagement. This is the great testing period of compatibility and mutual adaptability. If both parties are not adaptable, a heavier burden is laid upon the one who is. If the

burden of adjusting oneself to the whims, caprices, and crotchets of the other is too great, there is still the chance to terminate the engagement. And, if neither party is adaptable, there seems no other happy way out of the situation.

The chief problem confronting the engaged girl is to what extent she will experiment physically with love. As stated, many doctors say that most engaged couples, before marriage, have experienced love fully. This is not an indictment, but a statement of a fact. There are strong arguments in its favor. If a man and woman are not physically pleasing to one another, the happiness of the marriage is doomed from the start. If, for instance, one of the mates is sexually frigid, and one passionate, it is almost impossible for them to satisfy each other: and the constant temptation will be present to try to find satisfaction outside of the mating relationship, a temptation that is often yielded to, at times to the wreckage of the relationship. There is no way for people to know the physical nature of the other, without physical experimentation.

The danger in the procedure is that the man may turn out to be a predatory male, who becomes engaged to girl after girl for the mere pleasure of temporary enjoyment of her. This is a danger that the girl must run; and, if she has made it her task to study the man's nature carefully, she should know by now whether or not her intended mate is to be trusted. There are many women who believe that, if a man is once given the ultimate favor,

he at once regards the girl as cheapened in his eyes. The concensus of intelligent opinion seems to be to the very other extreme: that that many a girl has wrecked her chances for happiness, by refusing to grant the ultimate favor. Only an abnormal man will habitually regard a woman who yields to him as cheapened. As the time for the final mating draws near, and the mutual desires rise toward their crest, he may regard it as utterly unreasonable for the girl to withhold longer. The man is usually the aggressor in such cases; and, if the woman is the aggressor, she will have the same opinion of the man.

Yet, since there are risks on both sides of the matter, it remains a subject on which the wise will give no advice, but will leave it to the two concerned to work out their solution as wisely as they can, with the facts spread out before them.

It is a matter concerning the private relations of the engaged couple, when the attentions of outsiders pass the stage of the non-erotic, and approach the erotic. Whether a man should be engaged to two or more girls, and a woman to two or more men, at the same time, affects the parties concerned too intimately to be regarded as a matter of outsiders. Theoretically, there is much to be said on both sides. A real engagement—a definite pledge to marry—cannot coexist with an engagement to an outsider. The laws do not permit polygamy in this country. Yet what are we to say of a provisional engagement, where the parties merely assure each other that they think they

will marry each other, yet at the same time offer themselves to the world as engaged? If such is the agreement, there is less objection to concurrent engagements. From the standpoint of education in sex, there is something to be said for the idea. Common sense would favor it, yet human nature runs counter to common sense too often to let us stop here. It is better, perhaps, to let the concurrent courtships take place before the formal engagement; and then let the choice, for the time being at least, be an exclusive choice. If either party is attracted outside, to the extent of believing that more happiness lies in the love of another, the engagement may be broken, and the other relationship commenced and tested.

Termination of Engagements.—Should an engagement be short, or long? What is the proper length, for the happiness of the parties involved?

We have scriptural authority for the engagement lasting fourteen years: the story of Jacob can be stretched into this interpretation. Jacob, who loved Rachel, agreed with her father to serve seven years for her. Frankly, we have yet to meet the woman who is worth such a sacrifice; and, in this case, at the end of the seven years Jacob, tricked by his prospective father-in-law, found himself married to the elder sister Leah, instead of to his beloved. Accordingly, he put in another seven years serving for Rachel, and, fourteen years after his engagement started, was wed to her.

Especially in old-fashioned country districts, long engagements are often known, and laughed

at. There is the story of the countryman who courted a schoolmate for years—until, in fact, both had drifted from youth toward the end of middle age.

"Why don't you marry Sarah?" he was asked.

"Marry her!" in surprise and dismay. "Why, if I got married, where in tarnation could I go to spend my evenings?"

Long engagements are not wise. If the two are separated by distance—if, for instance, the young man goes to the city to make his financial way, so that marriage is possible—there is strong chance that either he or she will find a more suitable mate. In such cases, if the original engagement is carried out, happiness is almost inevitable; and the breaking of the engagement may bring unhappiness to at least one of the parties concerned. If the girl and man remain in the same city, they gradually grow old, apart from each other. Their little tricks and idiosyncrasies, which living together could have smoothed out, become permanent—hardened into unbendable things. They come to regard each other as matters of course, without the exquisite physical thrill which love should mean. They have, in brief, all of the discomfort and monotony of marriage without any of its joys.

Too brief engagements are at times more dangerous. This is especially true where the man and girl have not known each other before. If they have been raised side by side, there is small danger of being mated to a person who will turn out, on closer acquaintance, to be everything unworthy. The wisest thing

is to let the engagement last a month or longer, and then, if the mating is desired, take the plunge even on a moderate income, than risk the danger of letting the engagement become a tedious habit.

The normal termination of an engagement is marriage. Any book of etiquette will tell you the formal ways to accept the mad gamble of marriage, with all of the frills of such service, receptions, honeymoons, and the like. The honeymoon, it may be pointed out, or the period in which the deluded man and woman try to live on love alone, is cne of the most cruel inventions ever made by man. Its almost invariable result (unless it be merely a brief trip, or a trip which the parties desired to take anyhow) is to send them back to the city thoroughly bored and disgusted with each other, and avid to interest themselves, perhaps unduly, in parties outside the mated relationship. For those who do not like the antique pomp of the marriage in church, there is always the simpler ceremony of being married by a justice of the peace, mayor, or alderman.

And there is, luckily for men and women, another termination possible, and that is to break the engagement. This should not be done without grave reason—but far more frequently than the actual breakings of engagements, such a reason exists. The problem simply is, which is better: to act wisely and terminate an unwise mating, which would result in unhappiness, at the cost of some slight temporary unhappiness; or to enter upon a lifetime of unhappiness, or at best a long stretch

of it, breakable only by the costly and elaborate method of separation or divorce, which may require the assumption by one party or the other of a guilt not actually earned. Where the case is so clear, there should be no hesitation: the engagement should be terminated, the man accepting the blame out of a chivalrous insincerity socially understood, and the parties parting, if possible, as friends. If the matter is still uncertain, better a postponement than a marriage, which may be repented soon enough. Only a mating which will bring increasing happiness is wise, for that is the object of life, and of its playtime, courtship.

VI.

FAMOUS COURTSHIPS

Courting by Poetry.—One of the invariable effects of the love emotion is to inspire, in the amorous breast, the delusion that the man or woman who is in love can write poetry. Most people can feel poetry, but writing it is another story. Yet, whenever any celebrated case of breach of promise comes up, we have the poetic effusions of him and her published in the papers, for the delectation of the multitude. There is good propaganda in courting the lady of your heart, or in replying to the man of your heart, in the words of Shelley or some other great lover—but your own words may not be as efficacious. Countless poetic first volumes (and later ones, too), however, are filled up with the overflow at wooing time, and occasionally such books are books which the world would not willingly spare.

A favorite record of courtship by rhyme is *Lilies of the Valley*, by Percival W. Wells, of Wantagh, New York. Could any woman resist strains like this:

> Life's just begun! the flowing tide
> Of love has stirred it into motion.
> Farewell to bachelorhood's calm pride,
> And welcome, love's intense emotion!

Faulty as the rhyme may be, the sentiment is flawless. Again,

> Put thy hand in mine, and kiss me tenderly,
> Beautiful Lilian, fashioned so slenderly;
> Place a kiss upon my lips with thy dear lips so soft,
> And do not stop with one, but kiss me oft.

How magically the "soft" evokes its rhyming mate, "oft." "Soft," which at times is applied to brains, here refers to the lips. But for the magic of rhyme, could we have had the picture of "Lilian" in the last two words of this masterly confession?

I love thee, O I love thee, Lily; stay
Beside thy Percival and with sweet kisses say
That thou wilt always love him. Dearer than day
Art thou to me, O Lily—wanton fay!

Yet a poet out of the Village Milton class, say Shakespeare, might be a safer guide in your own Muse flights. Shakespeare's plays are saturated with gorgeous examples of courtship. Othello's magical wooing of Desdemona is one type. Here the simple warrior and conqueror used no method but the plain unadorned story of his deeds of daring. The maiden's heart capitulated to his indirect siege at the first attack. A different love is Romeo's, saturated with poetry:

Alack, there lies more peril in this eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity . .
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Then there is the caveman-wooing of Catherine the shrew by Petruchio the roistering gallant—the most amusing courtship in Shakespeare, with the possible exception of his bluff English king, who knows no French, and his wooing of the spirited French princess, who knows no English. But love speaks a language of its own and even this bar did not keep the royal

lovers from understanding each other. There is the simple, childlike wooing of Ferdinand and Miranda in *The Tempest*, and there is the passionate wooing—by the woman this time—of Adonis by Venus:

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

"Art thou ashamed to kiss! Then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean. . . ."

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shames' pure blush and honor's wrack.

Timid maids and men may well be reassured by this tempest of passion on the part of love's queen, and by the whole gallery of Shakespeare's great lovers.

Great Lovers.—The world has its long roll of great lovers, whose names are sweet on the tongues of the generations that come after them. The Bible, in the *Song of Solomon*, has one of the greatest series of love lyrics in all literature. David loved his Bath-Sheba as a king loves; and Solomon was at least efficient, with his seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines. Helen of Sparta eloped with Paris of Troy, and lighted the con-

flagration that burned the topless towers of Troy to the ground, and embroiled the world in the Trojan War and inspired the first two Greek epics. Dante saw the girl Beatrice passing him on the street and as a result, he worshipped her thereafter from a distance, and lifted her in imagination, in his *Divine Comedy*, to the high throne of heaven. Don Juan was the great predatory lover, putting on a new love as easily as he slipped on a new garment. Bluebeard (or Gilles de Rais) was the bloodthirsty lover; Cleopatra was the world's queen, with Pompey, Caesar, and Antony successively at her feet. In more modern times, Casanova was the gentlest great lover of all time, with a roll of loves as long as Solomon's, and far more varied. Great secular popes, like Alexander VI, the Borgia, were great in love; many of the Roman emperors were chiefly distinguished in the lists of Cupid. Caesar himself was nicknamed "the husband of all women." Such men and women have made the history of love. Read their love stories, as aids in your own suits.

Among the poets, we have had many great lovers. Shelley spent his life in a high idealistic pursuit of the ideal woman, pouring out his deathless lyrics to some Harriet or Mary or Jane or Emilia who captured his fancy for the moment. Byron loved all over Europe, Keats burned out his young life in a wild adoration of Fanny Brawne, as in this sonnet:

I cry you mercy—pity—love!—ay, love!
Merciful love that tantalizes not,
One-thoughted, never-wandering, guileless love,
Unmask'd, and being seen—without a blot!

O! let me have thee whole,—all—all—be mine!
That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest
  Of love, your kiss,—those hands, those eyes divine,
That warm, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast—
  Yourself—your soul—in pity give me all,
Withhold no atom's atom or I die,
  Or living on, perhaps, your wretched thrall,
Forget, in the midst of idle misery,
  Life's purposes,—the palate of my mind
  Losing its gust, and my ambition blind!

Burns was a magnificent voice of love, who enriched man with many of his choicest love-songs. Poe not only was a great lover, but used the same poems successively with a number of desired women. Edna St. Vincent Millay, among modern poets, has a charming cleverness in her love songs; and, indeed, modern poetry is full of excellent love material. One of the most effective modern love sonnets is the dramatic *Pirate Song*, from "Leaf Buds Turning Rose," by the author of *The Eagle Sonnets*:

Ahoy, there, you slim craft with the virgin ensign!
  Heave to—we are boarding! You're a fancy prey
To tread the slippery plank, or do your dancing
  On air, over the wind-bedevilled spray.
Low in the water—you'll be rotten with treasure!
  Ay, there'll be hot blood foulin' your clean decks
When we shall tread you in our lordly pleasure
  Then scuttle you with all the plundered wrecks.
Yet you're a rakish craft . . . . How would you
      like it
  To make one more of the buccaneering tell,
To raise the Jolly Roger, and not strike it
In the face of all the punishing fleets of hell?
  By God, we'll take you, then! Fair or foul
      weather,
  Two of the black gentry, off together!

An amusing love story in rhyme is *The Lang Coortin'*, by Lewis Carroll, best known for *Alice*

in Wonderland. The lover for years wooed the lady, saying no word of his love. She used his gold rings as a chain for her doggie; stuffed the dog's pillow with his repeated locks of hair; and when he sent love letters from a far country, with the postage still due on them, she had the postman take them all away. For thirty years he had kept up this courtship: and now at last he has come to propose. But the lady tells him, that, since he has lived so satisfactorily for thirty years, he can wait a bit longer yet. He repents, as he leaves her:

"O, if I find another lady,"
He said with sighs and tears,
"I am sure my courtin' shall not be
Another thirty years;

"For if I find a lady gay
Exactly to my taste,
I'll pop the question, aye or nay,
In twenty years, at most!"

There is a real lesson for lovers here. Do not postpone your proposal until your grandchildren are old enough to laugh at your tardiness.

The first lovers were Adam and Eve, according to the Genesis story; and Milton, in his largely unread *Paradise Lost*, has told their love in resounding lines. The most recent lovers assumably include you who are reading this book. Love is an art, as courtship and wooing is an art: and your task is to perfect yourself in the art. You should make your wooing serve the double function of winning the mate you desire at the moment, and at the same time serve as an education to you in the loved one, and the opposite sex in general.

Both the educational function, and the task of winning the desired one, call for your highest abilities: and these abilities will be sharpened and increased by a knowledge of man's lore upon love, and the ups and downs of the great lovers of the past. So saturate yourself, during the loving period, with the literature of love: read carefully the love stories of the world's great lovers, and constantly increase your technique as wooer, in the beginning of the courtship, in the actual engagement, and in the most perilous of all periods—that period after the marriage has commenced.

There is a third purpose, which hardly needs mention, and that is, the pleasure that you yourself have in wooing. Pleasure consists in the satisfying of an appetite—not in the satisfaction of it; when the appetite is satisfied, your feeling becomes negative. The chase is the fun; the gaining of the goal is a mere sense of accomplishment, far below the joy of the running. Man has not only the appetite to enjoy love, but the added appetite for the chase: and woman, daughter of man, has this delight too, and an implanted pleasure in her part of the wooing. Her part is, in general, more passive than man's: she gets her thrill from seeing the male or males cavorting before her, in the endeavor to gain her approval. Yet, at times, when the worthy male is backward or bashful, or young and inexperienced, she will assume the aggressive, and be a very Venus in action. As a matter of fact, no matter who does the actual wooing and proposing, it is today, largely, woman who rules the field. How else ex-

plain her elaborate and seductive dressing, to win man's approval? Her concealment of this, and display of that charm, her alluring perfume, her flattering pretense that the man is the wisest being in the universe, her continuing attentions to him in a thousand subtle little ways? These collectively weave a net which even the wariest male fish may not often escape. Go to your wooing, men, with all the courage you can: it is hardly the time to reflect that you are being summoned to the slaughter, as the spider nets her prey, as the spider nets her mate. It is pleasant to be a victim of love: and some men found it a pleasure to be such a victim constantly.

And when you have made yourself an artist in wooing, both in theory and practice, do not be stingy with your lore, but pass it on to other men and women, who lack it. For only the great in love are great in life, and great in joy.

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HOMO-SEXUAL LIFE

CHAPTER I.

COMPLEXITY OF SEX.

It has been stated that a person normally goes through three stages in the course of his sexual development—which are represented by the following dominant characteristics, in the order given: *Autosexuality*, *Homosexuality*, and *Heterosexuality*.

Each is normal at a certain stage of life. Circumstances, hereditary or environmental, or a combination of both (there is a vast amount of controversy about this phase of the subject), may halt the course of development at either the first or second stage, so that the final evolution of sexual life may never be realized.

This refers to the psychological and emotional aspects of sexual development, rather than the purely physical, as it is the former that sustains the shocks in the difficult process of the individual's social adjustment.

While there is a great deal of theoretical abstraction in such a broad survey of the sexual life, nevertheless, there are enough concrete facts at hand to make the conclusions as accurate and serviceable as any that are to be obtained within the realm of actual clinical practice. The sexual urge is by no means a simple, direct manifestation, but consists of many partial and often conflicting impulses, with ramifications that extend into every channel and byway of life.

AUTO-SEXUALITY, as the term implies, means that an individual's sexual interest is turned upon himself. This condition is normal to infants. It also is more pronounced in primitive and savage tribes, and has its analogy, in more practical form, in the lower order of the animal and vegetable world in those species whose individuals are self-sufficient sexually.

These types, which are capable of reproducing their kind without depending for fertilization upon another individual of the same species, are called *hermaphrodites*. This latter term, in its real sense, means combining the sexual organs of the two sexes.

There are some human beings — *variants* — who possess hermaphrodite characteristics, usually combining the more or less completely developed organs of one sex with the rudimentary organs of the opposite sex.

These hermaphrodite characters are not without their significance—namely, the innate bisexuality of man. While in the normal person, the attributes of one sex are dominant, there are always present in latent form some evidences of the opposite sex. This is no new discovery. In fact the concept of bisexuality is very ancient. Traces of it are to be found in Chinese mythology. The classical Greek mind seems to have had a particular interest in speculating about it. The mythical personification of bisexuality in the Hermaphroditos, the narrative of Aristophanes in the Platonic dialogue, and at a later period the suggestion of a Gnostic sect (Theophites) that primitive man was a "man-woman," are all based on this pre-

sentiment. The first divinities were always bisexual, being either women with a penis or men with a female breast.

WHAT BIOLOGY TEACHES US.

Lower down in the biological scale—in fact, at the very bottom—we find the *amoeba*, which represents an auto-sexual, or more accurately, a mono-sexual, form. It has all the potentialities for reproduction within itself. By the process of division, first of its nucleus, and then its whole self, it becomes two new individuals.

A little further up the evolutionary path, we find the *paramoecium*. At one stage of its career it will divide its nucleus first, and then itself (an autosexual act) similar to the *amoeba*. At another stage it will engage in an elementary sexual act by coming ventrally together with another *paramoecium*, exchange one-half of its nucleus for half the nucleus of the other *paramoecium*, through the mouth, and this process is followed by other nuclear changes, and finally each *paramoecium* divides itself into two new entities.

There is no apparent difference between these primitive little animals. They have no male and female organs, but it is a plausible assumption that the nuclei of each one contains a "male" and "female" portion — something unknown but necessary to procreation. In this instance we have the beginning of bisexuality; but autosexuality is still an essential factor in reproduction.

Somewhat higher up the scale we come across the *hydra*, a multicellular animal. Here, also, autosexuality plays a prominent role. The

hydra can, without the aid of another, "bud off" a new living *hydra*. Bisexuality is evidenced, however, in the presence of male and female cells which form in the single *hydra*. These unite with one another to produce a new individual in true bisexual manner. In a sense this creature is a combination of the autosexual, bisexual and hermaphrodite.

Another step up the evolutionary ladder we find the earthworm. Each worm has the organs of the two sexes—the equivalent of testes and ovaries,—properly developed, but each worm needs another worm to induce fertilization. In this instance, we have true hermaphroditism, and bisexuality is definitely established. However, as the two worms are of the same sex—each being male as well as female—they are in that way homosexual, as well, being attracted by worms of similar constitution.

As life grows more complex and we ascend the biological scale, the sexual processes also become more ramified, until in the higher forms of life we find the sexual nature of the individuals of the different genera and species sharply differentiated.

But even in the highest form of life, there are the vestigal organs and characters of the opposite sex, so that while the normal human being has a definite sexual category, it is just as truly apparent that no individual is wholly of one sexual character. The most masculine man is not one hundred per cent masculine, nor is the most feminine woman one hundred per cent feminine. The proof of this will be shown as we proceed in our discussion.

The physical bisexual characters—those of

the opposite sex being present in rudimentary form—are readily observable. In the male, there are the vestigial breasts and nipples, and other rudimentary features less prominent; and sometimes a general feminine contour of body is noticeable in the male.

The most feminine of women have a growth of colorless hair, called the "lanugo," corresponding to the male beard. If the woman has a larger proportion of masculine chemistry in her make-up, this hirsute growth may be quite prominent; and in some cases very pronounced, as in the instance of the bearded ladies who exhibit themselves in shows and circuses. Women with a more or less definite masculine cast of figure, movement, manner and voice are commonplace;—as is the opposite phenomenon —effeminate men.

The psychological phases of bisexualism parallel the physical. We might even go farther and state they are more in evidence than the physical, as they are subject to modification by environmental influences to a degree far exceeding the physical.

As was observed in the opening paragraph of this chapter, the individual may suffer a retardation or fixation at any stage of the sexual development, which holds him back into another and more primitive psychical and emotional level, which he has chronologically outgrown.

All infants and small children are autosexual, and evidence a sexual interest in their bodies. Sometimes this is true in only a slight, almost casual, degree; other times it is pronounced, and becomes a problem. There is often a ten-

dency toward automatic masturbation, or other forms of so-called sexual precocity, which may unduly alarm parents. However, it is well for parents to know that these manifestations are not abnormal—unless grossly over-emphasized—but are merely indicative of the passing stage of autosexuality. They will in due course be outgrown and replaced by other manifestations of sexual interest, unless unwise methods of repression are used.

HOMOSEXUALITY means a state in which one is sexually attracted toward members of the same sex. This is normally a primitive characteristic of childhood, which prevails up to the time of adolescence, but which may persist in adult life. Some degree of it does normally hold over in every adult, but it remains in the background of the unconscious, and is sublimated along social lines.

Young boys and young girls usually have little interest in the opposite sex—in fact, are frequently quite scornful of them. On the other hand, they form strong friendships with members of their own sex, and, as is well known, when their sexual interests have not been successfully sublimated, engage in mutual sexual practices and masturbation.

Before the full development of the genital organs, the sexual tendencies are predominantly homosexual, although the influence of the preceding stage (autosexuality) is still considerably in evidence, and there is also present the germ of the succeeding stage of heterosexuality (erotic desires toward members of the opposite sex). If the youth has been reared in a healthy, constructive environment, condu-

cive to proper sublimation of his primitive sexual tendencies, and particularly if his libido is not excessive, he may scarcely be conscious of his homosexual impulses. On the other hand, if he is endowed with an unusually strong hereditary sexual constitution, or if the repression and sublimation have been faulty in his upbringing, the homosexual tendencies may reflect themselves in various ways in his conscious attitudes.

It should be borne in mind that there is no abrupt line of demarcation between these stages of development. They overlap, and some of each of them, even the most primitive and infantile, are carried over in the unconscious mind throughout adult life. In the normal, well-adjusted adult, there are still extant rudiments of the previous stages of the emotional and affective life, just as the body contains vestiges of the bisexual organism, from which it evolved in the early weeks of intrauterine life.

The predominant homosexual element or primitive emotional character asserts itself in various typical forms that are apparent to those informed upon the subject. In this connection, Bousfield states: "Cruelty on the part of boys at school (bullying) is nearly always a sexual manifestation which, like homosexuality, should be only a passing phase, which is later repressed into the unconscious. The monks who denied themselves sexual intercourse, but found pleasure in flogging themselves or others, form an example of the way that sexual energy, when denied its normal course, finds a more primitive outlet. A schoolmaster with repressed and unconscious homosexuality will often be

noted for his flogging proclivities, and so forth. Children, more especially boys, are observed to have an instinct of cruelty; for example, they pull the wings off flies. The sport of the chase or of fishing serves to gratify the instinct in adults."

Prominent in the classification of adolescent homosexual attraction are the school-friendships of girls, which are known variously as "crushes," "flames," and "raves." Elaborate romances are sometimes bound up in these attachments, with their love at first-sight, courtship, love letters, jealousy, and other manifestations of erotic affection. Havelock Ellis states that while these alliances are sometimes sexual, they are often not so—but are full of "psychic erethism."

CHAPTER II.

THEORIES ABOUT HOMO-SEXUALITY.

Some of the greatest sexologists and psychiatrists of modern times have concerned themselves with the causative factors of homosexuality. So much new material relating to unconscious mental activities has been uncovered in recent years, that many of the older authorities, whose opinions have long carried much weight, are now considered obsolete, at least in respect to homosexual problems.

Krafft-Ebing, for instance, a widely quoted authority, and still a factor through his works in influencing both the profession and laymen, originally conceived homosexuality as the result of a hereditary transmission. This contention has never been fully corroborated by the observations of later investigators.

To this extent only is homosexuality an inherited trait beyond fear of any contradiction: Everybody inherits homosexual *tendencies*.

As we observed in the previous chapter, every child is homosexual in disposition. Therefore, heredity *per se* does not give us the key to the problem, except possibly in those instances where the hereditary constitution furnishes certain predisposing factors to homosexuality. And this predisposition may be overcome, wholly or in part, in a healthy, constructive environment; or it may be cultivated in the opposite kind of environment.

From this standpoint, heredity may furnish a favorable soil—for almost anything. The crop that is harvested depends upon the seeds that are sown, and the care that is given, or the injuries that are sustained, through environment. Consider for a moment how fertile a breeding ground for the homosexual disposition is the homelife presided over by certain types of nervous and psychopathic parents!

Even more in error is Krafft-Ebing in associating homosexuality with the early habit of masturbation. This is largely confusion of cause and effect. Perhaps all homosexuals are found to have masturbated in childhood—ergo, masturbation is a sign of homosexuality! This explanation, of course, leaves entirely out of consideration the innumerable persons who have masturbated in childhood and have become normal heterosexual adults.

"Nothing is more likely," states Krafft-Ebing, "than masturbation so to disturb and occasionally thwart all noble emotions at the source as they arise spontaneously out of the sexual feeling. The habit robs the nascent feeling of charm and beauty, leaving behind only the husk of grossly animal craving for sexual gratification. An individual, so thwarted, attains the age of maturity lacking the esthetic, ideal, pure and undefiled longing which leads to the other sex. At the same time, the heat of sensuous passion cools off while the inclination toward the other sex is significantly weakened. Thus, deficiency embraces the morals, the ethics, the phantasy and the disposition of the youthful masturbator as well as his emotional

and instinctive life, and holds true of both sexes, occasionally reducing to zero the yearning after the opposite sex, so that in the end masturbation is preferred to every other form of gratification."

Dr. Stekel has answered this statement very effectively in the following words (from "*Bi-Sexual Love*," translated by James Van Teslaar, M.D.): "This contention is altogether wrong. I have never seen so many and such pronounced idealists as among masturbators. Young artists, poets and musicians in particular often show, I have found, a strong tendency to masturbation, and this agrees with the pronounced bisexuality of all artists, which has been particularly pointed out by Fliess. The youths of this type are often so delicate and sensitive that they see in the sexual act only animal brutality and hide their own sexuality from the whole world. Among masturbators we find the champions of truth, the over-moralistic preachers, the ethical reformers and dreamers."

If Krafft-Ebing's theory of masturbation being an index of homosexuality were true, it might well be set forth as a demonstrable fact, in the hope that this knowledge would be a stepping-stone to constructive results in our understanding of the sexual life. However, in addition to being a fallacious conception, it has the further discredit of probably having wrought great damage to masturbating youths in giving them a false and hopeless impression of their actual situation. If a youth in his effort to overcome masturbation, believes himself, in addition, to be a predestined victim of

homosexuality—especially with the prevailing social stigma which that condition carries—the injurious effect may quite conceivably be disastrous.

Magnus Hirschfeld, one of the greatest of contemporary authorities on the sex question in all its phases, is convinced that homosexuality is a normal state, and that genuine homosexuality is always an inborn condition. His views may be summed up in the statement that there is a genuine inborn homosexuality which must not be considered a morbidity. Furthermore, it should not be confused either with bisexuality or with pseudo-sexuality.

Those who look upon homosexuality from the psycho-pathological viewpoint are in agreement to this extent—that the homosexual condition is not a product of degeneration in the ordinary sense, but, rather, a neurosis.

Stekel states emphatically, "*I have never yet found a homosexual who was not a neurotic.*

The relationship of neurosis and homosexuality is set forth by the same authority as follows:

(a) Pronounced physical and mental stigmata of degeneration are relatively rare among homosexual men and women; at any rate such signs are not more frequent in proportion to the total number of homosexuals than among the heterosexuals of both sexes.

(b) On the other hand, we find frequently and not merely as a result of homosexuality, *a greater instability of the nervous system* (frequently shown in the periodic character of endogenous temperamental instability.)

(c) The family of the homosexual often contains a larger number of nervous persons and such as deviate from the normal sexual type.

This latter observation, of course, tends to give homosexuality an hereditary aspect, which is Hirschfeld's opinion. But, when analyzed, this may mean that a nervous or neurotic disposition is inherited, which, under certain environmental conditions (the negative attitude of parents, the dominant mother, etc.) leads to a homosexual goal.

Dr. Iwan Bloch, who has world-wide standing as a sexologist, gives the following interesting opinion:

1. The so-called "undifferentiated" stage of the sexual instinct is often eliminated when the instinct becomes directed toward a definite particular sex among heterosexuals or homosexuals before the advent of puberty. Homosexuality shows a definite, clear direction of the sexual instinct towards the same sex long before puberty.

2. A comprehensive theory of homosexuality must also explain the extreme cases, particularly male homosexuality coupled with complete virility.

3. Sexual parts and genital glands cannot determine homosexuality in those possessing typical normal male genitalia and testicles; neither can the brain itself be the determining factor in genuine homosexuality, because homosexuality cannot be rooted out by the strongest conscious and unconscious heterosexual influences brought to bear upon thought and phan-

tasy,—the condition developing in spite of such influences.

4. Since as a predisposition (not as sexual instinct) homosexuality appears long before puberty and before the actual functioning of the respective genital glands, it suggests that in homosexuals some physiologic action pertaining to "sexuality," but not necessarily related to the functioning of the genital glands, undergoes some subtle change as the result of which the sexual instinct is turned from its goal.

5. The condition suggests chemical changes, alteration in the chemistry of sexual tension, the latter being fairly independent of the activity of the sexual glands proper, as is shown by the fact that it may be preserved among eunuchs and others who undergo castration.

Krafft-Ebing, Hirschfeld and Bloch, as well as many other investigators and writers, have failed to appreciate the psychological factors involved in homosexuality. Every young individual unconsciously patterns its conduct, especially in the matter of its attitudes toward persons of the opposite sex, after some one in the home environment. When the boy, for instance, is raised under conditions which cause him to pattern his actions after the mother-model, to *feel* himself woman-like, he will unconsciously and automatically imitate feminine ways and adopt woman's attitudes, in the sexual sphere as well as otherwise.

To illustrate this point, if a boy is brought up by a widowed mother, let us say, in a home environment in which there is no male pres-

ent, the young boy, impelled to imitate some one in order to establish a standard of conduct, copies his mother's attitude of physical indifference to women and physical interest in men (if she is a normally constituted woman). If the mother, or other feminine guardian, should be homosexually disposed, i.e., showing a physical interest in women and a physical indifference to men, then, by the same token, the boy would tend to develop a sexual interest in women, and become a normal heterosexual man.

Every young boy's ambition, normally, is to be like his father; later, it may be to excel the father—but this identification, under the circumstances, is present. Now, the absence of a father in the house, or the presence of a father of weak character, who suffers in comparison with the mother, tends to force the youth to make his ego-ideal identification with the mother, with results that are not conducive to normality in the sexual life.

Under the latter condition, the youth associates the mother with sex domination and personal power—it is a woman-dominated world. Consequently there is also present the attitude, either of wishing to be a woman and rule, or of fleeing from woman when she clashes with his will to power as man.

Anyone who knows the dynamic influence that mental processes, particularly the unconscious ones, have over the physical organism and its far-reaching manifestations, will recognize at once the possibilities that are bound up in this situation.

We see this same principle every day, and

in fact apply it (in the opposite manner to obtain the opposite results), when we inculcate manly ideas in the minds of our boys and encourage them to conduct themselves in a manly way, in order to develop in them the attributes of manliness. With girls, we foster the womanly ideal and encourage them in the direction of proper feminine conduct to promote the accredited qualities of womanhood.

We also see evidenced at times the wish to remain a child, and to retain the privileges and attentions of childhood, which apply to neurotic persons. This notably interferes with their development and progress toward adulthood.

Stekel tells us that when a boy acts like a girl, it does not necessarily mean that he has that kind of a *predisposition.* It may only signify his identification with his mother or with a sister, whom he unconsciously accepts as a model to pattern his conduct after.

It is the conviction of Sadger that permanent homosexuality is established through some significant incident which leads to the repression of the mother in her role as helper and teacher. Among such incidents may be death, sudden financial reverses, and consequent neurosis, making sanatorium treatment necessary, inconsiderate persecution of the boy on account of masturbation, and similar psychic shocks. Sadger's conclusions may be summed up as follows:

(a) The urning is a victim of withdrawal from the mother (the first caretaker or nurse, respectively), in whom he is himself seriously

disappointed. He represses the mother by identifying himself completely with her.

(b) The path to homosexuality leads through narcissism—that is, love of self, as one was, or as one may ideally be.

(c) The sexual ideal of the invert includes not only traits of former female and male sexual objectives, but also features of one's own beloved self.

(d) Being brought up in surroundings exclusively feminine—the father does not count in such circumstances—fosters homosexuality in the male as well as in the female, for reasons that are not sufficiently clear as yet. Moreover, the urning is usually an only child.

(e) Finally, inversion may be fostered by a sort of "latter-day obedience" to the mother's commands. I have observed not rarely that mothers warn their children against harmless, though warm and friendly contact with the other sex, as something unpermissible and bad and that the teaching thus instilled may unfortunately increase the disposition towards one's own sex through later obedience.

As Stekel has well stated, in commenting upon Sadger's conclusions, the first of these is false, because the homosexual is not a victim of withdrawal from the mother, but rather of a fixation upon her. Further, one does not repress a person when one identifies one's self. Identification is direct love; differentiation means repression. Where homosexuals (male) identify themselves with the mother—as many of them do—there may also be present a repression of the father-ideal.

Alfred Adler, whose conception of the neurosis is based on the hypothesis of "*the male protest*," also associates homosexuality with this principle. In his opinion, all reactions and protective constructions or fixations of the neurotic are based on the wish to be "*a complete being*," as he sees it. Homosexuality exemplifies this protest in a singular form. The homosexual's ambition is (in its unconscious implications): *I want to be a woman!* This, according to Adler, *is a male protest under the use of female means.* He maintains that the homosexual attempts by this means to enhance his strength of personality. The latter turns away from woman because he fears his inferiority. He fears the sexual partner. Fear, shame, hate and disgust are the inhibitions which drive the homosexual away from the opposite sex.

Adler mentions that the over-valuation of the homosexual partner serves also to raise the neurotic invert in his own estimation. Thus, in neuroses, homosexuality, even when carried into practice, is always found to be a symbol by means of which it is sought to place the individual's own superiority beyond question. This mechanism is similar to that of a religious psychosis, in which the fancied nearness to God has the significance of an elevation. In a sense, the religious fanatic identifies himself with God, just as the non-religious psychopath may identify himself with Napoleon, Caesar, Alexander the Great, or some other character in history whose personality completely dominated its environment.

Syphilophobia (fear of syphilis) is one of the forms which the fear of women is especially likely to take. The attitude of such phobists is usually as follows: They fear that they will not be able to play a dominating part in regard to women because of some feeling of inferiority, for which they have all sorts of imaginary foundations, at times without conscious motivation. In this manner, following the increasing trend to belittle woman, they arrive at suspicious trains of thought which are to secure them against sexual relations. Sometimes a woman is a riddle, sometimes a criminal person, or a shallow spend-thrift, always thinking of adornment and similar vanities, and sexually insatiable.

The suspicions constantly arise that woman is a crafty and cunning being, bent on evil. This conception is universal and is found in all periods of history. As Adler states, "They emerge in the most sublime and lowest creations of art, have a place in the thoughts and efforts of the wisest, and create in man and in society a constant predisposition which develops suspicious and cautious traits, in order always to keep in touch with the enemy and to be in good time for the defense against knavish attacks. It is an error to think that it is only the man who harbors distrust of the sexual partner. The same trait is found also in the woman, often less distinct in character, when fictions of her own strength put a check to the doubt of her own value, but flashing up most strongly when the feeling of degradation becomes overpowering."

The detraction of woman, which recurs so constantly in Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan religious writings and usages, undoubtedly has this psychological impulse, behind it. The medieval disputes as to whether woman had a soul, or, indeed, whether she was really a human being at all; the hideous persecution and burning of women as witches and vampires, which was participated in by church, state and populace,—all of these practices had behind them in some degree a neurotic fear of woman as the sexual partner. Man feared his inferiority, and he compensated for that fear by subjecting, and often eliminating, the object of his phobia. By this irrational gesture, he symbolically raised himself to a position of greater security.

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs (1825-1895), a brilliant and learned man and able legal official of Hanover, Germany, for many years expounded and defended homosexual love. He was himself an invert, and made many attempts to secure a revision of the legal position of the sexual invert in Germany.

Ulrichs formulated an elaborate classification of human types, with an interesting nomenclature, which despite its elaborateness has been found serviceable.

Among males, he classifies the normal man as the "Dioning," and the invert as the "Urning."* Urnings are subdivided into several groups. First, those who are thoroughly manly in appearance and mental habit and

*From *Uranos,* heaven; his idea being that the Uranian love was of a higher order than the normal attachment.

character ("Mannlings") and who tend to love softer and younger specimens of their own sex; second, those who are effeminate in appearance and cast of mind ("Weiblings"), who love rougher and older men; third, those who are of medium type ("Zwischen Urnings") and love young men.

Then there are "Urano-Dionings," who have the capacity of love in both directions, that is, for women and for men. These are generally of a manly type.

Besides these there are some sub-species, such as the "Uraniaster," who is a normal man who has acquired the urning habit; and the "Virilized Urning," who is an Urning who has gotten the normal habit, although, according to Ulrichs' classification, this is not really natural to him.

A better conception of the whole arrangement may be obtained from the following table:

The Human Male
- (a) Normal Man or Dioning—called Uraniaster when he acquires Urning tendencies.
- (b) Urning
  1. Mannling.
  2. Zwischen-Urning.
  3. Weibling.
  4. Also called Virilized Urning when he acquires the normal habit
- (c) Urano-dioing.

Edward Carpenter states that if we add to this a corresponding table for the female, we shall have an idea of the complication of Ulrichs' system! Yet, complex as it is, and

whatever criticisms we may make upon it, we must allow that it does not exceed the complexity of the real facts of Nature.

As we observe from the foregoing, there are many and conflicting ideas regarding homosexuality, but I believe no concept of this phenomenon is so satisfactory as that based on psychoanalytical data, as developed from the teachings of Freud.

Taking into consideration the findings of all the analysts, it seems to me that Stekel's conception of the problem, summarized as follows, is pre-eminently the most logical and valid:

"All persons originally are bisexual in their predisposition. There is no exception to this rule. Normal persons show a distinct bisexual period up to the age of puberty. The heterosexual then represses his homosexuality. He also sublimates a portion of his homosexual cravings in friendship, nationalism, social endeavors, gatherings, etc. If this sublimation fails him he becomes neurotic, since no person overcomes completely his homosexual tendencies. Everyone carries within himself the predisposition to neurosis. The stronger the repression, the stronger is also the neurotic reaction which may be powerful enough in its extreme form to lead to paranoia. If the heterosexuality is repressed, homosexuality comes to the forefront. In the case of the homosexual, the repressed and incompletely conquered heterosexuality furnishes the disposition toward neurosis. The more thoroughly his heterosexuality is sublimated the more completely the homosexual presents the picture of a normal healthy person. He then resem-

bles the normal heterosexual. But like the normal heterosexual individual, even the 'male hero' type displays a permanent latent disposition to neurosis.

"The process of sublimation is more difficult in the case of the normal homosexual than in the case of the normal heterosexual. That is why this type is extremely rare and why a thorough analysis always discloses typical neurotic reactions. The neurotic reactions of expression are anxiety, fear, shame, disgust and hatred. The heterosexual is inspired with disgust at any homosexual act. That proves his affectively determined negative attitude. For disgust is but the obverse of attraction. The homosexual manifests the same feeling of disgust for woman, showing him to be a neurotic. (Or else he hates woman). For the normal homosexual—if there be such a type—would be indifferent towards woman. These generalizations already show that the healthy person must act as a bisexual being."

My only criticism of Stekel's ideas is to call attention to the fact that, being a medical psychologist, his whole experience has been practically with those types whose neurotic tendencies have been emphasized. There are and have been a great many inverts who have not only enjoyed average mental and physical health—but have been versatile and productive in their accomplishments. Chapter V is devoted to the achievements of the better types of inverts. Many have been brilliantly endowed, have attained outstanding success in the arts and sciences, and even in the military field, as well as in other spheres of activity.

CHAPTER III.

HOMO-SEXUALITY IN HISTORY.

It has been mentioned on another page that the problem of bisexuality, in a more or less general manner, has engaged the attention of observers for ages. The specific phenomenon of homo-sexuality has been even more closely studied, dramatized, romanced about, and even idealized.

No less a luminary and distant character than Plato expressed himself in the following words regarding the subject under discussion (quoted from Plato's *Banquet*, chapters VIII and IX): "There is no Aphrodites without an Eros. But there are two goddesses. The older Aphrodites came into existence without a mother; being the daughter of Zeus and Diana and is called Pandemos. The Eros of the former must, therefore, be Uranos, that of the latter Pandemos. With the love of Eros Pandemos the ordinary human beings love; Eros Uranos did not choose a female, but a male; this is the love for boys. Whoever is inspired with this love turns to the male sex."

Herodotus, the Greek historian, who seemed possessed of omnipresence, because he appeared to have been everywhere and seen everything in the known world of his time, described definite characteristics indicative of homo-sexuality. Thus, writing of the Scythians, he referred to a "peculiar disease," the symptoms of which

were these: That certain of the men became effeminate in character, put on female garments, did the work of women, and even became effeminate in appearance.

In attempting an explanation of this abnormality of the Scythians, Herodotus fell back on the myth that the goddess Venus, angered by the plundering of the temple at Ascalon by the Scythians, had made *women* of these plunderers and their posterity.

Herodotus also made the curious remark, with respect to these effeminate Scythians, whom he called *Enarees* or *Androgyni*, "that they were endowed by Venus with the power of divination," and were consulted by the King of the Scythians when the latter was ill.

Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine," having no faith in supernatural causes of disease, ascribed the cause to impotence. He attributed it, however incorrectly, as due to the custom of the Scythians to have themselves bled behind the ears in order to cure an affliction brought about by excessive horse-back riding. It was his theory that these veins were of great importance in the preservation of the sexual powers, and that when they were severed, impotence followed.

The Scythians so afflicted, however, believing their impotence due to divine punishment and beyond human aid, donned the garb of females and lived as women among women.

It is thought that fear of excess population on the part of the early Greeks was one factor in turning their erotic interests from women to young men. As the so-called Greek states of

that period consisted principally of cities with very limited capacity for sustenance, the problem of feeding the population was one of some concern. Aristotle, on this account, advised the men to shun their wives and to indulge in boy-love. Even before him, Socrates had already hailed pederasty as a mark of superior culture.

Diotima revealed to Socrates a new spiritual principle in erotic life—the principle which guides man beyond the pleasures of the senses and, through love, leads him to the divine. "The slave of his senses runs after women; but he who loves with his soul and strives to win immortality through virtue and wisdom, seeks a great and beautiful soul that he may surrender himself to it completely." This looks innocent enough on the surface, but as it was the opinion of the Greeks that a beautiful soul was to be found only in the body of a man, the implications are clear.

Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle (*The Re-Creating of the Individual*) remarks that "The symbol of this human ideal achievement for the Greek was the psychic hermaphrodite, the blend of feminine and masculine attributes in a male form and its immortalization was attrained in Greek art. The homosexuality flourished as the natural accompaniment of man's love for himself—that is, of his own sex—was an incidental result which does not affect the real significance of the Greek achievement, nor alter the greatness of their ideal aim, the creation of the highest human values under the conception of ideal love, and the effort at its achievement in the world of reality. . . The 'great and beau-

tiful soul' could only be found in the male form —women belonged to the animal sphere and could contribute only to the sensual pleasure of man."

As the women were neglected by the men, the former tended to engage in erotic practices among members of their own sex. In the island of Lesbos, the women were especially given to indulging in the love of their own sex—from which historic precedent we get the term *Lesbian Love.*

Sappho, the *Lesbian Nightingale,* who lived about 600 B. C. was the principal representative and has remained the classical oracle of this form of erotic expression. In her Ode to Venus, she sings fervently of her passions:

"Thou who rulest all, upon flowers enthroned,
Daughter of Zeus, born of foam, thou artful one,
Hark to my call.
Not in anguish and bitter suffering, O goddess,
Let me perish!—"

The Hellenic conception of beauty was quite invariably realized in the male form, with a characteristic touch of bisexuality—almost a modified hermaphroditism. The sculpture of the period, and of subsequent periods, whenever it has been influenced by the Greeks, shows this tendency. Both Apollo and Dionysus are represented with male and female attributes. The female figures approach the masculine in the cast of their features as well as in their bodily proportions.

As the growing boy comes nearest to combining the male and female lines, the blending of these in sculpture realized the ideal of classical Greek art.

A striking example of the combining of the male and female attributes is seen in the Apollo in the temple at Delphi—one of the foremost seats of prophesy and divination in the old world. Apollo, who presided at this shrine, was a queer blend of masculine and feminine characters. He was frequently represented as being very feminine in form, particularly in the more archaic statues.

Apollo was the patron of song and music. He was, too, a representative divinity of the Uranian love, being the special god of the Dorian Greeks, who seem to have been responsible for establishing the custom of invert love in that country. It was said of Apollo that to expiate his pollution by the blood of the Python, whom he slew, he became the slave and devoted favorite of Admetus.

Muller described a Dorian religious festival, in which a boy, taking the part of Apollo, "probably imitated the manner in which the god, as herdsman and slave of Alcestis, submitted to the most degrading service."

The opinion is expressed by Dr. Iwan Bloch in his great work, "*Die Prostitution*" that homosexuality, on account of its strange and inexplicable character, was accounted by primitive people as something divine and miraculous. To the homosexual man or woman were therefore attributed supernatural powers. In this respect, the homosexual had characteristics in common with the primitive gods, which probably accounts for the ancients venerating their inverts.

Bloch says on this score: "This riddle, which despite all our efforts, present-day science has

not yet satisfactorily solved, must to the primitive intelligence have appeared even more inexplicable than to us; and a man born with the inclination toward his own sex must have been regarded as something extraordinary, as one of those strange freaks of Nature which among Primitives are so easily accounted divine marvels and honored as such. The by no means scanty supply of ethnological facts on this subject which we possess confirms the above view, and shows in what odor of sanctity homosexual individuals have often stood among Nature-folk—for which reason they frequently played an important part in religious rituals and festivals."

It was the theory of Adolf Bastian, a German authority, that the priests among early peoples, as representatives of the bisexual principle in Nature, encouraged homosexual rites in the temples on the same footing as heterosexual rites.

"The men," stated Bastian, "prayed to the active powers of Nature, and the women, in privacy and retirement, to the feminine powers—while the priests, who had to satisfy the demands of both parties, learned the idea of sex changes from the Moon, and served the masculine gods in masculine attire, and the goddesses in feminine garments, or set up images of a bearded-Venus and of a Hercules as spinning at the wheel."

Practically all the ancient deities, at one time or another, seem to have been invested with bisexual characters. Even Venus or Aphrodite was sometimes worshipped in the dual form. Frazer in his *Adonis*, etc., states that in Cyprus

there was a bearded and masculine image of Venus in female attire, and that according to Philochorus, the deity thus represented was the moon. Sacrifices were offered to him or her by men clad as women, and by women clad as men.

This bearded female deity is sometimes also referred to as Aphroditus, or as Venus Mylitta. While the worship of bearded goddesses was practiced principally in Cyprus and Syria, Egypt also had a representation of a bearded Isis, with the infant Horus in her lap.

In the Orphic hymns, we find the following bisexual features and powers attributed to the deities:

"Zeus was the first of all, Zeus last, the lord of the lightning;
Zeus was the head, the middle, from him all things were created;
Zeus was Man, and again Zeus was the Virgin Eternal."

In another passage, Adonis is addressed thus:

"Hear me, who pray to thee, hear me, O many-named and best of deities,
Thou, with thy gracious hair . . . both maiden and youth, Adonis."

Boy-love is believed to have been introduced in Hellas by the Dorians, as in the pre-Doric period (Homer, for instance), the custom of homosexual practice had as yet no roots as an institution.

In Greece, boy-love was the privilege of the elect only, being permitted to the free citizen, the knight. Slaves were forbidden to indulge in the practice, often under penalty of death. Strict rules were formulated for the regulation

of the practice, which in time took on the aspect of a social institution, fostered and approved by the state.

In Sparta the lovers were held to a strict accounting for their "companions" who became attached to them from their twelfth year; so that they, and not their young companions, were punished for any shameful act on the part of the latter.

The choice of boy-lovers in Crete took the form of bridal theft. The lover advised the boy's family of his intention of stealing the boy. If the family did not like the "match," it tried to avoid the capture of the youth; but on the other hand if the alliance was considered a desirable one, the "romance" was encouraged. The higher the lover's social position the greater was the honor felt by the boy and the family. Afterwards, the chosen one was sent home bearing gifts.

So established was the practice upon the rock of social convention that it was considered a shame for a boy to possess no knightly lover. It was a great honor, on the other hand, for a youth to be coveted by numerous lovers. Repelling a wooing knight was considered ignominious—a blot on one's honor.

In Crete, Thebes and Thera, these unions enjoyed religious sanction. The engagement of the lovers, or at least their physical attachment, was accorded the protection of some god or hero. In Thebes, upon the holy promontory near the City, some 50 to 70 meters from the temple of Apollo Karneies and on the sacred site dedicated to Zeus, there is a chiselled inscription, which bears these words: "On this

holy place, under the protection of Zeus, Krion has consummated his union with the son of Bathykles and proclaiming it proudly to the world dedicates to it this imperishable memorial. And many Thereans with him, and after him, have united themselves with their boys on this same holy spot."

Referring to Rome in the time of the emperors, during which time lewdness and debauchery assumed forms that could only have been inspired by moral insanity, Bebel states that men and women vied with each other in immorality. The number of public brothels increased rapidly, and besides "Greek love" (Pederasty) was practiced more and more by the men. As an indication of the extent of homosexual indulgence, at one time the number of male prostitutes in Rome was greater than the number of female prostitutes.

Later, when the pendulum swung the other way, repressive measures were taken to stamp out the practice of homosexuality. Both Constantine and Theodosius enacted legislation against sexual inversion, even going to the extent of committing the offenders to "avenging flames." These statutes, however, were not rigidly enforced, and modern opinion on the question may be said to have come from Justinian's enactments.

HOMO-SEXUALITY AMONG PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

Among primitive tribes, religious rites and ceremonies in association with homosexual acts have long been observed. Dr. W. A. Hammond

reports that the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico cultivate so-called "mujerados," of which one is required in every tribe of this group. They plays an important role in the Spring religious festivals—which, from the modern viewpoint, are really orgies—in which pederasty figures prominently. These Saturnalia naturally were guarded with the greatest secrecy from the observation of outsiders.

To cultivate a *mujerado*, a very powerful man is chosen, and he is induced to masturbate excessively and ride horseback constantly. This combination of activities gradually produces an irritable weakness of the genital organs, resulting in great loss of semen. Paralytic impotence follows this condition of chronic irritability, and finally atrophy of the testicles and penis sets in. This condition is accompanied by characteristic physical changes; the beard falls out, the voice looses its depth and volume and physical strength and energy decrease. The disposition and inclinations become feminine. Thenceforth, the *mujerado* loses his position in society as a man. He adopts feminine customs and manners, and associates quite exclusively with women. Notwithstanding his effeminization, he is for religious reasons, held in honor. It is probable that at other times of the year than during the festival occasions, he is used by the chiefs for pederasty.

Hammond was privileged to examine two *mujerados*. One, then thirty-five years of age, had undergone his metamorphosis seven years previously, when he was fully masculine and

potent. Gradually atrophy of the testicles and penis came about, and concurrently he lost his potency and the power of erection. At the time of examination he differed in no way in dress or manner from the women with whom he associated. In contrast to the degeneration of his genital organs, he had developed large breasts like a pregnant women, and claimed that he had nursed several children whose mothers had died. The other *mujerado*, who was then thirty-six years of age, had been effeminate for ten years. He presented the same general peculiarities as the one already referred to, but with less development of the mammary glands. Like the first, his voice was high-pitched and thin, and the body plump.

The relation of excessive horse-back riding to underdevelopment of the male genitals has been noted by many authorities. The Apaches and Navajos, who spend practically all their waking hours on horse-back are remarkable for small genitals and mild libido and vitality. Kraproth and Chotomski record that even at the present time impotence is very prevalent among the Tartars, which was attributed to riding on unsaddled horses.

Westermarck, in his monumental work, *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, remarks, in describing the Koriaks: "Krasheninikoff makes mention of the *Ke'yev*, that is men occupying the position of concubines, and he compared them with the Kamchadale (a Behring's Strait Tribe) *Koe'kcuc*, as he calls them, that is men transformed into women. Every *Koe'kcuc* is regarded as a magician and

interpreter of dreams. . . . The *Koe'kcuc* wore women's clothes, did women's work, and were in the position of wives or concubines."

Elsewhere, Westermarck says: "There is no indication that the North American aborigines attached any opprobrium to men who had intercourse with those members of their own sex who had assumed the dress and habits of women. In Kadiak such a companion was, on the contrary, regarded as a great acquisition; and the effeminate men, far from being despised were held in repute by the people, most of them being wizards."

In the South Sea Islands, in 1796-98, Captain James Wilson found men there who were dressed like women and enjoyed certain honors. He expressed surprise that "even their women do not despise these fellows, but form friendships with them." Another traveler in these islands, William Ellis, a missionary, reported that the natives not only enjoyed the sanction of the priests, but even became the direct examples of their divinities.

China and Japan, as well as Malaysia, offer many examples of Buddhist priests, or *Bonzes*, who have boys attached to the service of the temples. It is the duty of each priest to educate a novice to follow him in the ceremonies, and it is known that the relations between the two are often intimate physically. As long ago as 1549, Francis Xavier, then traveling in Japan, refers to this. He states that the *Bonzes* admitted the nature of their relations with the youths, but asserted it was no sin. They said, however, that intercourse with women was for

them a deadly sin, and even punishable with death. The homosexual relation, on the other hand, was not only harmless, but even commendable. It appears that in all the Buddhist sects in Japan, except the *Shinto*, celibacy is enforced upon priests, but homosexual relations are not discouraged.

In Hindu mythology, *Brahm* is often represented as two-sexed. Originally he was the sole Being. But, "delighting not to be alone he wished for the existence of another, and at once he became such, as male and female embraced (united). He caused this his one self to fall in twain."

A Russian traveler by the name of Dawydow writing about 1800, reported that among the Konyagas of Alaska, in the island of Kadiak, there were here men with tatooed chins, who work only as women, who live with the womankind, and like the latter, have husbands, and not infrequently even two. These inverts were called *Achnutschiks*. They were held in the highest regard in the community, and were generally considered wizards. The native who possessed an *Achnutschik*, instead of a female wife, was envied. When the parents regarded their son as effeminate in appearance or bearing they often dedicated him in early childhood to the vocation of an *Achnutschik*. In case parents were disappointed with a son when a daughter was desired, they sometimes made their new-born son an *Achnutschik*.

Referring to the Pelew Islanders, Frazer (*Adonis, Attis and Osiris*) attributed the adoption by the priests of female attire to the fact

that it often happens that a goddess chooses a man not a woman, for her minister and inspired mouthpiece. When this occurred, the favored man thenceforth was regarded and treated as a woman. He remarked that this pretended change of sex under the inspiration of a female spirit perhaps explains a custom widely spread among savages, in accordance with which some men dress as women and act as women throughout life.

The association of supernatural, or at least super-normal, powers with these inverts is quite extensive, as we have already noticed. Still speaking of the Pelew Islanders, Frazer states: "These unsexed creatures often, perhaps generally, profess the arts of sorcery and healing; they communicate with spirits and are regarded sometimes with awe and sometimes with contempt, as beings of a higher or lower order than common folk. Often they are dedicated or trained to their vocation from childhood. Effeminate sorcerers or priests of this sort are found among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo, the Burgis of South Celebes, the Patagonians of South America. . . . In Madagascar we hear of effeminate men who wore female attire and acted as women, thinking thereby to do God service. In the Kingdom of Congo, there was a sacrificial priest who commonly dressed as a woman and gloried in the title of Grandmother."

HOMO-SEXUALITY AND GENIUS.

The list of individuals, famous in art and letters, of homosexual disposition, either active

or latent, is an imposing one. The Greek philosophers, playwrights and poets of the classic age have placed themselves on record as devotees of invertism. Some of them have been quoted on previous pages.

Among the men of genius and leadership accredited with being outright homosexuals or having a strong bisexual character, are Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Michael Angelo, Leonardi da Vinci, William of Orange, Charles XII of Sweden, William Rufus, James I, Frederick the Great of Prussia, Ludwig II of Bavaria, Edward II, Nietzsche, Oscar Wilde, etc.

The Uranian temperament has also been attributed to Marlowe, Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, Tennyson, Chopin, and other great poets and musicians.

Charles G. Leland (*The Alternate Sex*) states that "Great geniuses, men like Goethe, Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, Darwin, all had the feminine soul very strongly developed in them. . . . As we are continually meeting in cities women who are one-quarter, or one-eighth, or so on, *male*, so there are in the Inner Self similar half-breeds, all adapting themselves to circumstances with perfect ease. The Greeks recognized that such a being could exist in nature, and so beautified and idealized it as Sappho."

Weininger remarked that Sappho was only the forerunner of a long line of famous women who were either homosexually or bisexually endowed. Among them may be mentioned Queen Christine of Sweden, Catherine II of Russia,

Madame Blavatsky, George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, and others.

Pronounced bisexuality in woman is indicated by a strong masculine cast in the constitutional make-up, which is often observed in women who have achieved outstanding success in various fields of activity. Often they never marry.

In man, pronounced bisexuality is evidenced by a large endowment of femininity. There are, however, homosexual types of both sexes who do not give outward evidence of the characteristics of the opposite sex. In these instances, the homosexual state is almost entirely psychic, and would not seem to be constitutionally or organically conditioned.

Among the modern artist-writers and poets who have done great service in interpreting and reconstructing Greek life and ideals—Carpenter cites men like Winkelmann, Goethe, Addington Symonds, Walter Pater, as having a marked strain of this temperament. And this, he adds, has been a service of great value, one which the world would ill have afforded to lose.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOMO-SEXUAL NEUROSES.

Freud was the first to make clear that the so-called "perversions" and "inversions," which appear in certain adult types in striking forms, belong to the normal sexual life of the young child. They are also seen in veiled forms in many cases of nervous illness.

We have already given some consideration to the analogy between certain forms of sexuality and the narcissism of childhood—having shown that the former trait is a fixation (at least there is a preponderance of psychological evidence to this effect) of the emotional erotic development at a primitive level.

It should be emphasized, as it has been in the preceding pages, that inversion is by no means synonymous with degeneracy. It will, of course, be conceded that there are degenerate homosexuals, just as there are degenerate heterosexuals.

Barring the neurotic disposition, however, inversion is found among persons who otherwise show no marked deviation from the normal.

Not only may a homosexual be a person of normal capability, but he may possess outstanding intellectual qualities and be distinguished by high cultural attainments.

The eminence achieved by a number of inverts has already been referred to; as also have been the prevalence of general homo-

sexual practices among the people of ancient nations at the heights of their culture. Among the latter, as we have seen, inversion becomes an institution endowed with important functions.

From the standpoint of anatomical development and the libido, there are frequently found in the inverted a diminution of the sexual impulse, and a slight stunting of the generative organs. However, this is not preponderately the rule, so it must be recognized that inversion and somatic hermaphroditism (bodily bisexual characters) are quite independent of each other.

Freud has demonstrated how neurosis is definitely connected with some phase of the sexual instinct—often the suppression of its normal manifestations. In addition to that, he has shown that the symptoms of neurosis only too frequently represent the converted expression of impulses which in a broader sense may be designated as *perverse*, if they could manifest themselves directly in phantasies and acts without deviating from consciousness. The inference, therefore, is that the symptoms are partially formed at the cost of abnormal sexuality. "The neurosis is, so to say, the negative of the perversion."

Psychoanalysis has brought to light the fact that the well-known fancies of perverts which under favorable conditions are changed into contrivances, the delusional fears of paranoiacs which are in a hostile manner projected on others, and the unconscious fancies of hysterics, agree as to content often in the minutest details.

This illustrates that the unconscious mental processes of all persons have much that is held in common, based upon biological promptings that are the common property of mankind. The varied ways in which they manifest themselves are due to the different trends of disposition, mental aptitude, environmental influences, etc.

According to the psychoanalytic hypothesis, the sexual impulse of the psychoneurotic shows all the aberrations of morbid sexual life. This principle may be summarized as follows (after Freud):

(a) In all the neurotics without exception there is evident feelings of *inversion in the unconscious psychic life, fixation of libido on persons of the same sex.* It is impossible, without a deep and searching discussion, adequately to appreciate the significance of this factor for the formation of the picture of the disease; but it may be safely asserted that the unconscious propensity to inversion is never wanting and is particularly of immense service in explaining male hysteria.

(b) All the inclinations to anatomical transgression can be demonstrated in psychoneurotics in the unconscious and as symptom-creators. Of special frequency and intensity are those which impart to the mouth and the mucous membrane of the anus the role of genitals.

(c) The partial desires which usually appear in contrasting pairs, play a very prominent role among the symptom-creators in psychoneuroses. They are known as carriers of new sexual aims, such as peeping mania, exhibitionism and the actively and passively formed impulses of cruelty. The contribution of the last is indis-

pensable for the understanding of the morbid nature of the symptoms; it almost regularly controls some portion of the social behavior of the patient. The transformation of love into hatred, of tenderness into hostility, which is character of paranoics, takes place by means of the union of cruelty with the libido.

The significance of the erogenous zones in relation to inversion is important. Moll's concept, which divides the sexual impulse into the impulse of contrectation and detumescence, is useful in this field. (Contrectation signifies a desire to touch the skin; detumescence the subsidence of the state of physical sexual preparedness.)

"In the perversions, which claim sexual significance for the oral cavity and the anal opening," as Freud remarks, "the part played by the erogenous zone is quite evident. It behaves in every way like a part of the sexual apparatus. In hysteria, these parts of the body, as well as the tracts of mucous membrane proceeding from them, become the seat of new sensations and innervating changes in a manner similar to the genitals when under the excitement of normal sexual processes."

HOMO-SEXUAL PANIC.

Dr. Edward J. Kempf refers to the pressure of uncontrollable perverse cravings as "*acute homosexual panic*," which is frequently observed whenever men or women are grouped alone for prolonged periods, as in army camps, aboard ships, on exploring expeditions, in prisons, asylums, and schools.

The acute panic of the personality is due to the perverse sexual cravings which threaten to overcome the ego, and disestablish the individual's self-control. At the same time, the affections for winning social esteem are pushed into an eccentric adjustment. The weakness of the ego may be attributed to fatigue, debilitating illness, loss of the love object, homesickness, misfortunes, imposition on the part of a superior, or erotic companions. As the individual shows his eccentricities and irritability, he is often teased and tormented by his fellows. With this there comes a loss of social influence, which develops a sense of inferiority, or strengthens the feeling of inferiority that already exists.

The attempt to overcome the fear of inferiority spurs the subject on to intense compensating efforts which, however, because of their eccentric character, further increases the antagonism. Thus we have a vicious circle in the realm of the emotions and affective nature, which gradually becomes a persecution. The erotic individual, under these circumstances, as the perverse sexual impulses tend to force him into further danger, becomes panic-stricken.

The preverse craving causes delusions about, and hallucinations of, situations, objects and people which tend to gratify the craving. Still, Kempf says "The pressure of the perverse craving occurs despite the social honor and social future of the individual. Horrified, he is swept off his feet into a hell of hallucinated temptations and demons of distractions."

With regard to the physiological reactions

of fear to painful contact stimuli, this authority states they are quite like the fear reactions to horrible, painful hallucinated stimuli. The mechanism of the terrifying dream, for instance, like the hallucination, is first an effective disturbance due to the repressed autonomic tensions becoming released by the relaxation of self-control (as in sleep). During sleep indigestible food will cause increased effort on the part of the stomach and intestines. This produces consciousness of unpleasant sensory images which may coalesce into a horrible perception, like black dots forming a picture. This horrible image, in turn, causes the fear reaction. "The next stage would be to compensate by awaking, by flight or counter-attack. *When the erotic, hallucination is felt to be an external reality, and no defense is found, panic ensues.*"

The panic may be more or less serious, lasting from a few hours to several months. The disturbances to the physical processes and the bodily economy as a whole, attending such dissociations of personality, may be very serious. All these ill results, under the given circumstances, are traceable to *fear*.

The definite physiological effects of this uncontrolled emotion—fear—are increased blood-pressure and pulse-rate, increase of adrenin and thyroid secretions, increase of blood sugar and decrease of the digestive and assimilative properties of the stomach and intestines; also decrease of heterosexual potency, and pronounced increase of trial and error movements of the skeletal appartus—hence, restlessness, irritability, insomnia, etc.

On the other hand, the acute dissociation of the personality, in both sexes, may become chronic and run a protracted course, varying from several weeks to many years. Final recovery may ensue, or (1) the condition may become permanent without further deterioration, or (2) the condition may pursue a course of progressive deterioration depending upon the negative nature of the transference and adjustment to the erotic pressure.

A frequent accompaniment is the development of a vigorous, persistent counter-attack of hatred, which becomes directed against the social conventions. Its animus is aimed particularly against those to whom social obligations bind the subject (as parents, mate, offspring, employer, etc.) because they are repress ing influences. The climax of this is a loss of social adaptation.

Kempf believes that the tendency to homosexuality in males has a dual determination. Not only are homosexual associations attractive, but there is an insurmountable affective (fear) resistance to heterosexual potency which becomes aroused by the amorous approach of the female. Through some affective mechanism, she, like the "serpent-headed Meduza, freezes his soul. Her sexuality horrifies instead of fascinates."

Anxiety and depression may develop quickly after a heterosexual failure in this type of male. Such reactions may be characterized by suicidal impulses due apparently to an irresistible regression to the mother. The subject feels that she cannot give him up, and he, being helpless to free himself, in order to become de-

voted to another woman, finds life is not worth living.

In summarizing his conception of this disorder, Kempf considers the acute homosexual panic a distinct stage in the psychosis. He maintains it may be diagnosed as readily as paresis by certain cardinal conditions: (1) *panic* and the autonomic reactions which accompany grave fear; (2) the defensive compensation against the compulsion to seek or submit to assault; (3) the symbols used by the erotic affect and the disturbances of sensation it causes.

The latter are complained of as visions, voices, electric injections, "dopy" feelings, "poison" and "filth" in the food, seductive and hypnotic influences, irresistible trance states, crucifixion, etc. It is necessary to estimate the significance of the systems in a neutral environment and the significance of the various symbols used.

As previously stated, the condition of acute homosexual panic is chiefly manifested in men and women who are grouped for prolonged periods away from members of the opposite sex—and is considerably different in its symptoms from the inverted sexuality which, for whatever reasons, develops in the man or woman living in a more normal environment.

With regard to the prospect for overcoming the disorder, Kempf states that the prognosis of homosexual panic in a soldier or sailor is usually favorable for that episode, but the future of that individual is most insecure unless he obtains insight and a fortunate sexual adjustment.

In a series of several hundred cases which have been recognized in a period of half a dozen years, most of the cases recovered. The occurrence of panic, later, among men who secretly re-enlisted in some branch of the government's service and were returned to the hospital, as well as the return several years later of men who had profoundly deteriorated after having been discharged as social recoveries, shows that the recurrence of panic results from inability to control the tendency to become perverse, that is, biologically abnormal. "This abortive tendency seems eventually to become dominant and incurable."

A NEURO-(PSYCHO-) PATHIC STATE.

Krafft-Ebing, already referred to, has described the peculiar sexual feeling of the invert as a functional sign of degeneration, and as a partial manifestation of a neuro-(psycho-) pathic state, in most cases (he believed) heriditary. He has catalogued the following characteristics as signs of this disorder:

1. The sexual life of individuals thus organized manifests itself, as a rule, abnormally early, and thereafter with abnormal power. Not infrequently still other perverse manifestations are presented besides the abnormal method of sexual satisfaction, which in itself is conditioned by the peculiar sexual feeling.

2. The psychical love manifest in these men is, for the most part, exaggered and exalted in the same way as their sexual instinct is manifested in consciousness, with a strange and even compelling force.

3. By the side of the functional signs of degeneration attending antipathic sexual feeling are found other functional, and in many cases anatomical, evidences of degeneration.

4. Neurosis (hysteria, neurasthenia, epileptoid states, etc.) co-exist. Almost invariably the existence of temporary or lasting neurasthenia may be proved. As a rule, this is constitutional, having its root in congenital conditions. It is awakened and maintained by masturbation or enforced abstinence.

(We have already considered the fallacious reasoning of ascribing homosexuality to masturbation. W. J. F.)

5. In the majority of cases, psychical anomalies (brilliant endowment in art, especially music, poetry, etc., by the side of bad intellectual powers or original eccentricity) are present, which may extend to pronounced conditions of mental degeneration (imbecility, moral insanity). In many urnings, either temporary or permanent insanity of a degenerative character (pathological emotional states, periodical insanity, paranoia, etc.) makes its appearance.

6. In almost all cases where an examination of the physical and mental peculiarities of the ancestors and blood relations has been possible, neurosis, psychosis, degenerative signs, etc., have been found in the families.

It is Krafft-Ebing's view that the study of antipathic sexual feeling points directly to anomalies of the cerebral organization of the afflicted individuals. "The very fact that in these cases, with few exceptions, the sexual

glands are found quite normal, anatomically and functionally, seems to favor this assumption."

Of all the old school psychiatrists of standing, it seems Krafft-Ebing's ideas are the most marked by superficial generalizations and rash guesses to account for unknown factors. In contrast to the concept of homosexuality as purely a neuro-(psycho-)pathic state, or "degenerative taint." we will consider in the next chapter the attitude of Edward Carpenter on this subject. Carpenter is distinguished by his calm reasoning powers and far-sighted vision, and while he perhaps shows a partiality to the urning that is beyond the casual student, his views must be considered in any fair and impartial study of the subject.

CHAPTER V.

SUPERIOR TRAITS OF INVERTS.

Edward Carpenter, in his thoughtful treatise on homosexuals—whom he calls the *Intermediate Sex*—justly maintains that it is impossible, by a sweeping gesture to dismiss these types as *good* or *bad*, simply because they are *different.*

The subtleties and complexities of nature cannot be dispatched in this off-hand manner.

As he expresses it, "the great probability is that, as in any other class of human beings, there will be among these too, good and bad, high and low, worthy and unworthy—some perhaps exhibiting through their double temperament a rare and beautiful flower of humanity, others a perverse and tangled ruin."

It is Carpenter's opinion that the defect of the male Uranian, or Urning, is not sensuality —but rather sentimentality. The lower, more ordinary types of Urning are often extremely sentimental; the superior type strangely, almost incredibly emotional; but neither *as a rule* (though, of course, there must be exceptions) are so sensual as the average normal man.

"The immense capacity of emotional love represents, of course, a great driving force. Whether in the individual or in society, love is eminently creative. It is their great genius for attachment which gives to the best Uranian

types their penetrating influence and activity, and which often makes them beloved and accepted far and wide even by those who know nothing of their inner mind.

"How many so-called philanthropists of the best kind (we need not mention names) have been inspired by the Uranian temperament, the world will probably never know. And in all walks of life, the great number and influence of folk of this disposition, and the distinguished place they already occupy, is only realized by those who are more or less behind the scenes. It is probable also that it is this genius for emotional love which gives to the Uranians their remarkable *youthfulness*."

With these unusual qualities, amounting in their finest expressions, to extraordinary gifts —containing as they do a double measure of human values, both of the man and of the woman—Carpenter believes that these people have a special field of work as reconcilers and interpreters of the two sexes to each other.

Thus, it is probable that the superior Urnings will become in affairs of the heart, to a large extent, the teachers of future society; and if so, their influence will tend to the realization and expression of an attachment less exclusively sensual than the average of today, and to the diffusion of this in all directions.

To call people of such temperament "morbid," according to this authority, is of no use. Such a term, in fact, is absurdly inapplicable to many, who are among the most amiable and worthy members of society. Certainly, it brings no solution to the problem in question,

and "only amounts to marking down for disparagement a fellow creature who has already considerable difficulties to contend with."

It is a great mistake, he argues, to suppose that their attachments are necessarily sexual, or connected with sexual acts. On the contrary, they are often purely emotional in their character; and to confuse Uranians, as is often done, with libertines having no law but curiosity in self-indulgence is to do them a great wrong.

It is undoubtedly true that their special temperament may sometimes cause them difficulty in regard to their sexual relations. But then, all types have more or less difficulty in making sexual adjustments—so while the homosexual has some special problems to meet in this respect—the heterosexual also has his problems which not infrequently lead to dire results.

The difficulties in both cases, of course, are due in no small degree to the obstacles put in the way by others, through lack of understanding. This is both a social and individual problem.

With respect to the personal idiosyncrasies of the urnings, the male tends to be of a rather gentle, emotional disposition, with defects, if such exist, in the direction of subtlety, evasiveness, timidity, vanity, etc. The female, on the other hand, is just the opposite, being active, fiery, bold and bluntly truthful, with defects running to brusqueness and coarseness.

The mind of the male urning (characteristic of its feminine bias) is generally intuitive and instinctive in its perceptions, with more or less artistic feeling. In extreme types, we find excessive sentimentality, an individual mincing

in gait and manners, something of a chatter-box, with a tendency to be skilful with the needle and in woman's work, sometimes taking pleasure in dressing in women's clothes.

In the case of the female, we note the opposite characteristics. Her mind is more logical, scientific and precise than usual with the normal woman. So marked are these general characteristics, observes Carpenter, that sometimes by means of them (thought not an infallible guide) the nature of the boy or girl can be detected in childhood, before full development has taken place. The importance of being able to do this is readily apparent, if an understanding and sympathetic attitude is brought to bear on the matter.

As Dr. Moll, the well known German authority, has pointed out, the extreme characteristics do not by any means show themselves in all urnings. Though one may find this or that indication in a great many cases, yet it cannot be denied that a very large percentage of the males, perhaps by far the majority of them, do not exhibit pronounced effeminacy.

Considering the more "normal" type of Uranian male, it is not unusual to find a man who, while possessing thoroughly masculine powers of mind and physique, combines with them the more emotional soul nature of the woman. Sometimes this is present in a notable degree.

Such men are often muscular and well built, and not noticeably different in external structure and bodily carriage from others of their own sex. Emotionally, however, they are ex-

tremely complex, sensitive, tender, sympathetic and loving—and, as has been said, "full of storm and stress, of ferment and fluctuation of the heart."

While the logical faculty may or may not, in their case, be well developed, intuition is always strongly in evidence. Like a woman they read characters at a glance, and know, without knowing how, what is transpiring in the mental processes of others. Naturally, men of this kind have a peculiar aptitude for nursing and administering to the needs of people. A Swiss writer on this subject has expressed himself thus: "Happy, indeed, is that man who has won a real Urning for his friend—he walks on roses, without ever having to fear the thorns." And he added: "Can there ever be a more perfect sick nurse than an Urning?"

The invert has a strongly developed artist nature, with the artist's perception and sensibility. De Joux, who writes on the whole favorably of the Uranian men and women, says of the former: "They are enthusiastic for poetry and music, are often eminently skilful in the fine arts, and are overcome with emotion and sympathy at the least occurrence. Their sensitiveness, their endless tenderness for children, their love of flowers, their great pity for beggars and crippled folk are truly womanly." In another passage, he indicates the organic base of the artist nature in the following words: "The nerve system of many an Urning is the finest and the most complicated musical instrument in the service of the interior personality that can be imagined."

It does not appear justified to assume that men of this kind despise women, the general belief to the contrary notwithstanding. In previous chapters, we have read the evidence of the psychiatrist, who testified to this alleged antagonistic sentiment. But after all, the psychiatrist and neurologist get the sick and pathologic cases, and rarely the better kind, so while the opinions of these specialists have great value as supplementary evidence in the consideration of homosexuality, they should not be accepted without reservation or such modification as may be necessary in the light of fuller knowledge of the subject.

Naturally, the male Urning is not inclined to fall in love with a woman, but that they are drawn near to women seems logical as it is characteristic of similar types to have much in common, such as sympathetic interests, etc. And, of course, the male Urning and the normal woman have a great deal in common in the sphere of spiritual and emotional interests and understanding.

Carpenter states in this connection, "it would seem they often feel a singular appreciation and understanding of the emotional needs and destinies of the other sex, leading in many cases to a genuine though what is called "Platonic' friendship. There is little doubt that they are often instinctively sought after by women who, without suspecting the real cause, are conscious of a sympathetic chord in the homogenic which they miss in the normal man."

De Joux confirms this in these words: "It would be a mistake to suppose that all Urnings

must be woman haters. Quite the contrary. They are not seldom their faithfulest friends. the truest allies and most convinced defenders of women."

Havelock Ellis in Chapter VI of his "*Sexual Inversion*," also scouts the idea that the Uranian temperament is necessarily morbid, and states that the tendency should be considered an anomaly rather than a disease. He makes this interesting observation on the subject, comparing the invert to the "sport" or variation in the animal and vegetable world: "Thus in sexual inversion we have what may fairly be called a 'sport' or variation, one of those organic aberrations which we see throughout living nature in plants and in animals."

And Ellis writes, with reference to the artistic proclivities of the invert: "An examination of my cases reveals the interesting fact that thirty-two of them, or sixty-eight per cent, possess artistic aptitude in varying degrees.

"Galton found, from the investigation of nearly one thousand persons, that the general average showing artistic taste in England is only about thirty per cent. It must be said that my figures are probably below the truth, as no special point was made of investigating the matter, and also that in many cases their artistic aptitudes are of high order. With regard to the special avocations of my cases, it must, of course, be said that no occupation furnishes a safeguard against inversion. There are, however, certain occupations to which inverts are specially attracted. Acting is certainly one of the chief of these. Three of my cases belong to

the dramatic profession, and others have marked dramatic ability. Art, again, in its various forms, and music, exercise much attraction. In my experience, however, literature is the avocation to which inverts seem to feel chiefly called, and that moreover in which they may find the highest degrees of success and reputation. At least half a dozen of my cases are successful men of letters."

The Uranian, although quite invariably high strung and sensitive, is not by any means always an impractical dreamer. He is usually *a dreamer*, to be sure, but not infrequently he has the capacity to transform his dreams into actuality. He may even show extraordinary ability in the business world. While he is usually not militantly aggressive—war with its bloodshed, horrors and destruction is somewhat foreign to his temperament—there are exceptions.

Some of the mighty military commanders of history have had a strong Uranian strain—among them may be mentioned Alexander the Great, Caesar, Charles XII of Sweden, Frederick II of Prussia, etc. When the capacity for high organizing ability and power of command is present, the potent bisexual disposition vouchsafes a temperament that arouses the enthusiasm and assures the personal attachment of the troops. All of this goes a long way to making a formidable commander—and in the olden days of personal combat, it was a well-night invincible one.

Carpenter calculates that not less than ten per cent of the English kings—from the time

of the Norman conquest to the present day—have shown a decidedly homogenic temperament. (This authority prefers to use the term *homogenic*, from two root words, both Greek, i. e., "homos," same, and "genoc," sex, instead of *homosexual.*)

Three of these kings, namely, William Rufus, Edward II and James I were homosexual in a high degree—possibly enough so as to be classed as Urnings. Others, like William III, had a marked strain of the same temperament.

Of these monarchs, William Rufus and William III, were in their different ways men of great courage and personal force. James I was not a creditable character—and while the term degenerate might be applicable to him—it would be equally fitting to several others of the royal line.

It is also apparent that one of England's greatest queens, Elizabeth, had a highly developed homosexual disposition, enough to bring out in no uncertain manner those characteristics that are usually associated with the masculine gender. She was inordinately resourceful, independent, assertive—and showed no particular erotic leanings toward the opposite sex.

Referring to the common belief that a male who experiences love for his own sex must be despicable, degraded, depraved, vicious, and incapable of humane or generous sentiments, J. Addington Symonds (*A Problem of Modern Ethics*) remarks that "If Greek history did not contradict this supposition, a little patient

enquiry into contemporary manners would suffice to remove it."

De Joux, who has already been quoted on the subject, expresses the finer sensibilities of the superior type of Urning, and his consciousness of the same, in the following words: "It is true that we are often inferior to normal men in force of will, worldly wisdom, and sense of duty; but on the other hand, in depth and delicacy of feeling and every virtue of the heart, we are far superior. We cannot *love* women, but we lament with them, and help them on the hearth and by the cradle, in need and loneliness, as their most unselfish friends. . . . We do not despise women because they are weak, for we are much clearer-sighted, much less prejudiced than the so-called lords of creation, much nobler, more helpful, and just minded than they. . . . Anyhow, if either of the sexes has cause to withhold its respect in any degree from the other—which has the most cause? Say what you will of them, the second and third sexes—women and Urnings—are ever so much better than the brutal egotistical men, who today are plunged in grossest materialism; for, with whatever corruption, both the former are still of purer heart, easier kindled towards whatever is good, and more capable of genuine enthusiasm and love of their fellows than the latter."

In a sense, then, we may say that the so-called Intermediate Sex is older and nearer to nature than the differentiated male and female sexes. It may be considered a modern hold-over, or vestige, of the bisexual character

typical of primitive beings and organisms. But when found in the *genus homo*—when not debauched by a vicious environment or distorted by an unfavorable heredity—it may, as we have seen, reach the highest stage of human fruition.

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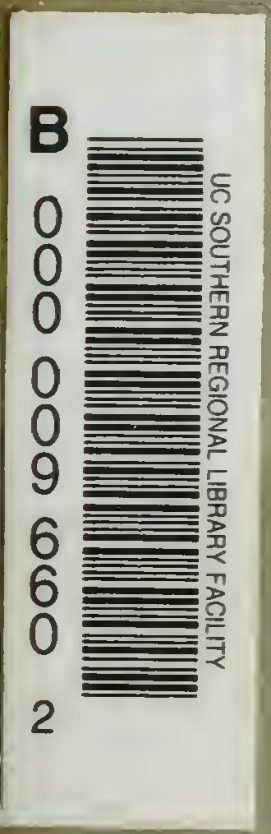

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Jerome K. Jerome

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ON BEING IDLE.

Now, this is a subject on which I flatter myself I really am *au fait*. The gentleman who, when I was young, bathed me at wisdom's font for nine guineas a term—no extras—used to say he never knew a boy who could do less work in more time; and I remember my poor grandmother once incidentally observing, in the course of an instruction upon the use of the Prayer-book, that it was highly improbable that I should ever do much that I ought not to do, but that she felt convinced beyond a doubt that I should leave undone pretty well everything that I ought to do.

I am afraid I have somewhat belied half the dear old lady's prophecy. Heaven help me! I have done a good many things that I ought not to have done, in spite of my laziness. But I have fully confirmed the accuracy of her judgment so far as neglecting much that I ought not to have neglected is concerned. Idling always has been my strong point. I take no credit to myself in the matter—it is a gift. Few possess it. There are plenty of lazy people and plenty of slow-coaches, but a genuine idler is a rarity. He is not a man who slouches about with his hands in his pockets. On the contrary, his most startling characteristic is that he is always intensely busy.

It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do. There is no fun in doing nothing when you have nothing to do. Wasting time is merely an occupation then, and a most exhausting one. Idle-

ness, like kisses, to be sweet must be stolen.

Many years ago, when I was a young man, I was taken very ill—I never could see myself that much was the matter with me, except that I had a beastly cold. But I suppose it was something very serious, for the doctor said that I ought to have come to him a month before, and that if it (whatever it was) had gone on for another week he would not have answered for the consequences. It is an extraordinary thing, but I never knew a doctor called into any case yet but what it transpired that another day's delay would have rendered cure hopeless. Our medical guide, philosopher, and friend is like the hero in a melodrama—he always comes upon the scene just, and only just, in the nick of time. It is Providence, that is what it is.

Well, as I was saying, I was very ill and was ordered to Buxton for a month, with strict injunctions to do nothing whatever all the while that I was there. "Rest is what you require," said the doctor, "perfect rest."

It seemed a delightful prospect. "This man evidently understands my complaint," said I, and I pictured to myself a glorious time—a four weeks' *dolce far niente* with a dash of illness in it. Not too much illness, but just illness enough—just sufficient to give it the flavor of suffering and make it poetical. I should get up late, sip chocolate, and have my breakfast in slippers and a dressing-gown. I should lie out in the garden in a hammock and read sentimental novels with a melancholy ending, until the books should fall from my

listless hand, and I should recline there, dreamily gazing into the deep blue of the firmament, watching the fleecy clouds floating like white-sailed ships across its depths, and listening to the joyous song of the birds and the low rustling of the trees. Or, on becoming too weak to go out of doors, I should sit propped up with pillows at the open window of the ground-floor front, and look wasted and interesting, so that all the pretty girls would sigh as they passed by.

And twice a day I should go down in a Bath chair to the Colonnade to drink the waters. Oh, those waters! I knew nothing about them then, and was rather taken with the idea. "Drinking the waters" sounded fashionable and Queen Annefied, and I thought I should like them. But, ugh! after the first three or four mornings. Sam Weller's description of them as "having a taste of warm flat-irons" conveys only a faint idea of their hideous nauseousness. If anything could make a sick man get well quickly, it would be the knowledge that he must drink a glassful of them every day until he was recovered. I drank them neat for six consecutive days, and they nearly killed me; but after then I adopted the plan of taking a stiff glass of brandy-and-water immediately on the top of them, and found much relief hereby. I have been informed since, by various eminent medical gentlemen, that the alcohol must have entirely counteracted the effects of the chalybeate properties contained in the water. I am glad I was lucky enough to hit upon the right thing.

But "drinking the waters" was only a small portion of the torture I experienced during that memorable month—a month which was, without exception, the most miserable I have ever spent. During the best part of it I religiously followed the doctor's mandate and did nothing whatever, except moon about the house and garden and go out for two hours a day in a Bath chair. That did break the monotony to a certain extent. There is more excitement about Bath-chairing—especially if you are not used to the exhilarating exercise—than might appear to the casual observer. A sense of danger, such as a mere outsider might not understand, is ever present to the mind of the occupant. He feels convinced every minute that the whole concern is going over, a conviction which becomes especially lively whenever a ditch or a stretch of newly macadamized road comes in sight. Every vehicle that passes he expects is going to run into him; and he never finds himself ascending or descending a hill without immediately beginning to speculate upon his chances, supposing—as seems extremely probable—that the weak-kneed controller of his destiny should let go.

But even this diversion failed to enliven after awhile, and the *ennui* became perfectly unbearable. I felt my mind giving way under it. It is not a strong mind, and I thought it would be unwise to tax it too far. So somewhere about the twentieth morning I got up early, had a good breakfast, and walked straight off to Hayfield, at the foot of the Kinder Scout—a pleasant, busy little town, reached through

a lovely valley, and with two sweetly pretty women in it. At least they were sweetly pretty then; one passed me on the bridge and, I think, smiled; and the other was standing at an open door, making an unremunerative investment of kisses upon a red-faced baby. But it is years ago, and I dare say they have both grown stout and snappish since that time. Coming back, I saw an old man breaking stones, and it roused such strong longing in me to use my arms that I offered him a drink to let me take his place. He was a kindly old man and he humored me. I went for those stones with the accumulated energy of three weeks, and did more in half an hour than he had done all day. But it did not make him jealous.

Having taken the plunge, I went further and further into dissipation, going out for a long walk every morning and listening to the band in the pavilion every evening. But the days still passed slowly notwithstanding, and I was heartily glad when the last one came and I was being whirled away from gouty, consumptive Buxton to London with its stern work and life. I looked out of the carriage as we rushed through Hendon in the evening. The lurid glare overhanging the mighty city seemed to warm my heart, and when, later on, my cab rattled out of St. Pancras' station, the old familiar roar that came swelling up around me sounded the sweetest music I had heard for many a long day.

I certainly did not enjoy that month's idling. I like idling when I ought not to be idling; not when it is the only thing I have to do. That

is my pig-headed nature. The time when I like best to stand with my back to the fire, calculating how much I owe, is when my desk is heaped highest with letters that must be answered by the next post. When I like to dawdle longest over my dinner is when I have a heavy evening's work before me. And if, for some urgent reason, I ought to be up particularly early in the morning, it is then, more than at any other time, that I love to lie an extra half-hour in bed.

Ah! how delicious it is to turn over and go to sleep again: "just for five minutes." Is there any human being, I wonder, besides the hero of a Sunday-school "tale for boys," who ever gets up willingly? There are some men to whom getting up at the proper time is an utter impossibility. If eight o'clock happens to be the time that they should turn out, then they lie till half-past. If circumstances change and half-past eight becomes early enough for them, then it is nine before they can rise. They are like the statesman of whom it was said that he was always punctually half an hour late. They try all manner of schemes. They buy alarm-clocks (artful contrivances that go off at the wrong time and alarm the wrong people). They tell Sarah Jane to knock at the door and call them, and Sarah Jane does knock at the door and does call them, and they grunt back "awri" and then go comfortably to sleep again. I knew one man who would actually get out and have a cold bath; and even that was of no use, for afterward he would jump into bed again to warm himself.

I think myself that I could keep out of bed all right if I once got out. It is the wrenching away of the head from the pillow that I find so hard, and no amount of over-night determination makes it easier. I say to myself, after having wasted the whole evening, I'll get up early to-morrow morning;" and I am thoroughly resolved to do so—then. In the morning, however, I feel less enthusiastic about the idea, and reflect that it would have been much better if I had stopped up last night. And then there is the trouble of dressing, and the more one thinks about that the more one wants to put it off.

It is a strange thing this bed, this mimic grave, where we stretch our tired limbs and sink away so quietly into the silence and rest. "O bed, O bed, delicious bed, that heaven on earth to the weary head," as sang poor Hood, you are a kind old nurse to us fretful boys and girls. Clever and foolish, naughty and good, you take us all in your motherly lap and hush our wayward crying. The strong man full of care—the sick man full of pain—the little maiden sobbing for her faithless lover—like children we lay our aching heads on your white bosom, and you gently soothe us off to by-by.

'Our trouble is sore indeed when you turn away and will not comfort us. How long the dawn seems coming when we cannot sleep! Oh! those hideous nights when we toss and turn in fever and pain, when we lie, like living men among the dead, staring out into the dark hours that drift so slowly between us and the light. And oh! those still more hideous nights when

we sit by another in pain, when the low fire startles us every now and then with a falling cinder, and the tick of the clock seems a hammer beating out the life that we are watching.

But enough of beds and bedrooms. I have kept to them too long, even for an idle fellow. Let us come out and have a smoke. That wastes time just as well and does not look so bad. Tobacco has been a blessing to us idlers. What the civil-service clerks before Sir Walter's time found to occupy their minds with it is hard to imagine. I attribute the quarrelsome nature of the Middle Ages young men entirely to the want of the soothing weed. They had no work to do and could not smoke, and the consequence was they were forever fighting and rowing. If, by any extraordinary chance, there was no war going, then they got up a deadly family feud with the next-door neighbor, and if, in spite of this, they still had a few spare moments on their hands, they occupied them with discussions as to whose sweetheart was the best looking, the arguments employed on both sides being battle-axes, clubs, etc. Questions of taste were soon decided in those days. When a twelfth-century youth fell in love he did not take three paces backward, gaze into her eyes, and tell her she was too beautiful to live. He said he would step outside and see about it. And if, when he got out, he met a man and broke his head—the other man's head, I mean—then that proved that his—the first fellow's—girl was a pretty girl. But if the other fellow broke his head—

not his own, you know, but the other fellow's —the other fellow to the second fellow, that is, because of course the other fellow would only be the other fellow to him, not the first fellow who—well, if he broke his head, then *his* girl —not the other fellow's, but the fellow who *was* the— Look here, if A broke B's head, then A's girl was a pretty girl; but if B broke A's head, then A's girl wasn't a pretty girl, but B's girl was. That was their method of conducting art criticism.

Nowadays we light a pipe and let the girls fight it out among themselves.

They do it very well. They are getting to do all our work. They are doctors, and barristers, and artists. They manage theatres, and promote swindles, and edit newspapers. I am looking forward to the time when we men shall have nothing to do but lie in bed till twelve, read two novels a day, have nice little five-o'clock teas all to ourselves, and tax our brains with nothing more trying than discussions upon the latest patterns in trousers and arguments as to what Mr. Jones' coat was made of and whether it fitted him. It is a glorious prospect—for idle fellows.

ON BEING IN LOVE.

You've been in love, of course! If not you've got it to come. Love is like the measles; we all have to go through it. Also like the measles, we take it only once. One never need be afraid of catching it a second time. The man who has had it can go into the most dangerous places and play the most foolhardy

tricks with perfect safety. He can picnic in shady woods, ramble through leafy aisles, and linger on mossy seats to watch the sunset. He fears a quiet country-house no more than he would his own club. He can join a family party to go down the Rhine. He can, to see the last of a friend, venture into the very jaws of the marriage ceremony itself. He can keep his head through the whirl of a ravishing waltz, and rest afterward in a dark conservatory, catching nothing more lasting than a cold. He can brave a moonlight walk adown sweet-scented lanes or a twilight pull among the somber rushes. He can get over a stile without danger, scramble through a tangled hedge without being caught, come down a slippery path without falling. He can look into sunny eyes and not be dazzled. He listens to the siren voices, yet sails on with unveered helm. He clasps white hands in his, but no electric "Lulu"-like force holds him bound in their dainty pressure.

No, we never sicken with love twice. Cupid spends no second arrow on the same heart. Love's handmaids are our life-long friends. Respect, and admiration, and affection, our doors may always be left open for, but their great celestial master, in his royal progress, pays but one visit and departs. We like, we cherish, we are very, very fond of—but we never love again. A man's heart is a firework that once in its time flashes heavenward. Meteor-like, it blazes for a moment and lights with its glory the whole world beneath. Then the night of our sordid commonplace life closes

in around it, and the burned-out case, falling back to earth, lies useless and uncared for, slowly smoldering into ashes. Once, breaking loose from our prison bonds, we dare, as mighty old Prometheus dared, to scale the Olympian mount and snatch from Phoebus' chariot the fire of the gods. Happy those who, hastening down again ere it dies out, can kindle their earthly altars at its flame. Love is too pure a light to burn long among the noisome gases that we breathe, but before it is choked out we may use it as a torch to ignite the cozy fire of affection.

And, after all, that warming glow is more suited to our cold little back parlor of a world than is the burning spirit love. Love should be the vestal fire of some mighty temple—some vast dim fane whose organ music is the rolling of the spheres. Affection will burn cheerily when the white flame of love is flickered out. Affection is a fire that can be fed from day to day and be piled up ever higher as the wintry years draw nigh. Old men and women can sit by it with their thin hands clasped, the little children can nestle down in front, the friend and neighbor has his welcome corner by its side, and even shaggy Fido and sleek Titty can toast their noses at the bars.

Let us heap the coals of kindness upon that fire. Throw on your pleasant words, your gentle pressures of the hand, your thoughtful and unselfish deeds. Fan it with good-humor, patience, and forbearance. You can let the wind blow and the rain fall unheeded then, for your hearth will be warm and bright, and the

faces round it will make sunshine in spite of the clouds without.

I am afraid, dear Edwin and Angelina, you expect too much from love. You think there is enough of your little hearts to feed this fierce, devouring passion for all your long lives. Ah, young folk! don't rely too much upon that unsteady flicker. It will dwindle and dwindle as the months roll on, and there is no replenishing the fuel. You will watch it die out in anger and disappointment. To each it will seem that it is the other who is growing colder. Edwin sees with bitterness that Angelina no longer runs to the gate to meet him, all smiles and blushes; and when he has a cough now she doesn't begin to cry and, putting her arms round his neck, say that she cannot live without him. The most she will probably do is to suggest a lozenge, and even that in a tone implying that it is the noise more than anything else she is anxious to get rid of.

Poor little Angelina, too, sheds silent tears, for Edwin has given up carrying her old handkerchief in the inside pocket of his waistcoat.

Both are astonished at the falling off in the other one, but neither sees their own change. If they did they would not suffer as they do. They would look for the cause in the right quarter—in the littleness of poor human nature—join hands over their common failing, and start building their house anew on a more earthly and enduring foundation. But we are so blind to our own shortcomings, so wide awake to those of others. Everything that happens to us is always the other person's fault. Angelina

would have gone on loving Edwin forever and ever and ever if only Edwin had not grown so strange and different. Edwin would have adored Angelina through eternity if Angelina had only remained the same as when he first adored her.

It is a cheerless hour for you both when the lamp of love has gone out and the fire of affection is not yet lit, and you have to grope about in the cold, raw dawn of life to kindle it. God grant it catches light before the day is too far spent. Many sit shivering by the dead coals till night comes.

But, there, of what use is it to preach? Who that feels the rush of young love through his veins can think it will ever flow feeble and slow! To the boy of twenty it seems impossible that he will not love as wildly at sixty as he does then. He cannot call to mind any middle-aged or elderly gentleman of his acquaintance who is known to exhibit symptoms of frantic attachment, but that does not interfere in his belief in himself. His love will never fail, whoever else's may. Nobody ever loved as he loves, and so, of course, the rest of the world's experience can be no guide in his case. Alas! alas! ere thirty he has joined the ranks of the sneerers. It is not his fault. Our passions, both the good and bad, cease with our blushes. We do not hate, nor grieve, nor joy, nor despair in our thirties like we did in our teens. Disappointment does not suggest suicide, and we quaff success without intoxication.

We take all things in a minor key as we

grow older. There are few majestic passages in the later acts of life's opera. Ambition takes a less ambitious aim. Honor becomes more reasonable and conveniently adapts itself to circumstances. And love—love dies. "Irreverence for the dreams of youth" soon creeps like a killing frost upon our hearts. The tender shoots and the expanding flowers are nipped and withered, and of a vine that yearned to stretch its tendrils round the world there is left but a sapless stump.

My fair friends will deem this rank heresy, I know. So far from a man's not loving after he has passed boyhood, it is not till there is a good deal of gray in his hair that they think his protestations at all worthy of attention. Young ladies take their notions of our sex from the novels written by their own, and compared with the monstrosities that masquerade for men in the pages of that nightmare literature, Pythagoras' plucked bird and Frankenstein's demon were fair average specimens of humanity.

In these so-called books, the chief lover, or Greek god, as he is admiringly referred to—by the way, they do not say which "Greek god" it is that the gentleman bears such a striking likeness to; it might be hump-backed Vulcan, or double-faced Janus, or even driveling Silenus, the god of abstruse mysteries. He resembles the whole family of them, however, in being a blackguard, and perhaps this is what is meant. To even the little manliness his classical prototypes possessed, though, he can lay no claim whatever, being a listless effeminate noodle, on

the shady side of forty. But oh! the depth and strength of this elderly party's emotion for some bread-and-butter school-girl! Hide your heads, ye young Romeos and Leanders! this *blase* old beau loves with an hysterical fervor that requires four adjectives to every noun to properly describe.

It is well, dear ladies, for us old sinners that you study only books. Did you read mankind, you would know that the lad's shy stammering tells a truer tale than our bold eloquence. A boy's love comes from a full heart; a man's is more often the result of a full stomach. Indeed, a man's sluggish current may not be called love, compared with the rushing fountain that wells up when a boy's heart is struck with the heavenly rod. If you would taste love, drink of the pure stream that youth pours out at your feet. Do not wait till it has become a muddy river before you stoop to catch its waves.

Or is it that you like its bitter flavor—that the clear, limpid water is insipid to your palate and that the pollution of its after-course gives it a relish to your lips? Must we believe those who tell us that a hand foul with the filth of a shameful life is the only one a young girl cares to be caressed by?

That is the teaching that is bawled out day by day from between those yellow covers. Do they ever pause to think, I wonder, those devil's lady-helps, what mischief they are doing crawling about God's garden, and telling childish Eves and silly Adams that sin is sweet and that decency is ridiculous and vulgar? How

many an innocent girl do they not degrade into an evil-minded woman? To how many a weak lad do they not point out the dirty by-path as the shortest cut to a maiden's heart? It is not as if they wrote of life as it really is. Speak truth, and right will take care of itself. But their pictures are coarse daubs painted from the sickly fancies of their own diseased imagination.

We want to think of women not—as their own sex would show them—as Lorelei's luring us to destruction, but as good angels beckoning us upward. They have more power for good or evil than they dream of. It is just at the very age when a man's character is forming that he tumbles into love, and then the lass he loves has the making or marring of him. Unconsciously he molds himself to what she would have him, good or bad. I am sorry to have to be ungallant enough to say that I do not think they always use their influence for the best. Too often the female world is bounded hard and fast within the limits of the commonplace. Their ideal hero is a prince of littleness, and to become that many a powerful mind, enchanted by love, is "lost to life and use and name and fame."

And yet, women, you could make us so much better if you only would. It rests with you, more than with all the preachers, to roll this world a little nearer heaven. Chivalry is not dead: it only sleeps for want of work to do. It is you who must wake it to noble deeds. You must be worthy of knightly worship.

You must be higher than ourselves. It was

for Una that the Red Cross Knight did war. For no painted, miming court dame could the dragon have been slain. Oh, ladies fair, be fair in mind and soul as well as face, so that brave knights may win glory in your service! Oh, woman throw off your disguising cloaks of selfishness, effrontery, and affectation! Stand forth once more a queen in your royal robe of simple purity. A thousand swords, now rusting in ignoble sloth, shall leap from their scabbards to do battle for your honor against wrong. A thousand Sir Rolands shall lay lance in rest, and Fear, Avarice, Pleasure, and Ambition shall go down in the dust before your colors.

What noble deeds were we not ripe for in the days when we loved? What noble lives could we not have lived for her sake? Our love was a religion we could have died for. It was no more human creature like ourselves that we adored. It was a queen that we paid homage to, a goddess that we worshiped.

And how madly we did worship! And how sweet it was to worship! Ah, lad, cherish love's young dream while it lasts! You will know too soon how truly little Tom Moore sang when he said that there was nothing half so sweet in life. Even when it brings misery it is a wild, romantic misery, all unlike the dull, worldly pain of after-sorrows. When you have lost her—when the light is gone out from your life and the world stretches before you a long, dark horror, even then a half-enchantment mingles with your despair.

And who would not risk its terrors to gain

its raptures? Ah, what raptures they were! The mere recollection thrills you. How delicious it was to tell her that you loved her, that you lived for her, that you would die for her! How you did rave, to be sure, what floods of extravagant nonsense you poured forth, and oh, how cruel it was of her to pretend not to believe you! In what awe you stood of her. How miserable you were when you had offended her! And yet, how pleasant to be bullied by her and to sue for pardon without having the slightest notion of what your fault was! How dark the world was when she snubbed you, as she often did, the little rogue, just to see you look wretched; how sunny when she smiled! How jealous you were of every one about her! How you hated every man she shook hands with, every woman she kissed—the maid that did her hair, the boy that cleaned her shoes, the dog she nursed—though you had to be respectful to the last-named! How you looked forward to seeing her, how stupid you were when you did see her, staring at her without saying a word! How impossible it was for you to go out at any time of the day or night without finding yourself eventually opposite her windows! You hadn't pluck enough to go in, but you hung about the corner and gazed at the outside. Oh, if the house had only caught fire—it was insured, so it wouldn't have mattered—and you could have rushed in and saved her at the risk of your life, and have been terribly burned and injured! Anything to serve her. Even in little things that was so sweet. How you would watch her, spaniel-like,

to anticipate her slightest wish! How proud you were to do her bidding! How delightful it was to be ordered about by her! To devote your whole life to her and to never think of yourself seemed such a simple thing. You would go without a holiday to lay a humble offering at her shrine, and felt more than repaid if she only deigned to accept it. How precious to you was everything that she had hallowed by her touch—her little glove, the ribbon she had worn, the rose that had nestled in her hair and whose withered leaves still mark the poems you never care to look at now.

And oh, how beautiful she was, how wondrous beautiful! It was as some angel entering the room, and all else became plain and earthly. She was too sacred to be touched. It seemed almost presumption to gaze at her. You would as soon have thought of kissing her as of singing comic songs in a cathedral. It was desecration enough to kneel and timidly raise the gracious little hand to your lips.

Ah, those foolish days, those foolish days when we were unselfish and pure-minded; those foolish days when our simple hearts were full of truth, and faith, and reverence! Ah, those foolish days of noble longings and of noble strivings! And oh, these wise, clever days when we know that money is the only prize worth striving for, when we believe in nothing else but meanness and lies, when we care for no living creature but ourselves!

ON BEING IN THE BLUES.

I can enjoy feeling melancholy, and there

is a good deal of satisfaction about being thoroughly miserable; but nobody likes a fit of the blues. Nevertheless, everybody has them; notwithstanding which, nobody can tell why. There is no accounting for them. You are just as likely to have one on the day after you have come into a large fortune as on the day after you have left your new silk umbrella in the train. Its effect upon you is somewhat similar to what would probably be produced by a combined attach of toothache, indigestion, and cold in the head. You become stupid, restless, and irritable; rude to strangers and dangerous toward your friends; clumsy, maudlin, and quarrelsome; a nuisance to yourself and everybody about you.

While it is on you can do nothing and think of nothing, though feeling at the time bound to do something. You can't sit still, so put on your hat and go for a walk; but before you get to the corner of the street you wish you hadn't come out and you turn back. You open a book and try to read, but you find Shakespeare trite and commonplace, Dickens is dull and prosy, Thackeray a bore, and Carlyle too sentimental. You throw the book aside and call the author names. Then you "shoo" the cat out of the room and kick the door to after her. You think you will write your letters, but after sticking at "Dearest Auntie: I find I have five minutes to spare, and so hasten to write to you," for a quarter of an hour, without being able to think of another sentence. you tumble the paper into the desk, fling the wet pen down upon the table-cloth, and start up

with the resolution of going to see the Thompsons. While pulling on your gloves, however, it occurs to you that the Thompsons are idiots; that they never have supper; and that you will be expected to jump the baby. You curse the Thompsons and decide not to go.

By this time you feel completely crushed. You bury your face in your hands and think you would like to die and go to heaven. You picture to yourself your own sick-bed, with all your friends and relations standing round you weeping. You bless them all, especially the young and pretty ones. They will value you when you are gone, so you say to yourself, and learn too late what they have lost; and you bitterly contrast their presumed regard for you then with their decided want of veneration now.

These reflections make you feel a little more cheerful, but only for a brief period; for the next moment you think what a fool you must be to imagine for an instant that anybody would be sorry at anything that might happen to you. Who would care two straws (whatever precise amount of care two straws may represent) whether you are blown up, or hung up, or married, or drowned? Nobody cares for you. You never have been properly appreciated, never met with your due deserts in any one particular. You review the whole of your past life, and it is painfully apparent that you have been ill-used from your cradle.

Half an hour's indulgence in these considerations works you up into a state of savage fury against everybody and everything, especially

yourself, whom anatomical reasons alone prevent your kicking. Bed-time at last comes, to save you from doing something rash, and you spring upstairs, throw off your clothes, leaving them strewn all over the room, blow out the candle, and jump into bed as if you had backed yourself for a heavy wager to do the whole thing against time. There you toss and tumble about for a couple of hours or so, varying the monotony by occasionally jerking the clothes off and getting out and putting them on again. At length you drop into an uneasy and fitful slumber, have had dreams, and wake up late the next morning.

At least, this is all we poor single men can do under the circumstances. Married men bully their wives, grumble at the dinner, and insist on the children's going to bed. All of which, creating as it does, a good deal of disturbance in the house, must be a great relief to the feelings of a man in the blues, rows being the only form of amusement in which he can take any interest.

The symptoms of the infirmity are much the same in every case, but the affliction itself is variously termed. The poet says that "a feeling of sadness comes o'er me." 'Arry refers to the heavings of his wayward heart by confiding to Jimee that he has "got the blooming hump." Your sister doesn't know what is the matter with her tonight. She feels out of sorts altogether and hopes nothing is going to happen. The every-day young man is "so awful glad to meet you, old fellow," for he does "feel so jolly miserable this evening." As for my-

self, I generally say that "I have a strange, unsettled feeling tonight" and "think I'll go out."

By the way, it never does come except in the evening. In the sun-time, when the world is bounding forward full of life, we cannot stay to sigh and sulk. The roar of the working day drowns the voices of the elfin sprites that are ever singing their low-toned *miserere* in our ears. In the day we are angry, disappointed, or indignant, but never "in the blues" and never melancholy. When things go wrong at ten o'clock in the morning we—or rather you—swear and knock the furniture about! but if the misfortune comes at ten p. m., we read poetry or sit in the dark and think what a hollow world this is.

But, as a rule, it is not trouble that makes us melancholy. The actuality is too stern a thing for sentiment. We linger to weep over a picture, but from the original we should quickly turn our eyes away. There is no pathos in real misery: no luxury in real grief. We do not toy with sharp swords nor hug a gnawing fox to our breast for choice. When a man or woman loves to brood over a sorrow and takes care to keep it green in their memory, you may be sure it is no longer a pain to them. However they may have suffered from it at first, the recollection has become by then a pleasure. Many dear old ladies who daily look at tiny shoes lying in lavender-scented drawers, and weep as they think of the tiny feet whose toddling march is done, and sweet-faced young ones who place each night beneath their pillow

some lock that once curled on a boyish head that the salt waves have kissed to death, will call me a nasty cynical brute and say I'm talking nonsense; but I believe, nevertheless, that if they will ask themselves truthfully whether they find it unpleasant to dwell thus on their sorrow, they will be compelled to answer "No." Tears are as sweet as laughter to some natures. The proverbial Englishman, we know from old chronicler Froissart, takes his pleasure sadly, and the Englishwoman goes a step further and takes her pleasures in sadness itself.

I am not sneering. I would not for a moment sneer at anything that helps to keep hearts tender in this hard old world. We men are cold and common-sensed enough for all; we would not have women the same. No, no, ladies dear, be always sentimental and soft-hearted, as you are—be the soothing butter to our coarse dry bread. Besides, sentiment is to women what fun is to us. They do not care for our humor, surely it would be unfair to deny them their grief. And who shall say that their mode of enjoyment is not as sensible as ours? Why assume that a doubled-up body, a contorted, purple face, and a gaping mouth, emitting a series of ear-splitting shrieks points to a state of more intelligent happiness than a pensive face reposing upon a little white hand, and a pair of gentle tear-dimmed eyes looking back through Time's dark avenue upon a fading past?

I am glad when I see Regret walked with as a friend—glad because I know the saltness has

been washed from out the tears, and that the sting must have been plucked from the beautiful face of Sorrow ere we dare press her pale lips to ours. Time has laid his healing hand upon the wound when we can look back upon the pain we once fainted under and no bitterness or despair rises in our hearts. The burden is no longer heavy when we have for our past troubles only the same sweet mingling of pleasure and pity that we feel when old knight-hearted Colonel Newcome answers "*adsum*" to the great roll-call, or when Tom and Maggie Tulliver, clasping hands through the mists that have divided them, go down, locked in each other's arms, beneath the swollen waters of the Floss.

Talking of poor Tom and Maggie Tulliver brings to my mind a saying of George Eliot's in connection with this subject of melancholy. She speaks somewhere of the "sadness of a summer's evening." How wonderfully true—like everything that came from that wonderful pen—the observation is! Who has not felt the sorrowful enchantment of those lingering sunsets? The world belongs to Melancholy then, a thoughtful deep-eyed maiden who loves not the glare of day. It is not till "light thickens and the crow wings to the rocky wood" that she steals forth from her groves. Her palace is in twilight land. It is there she meets us, At her shadowy gate she takes our hand in hers and walks beside us through her mystic realm. We see no form, but seem to hear the rustling of her wings.

Even in the toiling hum-drum city her spirit

comes to us. There is a somber presence in each long, dull street; and the dark river creeps ghost-like under the black arches, as if bearing some hidden secret beneath its muddy waves.

In the silent country, when the trees and hedges loom dim and blurred against the rising night, and the bat's wing flutters in our face, and the landrail's cry sounds drearily across the fields, the spell sinks deeper still into our hearts. We seem in that hour to be standing by some unseen death-bed, and in the swaying of the elms we hear the sigh of the dying day.

A solemn sadness reigns. A great peace is around us. In its light our cares of the working day grow small and trivial, and bread and cheese—ay, and even kisses—do not seem the only things worth striving for. Thoughts we cannot speak but only listen to flood in upon us, and standing in the stillness under earth's darkening dome, we feel that we are greater than our petty lives. Hung round with those dusky curtains, the world is no longer a mere dingy workshop, but a stately temple wherein man may worship, and where at times in the dimness his groping hands touch God's.

ON BEING HARD UP.

It is a most remarkable thing. I sat down with the full intention of writing something clever and original; but for the life of me I can't think of anything clever and original—at least, not at this moment. The only thing I can think about now is being hard up. I suppose having my hands in my pockets has

made me think about this. I always do sit with my hands in my pockets except when I am in the company of my sisters, my cousins, or my aunts; and they kick up such a shindy —I should say expostulate so eloquently upon the subject—that I have to give in and take them out—my hands I mean. The chorus to their objections is that it is not gentlemanly. I am hanged if I can see why. I could understand its not being considered gentlemanly to put your hands in other people's pockets (especially by the other people), but how, O ye sticklers for what looks this and what looks that, can putting his hands in his own pockets make a man less gentle? Perhaps you are right, though. Now I come to think of it, I have heard some people grumble most savagely when doing it. But they were mostly old gentlemen. We young fellows, as a rule, are never quite at ease unless we have our hands in our pockets. We are awkward and shifty. We are like what a music-hall Lion Comique would be without his opera-hat, if such a thing can be imagined. But let us put our hands in our trousers pockets, and let there be some small change in the right-hand one and a bunch of keys in the left, and we will face a female post-office clerk.

It is a little difficult to know what to do with your hands, even in your pockets, when there is nothing else there. Years ago, when my whole capital would occasionally come down to "what in town the people call a bob," I would recklessly spend a penny of it, merely for the sake of having the change, all in cop-

pers, to jingle. You don't feel nearly so hard up with eleven pence in your pocket as you do with a shilling. Had I been "La-di-da," that impecunious youth about whom we superior folk are so sarcastic, I would have changed my penny for two ha-pennies.

I can speak with authority on the subject of being hard up. I have been a provincial actor. If further evidence be required, which I do not think likely, I can add that I have been a "gentleman connected with the press." I have lived on 15 shilling a week. I have lived a week on 10, owing the other 5; and I have lived for a fortnight on a great-coat.

It is wonderful what an insight into domestic economy being really hard up gives me. If you want to find out the value of money, live on 15 shillings a week and see how much you can put by for clothes and recreation. You will find out that it is worth while to wait for the farthing change, that it is worth while to walk a mile to save a penny, that a glass of beer is a luxury to be indulged in only at rare intervals, and that a collar can be worn for four days.

Try it just before you get married. It will be excellent practice. Let your son and heir try it before sending him to college. He won't grumble at a hundred a year pocket-money then. There are some people to whom it would do a world of good. There is that delicate blossom who can't drink any claret under ninety-four, and who would as soon think of dining off cat's meat as off plain roast mutton. You do come across these poor wretches now and

then, though, to the credit of humanity, they are principally confined to that fearful and wonderful society known only to lady novelists. I never heard of one of these creatures discussing a *menu* card but I feel a mad desire to drag him off to the bar of some common east-end public-house and cram a sixpenny dinner down his throat—beef-steak pudding, fourpence; potatoes, a penny; half a pint of porter, a penny. The recollection of it (and the mingled fragrance of beer, tobacco, and roast pork generally leaves a vivid impression) might induce him to turn up his nose a little less frequently in the future at everything that is put before him. Then there is that generous party, the cadger's delight, who is so free with his small change, but who never thinks of paying his debts. It might teach even him a little common sense. "I always give the waiter a shilling. One can't give the fellow less, you know," explained a young government clerk with whom I was lunching the other day in Regent Street. I agreed with him as to the utter impossibility of making it elevenpence ha'penny, but at the same time I resolved to one day decoy him to an eating-house I remembered near Covent Garden, where the waiter, for the better discharge of his duties, goes about in his shirt-sleeves—and very dirty sleeves they are, too, when it gets near the end of the month. I know that waiter. If my friend gives him anything beyond a penny, the man will insist on shaking hands with him then and there as a mark of his esteem; of that I feel sure.

There have been a good many funny things said and written about hardupishness, but the reality is not funny, for all that. It is not funny to have to haggle over pennies. It isn't funny to be thought mean and stingy. It isn't funny to be shabby and to be ashamed of your address. No, there is nothing at all funny in poverty—to the poor. It is hell upon earth to a sensitive man; and many a brave gentleman who would have faced the labors of Hercules has had his heart broken by its petty miseries.

It is not the actual discomforts themselves that are hard to bear. Who would mind roughing it a bit if that were all it meant? What cared Robinson Crusoe for a patch on his trousers? Did he wear trousers? I forget; or did he go about as he does in the pantomimes? What did it matter to him if his toes did stick out of his boots? and what if his umbrella was a cotton one, so long as it kept the rain off? His shabbiness did not trouble him; there was none of his friends round about to sneer him.

Being poor is a mere trifle. It is being known to be poor that is the sting. It is not cold that makes a man without a great-coat hurry along so quickly. It is not all shame at telling lies—which he knows will not be believed—that makes him turn so red when he informs you that he considers great-coats unhealthy and never carries an unbrella on principle. It is easy enough to say that poverty is no crime. No; if it were men wouldn't be ashamed of it. It's a blunder, though, and is punished as such. A poor man is despised the whole world over; despised as much by a Chris-

tian as by a lord, as much by a demagogue as by a footman, and not all the copy-book maxims ever set for ink stained youth will make him respected. Appearances are everything, so far as human opinion goes, and the man who will walk down Piccadilly arm in arm with the most notorious scamp in London, provided he is a well-dressed one, will slink up a back street to say a couple of words to a seedy-looking gentleman. And the seedy-looking gentleman knows this—no one better—and will go a mile round to avoid meeting an acquaintance. Those that knew him in his prosperity need never trouble themselves to look the other way. He is a thousand times more anxious that they should not see him than they can be; and as to their assistance, there is nothing he dreads more than the offer of it. All he wants is to be forgotten; and in this respect he is generally fortunate enough to get what he wants.

One becomes used to being hard up, as one becomes used to everything else, by the help of that wonderful old homeopathic doctor, Time. You can tell at a glance the difference between the old hand and the novice; between the case-hardened man who has been used to shift and struggle for years and the poor devil of a beginner striving to hide his misery, and in a constant agony of fear lest he should be found out. Nothing shows this difference more clearly that the way in which each will pawn his watch. As the poet says somewhere: "True ease in pawning comes from art, not chance." The one goes into his "uncle's" with as much composure as he would into his tailor's

—very likely with more. The assistant is even civil and attends to him at once, to the great indignation of the lady in the next box, who, however, sarcastically observes that she don't mind being kept waiting "if it is a regular customer." Why, from the pleasant and business-like manner in which the transaction is carried out, it might be a large purchase in the three per cents. Yet what a piece of work a man makes of his first "pop." A boy popping his first question is confidence itself compared with him. He hangs about outside the shop until he has succeeded in attracting the attention of all the loafers in the neighborhood and has aroused strong suspicions in the mind of the policeman on the beat. At last, after a careful examination of the contents of the windows, made for the purpose of impressing the by-standers with the notion that he is going into purchase a diamond bracelet or some such trifle, he enters, trying to do so with a careless swagger, and giving himself really the air of a member of the swell mob. When inside he speaks in so low a voice as to be perfectly inaudible, and has to say it all over again. When, in the course of his rambling conversation about a "friend" of his, the word "lend" is reached, he is promptly told to go up the court on the right and take the first door round the corner. He comes out of the shop with a face that you could easily light a cigarette at, and firmly under the impression that the whole population of the district is watching him. When he does get to the right place he has forgotten his name and address and is

in a general condition of hopeless imbecility. Asked in a severe tone how he came by "this," he stammers and contradicts himself, and it is only a miracle if he does not confess to having stolen it that very day. He is thereupon informed that they don't want anything to do with his sort, and that he had better get out of this as quickly as possible, which he does, recollecting nothing more until he finds himself three miles off, without the slightest knowledge how he got there.

By the way, how awkward it is, though, having to depend on public-houses and churches for the time. The former are generally too fast and the latter too slow. Besides which, your efforts to get a glimpse of the public-house clock from the outside are attended with great difficulties. If you gently push the swing-door ajar and peer in you draw upon yourself the contemptuous looks of the barmaid, who at once puts you down in the same category with area sneaks and cadgers. You also create a certain amount of agitation among the married portion of the customers. You don't see the clock because it is behind the door; and in trying to withdraw quietly you jam your head. The only other method is to jump up and down outside the window. After this latter proceeding, however, if you do not bring out a banjo and commence to sing, the youthful inhabitants of the neighborhood, who have gathered round in expectation, become disappointed.

I should like to know, too, by what mysterious law of nature it is that before you have

left your watch "to be repaired" half an hour, some one is sure to stop you in the street and conspicuously ask you the time. Nobody even feels the slightest curiosity on the subject when you've got it on.

Dear old ladies and gentlemen who know nothing about being hard up—and may they never, bless their gray old heads—look upon the pawn-shop as the last stage of degradation; but those who know it better (and my readers have, no doubt, noticed this themselves) are often surprised, like the little boy who dreamed he went to heaven, at meeting so many people there that they never expected to see. For my part, I think it a much more independent course than borrowing from friends, and I always try to impress this upon those of my acquaintance who incline toward "wanting a couple of pounds till the day after to-morrow." But they won't all see it. One of them once remarked that he objected to the principle of the thing. I fancy if he had said it was the interest that he objected to he would have been nearer the truth: twenty-five per cent. certainly does come heavy.

There are degrees in being hard up. We are all hard up, more or less—most of us more. Some are hard up for a thousand pounds; some for a shilling. Just at this moment I am hard up myself for a fiver. I only want it for a day or two. I should be certain of paying it back within a week at the outside, and if any lady or gentleman among my readers would kindly lend it me, I should be very much obliged indeed. They could send it to me under cover

to Messrs. Field & Tuer, only, in such case, please let the envelope be carefully sealed. I would give you my I.O.U. as security.

ON VANITY AND VANITIES.

All is vanity and everybody's vain. Women are terribly vain. So are men—more so, if possible. So are children, particularly children. One of them at this very moment is hammering upon my legs. She wants to know what I think of her new shoes. Candidly I don't think much of them. They lack symmetry and curve and possess an indescribable appearance of lumpiness (I believe, too, they've put them on the wrong feet). But I don't say this. It is not criticism, but flattery that she wants; and I gush over them with what I feel to myself to be degrading effusiveness. Nothing else would satisfy this self-opinionated cherub. I tried the conscientious-friend dodge with her on one occasion, but it was not a success. She had requested my judgment upon her general conduct and behavior, the exact case submitted being, "Wot oo tink of me? Oo peased wi me?" and I had thought it a good opportunity to make a few salutary remarks upon her late moral career, and said: "No, I am not pleased with you." I recalled to her mind the events of that very morning, and I put it to her how she, as a Christian child, could expect a wise and good uncle to be satisfied with the carryings on of an infant who that very day had roused the whole house at five a. m.; had upset a water-jug and tumbled downstairs after it at seven; had endeavored to put the cat in the

bath at eight; and sat on her own father's hat at nine thirty-five.

What did she do? Was she grateful to me for my plain speaking? Did she ponder upon my words and determine to profit by them and to lead from that hour a better and nobler life!

No! she howled.

That done, she became abusive. She said:

"Oo naughty—oo naughty, bad unkie—oo bad man—me tell MAR."

And she did, too.

Since then, when my views have been called for I have kept my real sentiments to myself like, preferring to express unbounded admiration of this young person's actions, irrespective of their actual merits. And she nods her head approvingly and trots off to advertise my opinion to the rest of the household. She appears to employ it as a sort of testimonial for mercenary purposes, for I subsequently hear distant sounds of "Unkie says me dood dirl—me dot to have two bikkies [biscuits]."

There she goes, now, gazing rapturously at her own toes and murmuring "pittie"—two-foot-ten of conceit and vanity, to say nothing of other wickednesses.

They are all alike. I remember sitting in a garden one sunny afternoon in the suburbs of London. Suddenly I heard a shrill treble voice calling from a top-story window to some unseen being, presumably in one of the other gardens, "Gamma, me dood boy, me wery dood boy, gamma; me dot on Bob's knickiebockies."

Why, even animals are vain. I saw a great Newfoundland dog the other day sitting in

front of a mirror at the entrance to a shop in Regent's Circus and examining himself with an amount of smug satisfaction that I have never seen equaled elsewhere outside a vestry meeting.

I was at a farm-house once when some high holiday was being celebrated. I don't remember what the occasion was, but it was something festive, a May Day or Quarter Day, or something of that sort, and they put a garland of flowers round the head of one of the cows. Well, that absurd quadruped went about all day as perky as a school-girl in a new frock; and when they took the wreath off she became quite sulky, and they had to put it on again before she would stand still to be milked. This is not a Percy anecdote. It is plain, sober truth.

As for cats, they nearly equal human beings for vanity. I have known a cat get up and walk out of the room on a remark derogatory to her species being made by a visitor, while a neatly turned compliment will set them purring for an hour.

I do like cats. They are so unconsciously amusing. There is such a comic dignity about them, such a "How dare you!" "Go away, don't touch me" sort of air. Now, there is nothing haughty about a dog. They are "Hail, fellow, well met" with every Tom, Dick and Harry that they come across. When I meet a dog of my acquaintance I slap his head, call him opprobrious epithets, and roll him over on his back; and there he lies, gaping at me, and doesn't mind it a bit.

Fancy carrying on like that with a cat! Why, she would never speak to you again as long as you lived. No, when you want to win the approbation of a cat you must mind what you are about and work your way carefully. If you don't know the cat, you had best begin by saying, "Poor pussy." After which add "did 'ums" in a tone of soothing sympathy. You don't know what you mean any more than the cat does, but the sentiment seems to imply a proper spirit on your part, and generally touches her feelings to such an extent that if you are of good manners and passable appearance she will stick her back up and rub her nose against you. Matters having reached this stage, you may chuck her under the chin and tickle the side of her head, and the intelligent creature will then stick her claws into your legs; and all is friendship and affection, as so sweetly expressed in the beautiful lines—

"I love little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't tease her she'll do me no harm;
So I'll stroke her, and pat her, and feed her with food,
And pussy will love me because I am good."

The last two lines of the stanza give us a pretty true insight into pussy's notions of human goodness. It is evident that in her opinion goodness consists of stroking her, and patting her, and feeding her with food. I fear this narrow-minded view of virtue, though, is not confined to pussies. We are all inclined to adopt a similar standard of merit in our estimate of other people. A good man is a man who is good to us, and a bad man is a man who doesn't do what we want him to. The

truth is, we each of us have an inborn conviction that the whole world, with everybody in it, was created as a sort of necessary appendage to ourselves. Our fellow men and women were made to admire us and to minister to our various requirements. You and I, dear reader, are each the center of the universe in our respective opinions. You, as I understand it, were brought into being by a considerate Providence in order that you might read and pay me for what I write; while I, in your opinion, am an article sent into the world to write something for you to read. The stars—as we term the myriad other worlds that are rushing down beside us through the eternal silence—were put into the heavens to make the sky look interesting for us at night; and the moon with its dark mysteries and ever-hidden face is an arrangement for us to flirt under.

I fear we are most of us like Mrs. Poyser's bantam cock, who fancied the sun got up every morning to hear him crow. "'Tis vanity that makes the world go round." I don't believe any man ever existed without vanity, and if he did he would be an extremely uncomfortable person to have anything to do with. He would, of course, be a very good man, and we should respect him very much. He would be a very admirable man—a man to be put under a glass case and shown round as a specimen—a man to be stuck upon a pedestal and copied, like a school exercise—a man to be reverenced, but not a man to be loved, not a human brother whose hand we should care to grip. Angels may be very excellent sort of folk in their way,

but we, poor mortals, in our present state, would probably find them precious slow company. Even mere good people are rather depressing. It is in our faults and failings, not in our virtues, that we touch one another and find sympathy. We differ widely enough in our nobler qualities. It is in our follies that we are at one. Some of us are pious, some of us are generous. Some few of us are honest, comparatively speaking; and some, fewer still, may possibly be truthful. But in vanity and kindred weaknesses we can all join hands. Vanity is one of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. From the Indian hunter, proud of his belt of scalps, to the European general, swelling beneath his row of stars and medals; from the Chinese, gleeful at the length of his pigtail, to the "professional beauty," suffering tortures in order that her waist may resemble a peg-top; from the draggle-tailed little Polly Stiggins, strutting through Seven Dials with a tattered parasol over her head, to the princess sweeping through a drawing-room with a train of four yards long; from 'Arry, winning by vulgar chaff the loud laughter of his pals, to the statesman whose ears are tickled by the cheers that greet his high-sounding periods; from the dark-skinned African, bartering his rare oils and ivory for a few glass beads to hang about his neck, to the Christian maiden selling her white body for a score of tiny stones and an empty title to tack before her name—all march, and fight, and bleed, and die beneath its tawdry flag.

Ay, ay, vanity is truly the motive-power that

moves humanity, and it is flattery that greases the wheels. If you want to win affection and respect in this world, you must flatter people. Flatter high and low, and rich and poor, and silly and wise. You will get on famously. Praise this man's virtues and that man's vices. Compliment everybody upon everything, and especially upon what they haven't got. Admire guys for their beauty, fools for their wit, and boors for their breeding. Your discernment and intelligence will be extolled to the skies.

Every one can be got over by flattery. The belted earl—"belted earl" is the correct phrase, I believe. I don't know what it means, unless it be an earl that wears a belt instead of braces. Some men do. I don't like it myself. You have to keep the thing so tight for it to be of any use, and that is uncomfortable. Anyhow, whatever particular kind of an earl a belted earl may be, he is, I assert, get-overable by flattery; just as every other human being is, from a duchess to a cat's-meat man, from a plowboy to a poet—and the poet far easier than the plowboy, for butter sinks better into wheaten bread than into oaten cakes.

As for love, flattery is its very life-blood. Fill a person with love for themselves, and what runs over will be your share, says a certain witty and truthful Frenchman whose name I can't for the life of me remember. (Confound it! I never can remember names when I want to.) Tell a girl she is an angel, only more angelic than an angel; that she is a goddess, only more graceful, queenly, and heavenly than

the average goddess; that she is more fairy-like than Titania, more beautiful than Venus, more enchanting than Parthenope; more adorable, lovely, radiant, in short, than any other woman that ever did live, does live, or could live, and you will make a very favorable impression upon her trusting little heart. Sweet innocent! she will believe every word you say. It is so easy to deceive a woman—in this way.

Dear little souls, they hate flattery, so they tell you; and when you say, "Ah, darling, it isn't flattery in your case, it's plain, sober truth; you really are, without exaggeration, the most beautiful, the most good, the most charming, the most divine, the most perfect human creature that ever trod this earth," they will smile a quiet, approving smile, and, leaning against your manly shoulder, murmur that you are a dear good fellow after all.

By Jove! fancy a man trying to make love on strictly truthful principles, determining never to utter a word of mere compliment or hyperbole, but to scrupulously confine himself to exact fact! Fancy his gazing rapturously into his mistress' eyes and whispering softly to her that she wasn't, on the whole, bad-looking, as girls went! Fancy his holding up her little hand and assuring her that it was of a light drab color shot with red; and telling her as he pressed her to his heart that her nose, for a turned-up one, seemed rather pretty; and that her eyes appeared to him, as far as he could judge, to be quite up to the average standard of such things!

A nice chance he would stand against the

man who would tell her that her face was like a fresh blush rose; that her hair was a wandering sunbeam imprisoned by her smiles, and her eyes like two evening stars.

There are various ways of flattering, and, of course, you must adapt your style to your subject. Some people like it laid on with a trowel, and this requires very little art. With sensible persons, however, it needs to be done very delicately, and more by suggestion than actual words. A good many like it wrapped up in the form of an insult, as—"Oh, you are a perfect fool, you are. You would give your last sixpence to the first hungry-looking beggar you met;" while others will swallow it only when administered through the medium of a third person, so that if C wishes to get at an A of this sort, he must confide to A's particular friend B that he thinks A a splendid fellow, and beg him, B, not to mention it, especially to A. Be careful that B is a reliable man, though, otherwise he won't.

Those fine, sturdy John Bulls who "hate flattery, sir," "Never let anybody get over me by flattery," etc., etc., are very simply managed. Flatter them upon their absence of vanity, and you can do what you like with them.

After all, vanity is as much a virtue as a vice. It is easy to recite copy-book maxims against its sinfulness, but it is a passion that can move us to good as well as to evil. Ambition is only vanity ennobled. We want to win praise and admiration—or fame as we prefer to name it—and so we write great books, and paint grand pictures, and sing sweet songs;

and toil with willing hands in study, loom, and laboratory.

We wish to become rich men, not in order to enjoy ease and comfort—all that any one man can taste of those may be purchased anywhere for £200 per annum—but that our houses may be bigger and more gaudily furnished than our neighbors'; that our horses and servants may be more numerous; that we may dress our wives and daughters in absurd but expensive clothes; and that we may give costly dinners of which we ourselves individually do not eat a shilling's worth. And to do this we aid the world's work with clear and busy brain, spreading commerce among its peoples, carrying civilization to its remotest corners.

Do not let us abuse vanity, therefore. Rather let us use it. Honor itself is but the highest form of vanity. The instinct is not confined solely to Beau Brummels and Dolly Vardens. There is the vanity of the peacock and the vanity of the eagle. Snobs are vain. But so, too, are heroes. Come, oh! my young brother bucks, let us be vain together. Let us join hands and help each other to increase our vanity. Let us be vain, not of our trousers and hair, but of brave hearts and working hands, of truth, of purity, of nobility. Let us be too vain to stoop to aught that is mean or base, too vain for petty selfishness and little-minded envy, too vain to say an unkind word or do an unkind act. Let us be vain of being single-hearted, upright gentlemen in the midst of a world of knaves. Let us pride ourselves upon thinking high thoughts, achieving great deeds, living good lives.

ON GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

Not exactly the sort of thing for an idle fellow to think about, is it? But outsiders, you know, often see most of the game; and sitting in my arbor by the wayside, smoking my hookah of contentment and eating the sweet lotus-leaves of indolence, I can look out musingly upon the whirling throng that rolls and tumbles past me on the great highroad of life.

Never-ending is the wild procession. Day and night you can hear the quick tramp of the myriad feet—some running, some walking, some halting and lame; but all hastening, all eager in the feverish race, all straining life and limb and heart and soul to reach the ever-receding horizon of success.

Mark them as they surge along—men and women, old and young, gentle and simple, fair and foul, rich and poor, merry and sad—all hurrying, bustling, scrambling. The strong pushing aside the weak, the cunning creeping past the foolish; those behind elbowing those before; those in front kicking, as they run, at those behind. Look close and see the flitting show. Here is an old man panting for breath, and there a timid maiden driven by a hard and sharp-faced matron; here is a studious youth, reading "How to Get On in the World" and letting everybody pass him as he stumbles along with his eyes on his book; here is a bored-looking man, with a fashionably dressed woman jogging his elbow; here a boy gazing wistfully back at the sunny village that he never again will see; here, with a firm and easy step,

strides a broad-shouldered man; and here, with stealthy tread, a thin-faced, stooping fellow dodges and shuffles upon his way; here, with gaze fixed always on the ground, an artful rogue carefully works his way from side to side of the road and thinks he is going forward; and here a youth with a noble face stands, hesitating as he looks from the distant goal to the mud beneath his feet.

And now into sight comes a fair girl, with her dainty face growing more wrinkled at every step, and now a care-worn man, and now a hopeful lad.

A mosley throng—a motley throng! Prince and beggar, sinner and saint, butcher and baker and candlestick maker, tinkers and tailors, and plowboys and sailors—all jostling along together. Here the counsel in his wig and gown, and here the old Jew clothes-man under his dingy tiara; here the soldier in his scarlet, and here the undertaker's mute in streaming hatband and worn cotton gloves; here the musty scholar fumbling his faded leaves, and here the scented actor dangling his showy seals. Here the glib politician crying his legislative panaceas, and here the peripatetic Cheap-Jack holding aloft his quack cures for human ills. Here the sleek capitalist and there the sinewy laborer; here the man of science and here the shoe-black; here the poet and here the water-rate collector; here the cabinet minister and there the ballet dancer. Here a red-nosed publican shouting the praises of his vats and there a temperance lecturer at £50 a night; here a judge and there a swindler; here a priest and

there a gambler. Here a jeweled duchess, smiling and gracious; here a thin lodging-house keeper, irritable with cooking; and here a wabbling, strutting thing, tawdry in paint and finery.

Cheek by cheek they struggle onward. Screaming, cursing, and praying, laughing, singing, and moaning, they rush past side by side. Their speed never slackens, the race never ends. There is no wayside rest for them, no halt by cooling fountains, no pause beneath green shades. On, on, on—on through the heat and the crowd and the dust—on, or they will be trampled down and lost—on, with throbbing brain and tottering limbs—on, till the heart grows sick, and the eyes grow blurred, and a gurgling sound tells those behind they may close up another space.

And yet, in spite of the killing pace and the stony track, who but the sluggard or the dolt can hold aloof from the course? Who—like the belated traveler that stands watching fairy revels till he snatches and drains the goblin cup and springs into the whirling circle—can view the mad tumult and not be drawn into its midst? Not I for one. I confess to the wayside arbor, the pipe of contentment, and the lotus-leaves being altogether unsuitable metaphors. They sounde' very nice and philosophical, but I'm afraid I am not the sort of person to sit in arbors smoking pipes when there is any fun going on outside. I think I more resemble the Irishman who, seeing a crowd collecting, sent his little girl out to ask

if there was going to be a row—" 'Cos, if so, father would like to be in it."

I love the fierce strife. I like to watch it. I like to hear of people getting on in it—battling their way bravely and fairly—that is, not slipping through by luck or trickery. It stirs one's old Saxon fighting blood like the tales of "knights who fought 'gainst fearful odds" that thrilled us in our school-boy days.

And fighting the battle of life is fighting against fearful odds, too. There are giants and dragons in this nineteenth century, and the golden casket that they guard is not so easy to win as it appears in the story-books. There, Algernon takes one long, last look at the ancestral hall, dashes the tear-drop from his eye, and goes off—to return in three years' time, rolling in riches. The authors do not tell us "how it's done," which is a pity, for it would surely prove exciting.

But then not one novelist in a thousand ever does tell us the real story of their hero. They linger for a dozen pages over a tea-party, but sum up a life's history with "he had become one of our merchant princes," or "he was now a great artist, with the world at his feet." Why, there is more real life in one of Gilbert's patter-songs than in half the biographical novels ever written. He relates to us all the various steps by which his office-boy rose to be the "ruler of the queen's navee," and explains to us how the briefless barrister managed to become a great and good judge, "ready to try this breach of promise of marriage." It is in

the petty details, not in the great results, that the interest of existence lies.

What we really want is a novel showing us all the hidden under-current of an ambitious man's career—his struggles, and failures, and hopes, his disappointments and victories. It would be an immense success. I am sure the wooing of Fortune would prove quite as interesting a tale as the wooing of any flesh-and-blood maiden, though, by the way, it would read extremely similar; for Fortune is, indeed, as the ancients painted her, very like a woman not quite so unreasonable and inconsistent, but nearly so—and the pursuit is much the same in one case as in the other. Ben Johnson's couplet—

> "Court a mistress, she denies you;
> Let her alone, she will court you"—

puts them both in a nutshell. A woman never thoroughly cares for her lover until he has ceased to care for her; and it is not until you have snapped your fingers in Fortune's face and turned on your heel that she begins to smile upon you.

But by that time you do not much care whether she smiles or frowns. Why could she not have smiled when her smiles would have filled you with ecstasy? Everything comes too late in this world.

Good people say that it is quite right and proper that it should be so, and that it proves ambition is wicked.

Bosh! Good people are altogether wrong. (They always are, in my opinion. We never agree on any single point.) What would the

world do without ambitious people, I should like to know? Why, it would be as flabby as a Norfolk dumpling. Ambitious people are the leaven which raises it into wholesome bread. Without ambitious people the world would never get up. They are busybodies who are about early in the morning, hammering, shouting, and rattling the fire-irons, and rendering it generally impossible for the rest of the house to remain in bed.

Wrong to be ambitious, forsooth! The men wrong who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut the smooth road over which humanity marches forward from generation to generation! Men wrong for using the talents that their Master has intrusted to them—for toiling while others play!

Of course they are seeking their reward. Man is not given that god-like unselfishness that thinks only of others' good. But in working for themselves they are working for us all. We are so bound together that no man can labor for himself alone. Each blow he strikes in his own behalf helps to mold the universe. The stream in struggling onward turns the mill-wheel; the coral insect, fashioning its tiny cell, joins continents to one another; and the ambitious man, building a pedestal for himself, leaves a monument to posterity. Alexander and Caesar fought for their own ends, but in doing so they put a belt of civilization half round the earth. Stephenson, to win a fortune, invented the steam-engine; and Shakespeare wrote his plays in order to keep a com-

fortable home for Mrs. Shakespeare and the little Shakespeares.

Contented, unambitious people are all very well in their way. They form a neat, useful background for great portraits to be painted against, and they make a respectable, if not particularly intelligent, audience for the active spirits of the age to play before. I have not a word to say against contented people so long as they keep quiet. But do not, for goodness' sake, let them go strutting about, as they are so fond of doing, crying out that they are the true models for the whole species. Why, they are the deadheads, the drones in the great hive, the street crowds that lounge about, gaping at those who are working.

And let them not imagine, either—as they are also fond of doing—that they are very wise and philosophical and that it is a very artful thing to be contented. It may be true that "a contented mind is happy anywhere," but so is a Jerusalem pony, and the consequence is that both are put anywhere and are treated anyhow. "Oh, you need not bother about him," is what is said; "he is very contented as he is, and it would be a pity to disturb him." And so your contented party is passed over and the discontented man gets his place.

If you are foolish enough to be contented, don't show it, but grumble with the rest; and if you can do with a little, ask for a great deal. Because if you don't you won't get any. In this world it is necessary to adopt the principle pursued by the plaintiff in an action for damages, and to demand ten times more than

you are ready to accept. If you can feel satisfied with a hundred, begin by insisting on a thousand; if you start by suggesting a hundred you will only get ten.

It was not following this simple plan that poor Jean Jacques Rousseau came to such grief. He fixed the summit of his earthly bliss at living in an orchard with an amiable woman and a cow, and he never attained even that. He did get as far as the orchard, but the woman was not amiable, and she brought her mother with her, and there was no cow. Now, if he had made up his mind for a large country estate, a houseful of angels, and a cattle-show, he might have lived to possess his kitchen garden and one head of live-stock, and even possibly have came across that "rara-avis"—a really amiable woman.

What a terribly dull affair, too, life must be for contented people! How heavy the time must hang upon their hands, and what on earth do they occupy their thoughts with, supposing that they have any? Reading the paper and smoking seems to be the intellectual food of the majority of them, to which the more energetic add playing the flute and talking about the affairs of the next-door neighbor.

They never knew the excitement of expectation nor the stern delight of accomplished effort, such as stir the pulse of the man who has objects, and hopes, and plans. To the ambitious man life is a brilliant game—a game that calls forth all his tact and energy and nerve—a game to be won, in the long run, by the quick eye and the steady hand, and yet having

sufficient chance about its working out to give it all the glorious zest of uncertainty. He exults in it as the strong swimmer in the heaving billows, as the athlete in the wrestle, the soldier in the battle.

And if he be defeated he wins the grim joy of fighting; if he lose the race, he, at least, has had a run. Better to work and fail than to sleep one's life away.

So, walk up, walk up, walk up. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Walk up, boys and girls! Show your skill and try your strength; brave your luck and prove your pluck. Walk up! The show is never closed and the game is always going. The only genuine sport in all the fair, gentlemen—highly respectable and strictly moral—patronized by the nobility, clergy, and gentry. Established in the year one, gentlemen, and been flourishing ever since—walk up! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and take a hand. There are prizes for all and all can play. There is gold for the man and fame for the boy; rank for the maiden and pleasure for the fool. So walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up!—all prizes and no blanks; for some few win, and as to the rest, why—

'The rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

ON THE WEATHER.

Things do go so contrary-like with me. I wanted to hit upon an especially novel, out-of-the-way subject for one of these articles. "I will write one paper about something alto-

gether new," I said to myself; "something that nobody else has ever written or talked about before; and then I can have it all my own way." And I went about for days, trying to think of something of this kind; and I couldn't. And Mrs. Cutting, our charwoman, came yesterday—I don't mind mentioning her name, because I know she will not see this book. She would not look at such a frivolous publication. She never reads anything but the Bible and *Lloyd's Weekly News*. All other literature she considers unnecessary and sinful.

She said: "Lor', sir, you do look worried."

I said: "Mrs. Cutting, I am trying to think of a subject the discussion of which will come upon the world in the nature of a startler—some subject upon which no previous human being has ever said a word—some subject that will attract by its novelty, invigorate by its surprising freshness."

She laughed and said I was a funny gentleman.

That's my luck again. When I make serious observations people chuckle! when I attempt a joke nobody sees it. I had a beautiful one last week. I thought it so good, and I worked it up and brought it in artfully at a dinner-party. I forget how exactly, but we had been talking about the attitude of Shakespeare toward the Reformation, and I said something and immediately added, "Ah, that reminds me; such a funny thing happened the other day in Whitechapel." "Oh," said they, "what was that?" "Oh, 'twas awfully funny," I replied,

beginning to giggle myself; "it will make you roar;" and I told it them.

There was dead silence when I finished—it was one of those long jokes, too—and then, at last, somebody said: "And that was the joke?"

I assured them that it was, and they were very polite and took my word for it. All but one old gentleman at the other end of the table, who wanted to know which was the joke—what he said to her or what she said to him; and we argued it out.

Some people are too much the other way. I knew a fellow once whose natural tendency to laugh at everything was so strong that if you wanted to talk seriously to him, you had to explain before-hand that what you were going to say would not be amusing. Unless you got him to clearly understand this, he would go off into fits of merriment over every word you uttered. I have known him on being asked the time stop short in the middle of the road, slap his leg, and burst into a roar of laughter. One never dared say anything really funny to that man. A good joke would have killed him on the spot.

In the present instance I vehemently repudiated the accusation of frivolity, and pressed Mrs. Cutting for practical ideas. She then became thoughtful and hazarded "samplers;" saying that she never heard them spoken much of now, but that they used to be all the rage when she was a girl.

I declined samplers and begged her to think again. She pondered a long while, with a tea-tray in her hands, and at last suggested the

weather, which she was sure had been most trying of late.

And ever since that idiotic suggestion I have been unable to get the weather out of my thoughts or anything else in.

It certainly is most wretched weather. At all events it is so now at the time I am writing, and if it isn't particularly unpleasant when I come to be read it soon will be.

It always is wretched weather according to us. The weather is like the government—always in the wrong. In summer-time we say it is stifling; in winter that it is killing; in spring and autumn we find fault with it for being neither one thing nor the other and wish it would make up its mind. If it is fine we say the country is being ruined for want of rain; if it does rain we pray for fine weather. If December passes without snow, we indignantly demand to know what has become of our good old-fashioned winters, and talk as if we had been cheated out of something we had bought and paid for; and when it does snow, our language is a disgrace to a Christian nation. We shall never be content until each man makes his own weather and keeps it to himself.

If that cannot be arranged, we would rather do without it altogether.

Yet I think it is only to us in cities that all weather is so unwelcome. In her own home, the country, Nature is sweet in all her moods. What can be more beautiful than the snow, falling big with mystery in silent softness, decking the fields and trees with white as if

for a fairy wedding! And how delightful is a walk when the frozen ground rings beneath our swinging tread—when our blood tingles in the rare keen air, and the sheep-dogs' distant bark and children's laughter peals faintly clear like Alpine bells across the open hills! And then skating! scudding with wings of steel across the swaying ice, making whirring music as we fly. And oh, how dainty is spring—Nature at sweet eighteen! When the little hopeful leaves peep out so fresh and green, so pure and bright, like young lives pushing shyly out into the bustling world; when the fruit-tree blossoms, pink and white, like village maidens in their Sunday frocks, hide each white-washed cottage in a cloud of fragile splendor; and the cuckoo's note upon the breeze is wafted through the woods! And summer, with its deep dark green and drowsy hum—when the rain-drops whisper solemn secrets to the listening leaves and the twilight lingers in the lanes! And autumn! ah, how sadly fair, with its golden glow and the dying grandeur of its tinted woods—its blood-red sunsets and its ghostly evening mists, with its busy murmur of reapers, and its laden orchards, and the calling of the gleaners, and the festivals of praise!

The very rain, and sleet, and hail seem only Nature's useful servants when found doing their simple duties in the country; and the East Wind himself is nothing worse than a boisterous friend when we meet him between the hedge-rows.

But in the city where the painted stucco blisters under the smoky sun, and the sooty rain

brings slush and mud, and the snow lies piled in dirty heaps, and the chill blasts whistle down dingy streets and shriek round flaring gas lit corners, no face of Nature charms. Weather in towns is like a skylark in a counting-house—out of place and in the way. Towns ought to be covered in, warmed by hot-water pipes, and lighted by electricity. The weather is a country lass, and does not appear to advantage in town. We liked well enough to flirt with her in the hay-field, but she does not seem so fascinating when we meet her in Pall Mall. There is too much of her there. The frank, free laugh and hearty voice that sounded so pleasant in the dairy jars against the artificialty of town-bred life, and her ways become exceedingly trying.

Just lately she has been favoring us with almost incessant rain for about three weeks; and I am a demned damp, moist, unpleasant body, as Mr. Mantalini puts it.

Our next-door neighbor comes out in the back garden every now and then and says it's doing the country a world of good—not his coming out into the back garden, but the weather. He doesn't understand anything about it, but ever since he started a cucumber-frame last summer he has regarded himself in the light of an agriculturist, and talks in this absurd way with the idea of impressing the rest of the terrace with the notion that he is a retired farmer. I can only hope that for this once he is correct, and that the weather really is doing good to something, because it is doing me a considerable amount of damage. It is spoiling

both my clothes and my temper. The latter I can afford, as I have a good supply of it, but it wounds me to the quick to see my dear old hats and trousers sinking, prematurely worn and aged, beneath the cold world's blasts and snows.

There is my new spring suit, too. A beautiful suit it was, and now it is hanging up so bespattered with mud I can't bear to look at it.

That was Jim's fault, that was. I should never have gone out in it that night if it had not been for him. I was just trying it on when he came in. He threw up his arms with a wild yell the moment he caught sight of it, and exclaimed that he had "got 'em again!"

I said: "Does it fit all right behind?"

"Spiffin, old man," he replied. And then he wanted to know if I was coming out.

I said "no" at first, but he overruled me. He said that a man with a suit like that had no right to stop indoors. "Every citizen," said he, "owes a duty to the public. Each one should contribute to the general happiness as far as lies in his power. Come out and give the girls a treat."

Jim is slangy. I don't know where he picks it up. It certainly is not from me.

I said: "Do you think it will really please 'em?"

He said it would be like a day in the country to them.

That decided me. It was a lovely evening and I went.

When I got home I undressed and rubbed

myself down with whisky, put my feet in hot water and a mustard plaster on my chest, had a basin of gruel and a glass of hot brandy-and-water, tallowed my nose, and went to bed.

These prompt and vigorous measures, aided by a naturally strong constitution, were the means of preserving my life; but as for the suit; Well, there, it isn't a suit; it's a splash board.

And I did fancy that suit, too. But that's just the way. I never do get particularly fond of anything in this world but what something dreadful happens to it. I had a tame rat when I was a boy, and I loved that animal as only a boy would love an old water-rat; and one day it fell into a large dish of gooseberry-fool that was standing to cool in the kitchen, and nobody knew what had become of the poor creature until the second helping.

I do hate wet weather in town. At least, it is not so much the wet as the mud that I object to. Somehow or other I seem to possess an irresistible, alluring power over mud. I have only to show myself in the street on a muddy day to be half-smothered by it. It all comes of being so attractive, as the old lady said when she was struck by lightning. Other people can go out on dirty days and walk about for hours without getting a speck upon themselves; while if I go across the road I come back a perfect disgrace to be seen (as in my boyish days my poor dear mother used often to tell me). If there was only one dab of mud to be found, I am convinced I should carry it off from all competitors.

I wish I could return the affection, but I fear that I never shall be able to. I have a hororr of what they call the "London particular." I feel miserable and muggy all through a dirty day, and it is quite a relief to pull one's clothes off and get into bed, out of the way of it all. Everything goes wrong in wet weather. I don't know how it is, but there always seem to me to be more people, and dogs, and perambulators, and cabs, and carts about in wet weather than at any other time, and they all get in your way more, and everybody is so disagreeable—except myself—and it does make me so wild. And then, too, somehow I always find myself carrying more things in wet weather than in dry; and when you have a bag, and three parcels, and a newspaper, and it suddenly comes on to rain, you can't open your umbrella.

Which reminds me of another phase of the weather that I can't bear, and that is April weather (so called because it always comes in May). Poets think it very nice. As it does not know its own mind five minutes together, they liken it to a woman; and it is supposed to be very charming on that account. I don't appreciate it, myself. Such lightning-change business may be all very agreeable in a girl. It is no doubt highly delightful to have to do with a person who grins one moment about nothing at all, and snivels the next for precisely the same cause, and who then giggles, and then sulks, and who is rude, and affectionate, and bad-tempered, and jolly, and boisterous, and silent, and passionate, and cold, and stand-

offish, and flopping, all in one minute (mind, I don't say this. It is those poets. And they are supposed to be connoisseurs of this sort of thing); but in the weather the disadvantages of the system are more apparent. A woman's tears do not make one wet, but the rain does; and her coldness does not lay the foundations of asthma and rheumatism, as the east wind is apt to. I can prepare for and put up with a regularly bad day, but these ha'porth-of-all-sorts kind of days do not suit me. It aggravates me to see a bright blue sky above me when I am walking along wet through, and there is something so exasperating about the way the sun comes out smiling after a drenching shower; and seems to say: "Lord love you, you don't mean to say you're wet? Well, I am surprised. Why, it was only my fun."

They don't give you time to open or shut your umbrella in an English April, especially if it is an "automaton" one—the umbrella, I mean, not the April.

I bought an "automaton" once in April, and I did have a time with it! I wanted an umbrella, and I went into a shop in the Strand and told them so, and they said:

"Yes, sir. What sort of an umbrella would you like?"

I said I should like one that would keep the rain off, and that would not allow itself to be left behind in a railway carriage.

"Try an 'automaton'?" said the shopman.

"What's an 'automaton'?" said I.

"Oh, it's a beautiful arrangement," replied

the man, with a touch of enthusiasm. "It opens and shuts itself."

I bought one and found that he was quite correct. It did open and shut itself. I had no control over it whatever. When it began to rain, which it did that season every alternate five minutes, I used to try and get the machine to open, but it would not budge; and then I used to stand and struggle with the wretched thing, shake it, and swear at it, while the rain poured down in torrents. Then the moment the rain ceased the absurd thing would go up suddenly with a jerk and would not come down again; and I had to walk about under a bright blue sky, with an umbrella over my head, wishing that it would come on to rain again, so that it might not seem that I was insane.

When it did shut it did so unexpectedly and knocked one's hat off.

I don't know why it should be so, but it is an undeniable fact that there is nothing makes a man look so supremely ridiculous as losing his hat. The feeling of helpless misery that shoots down one's back on suddenly becoming aware that one's head is bare is among the most bitter ills that flesh is heir to. And then there is the wild chase after it, accompanied by an excitable small dog, who thinks it is a game, and in the course of which you are certain to upset three or four innocent children—to say nothing of their mothers—butt a fat old gentleman onto the top of a perambulator, and carom off a ladies' seminary into the arms of a wet sweep. After this, the idiotic hilarity of the spectators and the disreputable appearance of

the hat when recovered appear but of minor importance.

Altogether, what between March winds, April showers, and the entire absence of May flowers, spring is not a success in cities. It is all very well in the country, as I have said, but in towns whose population is anything over ten thousand it most certainly ought to be abolished. In the world's grim workshops it is like the children—out of place. Neither shows to advantage amid the dust and din. It seems so sad to see the little dirt-grimed brats trying to play in the noisy courts and muddy streets. Poor little uncared-for, unwanted human atoms, they are not children. Children are bright-eyed, chubby, and shy. These are dingy, screeching elves, their tiny faces seared and withered, their baby laughter cracked and hoarse.

The spring of life and the spring of the year were alike meant to be cradled in the green lap of nature. To us in the town spring brings but its cold winds and drizzling rains. We must seek it among the leafless woods and the brambly lanes, on the heathy moors and the great still hills, if we want to feel its joyous breath and hear its silent voices. There is a glorious freshness in the spring there. The scurrying clouds, the open bleakness, the rushing wind, and the clear bright air thrill one with vague energies and hopes. Life, like the landscape around us, seems bigger, and wider, and freer—a rainbow road leading to unknown ends. Through the silvery rents that bar the sky we seem to catch a glimpse of the great

hope and grandeur that lies around this little throbbing world, and a breath of its scent is wafted us on the wings of the wild March wind.

Strange thoughts we do not understand are stirring in our hearts. Voices are calling us to some great effort, to some mighty work. But we do not comprehend their meaning yet, and the hidden echoes within us that would reply are struggling, inarticulate and dumb.

We stretch our hands like children to the light. seeking to grasp we know not what. Our thoughts, like the boys' thoughts in the Danish song, are very long, long thoughts, and very vague; we cannot see their end.

It must be so. All thoughts that peer outside this narrow world cannot be else than dim and shapeless. The thoughts that we can clearly grasp are very little thoughts—that two and two make four—that when we are hungry it is pleasant to eat—that honesty is the best policy; all greater thoughts are undefined and vast to our poor childish brains. We see but dimly through the mists that roll around our time-girt isle of life, and only hear the distant surging of the great sea beyond.

ON CATS AND DOGS.

What I've suffered from them this morning no tongue can tell. It began with Gustavus Adolphus. Gustavus Adolphus (they call him "Gusty" downstairs for short) is a very good sort of dog when he is in the middle of a large field or on a fairly extensive common, but I won't have him indoors. He means well, but

this house is not his size. He stretches himself, and over go two chairs and a what-not. He wags his tail, and the room looks as if a devastating army had marched through it. He breathes, and it puts the fire out.

At dinner time he creeps in under the table, lies there for awhile, and then gets up suddenly; the first intimation we have of his movements being given by the table, which appears animated by a desire to turn somersaults. We all clutch at it frantically and endeavor to maintain it in a horizontal position; whereupon his struggles, he being under the impression that some wicked conspiracy is being hatched against him, become fearful, and the final picture presented is generally that of an overturned table and a smashed-up dinner sandwiched between two sprawling layers of infuriated men and women.

He came in this morning in his usual style, which he appears to have founded on that of an American cyclone, and the first thing he did was to sweep my coffee-cup off the table with his tail, sending the contents full into the middle of my waistcoat.

I rose from my chair hurriedly, and remarking "——," approached him at a rapid rate. He preceded me in the direction of the door. At the door he met Eliza coming in with eggs. Eliza observed "Ugh!" and sat down on the floor, the eggs took up different positions about the carpet, where they spread themselves out, and Gustavus Adolphus left the room. I called after him, strongly advising him to go straight down stairs and not let me see him again for

the next hour or so; and he, seeming to agree with me, dodged the coal-scoop and went, while I returned, dried myself, and finished breakfast. I made sure that he had gone into the yard, but when I looked into the passage ten minutes later he was sitting at the top of the stairs. I ordered him down at once, but he only barked and jumped about, so I went to see what was the matter.

It was Tittums. She was sitting on the top stair but one and wouldn't let him pass.

Tittums is our kitten. She is about the size of a penny roll. Her back was up and she was swearing like a medical student.

She does swear fearfully. I do a little that way myself sometimes, but I am a mere amateur compared with her. To tell you the truth —mind, this is strictly between ourselves, please; I shouldn't like your wife to know I said it—the women folk don't understand these things; but between you and me, you know, I think it does a man good to swear. Swearing is the safety-valve through which the bad temper that might otherwise do serious internal injury to his mental mechanism escapes in harmless vaporing. When a man has said: "Bless you, my dear, sweet sir. What the sun, moon, and stars made you so careless (if I may be permitted the expression) as to allow your light and delicate foot to descend upon my corn with so much force? Is it that you are physically incapable of comprehending the direction in which you are proceeding? you nice, clever young man—you!" or words to that effect, he feels better. Swearing has the same

soothing effect upon our angry passions that smashing the furniture or slamming the doors is so well known to exercise; added to which it is much cheaper. Swearing clears a man out like a pen'orth of gunpowder does the wash-house chimney. An occasional explosion is good for both. I rather distrust a man who never swears, or savagely nicks the foot-stool, or pokes the fire with unnecessary violence. Without some outlet, the anger caused by the ever-occurring troubles of life is apt to rankle and fester within. The petty annoyance, instead of being thrown from us, sits down beside us and becomes a sorrow, and the little offense is brooded over till, in the hot-bed of rumination, it grows into a great injury, under whose poisonous shadow springs up hatred and revenge.

Swearing relieves the feelings—that is what swearing does. I explained this to my aunt on one occasion, but it didn't answer with her. She said I had no business to have such feelings.

That is what I told Tittums. I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, brought up in a Christian family as she was, too. I don't so much mind hearing an old cat swear, but I can't bear to see a mere kitten give way to it. It seems sad in one so young.

I put Tittums in my pocket and returned to my desk. I forgot her for the moment, and when I looked I found that she had squirmed out of my pocket on to the table and was trying to swallow the pen; then she put her leg into the ink-pot and upset it; then she licked

her leg; then she swore again—at me this time.

I put her down on the floor, and there Tim began rowing with her. I do wish Tim would mind his own business. It was no concern of his what she had been doing. Besides, he is not a saint himself. He is only a two-year-old fox-terrier, and he interferes with everything and gives himself the airs of a gray-headed Scotch collie.

Tittums' mother has come in and Tim has got his nose scratched, for which I am remarkably glad. I have put them all three out in the passage, where they are fighting at the present moment. I'm in a mess with the ink and in a thundering bad temper; and if anything more in the cat or dog line comes fooling around me this morning, it had better bring its own funeral contractor with it.

Yet, in general, I like cats and dogs very much indeed. What jolly chaps they are! They are much superior to human beings as companions. They do not quarrel or argue with you. They never talk about themselves, but listen to you while you talk about yourself, and keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. They never make stupid remarks. They never observe to Miss Brown across a dinner table that they always understood she was very sweet on Mr. Jones (who has just married Miss Robinson). They never mistake your wife's cousin for her husband and fancy that you are the father-in-law. And they never ask a young author with fourteen tragedies, sixteen comedies, seven farces, and a cou-

ple of burlesques in his desk why he doesn't write a play.

They never say unkind things. They never tell us of our faults, "merely for our own good." They do not at inconvenient moments mildly remind us of our past follies and mistakes. They do not say, "Oh, yes, a lot of use you are if you are ever really wanted"—sarcastic like. They never inform us, like our *inamoratas* sometimes do, that we are not nearly so nice as we used to be. We are always the same to them.

They are always glad to see us. They are with us in all our humors. They are merry when we are glad, sober when we feel solemn, and sad when we are sorrowful.

"Halloo! happy and want a lark? Right you are; I'm your man. Here I am, frisking round you, leaping, barking, pirouetting, ready for any amount of fun and mischief. Look at my eyes if you doubt me. What shall it be? A romp in the drawing-room and never mind the furniture, or a scamper in the fresh, cool air, a scud across the fields and down the hill, and won't we let old Gaffer Goggles' geese know what time o' day it is, neither! Whoop! come along."

Or you'd like to be quiet and think. Very well. Pussy can sit on the arm of the chair and purr, and Montmorency will curl himself up on the rug and blink at the fire, yet keeping one eye on you the while, in case you are seized with any sudden desire in the direction of rats.

And when we bury our face in our hands and wish we had never been born, they don't sit up

very straight and observe that we have brought it all upon ourselves. They don't even hope it will be a warning to us. But they come up softly and shove their heads against us. If it is a cat she stands on your shoulder, rumples your hair, and says, "Lor,' I am sorry for you, old man," as plain as words can speak; and if it is a dog he looks up at you with his big, true eyes and says with them, "Well you've always got me, you know. We'll go through the world together and always stand by each other, won't we?

He is very imprudent, a dog is. He never makes it his business to inquire whether you are in the right or in the wrong, never bothers as to whether you are going up or down upon life's ladder, never asks whether you are rich or poor, silly or wise, sinner or saint. You are his pal. That is enough for him, and come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honor or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you, and give his life for you if need be—foolish, brainless, soulless dog!

Ah! old stanch friend, with your deep, clear eyes and bright, quick glances, that take in all one has to say before one has time to speak it, do you know you are only an animal and have no mind? Do you know that that dull-eyed, gin-sodden lout leaning against the post out there is immeasurably your intellectual superior? Do you know that every little-minded, selfish scoundrel who lives by cheating and tricking, who never did a gentle deed or said a kind word, who never had a thought that was not mean and low or a desire that was not base,

whose every action is a fraud, whose every utterance is a lie—do you know that these crawling skulks (and there are millions of them in the world), do you know they are all as much superior to you as the sun is superior to rushlight, you honorable, brave-hearted, unselfish brute? They are men, you know, and men are the greatest, and noblest, and wisest, and best beings in the whole vast eternal universe. Any man will tell you that.

Yes, poor doggie, you are very stupid, very stupid indeed, compared with us clever men, who understand all about politics and philosophy, and who know everything, in short, except what we are and where we came from and whither we are going, and what everything outside this tiny world and most things in it are.

Never mind, though, pussy and doggie, we like you both all the better for your being stupid. We all like stupid things. Men can't bear clever women, and a woman's ideal man is some one she can call a "dear old stupid." It is so pleasant to come across people more stupid than ourselves. We love them at once for being so. The world must be rather a rough place for clever people. Ordinary folk dislike them, and as for themselves, they hate each other most cordially.

But there, the clever people are such a very insignificant minority that it really doesn't much matter if they are unhappy. So long as the foolish people can be made comfortable the world, as a whole will get on tolerably well.

Cats have the credit for being more worldly

wise than dogs—of looking more after their own interests and being less blindly devoted to those of their friends. And we men and women are naturally shocked at such selfishness. Cats certainly do love a family that has a carpet in the kitchen more than a family that has not; and if there are many children about, they prefer to spend their leisure time next door. But, taken altogether, cats are libeled. Make a friend of one, and she will stick to you through thick and thin. All the cats that I have had have been most firm comrades. I had a cat once that used to follow me about everywhere, until it even got quite embarrassing, and I had to beg her, as a personal favor, not to accompany me any further down the High Street. She used to sit up for me when I was late home and meet me in the passage. It made me feel quite like a married man, except that she never asked me where I had been and then didn't believe me when I told her.

Another cat I had used to get drunk regularly every day. She would hang about for hours outside the cellar door for the purpose of sneaking in on the first opportunity and lapping up the drippings from the beer-cask. I do not mention this habit of hers in praise of the species, but merely to show how almost human some of them are. If the transmigration of souls is a fact, this animal was certainly qualifying most rapidly for a Christian, for her vanity was only second to her love of drink. Whenever she caught a particularly big rat, she would bring it up into the room where we were all sitting, lay the corpse down in the

midst of us, and wait to be praised. Lord! how the girls used to scream.

Poor rats! They seem only to exist so that cats and dogs may gain credit for killing them and chemists make a fortune by inventing specialties in poison for their destruction. And yet there is something fascinating about them. They are so cunning and strong, so terrible in their numbers, so cruel, so secret. They swarm in deserted houses, where the broken casements hang rotting to the crumbling walls and the doors swing creaking on their rusty hinges. They know the sinking ship and leave her, no one knows how or whither. They whisper to each other in their hiding-places how a doom will fall upon the hall and the great name die forgotten. They do fearful deeds in ghastly charnel-houses.

No tale of horror is complete without the rats. In stories of ghosts and murderers they scamper through the echoing rooms, and the gnawing of their teeth is heard behind the wainscot, and their gleaming eyes peer through the holes in the worm-eaten tapestry, and they scream in shrill, unearthly notes in the dead of night, while the moaning wind sweeps, sobbing, round the ruined turret towers, and passes wailing like a woman through the chambers bare and tenantless.

And dying prisoners, in their loathsome dungeons, see through the horrid gloom their small red eyes, like glittering coals, hear in the death-like silence the rush of their claw-like feet, and start up shrieking in the darkness and watch through the awful night.

I love to read tales about rats. They make my flesh creep so. I like that tale of Bishop Hatto and the rats. The wicked bishop, you know, had ever so much corn stored in his granaries and would not let the starving people touch it, but when they prayed to him for food gathered themselves together in his barn, and then shutting the doors on them, set fire to the place and burned them all to death. But next day there came thousands upon thousands of rats, sent to do judgment on him. Then Bishop Hatto fled to his strong tower that stood in the middle of the Rhine, and barred himself in and fancied he was safe. But the rats! they swam the river, they gnawed their way through the thick stone walls, and ate him alive where he sat.

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

Oh, it's a lovely tale.

Then there is the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, how first he piped the rats away and afterward, when the mayor broke faith with him, drew all the children along with him and went into the mountain. What a curious old legend that is! I wonder what it means, or has it any meaning at all? There seems something strange and deep lying hid beneath the rippling rhyme. It haunts me, that picture of the quaint, mysterious old piper piping through Hamelin's narrow streets, and the children following with dancing feet and thoughtful eager faces. The old folks try to stay them, but

the children pay no heed. They hear the weird, witched music and must follow. The games are left unfinished and the playthings drop from their careless hands. They know not whither they are hastening. The mystic music calls to them, and they follow, heedless and unasking where. It stirs and vibrates in their hearts and other sounds grow faint. So they wander through Pied Pieper Street away from Hamelin town.

I get thinking sometimes if the Pied Piper is really dead, or if he may not still be roaming up and down our streets and lanes, but playing now so softly that only the children hear him. Why do the little faces look so grave and solemn when they pause awhile from romping, and stand, deep wrapt, with straining eyes? They only shake their curly heads and dart back laughing to their playmates when we question them. But I fancy myself they have been listening to the magic music of the old Pied Piper, and perhaps with those bright eyes of theirs have even seen his odd, fantastic figure gliding unnoticed through the whirl and throng.

Even we grown-up children hear his piping now and then. But the yearning notes are very far away, and the noisy, blustering world is always bellowing so loud it drowns the dream-like melody. One day the sweet, sad strains will sound out full and clear, and then we too shall, like the little children, throw our playthings all aside and follow. The loving hands will be stretched out to stay us, and the voices we have learned to listen for will cry

to us to stop. But we shall push the bond arms gently back and pass out through the sorrowing house and through the open door. For the wild, strange music will be ringing in our hearts, and we shall know the meaning of its song by then.

I wish people could love animals without getting maudlin over them, as so many do. Women are the most hardened offenders in such respects, but even our intellectual sex often degrade pets into nuisances by absurd idolatry. There are the gushing young ladies who, having read "David Copperfield," have thereupon sought out a small, long-haired dog of nondescript breed, possessed of an irritating habit of criticising a man's trousers, and of finally commenting upon the same by a sniff indicative of contempt and disgust. They talk sweet girlish prattle to this animal (when there is any one near enough to overhear them), and they kiss its nose, and put its unwashed head up against their cheek in a most touching manner; though I have noticed that these caresses are principally performed when there are young men hanging about.

Then there are the old ladies who worship a fat poodle, scant of breath and full of fleas. I knew a couple of elderly spinsters once who had a sort of German sausage on legs which they called a dog between them. They used to wash its face with warm water every morning. It had a mutton cutlet regularly for breakfast; and on Sundays, when one of the ladies went to church, the other always stopped at home to keep the dog company.

There are many families where the whole interest of life is centered upon the dog. Cats, by the way, rarely suffer from excess of adulation. A cat possesses a very fair sense of the ridiculous, and will put her paw down kindly but firmly upon any nonsense of this kind. Dogs, however, seem to like it. They encourage their owners in the tomfoolery, and the consequence is that in the circles I am speaking of what "dear Fido" has done, does do, will do, won't do, can do, can't do, was doing, is doing, is going to do, shall do, shan't do, and is about to be going to have done is the continual theme of discussion from morning till night.

All the conversation, consisting, as it does, of the very dregs of imbecility, is addressed to this confounded animal. The family sit in a row all day long, watching him, commenting upon his actions, telling each other anecdotes about him, recalling his virtues, and remembering with tears how one day they lost him for two whole hours, on which occasion he was brought home in a most brutal manner by the butcher-boy, who had been met carrying him by the scruff of his neck with one hand, while soundly cuffing his head with the other.

After recovering from these bitter recollections, they vie with each other in bursts of admiration for the brute, until some more than usually enthusiastic member, unable any longer to control his feelings, swoops down upon it. Whereupon the others, mad with envy, the unhappy quadruped in a frenzy of affection, clutches it to his heart, and slobbers over

rise up, and seizing as much of the dog as the greed of the first one has left to them, murmur praise and devotion.

Among these people everything is done through the dog. If you want to make love to the eldest daughter, or get the old man to lend you the garden roller, or the mother to subscribe to the Society for the Suppression of Solo-Cornet Players in Theatrical Orchestras (it's a pity there isn't one, anyhow), you have to begin with the dog. You must gain its approbation before they will even listen to you, and if, as highly probable, the animal, whose frank, doggy nature has been warped by the unnatural treatment he has received, responds to your overtures of friendship by viciously snapping at you, your cause is lost forever.

"If Fido won't take to any one," the father has thoughtfully remarked beforehand, "I say that man is not to be trusted. You know, Maria, how often I have said that. Ah! he knows, bless him."

Drat him!

And to think that the surly brute was once an innocent puppy, all legs and head, full of fun and play, and burning with ambition to become a big, good dog and bark like mother.

Ah me! life sadly changes us all. The world seems a vast horrible grinding machine, into which what is fresh and bright and pure is pushed at one end, to come out old and crabbed and wrinkled at the other.

Look even at Pussy Sobersides, with her dull sleepy glance, her grave, slow walk, and dignified, prudish airs; who could ever think that

once she was the blue-eyed whirling, scampering, head-over-heels, mad little firework that we call a kitten?

What marvelous vitality a kitten has. It is really something very beautiful the way life bubbles over in the little creatures. They rush about, and mew, and spring; dance on their hind legs, embrace everything with their front ones, roll over and over, lie on their backs and kick. They don't know what to do with themselves, they are so full of life.

Can you remember, reader, when you and I felt something of the same sort of thing? Can you remember those glorious days of fresh young manhood—how, when coming home along the moonlit road, we felt too full of life for sober walking, and had to spring and skip, and wave our arms, and shout till belated farmers' wives thought—and with good reason, too—that we were mad, and kept close to the hedge, while we stood and laughed aloud to see them scuttle off so fast, and made their blood run cold with a wild parting whoop, and the tears came, we knew not why? Oh, that magnificent young *life!* that crowned us kings of the earth; that rushed through every tingling vein till we seemed to walk on air; that thrilled through our throbbing brains and told us to go forth and conquer the whole world; that welled up in our young hearts till we longed to stretch out our arms and gather all the toiling men and women and the little children to our breast and love them all—all. Ah! they were grand days, those deep, full days, when our coming life, like an unseen organ,

pealed strange, yearnful music in our ears, and our young blood cried out like a war-horse for the battle. Ah, our pulse beats slow and steady now, and our old joints are rheumatic, and we love our easy-chair and pipe and sneer at boys' enthusiasm. But oh for one brief moment of that god-like life again!

ON BEING SHY.

All great literary men are shy. I am myself though I am told it is hardly noticeable.

I am glad it is not. It used to be extremely prominent at one time, and was the cause of much misery to myself and discomfort to every one about me—my lady friends especially complained most bitterly about it.

A shy man's lot is not a happy one. The men dislike him, the women despise him, and he dislikes and despises himself. Use brings him no relief, and there is no cure for him except time; though I once came across a delicious recipe for overcoming the misfortune. It appeared among the "answers to correspondents" in a small weekly journal and ran as follows—I have never forgotten it: "Adopt an easy and pleasing manner, especially toward ladies."

Poor wretch! I can imagine the grin with which he must have read that advice. "Adopt an easy and pleasing manner, especially toward ladies," forsooth! Don't you adopt anything of the kind, my dear young shy friend. Your attempt to put on any other disposition than you own will infallibly result in your becoming ridiculously gushing and offensively familiar.

Be your own natural self, and then you will only be thought to be surly and stupid.

The shy man does have some slight revenge upon society for the torture it inflicts upon him. He is able, to a certain extent, to communicate his misery. He frightens other people as much as they frighten him. He acts like a damper upon the whole room, and the most jovial spirits become in his presence depressed and nervous.

This is a good deal brought about by misunderstanding. Many people mistake the shy man's timidity for overbearing arrogance and are awed and insulted by it. His awkwardness is resented as insolent carelessness, and when, terror-stricken at the first word addressed to him, the blood rushes to his head and the power of speech completely fails him, he is regarded as an awful example of the evil effects of giving way to passion.

But, indeed, to be misunderstood is the shy man's fate on every occasion; and whatever impression he endeavors to create, he is sure to convey its opposite. When he makes a joke, it is looked upon as a pretended relation of fact and his want of veracity much condemned. His sarcasm is accepted as his literal opinion and gains for him the reputation of being an ass, while if, on the other hand, wishing to ingratiate himself, he ventures upon a little bit of flattery, it is taken for satire and he is hated ever afterward.

These and the rest of a shy man's troubles are always very amusing to other people, and have afforded material for comic writing from

time immemorial. But if we look a little deeper we shall find there is a pathetic, one might almost say a tragic, side to the picture. A shy man means a lonely man—a man cut off from all companionship, all sociability. He moves about the world, but does not mix with it. Between him and his fellow-men there runs ever an impassable barrier—a strong, invisible wall that, trying in vain to scale, he but bruises himself against. He sees the pleasant faces and hears the pleasant voices on the other side, but he cannot stretch his hand across to grasp another hand. He stands watching the merry groups, and he longs to speak and to claim kindred with them. But they pass him by chatting gayly to one another, and he cannot stay them. He tries to reach them, but his prison walls move with him and hem him in on every side. In a busy street, in the crowded room, in the grind of work, in the whirl of pleasure, amid the many or amid the few—wherever men congregate together, wherever the music of human speech is heard and human thought is flashed from human eyes, there, shunned and solitary, the shy man, like a leper, stands apart. His soul is full of love and longing, but the world knows it not. The iron mask of shyness is riveted before his face, and the man beneath is never seen. Genial words and hearty greetings are ever rising to his lips, but they die away in unheard whispers behind the steel clamps. His heart aches for the weary brother, but his sympathy is dumb. Contempt and indignation against wrong choke up his throat, and finding no safety-valve

whence in passionate utterance they may burst forth, they only turn in again and harm him. All the hate and scorn and love of a deep nature such as the shy man is ever cursed by fester and corrupt within, insead of spending themselves abroad, and sour him into a misanthrope and cynic.

Yes, shy men, like shy women, have a bad time of it in this world, to go through which with any comfort needs the hide of a rhinoceros. Thick skin is, indeed, our moral clothes and without it we are not fit to be seen about in civilized society. A poor gasping, blushing creature, with trembling knees and twitching hands, is a painful sight to every one, and if it cannot cure itself, the sooner it goes and hangs itself the better.

The disease can be cured. For the comfort of the shy, I can assure them of that from personal experience. I do not like speaking about myself, as may have been noticed, but in the cause of humanity I on this occasion will do so, and will confess that at one time I was, as the young man in the Bab Ballad says, "the shyest of the shy," and "whenever I was introduced to any pretty maid, my knees they knocked together just as if I was afraid." Now, I would—nay, have—on this very day before yesterday I did the deed. Alone and entirely by myself (as the school-boy said in translating the "Bellum Gallicum") did I beard a railway refreshment-room young lady in her own lair. I rebuked her in terms of mingled bitterness and sorrow for her callousness and want of condescension. I insisted, courteously but

firmly, on being accorded that deference and attention that was the right of the traveling Briton, and at the end I looked her full in the face. Need I say more?

True, immediately after doing so I left the room with what may possibly have appeared to be precipitation and without waiting for any refreshment. But that was because I had changed my mind, not because I was frightened you understand.

One consolation that shy folk can take unto themselves is that shyness is certainly no sign of stupidity. It is easy enough for bull-headed clowns to sneer at nerves, but the highest natures are not necessarily those containing the greatest amount of moral brass. The horse is not an inferior animal to the cock-sparrow, nor the deer of the forest to the pig. Shyness simply means extreme sensibility, and has nothing whatever to do with self-consciousness or with conceit, though its relationship to both is continually insisted upon by the poll-parrot school of philosophy.

Conceit, indeed, is the quickest cure for it. When it once begins to dawn upon you that you are a good deal cleverer than anyone else in this world, bashfulness becomes shocked and leaves you. When you can look round a roomful of people and think that each one is a mere child in intellect compared with yourself, you feel no more shy of them than you would of a select company of magpies or orang-outangs.

Conceit is the finest armor that a man can wear. Upon its smooth, impenetrable surface the puny dagger-thrusts of spite and envy

glance harmlessly aside. Without that breastplate the sword of talent cannot force its way through the battle of life, for blows have to be borne as well as dealt. I do not, of course, speak to the conceit that displays itself in an elevated nose and a falsetto voice. That is not real conceit—that is only playing at being conceited; like children play at being kings and queens and go strutting about with feathers and long trains. Genuine conceit does not make a man objectionable. On the contrary, it tends to make him genial, kind-hearted, and simple. He has no need of affectation—he is far too well satisfied with his own character; and his pride is too deep-seated to appear at all on the outside. Careless alike of praise or blame, he can afford to be truthful. Too far, in fancy, above the rest of mankind to trouble about their petty distinctions, he is equally at home with duke or costermonger. And valuing no one's standard but his own, he is never tempted to practice that miserable pretense that less self-reliant people offer up as an hourly sacrifice to the god of their neighbor's opinion.

The shy man, on the other hand, is humble—modest of his own judgment and over-anxious concerning that of others. But this in the case of a young man is surely right enough. His character is unformed. It is slowly evolving itself out of a chaos of doubt and disbelief. Before the growing insight and experience the diffidence recedes. A man rarely carries his shyness past the hobbledehoy period. Even if his own inward strength does not throw it off, the rubbings of the world generally smooth it

down. You scarcely ever meet a really shy man—except in novels or on the stage, where, by the bye, he is much admired, especially by the women.

There, in that supernatural land, he appears as a fair-haired and saint-like young man—fair hair and goodness always go together on the stage. No respectable audience would believe in one without the other. I knew an actor who mislaid his wig once and had to rush on to play the hero in his own hair, which was jet-black, and the gallery howled at all his noble sentiments under the impression that he was the villain. He—the shy young man—loves the heroine, oh so devotedly (but only in asides, for he dare not tell her of it), and he is so noble and unselfish, and speaks in such a low voice, and is so good to his mother; and the bad people in the play, they laugh at him and jeer at him, but he takes it all so gently, and in the end it transpires that he is such a clever man, though nobody knew it, and then the heroine tells him she loves him, and he is so surprised, and oh, so happy! and everybody loves him and asks him to forgive them, which he does in a few well-chosen and sarcastic words, and blesses them; and he seems to have generally such a good time of it that all the young fellows who are not shy long to be shy. But the really shy man knows better. He knows that it is not quite so pleasant in reality. He is not quite so interesting there as in the fiction. He is a little more clumsy and stupid and a little less devoted and gentle, and his hair is much darker, which,

taken altogether, considerably alters the aspect of the case.

The point where he does resemble his ideal is in his faithfulness. I am fully prepared to allow the shy young man that virtue: he is constant in his love. But the reason is not far to seek. The fact is it exhausts all his stock of courage to look one woman in the face, and it would be simply impossible for him to go through the ordeal with a second. He stands in far too much dread of the whole female sex to want to go gadding about with many of them. One is quite enough for him.

Now, it is different with the young man who is not shy. He has temptations which his bashful brother never encounters. He looks around and everywhere sees roguish eyes and laughing lips. What more natural than that amid so many roguish eyes and laughing lips he should become confused and, forgetting for the moment which particular pair of roguish eyes and laughing lips it is that he belongs to, go off making love to the wrong set. The shy man, who never looks at anything but his own boots, sees not and is not tempted. Happy shy man!

Not but what the shy man himself would much rather not be happy in that way. He longs to "go it" with the others, and curses himself every day for not being able to. He will now and again, screwing up his courage by a tremendous effort, plunge into roguishness. But it is always a terrible fiasco, and after one or two feeble flounders he crawls out again, limp and pitiable.

I say "pitiable," though I am afraid he never is pitied. There are certain misfortunes which, while inflicting a vast amount of suffering upon their victims, gain for them no sympathy. Losing an umbrella, falling in love, toothache, black eyes, and having your hat sat upon may be mentioned as a few examples, but the chief of them all is shyness. The shy man is regarded as an animate joke. His tortures are the sport of the drawing room arena and are pointed out and discussed with much gusto.

"Look," cry his tittering audience to each other; "he's blushing!"

"Just watch his legs," says one.

"Do you notice how he is sitting?" adds another: "right on the edge of the chair."

"Seems to have plenty of color," sneers a military-looking gentleman.

"Pity he's got so many hands," murmurs an elderly lady, with her own calmly folded on her lap. "They quite confuse him."

"A yard or two off his feet wouldn't be a disadvantage," chimes in the comic man, "especially as he seems so anxious to hide them."

And then another suggests that with such a voice he ought to have been a sea-captain. Some draw attention to the desperate way in which he is grasping his hat. Some comment upon his limited powers of conversation. Others remark upon the troublesome nature of his cough. And so on, until his peculiarities and the company are both thoroughly exhausted.

His friends and relations make matters still more unpleasant for the poor boy (friends and relations are privileged to be more disagree-

able than other people). Not content with making fun of him among themselves, they insist on his seeing the joke. They mimic and caricature him for his own edification. One, pretending to imitate him, goes outside and comes in again in a ludicrously nervous manner, explaining to him afterward that that is the way he—meaning the shy fellow—walks into a room; or, turning to him with "This is the way you shake hands," proceeds to go through a comic pantomime with the rest of the room, taking hold of every one's hand as if it were a hot plate and flabbily dropping it again. And then they ask him why he blushes, and why he stammers and why he always speaks in an almost inaudible tone, as if they thought he did it on purpose. Then one of them, sticking out his chest and strutting about the room like a pouter-pigeon, suggests quite seriously that that is the style he should adopt. The old man slaps him on the back and says: "Be bold, my boy. Don't be afraid of any one." The mother says, "Never do anything that you need be ashamed of, Algernon, and then you never need be ashamed of anything you do," and, beaming mildly at him, seems surprised at the clearness of her own logic. The boys tell him that he's "worse than a girl," and the girls repudiate the implied slur upon their sex by indignantly exclaiming that they are sure no girl would be half as bad.

They are quite right; no girl would be. There is no such thing as a shy woman, or, at all events, I have never come across one, and until I do I shall not believe in them. I know

that the generally accepted belief is quite the reverse. All women are supposed to be like timid, startled fawns, blushing and casting down their gentle eyes when looked at and running away when spoken to; while we men are supposed to be a bold and rollicky lot, and the poor, dear little women admire us for it, but are terribly afraid of us. It is a pretty theory, but, like most generally accepted theories, mere nonsense. The girl of twelve is self-contained and as cool as the proverbial cucumber, while her brother of twenty stammers and stutters by her side. A woman will enter a concert-room late, interrupt the performance, and disturb the whole audience without moving a hair, while her husband follows her, a crushed heap of apologizing misery.

The superior nerve of women in all matters connected with love, from the casting of the first sheep's-eye down to the end of the honeymoon, is too well acknowledged to need comment. Nor is the example a fair one to cite in the present instance, the positions not being equally balanced. Love is woman's business, and in "business" we all lay aside our natural weaknesses—the shyest man I ever knew was a photographic tout.

ON BABIES.

Oh, yes, I do—I know a lot about 'em. I was one myself once, though not long—not so long as my clothes. They were very long, I recollect, and always in my way when I wanted to kick. Why do babies have such yards of unnecessary clothing? It is not a riddle. I really

want to know. I never could understand it. Is it that the parents are ashamed of the size of the child and wish to make believe that it is longer than it actually is? I asked a nurse once why it was. She said:

"Lor', sir, they always have long clothes, bless their little hearts."

And when I explained that her answer, although doing credit to her feelings, hardly disposed of my difficulty, she replied:

"Lor', sir, you wouldn't have 'em in short clothes, poor little dears?" And she said it in a tone that seemed to imply I had suggested some unmanly outrage.

Since then I have felt shy at making inquiries on the subject, and the reason—if reason there be—is still a mystery to me. But indeed, putting them in any clothes at all seems absurd to my mind. Goodness knows there is enough of dressing and undressing to be gone through in life without beginning it before we need; and one would think that people who live in bed might at all events be spared the torture. Why wake the poor little wretches up in the morning to take one lot of clothes off, fix another lot on, and put them to bed again, and then at night haul them out once more, merely to change everything back? And when all is done, what difference is there, I should like to know, between a baby's night-shirt and the thing it wears in the day-time?

Very likely, however, I am only making myself ridiculous—I often do, so I am informed—and I will therefore say no more upon this matter of clothes, except only that it would be

of great convenience if some fashion was adopted enabling you to tell a boy from a girl.

At present it is most awkward. Neither hair, dress, nor conversation afford the slightest clew, and you are left to guess. By some mysterious law of nature you invariably guess wrong, and are thereupon regarded by all the relatives and friends as a mixture of fool and knave, the enormity of alluding to a male babe as "she" being only equaled by the atrocity of referring to a female infant as "he." Whichever sex the particular child in question happens not to belong to is considered as beneath contempt, and any mention of it is taken as a personal insult to the family.

And as you value your fair name do not attempt to get out of the difficulty by talking of "it." There are various methods by which you may achieve ignominy and shame. By murdering a large and respected family in cold blood and afterward depositing their bodies in the water companies' reservoir, you will gain much unpopularity in the neighborhood of your crime, and even robbing a church will get you cordially disliked, especially by the vicar. But if you desire to drain to the dregs the fullest cup of scorn and hatred that a fellow human creature can pour out for you, let a young mother hear you call dear baby "it."

Your best plan is to address the article as "little angel." The noun "angel" being of common gender suits the case admirably, and the epithet is sure of being favorably received. "Pet" or "beauty" are useful for variety's sake, but "angel" is the term that brings you

the greatest credit for sense and good-feeling. The word should be preceded by a short giggle and accompanied by as much smile as possible. And whatever you do, don't forget to say that the child has got its father's nose. This "fetches" the parents (if I may be allowed a vulgarism) more than anything. They will pretend to laugh at the idea at first and will say, "Oh, nonsense!" You must then get excited and insist that it is a fact. You need have no conscientious scruples on the subject, because the thing's nose really does resemble its father's—at all events quite as much as it does anything else in nature—being, as it is, a mere smudge.

Do not despise these hints, my friends. There may come a time when, with mamma on one side and grandmamma on the other, a group of admiring young ladies (not admiring you, though) behind, and a bald-headed dab of humanity in front, you will be extremely thankful for some idea of what to say. A man—an unmarried man, that is—is never seen to such disadvantage as when undergoing the ordeal of "seeing baby." A cold shudder runs down his back at the bare proposal, and the sickly smile with which he says how delighted he shall be ought surely to move even a mother's heart, unless, as I am inclined to believe, the whole proceeding is a mere device adopted by wives to discourage the visits of bachelor friends.

It is a cruel trick, though, whatever its excuse may be. The bell is rung and somebody sent to tell nurse to bring baby down.

This is the signal for all the females present to commence talking "baby," during which time you are left to your own sad thoughts and the speculations upon the practicability of suddenly recollecting an important engagement, and the likelihood of your being believed if you do. Just when you have concocted an absurdly implausible tale about a man outside, the door opens, and a tall, severe-looking woman enters, carrying what at first sight appears to be a particularly skinny bolster, with the feathers all at one end. Instinct, however, tells you that this is the baby, and you rise with a miserable attempt at appearing eager. When the first gush of feminine enthusiasm with which the object in question is received has died out, and the number of ladies talking at once has been reduced to the ordinary four or five, the circle of fluttering petticoats divides, and room is made for you to step forward. This you do with much the same air that you would walk into the dock at Bow Street, and then, feeling unutterably miserable, you stand solemnly staring at the child. There is dead silence, and you know that every one is waiting for you to speak. You try to think of something to say, but find, to your horror, that your reasoning faculties have left you. It is a moment of despair, and your evil genius, seizing the opportunity, suggests to you some of the most idiotic remarks that it is possible for a human being to perpetrate. Glancing round with an imbecile smile, you sniggeringly observe that "it hasn't got much hair, has it?" Nobody answers you

for a minute, but at last the stately nurse says with much gravity: "It is not customary for children five weeks old to have long hair." Another silence follows this, and you feel you are being given a second chance, which you avail yourself of by inquiring if it can walk yet, or what they feed it on.

By this time you have got to be regarded as not quite right in your head, and pity is the only thing felt for you. The nurse, however, is determined that, insane or not, there shall be no shirking and that you shall go through your task to the end. In the tones of a high priestess directing some religious mystery she says, holding the bundle toward you: "Take her in your arms, sir." You are too crushed to offer any resistance and so meekly accept the burden. "Put your arm more down her middle, sir," says the high-priestess, and then all step back and watch you intently as though you are going to do a trick with it.

What to do you know no more than you did what to say. It is certain something must be done, and the only thing that occurs to you is to heave the unhappy infant up and down to the accompaniment of "oopsee-daisy," or some remark of equal intelligence. "I wouldn't jig her, sir, if I were you," says the nurse; "a very little upsets her." You promptly decide not to jig her and sincerely hope that you have not gone too far already.

At this point the child itself, who has hitherto been regarding you with an expression of mingled horror and disgust, puts an end to the nonsense by beginning to yell at the top of

its voice, at which the priestess rushes forward and snatches it from you with "There! there! there! What did ums do to ums?" "How very extraordinary!" you say pleasantly. "Whatever made it go off like that?" "Oh, why, you must have done something to her!" says the mother indignantly; "the child wouldn't scream like that for nothing." It is evident they think you have been running pins into it.

The brat is calmed at last, and would no doubt remain quiet enough, only some mischievous busybody points you out again with "Who's this, baby?" and the intelligent child, recognizing you, howls louder than ever.

Whereupon some fat old lady remarks that "it's strange how children take a dislike to any one." "Oh, they know," replies another mysteriously. "It's a wonderful thing," adds a third; and then everybody looks sideways at you, convinced you are a scoundrel of the blackest dye; and they glory in the beautiful idea that your true character, unguessed by your fellow-men, has been discovered by the untaught instinct of a little child.

Babies, though, with all their crimes and errors, are not without their use—not without use, surely, when they fill an empty heart; not without use when, at their call, sunbeams of love break through care-clouded faces; not without use when their little fingers press wrinkles into smiles.

Odd little people! They are the unconscious comedians of the world's great stage. They supply the humor in life's all-too-heavy drama. Each one, a small but determined opposition

to the order of things in general, is forever doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, in the wrong place and in the wrong way. The nurse-girl who sent Jenny to see what Tommy and Totty were doing and "tell 'em they mustn't" knew infantile nature. Give an average baby a fair chance, and if it doesn't do something it oughtn't to a doctor should be called in at once.

They have a genius for doing the most ridiculous things, and they do them in a grave, stoical manner that is irresistible. The business-like air with which two of them will join hands and proceed due east at a break-neck toddle, while an excitable big sister is roaring for them to follow her in a westerly direction, is most amusing—except, perhaps, for the big sister. They walk round a soldier, staring at his legs with the greatest curiosity, and poke him to see if he is real. They stoutly maintain, against all argument and much to the discomfort of the victim, that the bashful young man at the end of the 'bus is "dadda." A crowded street-corner suggests itself to their minds as a favorable spot for the discussion of family affairs at a shrill treble. When in the middle of crossing the road they are seized with a sudden impulse to dance, and the doorstep of a busy shop is the place they always select for sitting down and taking off their shoes.

When at home they find the biggest walking-stick in the house or an umbrella—open preferred—of much assistance in getting upstairs. They discover that they love Mary Ann at the

precise moment when that faithful domestic is blackleading the stove, and nothing will relieve their feelings but to embrace her then and there. With regard to food, their favorite dishes are coke and cat's meat. They nurse pussy upside down, and they show their affection for the dog by pulling his tail.

They are a deal of trouble, and they make a place untidy and they cost a lot of money to keep; but still you would not have the house without them. It would not be home without their noisy tongues and their mischief-making hands. Would not the rooms seem silent without their pattering feet, and might not you stray apart if no prattling voices called you together?

It should be so, and yet I have sometimes thought the tiny hand seemed as a wedge, dividing. It is a bearish task to quarrel with that purest of all human affections—that perfecting touch to a woman's life—a mother's love. It is a holy love, that we coarser-fibered men can hardly understand, and I would not be deemed to lack reverence for it when I say that surely it need not swallow up all other affection. The baby need not take your whole heart, like the rich man who walled up the desert well. Is there not another thirsty traveler standing by?

In your desire to be a good mother, do not forget to be a good wife. No need for all the thought and care to be only for one. Do not, whenever poor Edwin wants you to come out, answer indignantly, "What, and leave baby!" Do not spend all your evenings upstairs, and

do not confine your conversation exclusively to whooping-cough and measles. My dear little woman, the child is not going to die every time it sneezes, the house is not bound to get burned down and the nurse run away with a soldier every time you go outside the front door; nor the cat sure to come and sit on the precious child's chest the moment you leave the bedside. You worry yourself a good deal too much about that solitary chick, and you worry everybody else too. Try and think of your other duties, and your pretty face will not be always puckered into wrinkles, and there will be cheerfulness in the parlor as well as in the nursery. Think of your big baby a little. Dance him about a bit; call him pretty names; laugh at him now and then. It is only the first baby that takes up the whole of a woman's time. Five or six do not require nearly so much attention as one. But before then the mischief has been done. A house where there seems no room for him and a wife too busy to think of him have lost their hold on that so unreasonable husband of yours, and he has learned to look elsewhere for comfort and companionship.

But there, there, there! I shall get myself the character of a baby-hater if I talk any more in this strain. And Heaven knows I am not one. Who could be, to look into the little innocent faces clustered in timid helplessness round those great gates that open down into the world?

The world—the small round world! what a vast mysterious place it must seem to baby

eyes! What a trackless continent the back garden appears! What marvelous explorations they make in the cellar under the stairs! With what awe they gaze down the long street, wondering, like us bigger babies when we gaze up at the stars, where it all ends!

And down that longest street of all—that long, dim street of life that stretches out before them—what grave, old-fashioned looks they seem to cast! What pitiful, frightened looks sometimes! I saw a little mite sitting on a doorstep in a Soho slum one night, and I shall never forget the look that the gas-lamp showed me on its wizen face—a look of dull despair, as if from the squalid court the vista of its own squalid life had risen, ghost-like, and struck its heart dead with horror.

Poor little feet, just commencing the stony journey! We old travelers, far down the road, can only pause to wave a hand to you. You come out of the dark mist, and we, looking back, see you, so tiny in the distance, standing on the brow of the hill, your arms stretched out toward us. God speed you! We would stay and take your little hands in ours, but the murmur of the great sea is in our ears and we may not linger. We must hasten down, for the shadowy ships are waiting to spread their sable sails.

ON EATING AND DRINKING.

I always was fond of eating and drinking, even as a child—especially eating, in those early days. I had an appetite then, also a digestion. I remember a dull-eyed, livid-complexioned gen-

tleman coming to dine at our house once. He watched me eating for about five minutes, quite fascinated seemingly, and then he turned to my father with—

"Does your boy ever suffer from dyspepsia?"

"I never heard him complain of anything of that kind," replied my father. "Do you ever suffer from dyspepsia, Collywobbles?" (They called me Collywobbles, but it was not my real name.)

"No, pa," I answered. After which I added: "What is dyspepsia, pa?"

My livid-complexioned friend regarded me with a look of mingled amazement and envy. Then in a tone of infinite pity he slowly said:

"You will know—some day."

My poor, dear mother used to say she liked to see me eat, and it has always been a pleasant reflection to me since that I must have given her much gratification in that direction. A growing, healthy lad, taking plenty of exercise and careful to restrain himself from indulging in too much study, can generally satisfy the most exacting expectations as regards his feeding powers.

It is amusing to see boys eat when you have not got to pay for it. Their idea of a square meal is a pound and a half of roast beef with five or six good-sized potatoes (soapy ones preferred as being more substantial), plenty of greens, and four thick slices of Yorkshire pudding, followed by a couple of currant dumplings, a few green apples, a pen'orth of nuts, half a dozen jumbles, and a bottle of ginger-beer. After that they play at horses.

How they must despise us men, who require to sit quiet for a couple of hours after dining off a spoonful of clear soup and the wing of a chicken!

But the boys have not all the advantages on their side. A boy never enjoys the luxury of being satisfied. A boy never feels full. He can never stretch out his legs, put his hands behind his head, and, closing his eyes, sink into the ethereal blissfulness that encompasses the well-dined man. A dinner makes no difference whatever to a boy. To a man it is as a good fairy's potion, and after it the world appears a brighter and a better place. A man who has dined satisfactorily experiences a yearning love toward all his fellow-creatures. He strokes the cat quite gently and calls it "poor pussy," in tones full of the tenderest emotion. He sympathizes with the members of the German band outside and wonders if they are cold; and for the moment he does not even hate his wife's relations.

A good dinner brings out all the softer side of a man. Under its genial influence the gloomy and morose become jovial and chatty. Sour, starchy individuals, who all the rest of the day go about looking as if they lived on vinegar and Epsom salts, break out into wreathed smiles after dinner, and exhibit a tendency to pat small children on the head and to talk to them—vaguely—about sixpences. Serious men thaw and become mildly cheerful, and snobbish young men of the heavy-mustache type forget to make themselves objectionable.

I always feel sentimental myself after dinner.

It is the only time when I can properly appreciate love-stories. Then, when the hero clasps "her" to his heart in one last wild embrace and stifles a sob, I feel as sad as though I had dealt at whist and turned up only a deuce; and when the heroine dies in the end I weep. If I read the same tale early in the morning I should sneer at it. Digestion, or rather indigestion, has a marvelous effect upon the heart. If I want to write anything very pathetic—I mean, if I want to try to write anything very pathetic—I eat a large plateful of hot buttered muffins about an hour beforehand, and then by the time I sit down to my work a feeling of unutterable melancholy has come over me. I picture heartbroken lovers parting forever at lonely wayside stiles, while the sad twilight deepens around them, and only the tinkling of a distant sheep-bell breaks the sorrow-laden silence. Old men sit and gaze at withered flowers till their sight is dimmed by the mist of tears. Little dainty maidens wait and watch at open casements; but "he cometh not," and the heavy years roll by and the sunny gold tresses wear white and thin. The babies that they dandled have become grown men and women with podgy torments of their own, and the playmates that they laughed with are lying very silent under the waving grass. But still they wait and watch, till the dark shadows of the unknown night steal up and gather round them and the world with its childish troubles fades from their aching eyes.

I see pale corpses tossed on white-foamed waves, and death-beds stained with bitter tears.

and graves in trackless deserts. I hear the wild wailing of women, the low moaning of little children, the dry sobbing of strong men. It's all the muffins. I could not conjure up one melancholy fancy upon a mutton chop and a glass of champagne.

A full stomach is a great aid to poetry, and indeed no sentiment of any kind can stand upon an empty one. We have not time or inclination to indulge in fanciful troubles until we have got rid of our real misfortunes. We do not sigh over dead dicky-birds with the bailiff in the house, and when we do not know where on earth to get our next shilling from, we do not worry as to whether our mistress' smiles are cold, or hot, or lukewarm, or anything else about them.

Foolish people—when I say "foolish people" in this contemptuous way I mean people who entertain different opinions to mine. If there is one person I do despise more than another, it is the man who does not think exactly the same on all topics as I do—foolish people, I say, then, who have never experienced much of either, will tell you that mental distress is far more agonizing than bodily. Romantic and touching theory! so comforting to the love-sick young sprig who looks down patronizingly at some poor devil with a white starved face and thinks to himself, "Ah, how happy you are compared with me!"—so soothing to fat old gentlemen who cackle about the superiority of poverty over riches. But it is all nonsense—all cant. An aching head soon makes one forget an aching heart. A broken finger will

drive away all recollections of an empty chair. And when a man feels really hungry he does not feel anything else.

We sleek, well-fed folk can hardly realize what feeling hungry is like. We know what it is to have no appetite and not to care for the dainty victuals placed before us, but we do not understand what it means to sicken for food—to die for bread while others waste it—to gaze with famished eyes upon coarse fare steaming behind dingy windows, longing for a pen'orth of pea pudding and not having the penny to buy it—to feel that a crust would be delicious and that a bone would be a banquet.

Hunger is a luxury to us, a piquant, flavor-giving sauce. It is well worth while to get hungry and thirsty merely to discover how much gratification can be obtained from eating and drinking. If you wish to thoroughly enjoy your dinner, take a thirty-mile country walk after breakfast and don't touch anything till you get back. How your eyes will glisten at sight of the white table-cloth and steaming dishes then! With what a sigh of content you will put down the empty beer tankard and take up your knife and fork! And how comfortable you feel afterward as you push back your chair, light a cigar, and beam round upon everybody.

Make sure, however, when adopting this plan, that the good dinner is really to be had at the end, or the disappointment is trying. I remember once a friend and I—dear old Joe, it was. Ah! how we lose one another in life's mist. It must be eight years since I last saw

Joseph Taboys. How pleasant it would be to meet his jovial face again, to clasp his strong hand, and to hear his cheery laugh once more! He owes me 14 shillings, too. Well, we were on a holiday together, and one morning we had breakfast early and started for a tremendous long walk. We had ordered a duck for dinner over night. We said, "Get a big one, because we shall come home awfully hungry;" and as we were going out our landlady came up in great spirits. She said, "I have got you gentlemen a duck, if you like. If you get through that you'll do well;" and she held up a bird about the size of a door-mat. We chuckled at the sight and said we would try. We said it with self-conscious pride, like men who know their own power. Then we started.

We lost our way, of course. I always do in the country, and it does make me so wild, because it is no use asking direction of any of the people you meet. One might as well inquire of a lodging-house slavey the way to make beds as expect a country bumpkin to know the road to the next village. You have to shout the question about three times before the sound of your voice penetrates his skull. At the third time he slowly raises his head and stares blankly at you. You yell it at him then for a fourth time, and he repeats it after you. He ponders while you count a couple of hundred, after which, speaking at the rate of three words a minute, he fancies you "couldn't do better than——" Here he catches sight of another idiot coming down the road and bawls out to him the particulars requesting his ad-

vice. The two then argue the case for a quarter of an hour or so, and finally agree that you had better go straight down the lane, round to the right and cross by the third stile, and keep to the left by old Jimmy Milcher's cow-head across the seven-acre field, and through the gate by Squire Grubbin's hay-stack, keeping the bridle-path for awhile till you come opposite the hill where the windmill used to be—but it's gone now—and round to the right, leaving Stiggin's plantation behind you; and you say "Thank you' 'and go away with a splitting headache, but without the faintest notion of your way, the only clear idea you have on the subject being that somewhere or other there is a stile which has to be got over; and at the next turn you come upon four stiles, all leading in different directions!

We had undergone this ordeal two or three times. We had tramped over fields. We had waded through brooks and scrambled over hedges and walls. We had had a row as to whose fault it was that we had first lost our way. We had got thoroughly disagreeable, footsore, and weary. But throughout it all the hope of that duck kept us up. A fairy-like vision, it floated before our tired eyes and drew us onward. The thought of it was as a trumpet-call to the fainting. We talked of it and cheered each other with our recollections of it. "Come along," we said; "the duck will be spoiled."

We felt a strong temptation, at one point, to turn into a village inn as we passed and have a cheese and a few loaves between us, but we heroically restrained ourselves; we should en-

joy the duck all the better for being famished.

We fancied we smelled it when we got into the town and did the last quarter of a mile in three minutes. We rushed upstairs, and washed ourselves, and changed our clothes, and came down, and pulled our chairs up to the table, and sat and rubbed our hands while the landlady removed the covers, when I seized the knife and fork and started to carve.

It seemed to want a lot of carving. I struggled with it for about five minutes without making the slightest impression, and then Joe, who had been eating potatoes, wanted to know if it wouldn't be better for some one to do the job that understood carving. I took no notice of his foolish remark, but attacked the bird again; and so vigorously this time that the animal left the dish and took refuge in the fender.

We soon had it out of that, though, and I was prepared to make another effort. But Joe was getting unpleasant. He said that if he had thought we were to have a game of blind hockey with the dinner he would have got a bit of bread and cheese outside.

I was too exhausted to argue. I laid down the knife and fork with dignity and took a side seat and Joe went for the wretched creature. He worked away in silence for awhile, and then he muttered "Damn the duck" and took his coat off.

We did break the thing up at length with the aid of a chisel, but it was perfectly impossible to eat it, and we had to make a dinner off the vegetables and an apple tart. We tried a mouth-

ful of the duck, but it was like eating India-rubber.

It was a wicked sin to kill that drake. But there! there's no respect for old institutions in this country.

I started this paper with the idea of writing about eating and drinking, but I seem to have confined my remarks entirely to eating as yet. Well, you see, drinking is one of those subjects with which it is inadvisable to appear too well acquainted. The days are gone by when it was considered manly to go to bed intoxicated every night, and a clear head and a firm hand no longer draw down upon their owner the reproach of effeminacy. On the contrary, in these sadly degenerate days an evil-smelling breath, a blotchy face, a reeling gait, and a husky voice are regarded as the hall marks of the cad rather than of the gentleman.

Even nowadays, though, the thirstiness of mankind is something supernatural. We are forever drinking on one excuse or another. A man never feels comfortable unless he has a glass before him. We drink before meals, and with meals, and after meals. We drink when we meet a friend, also when we part from a friend. We drink when we are talking, when we are reading, and when we are thinking. We drink one another's healths and spoil our own. We drink the queen, and the army, and the ladies, and everybody else that is drinkable; and I believe if the supply ran short we should drink our mothers-in-law.

By the way, we never eat anybody's health, always drink it. Why should we not stand up

now and then and eat a tart to somebody's success?

To me, I confess the constant necessity of drinking under which the majority of men labor is quite unaccountable. I can understand people drinking to drown care or to drive away maddening thoughts well enough. I can understand the ignorant masses loving to soak themselves in drink—oh, yes, it's very shocking that they should, of course—very shocking to us who live in cozy homes, with all the graces and pleasures of life around us, that the dwellers in damp cellars and windy attics should creep from their dens of misery into the warmth and glare of the public-house bar, and seek to float for a brief space away from their dull world upon a Lethe stream of gin.

But think, before you hold up your hands in horror at their ill-living, what "life" for these wretched creatures really means. Picture the squalid misery of their brutish existence, dragged on from year to year in the narrow, noisome room where, huddled like vermin in sewers, they welter, and sicken, and sleep; where dirt-grimed children scream and fight and sluttish, shrill-voiced women cuff, and curse, and nag; where the street outside teems with roaring filth and the house around is a bedlam of riot and stench.

Think what a sapless stick this fair flower of life must be to them, devoid of mind and soul. The horse in his stall scents the sweet hay and munches the ripe corn contentedly. The watch-dog in his kennel blinks at the grateful sun, dreams of a glorious chase over

the dewy fields, and wakes with a yelp of gladness to greet a caressing hand. But the clod-like life of these human logs never knows one ray of light. From the hour when they crawl from their comfortless bed to the hour when they lounge back into it again they never live one moment of real life. Recreation, amusement, companionship, they know not the meaning of. Joy, sorrow, laughter, tears, love, friendship, longing, despair, are idle words to them. From the day when their baby eyes first look out upon their sordid world to the day when, with an oath, they close them forever and their bones are shoveled out of sight, they never warm to one touch of human sympathy, never thrill to a single thought, never start to a single hope. In the name of the God of mercy, let them pour the maddening liquor down their throats and feel for one brief moment that they live!

Ah! we may talk sentiment as much as we like, but the stomach is the real seat of happiness in this world. The kitchen is the chief temple wherein we worship, its roaring fire is our vestal flame, and the cook is our great high-priest. He is a mighty magician and a kindly one. He soothes away all sorrow and care. He drives forth all enmity, gladdens all love. Our God is great and the cook is his prophet. Let us eat, drink, and be merry.

ON FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

"Oh, you have some rooms to let."

"Mother!"

"Well, what is it?"

"'Ere's a gentleman about the rooms."

"Ask 'im in. I'll be up in a minute."

"Will yer step inside, sir? Mother'll be up in a minute."

So you step inside, and after a minute "mother" comes slowly up the kitchen stairs, untying her apron as she comes and calling down instructions to some one below about the potatoes.

"Good-morning, sir," says "mother," with a washed-out smile. "Will you step this way, please?"

"Oh, it's hardly worth while my coming up," you say. "What sort of rooms are they, and how much ?"

"Well," says the landlady, "if you'll step upstairs I'll show them to you."

So with a protesting murmur, meant to imply that any waste of time complained of hereafter must not be laid to your charge, you follow "mother" upstairs.

At the first landing you run up against a pail and a broom, whereupon "mother" expatiates upon the unreliability of servant-girls, and bawls over the balusters for Sarah to come and take them away at once. When you get outside the rooms she pauses, with her hand upon the door, to explain to you that they are rather untidy just at present, as the last lodger left only yesterday; and she also adds that this is their cleaning-day—it always is. With this understanding you enter, and both stand solemnly feasting your eyes upon the scene before you. The rooms cannot be said to appear inviting. Even "mother's" face betrays no admiration. Untenanted "furnished apartments"

viewed in the morning sunlight do not inspire cheery sensations. There is a lifeless air about them. It is a very different thing when you have settled down and are living in them. With your old familiar household goods to greet your gaze whenever you glance up, and all your little knick-knacks spread around you—with the photos of all the girls that you have loved and lost ranged upon the mantel-piece, and half a dozen disreputable-looking pipes scattered about in painfully prominent positions—with one carpet slipper peeping from beneath the coal-box and the other perched on the top of the piano—with the well-known pictures to hide the dingy walls, and these dear old friends, your books, higgledy-piggledy all over the place—with the bits of old blue china that your mother prized, and the screen she worked in those far by-gone days, when the sweet old face was laughing and young, and the white soft hair tumbled in gold-brown curls from under the coal-scuttle bonnet——

Ah, old screen, what a gorgeous personage you must have been in your young days, when the tulips and roses and lilies (all growing from one stem) were fresh in their glistening sheen! Many a summer and winter have come and gone since then, my friend, and you have played with the dancing firelight until you have grown sad and gray. Your brilliant colors are fast fading now, and the envious moths have gnawed your silken threads. You are withering away like the dead hands that wove you. Do you ever think of those dead hands? You seem so grave and thoughtful sometimes

that I almost think you do. Come, you and I and the deep-glowing embers, let us talk together. Tell me in your silent language what you remember of those young days, when you lay on my little mother's lap and her girlish fingers played with your rainbow tresses. Was there never a lad near sometimes—never a lad who would seize one of those little hands to smother it with kisses, and who would persist in holding it, thereby sadly interfering with the progress of your making? Was not your frail existence often put in jeopardy by this same clumsy, headstrong lad, who would toss you disrespectfully aside that he—not satisfied with one—might hold both hands and gaze up into the loved eyes? I can see that lad now through the haze of the flickering twilight. He is an eager, bright-eyed boy, with pinching, dandy shoes and tight-fitting smalls, snowy shirt frill and stock, and—oh! such curly hair. A wild, light-hearted boy! Can he be the great, grave gentleman upon whose stick I used to ride cross-legged, the care-worn man into whose thoughtful face I used to gaze with childish reverence and whom I used to call "father?" You say "yes," old screen; but are you quite sure? It is a serious charge you are bringing. Can it be possible? Did he have to kneel down in those wonderful smalls and pick you up and rearrange you before he was forgiven and his curly head smoothed by his mother's little hand? Ah! old screen, and did the lads and the lassies go making love fifty years ago just as they do now? Are men and women so unchanged? Did little maidens' hearts beat the

same under pearl-embroidered bodices as they do under Mother Hubbard cloaks? Have steel casques and chimney-pot hats made no difference to the brains that work beneath them? Oh, Time! great Chronos! and is this your power? Have you dried up seas and leveled mountains and left the tiny human heart-strings to defy you? Ah, yes! they were spun by a Mightier than thou, and they stretch beyond your narrow ken, for their ends are made fast in eternity. Ay, you may mow down the leaves and the blossoms, but the roots of life lie too deep for your sickle to sever. You refashion Nature's garments, but you cannot vary by a jot the throbbings of her pulse. The world rolls round obedient to your laws, but the heart of man is not of your kingdom, for in its birthplace "a thousand years are but as yesterday."

I am getting away, though, I fear, from my "furnished apartments," and I hardly know how to get back. But I have some excuse for my meanderings this time. It is a piece of old furniture that has led me astray, and fancies gather, somehow, round old furniture, like moss around old stones. One's chairs and tables get to be almost part of one's life and to seem like quiet friends. What strange tales the wooden-headed old fellows could tell did they but choose to speak! At what unsuspected comedies and tragedies have they not assisted! What bitter tears have been sobbed into that old sofa cushion! What passionate whisperings the settee must have overheard!

New furniture has no charms for me compared with old. It is the old things that we

love—the old faces, the old books, the old jokes. New furniture can make a palace, but it takes old furniture to make a home. Not merely old in itself—lodging-house furniture generally is that—but it must be old to us, old in associations and recollections. The furniture of furnished apartments, however ancient it may be in reality, is new to our eyes, and we feel as though we could never get on with it. As, too, in the case of all fresh acquaintances, whether wooden or human (and there is very little difference between the two species sometimes), everything impresses you with its worst aspect. The knobby wood-work and shiny horse-hair covering of the easy-chair suggest anything but ease. The mirror is smoky. The curtains want washing. The carpet is frayed. The table looks as if it would go over the instant anything was rested on it. The grate is cheerless, the wall-paper hideous. The ceiling appears to have had coffee spilt all over it, and the ornaments—well, they are worse than the wall-paper.

There must surely be some special and secret manufactory for the production of lodging-house ornaments. Precisely the same articles are to be found at every lodging-house all over the kingdom, and they are never seen anywhere else. There are the two—what do you call them? they stand one at each end of the mantel-piece, where they are never safe, and they are hung round with long triangular slips of glass that clank against one another and make you nervous. In the commoner class of rooms these works of art are supplemented by

a couple of pieces of china which might each be meant to represent a cow sitting upon its hind legs, or a model of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, or a dog, or anything else you like to fancy. Somewhere about the room you come across a bilious-looking object, which at first you take to be a lump of dough left about by one of the children, but which on scrutiny seems to resemble an underdone cupid. This thing the landlady calls a statue. Then there is a "sampler" worked by some idiot related to the family, a picture of the "Huguenots," two or three Scripture texts, and a highly framed and glazed certificate to the effect that the father has been vaccinated, or is an Odd Fellow, or something of that sort.

You examine these various attractions and then dismally ask what the rent is.

"That's rather a good deal," you say on hearing the figure.

"Well, to tell you the truth," answers the landlady with a sudden burst of candor, "I've always had" (mentioning a sum a good deal in excess of the first-named amount), "and before that I used to have" (a still higher figure).

What the rent of apartments must have been twenty years ago makes one shudder to think of. Every landlady makes you feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself by informing you, whenever the subject crops up, that she used to get twice as much for her rooms as you are paying. Young men lodgers of the last generation must have been of a wealthier class than they are now, or they must have ruined themselves. I should have had to live in an attic.

Curious, that in lodgings the rule of life is reversed. The higher you get up in the world the lower you come down in your lodgings. On the lodging-house ladder the poor man is at the top, the rich man underneath. You start in the attic and work your way down to the first floor.

A good many great men have lived in attics and some have died there. Attics, says the dictionary, are "places where lumber is stored," and the world has used them to store a good deal of its lumber in at one time or another. Its preachers and painters and poets, its deep-browed men who will find out things, its fire-eyed men who will tell truths that no one wants to hear—these are the lumber that the world hides away in its attics. Haydn grew up in an attic and Chatterton starved in one. Addison and Goldsmith wrote in garrets. Faraday and De Quincey knew them well. Dr. Johnson camped cheerfully in them, sleeping soundly—too soundly sometimes—upon their trundle-beds, like the sturdy old soldier of fortune that he was, inured to hardship and all careless of himself. Dickens spent his youth among them, Morland his old age—alas! a drunken, premature old age. Hans Andersen, the fairy king, dreamed his sweet fancies beneath their sloping roofs. Poor, wayward-hearted Collins leaned his head upon their crazy tables; priggish Benjamin Franklin; Savage, the wrong-headed, much troubled when he could afford any softer bed than a doorstep; young Bloomfield, "Bobby" Burns, Hogarth, Watts the engineer—the roll is endless. Ever since the

habitations of men were reared two stories high has the garret been the nursery of genius.

No one who honors the aristocracy of mind can feel ashamed of acquaintanceship with them. Their damp-stained walls are sacred to the memory of noble names. If all the wisdom of the world and all its art—all the spoils that it has won from nature, all the fire that it has snatched from heaven—were gathered together and divided into heaps, and we could point and say, for instance, these mighty truths were flashed forth in the brilliant *salon* amid the ripple of light laughter and the sparkle of bright eyes; and this deep knowledge was dug up in the quiet study, where the bust of Pallas looks serenely down on the leather-scented shelves; and this heap belongs to the crowded street; and that to the daisied field—the heap that would tower up high above the rest as a mountain above hills would be the one at which we should look up and say: this noblest pile of all—these glorious paintings and this wondrous music, these trumpet words, these solemn thoughts, these daring deeds, they were forged and fashioned amid misery and pain in the sordid squalor of the city garret. There, from their eyries, while the world heaved and throbbed below, the kings of men sent forth their eagle thoughts to wing their flight through the ages. There, where the sunlight streaming through the broken panes fell on rotting boards and crumbling walls; there, from their lofty thrones, those rag-clothed Joves have hurled their thunderbolts and shaken, before now, the earth to its foundations.

Huddle them up in your lumber-rooms, oh, world! Shut them fast in and turn the key of poverty upon them. Weld close the bars, and let them fret their hero lives away within the narrow cage. Leave them there to starve, and rot, and die. Laugh at the frenzied beatings of their hands against the door. Roll onward in your dust and noise and pass them by, forgotten.

But take care lest they turn and sting you. All do not, like the fabled phoenix, warble sweet melodies in their agony; sometimes they spit venom—venom you must breathe whether you will or no, for you cannot seal their mouths, though you may fetter their limbs. You can lock the door upon them, but they burst open their shaky lattices and call out over the house-tops so that men cannot but hear. You hounded wild Rousseau into the meanest garret of the Rue St. Jacques and jeered at his angry shrieks. But the thin, piping tones swelled a hundred years later into the sullen roar of the French Revolution, and civilization to this day is quivering to the reverberations of his voice.

As for myself, however, I like an attic. Not to live in: as residences they are inconvenient. There is too much getting up and downstairs connected with them to please me. It puts one unpleasantly in mind of the tread-mill. The form of the ceiling offers too many facilities for bumping your head and too few for shaving. And the note of the tom-cat as he sings to his love in the stilly night outside on the

tiles becomes positively distasteful when heard so near.

No, for living in give me a suit of rooms on the first floor of a Piccadilly mansion (I wish somebody would!); but for thinking in let me have an attic up ten flights of stairs in the densest quarter of the city. I have all Herr Teufelsdröckh's affection for attics. There is a sublimity about their loftiness. I love to "sit at ease and look down upon the wasps' nest beneath"; to listen to the dull murmur of the human tide ebbing and flowing ceaselessly through the narrow streets and lanes below. How small men seem, how like a swarm of ants sweltering in endless confusion on their tiny hill! How petty seems the work on which they are hurrying and skurrying! How childishly they jostle against one another and turn to snarl and scratch! They jabber and screech and curse, but their puny voices do not reach up here. They fret, and fume, and rage, and pant, and die; "but I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars."

The most extraordinary attic I ever came across was one a friend and I once shared many years ago. Of all eccentrically planned things, from Bradshaw to the maze at Hampton Court, that room was the most eccentric. The architect who designed it must have been a genius, though I cannot help thinking that his talents would have been better employed in contriving puzzles than in shaping human habitations. No figure in Euclid could give any idea of that apartment. It contained seven corners, two of the walls sloped to a point, and

the window was just over the fireplace. The only possible position for the bedstead was between the door and the cupboard. To get anything out of the cupboard we had to scramble over the bed, and a large percentage of the various commodities thus obtained was absorbed by the bedclothes. Indeed, so many things were spilled and dropped upon the bed that toward night-time it had become a sort of small co-operative store. Coal was what it always had most in stock. We used to keep our coal in the bottom part of the cupboard, and when any was wanted we had to climb over the bed, fill a shovelful, and then crawl back. It was an exciting moment when we reached the middle of the bed. We would hold our breath, fix our eyes upon the shovel, and poise ourselves for the last move. The next instant we, and the coals, and the shovel, and the bed would be all mixed up together.

I've heard of the people going into raptures over beds of coal. We slept in one every night and were not in the least stuck up about it.

But our attic, unique though it was, had by no means exhausted the architect's sense of humor. The arrangement of the whole house was a marvel of originality. All the doors opened outward, so that if any one wanted to leave a room at the same moment that you were coming downstairs it was unpleasant for you. There was no ground-floor—its ground-floor belonged to a house in the next court, and the front door opened direct upon a flight of stairs leading down to the cellar. Visitors on entering the house would suddenly shoot

past the person who had answered the door to them and disappear down these stairs. Those of a nervous temperament used to imagine that it was a trap laid for them, and would shout murder as they lay on their backs at the bottom till somebody came and picked them up.

It is a long time ago now that I last saw the inside of an attic. I have tried various floors since, but I have not found that they have made much difference to me. Life tastes much the same, whether we quaff it from a golden goblet or drink it out of a stone mug. The hours come laden with the same mixture of joy and sorrow, no matter where we wait for them. A waistcoat of broadcloth or of fustian is alike to an aching heart, and we laugh no merrier on velvet cushions than we did on wooden chairs. Often have I sighed in those low-ceilinged rooms, yet disappointments have come neither less nor lighter since I quitted them. Life works upon a compensating balance, and the happiness we gain in one direction we lose in another. As our means increase, so do our desires; and we ever stand midway between the two. When we reside in an attic we enjoy a supper of fried fish and stout. When we occupy the first floor it takes an elaborate dinner at the Continental to give us the same amount of satisfaction.

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LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 56
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

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A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SLANG

A.

A-1. First class.
absotively. Absolutely and positively.
ace. An airplane adept; an artist in any line.
acknowledge the corn. Admit responsibility for.
ad. Advertisement; hence ad club.
Adam's ale. Water.
African golf. The game of craps or dice.
Alibi Ike. One who excuses all his faults.
all in. Exhausted.
all to the good, the mustard, etc. Excellent.
almighty dollar. Money, the god of America.
also ran. A loser.
altogether, in the. Nude, naked.
ambulance-chaser. A shyster lawyer who goes after injured people to solicit their damage suits.
amuck, to run. To behave crazily.
Ananias Club, member of the. A liar; anyone who differed with Theodore Roosevelt.
angora, to get one's. To discomfit or rattle one.
anvil chorus. A chorus of knockers or depreciators.
angel. Man who finances a theatrical or other venture, usually for no angelic reason.
animated ivories or cubes. Dice.
apple sauce. Blah, tripe, nonsense, foolish talk.

apple strudel. Concentrated apple sauce.
Arkansas toothpick. A sheath or bowie knife.
ass. A fool.
atta boy, atta girl. That's the boy; that's the girl.
attic. Empty part of a house; hence head, upper story.
automat. A nickel-in-the-slot restaurant.
awfully. Very much.

B.

Babbitt. Typical mediocre-brained middle class American, realtor or otherwise.
baby, baby doll. One's sweetheart.
back-scratcher. One who praises you for your praise of him, her or it.
bad egg, bad penny, etc. A good-for-naught.
bad, go to the. Attend Sunday movies, dance, or otherwise offend the Rotary Methodist god.
bad, to the. Having suffered loss.
baggage smasher. Hotel porter who handles trunks.
bag, to hold the. To be left responsible while others escape.
bald-headed row. Front row at a girlie leg show.
balled up, all. Confused.
bamboozle. Obtain by trickery.
ball, to play. Go ahead.
bang the ivories. Play the piano.
bang-up. First rate.
barber shop chord. Male quartette harmony; barbarous music.
barge. Walk along.

Barleycorn, John. Spirit of alcohol, exiled by Volstead.
barn-stormer. Strolling player.
Barnumize. To advertise in high-falutin' language.
battle royal. Indiscriminate boxing match of three or more.
batty, bats in the belfry. Crazy.
beak, beagle. Nose.
beans, not to know. To know nothing.
bean-eater. Bostonian.
bear, she's a. She's a wow, a wonder.
bear. One who speculated for a fall in stocks; opposite of bull.
beat. In journalism, precedence in news; a scoop.
beat it. Clear away; vamoose; depart.
beat around the bush. To dodge the issue.
beats the devil, the Dutch. Beats everything.
beau, beau-lover. Suitor, lover.
bedbug. An amorous or uxorious person.
bee in one's bonnet. To be obsessed with an idea.
beer, small. Anything unimportant.
believe me. Expletive, "This is true."
bellyache. Complain all the time.
belly-bumper, -buster, or -whopper. Small hand sled used for coasting, lying on one's stomach.
bellywash. Soft drink, soda water, etc.
benzine buggy. Automobile.
bet, you. Absolutely. Also *bet your boots, last dollar.*
better half. What a man calls his wife in her presence.
biff. A blow.

big burg, big town. A city.
big drink. The Mississippi; any ocean.
big head, to have a. To be conceited.
big mouth. A noisy, bragging person.
big stiff, big cheese. Anyone who disagrees with you.
big pond or puddle. The Atlantic Ocean.
bilge. Bunk, blah, flapdoodle, nonsense.
bird. A young girl; anything attractive.
birthday suit. Nature's garb; nudity.
bit. United States money equivalent to 12½c.
bite the dust. Be slain.
Black Hand. A Spanish, Italian or Sicilian secret society of criminals.
Black Maria. The calaboose, police wagon to take criminals to jail or station house.
blah. Bunk, nonsense, spreadeagle talk.
blarney. Wheedling flattery; pretty talk.
blazes, like. Violently, impetuously (from flames of hell).
blazes, go to. Go to hell.
bleed, to. To victimize, extort money from.
blimp. Any non-rigid balloon.
blind tiger, blind pig. Illegal liquor retaillery.
blink, on the. On the fritz; no good.
bloated aristocrat, bloated bondholder. Wealthy person.
blockhead. Dunce, fool.
bloody shirt, to wave the. To stir up political strife.
blow. To boast or brag.
blow one's own horn. To praise oneself.
blow in. Come in unexpectedly.
blow-out. Feast, spread; puncture, as of auto tire.

blue funk. Nervous apprehension or agitation.
blue in the face. Aghast with amazement or fear.
blue laws. Severe Puritanic laws.
blue moon, once in a. Hardly ever.
blue pencil, to. To edit.
blues. Depression; a jazz or ragtime tune.
blue-stocking. A Puritan, one holier-than-thou.
blue-sky laws. Laws concerning corporations so loose that everything gets through; the sky's the limit.
bluff, to call a. To call for a show-down.
bluff. Bragging, assertion without foundation.
blurb. Printed praise, usually excessive.
bob. To cut the hair short.
bogus. Spurious, sham.
Bohemian. Artistic, as life in an artists' quarter.
boiled. Drunk, pickled, stewed, stewed to the gills, lit, illuminated, soused.
Bolsheviki, Bolshevik. Anything you disagree with, from Russian Communist policies to prohibition.
bonanza. A profitable investment; a lucky strike.
bone dry. No liquor available. BUT see *speakeasy, blind pig, blind tiger, bootleg, Rum Row, etc.*
bone, to pull a. To make a stupid mistake.
bones. Dice, the ivory cubes, the galloping dominoes.
bones, to make no bones about. To speak directly.
bonehead. A dull, stupid, or awkward fellow.
boob. A nut, senseless person.

boodle. Illegal gain or graft.
bookleg. To sell illegal and censored books.
boom. To advertise extensively; to puff.
boom. Inflated values, as in Florida and California real estate.
boost. To aid by pushing upward. Hence, booster.
bootleg. To sell illegal liquor.
booze. Alcoholic liquor.
bosh. Nonsense; twaddle.
bosom fly. A petter or necker; from "Let me to thy bosom fly."
boss. Master or employer.
bottle. The drinking habit.
bounce, get the. To be discharged from a job. Also, *get the sack.*
bouncer. One who throws out objectionable persons.
Bourbon. A stubborn conservative; old rye whiskey.
bozo. Person; a term of address.
bowled over. Put out of commission.
bracer. A stimulant, an alcoholic drink.
brainstorm. Sudden and violent cerebral disturbance; mental attitude of any rich criminal.
brand-new. Absolutely new.
brass. Bare-faced impudence.
bread-and-butter. One's living.
break the ice. To overcome diffidence on first meeting.
breeches, to wear the. To rule the house; said too frequently of women.
brick. A first rate person. Also "a regular brick."

briny, the. The sea or ocean.
brodie. To take a chance; from Steve Brodie's successful leap from Brooklyn Bridge.
broke, clear, dead, or stone. Penniless.
bromide. A commonplace bore; a stale jest.
bruiser. A boxer, or pugilist.
buck. A dandy; also, a dollar.
buck up. Be encouraged.
buck the tiger. Gamble, play against the bank.
buck, pass the. To shift responsibility.
bucket shop. A gambling den with faked dealing in stocks and bonds.
bud. A debutante.
buddy. Companion in arms; chum.
buff. The skin; hence, *In the buff.* Naked.
bugs, go. Go crazy.
bug, a. A fanatic; as, a radio bug.
bugger-lugger. A factory hand.
bull. Nonsense, exaggerated lies. Hence, *bull-thrower, toreador,* etc.
bull. Stock speculator playing for a rise.
bully. Splendid; excellent.
bullyrag. To threaten, to scold.
bum. Hobo. Hence, *on the bum.* Ruined, broke.
bum's rush. Old method of ejecting bums from saloons.
bump off. To kill.
bunco. To swindle or rob. Hence, *bunco-game.*
bunco-steerer. A bunco man's decoy.
bunk, buncombe. Bosh.
burbank. To create a new hybrid plant or animal.
bush league. Second rate.
bust. A drunken revel, a spree.

busy as a one-armed paper-hanger with the barber's itch. Very busy.
butter and egg man. Well-to-do mid-Western salesman in New York, playing with shebas and vamps; a sugar-coated papa.
buzz-wagon, buzz-buggy. An automobile.
B. V. D. A man's underclothing.

C.

caboodle. Aggregate, whole collection.
cadet. Pimp, pander, procurer; West Point undergraduate.
Cain, to raise. To raise hell.
cake-eater. A tea-hound, lounge-lizard, lady-bug.
call down. To reprove, to censure.
can it. Forget it. Hence, *can the chatter.* Shut up.
canned music. Phonograph or radio music.
cannon-fodder. Soldiers.
canoodle. To bill and coo.
Canuck, Kanuck. A French Canadian.
Cape Cod turkey. Salted codfish.
cap, to set one's cap for. To try to vamp.
capital. Splendid, excellent.
captain of industry. A wholesale human wolf, who buries his bones in profitable investments.
card. A character; "He's a card."
carpet-bagger. A non-resident politician.
case. Queer or eccentric character.
cash in. Settle one's accounts.
cash in one's chips. To die.
cat's whiskers, cat's pajamas, cat's meaow, elephant's fallen arches, snake's hips, etc. Something excellent.

catch. An eligible unmarried man or girl.
catch-word. A popular phrase used to get votes.
cater-cornered. Placed corner-wise or diagonally.
catspaw. A tool or dupe.
caveman. Modern forcible wooer.
chair, the. The electric chair, for electrocution or a permanent wave.
chained lightning. White mule; southern mountain whiskey.
change. Loose money.
character. A person of striking peculiarities.
chaw up. To demolish utterly, smash.
cheek. Barefaced impudence.
cheese it. Beat it.
Chestnut. An old joke; the ark was cargoed with them.
chicken. A broiler, flapper, young girl.
chip in. To contribute money to.
chocolate drop. A Negro.
chop-suey. Blah, applesauce, nonsense.
chorine. A chorus girl.
chump. A blockhead.
clam. A dumb or taciturn person.
claptrap. Cheap unworthy trick to get applause.
claret. In pugilistic slang, blood.
class, classy. Ritzy, elegant, swell, fashionable.
claw-hammer coat. Evening dress coat.
clay-eater, dirt-eater. Poor whites who eat clay.
clean, to get. To escape entirely.
clodhopper. A country jake, hick, jay, rube, etc.
cloven foot, to show the. To betray satanic character.
close. Stingy.
clover, to be in. To be well off.

cocky. Saucy, impertinent.
cocked hat, to knock into a. To knock out of shape.
coco, koko. Head, supposititious site of brains.
C. O. D. Cash on delivery; no credit.
co-ed. Girl or woman at a college for both sexes.
codfish aristocracy. Vulgar new-rich; fish-baron.
coin money. To prosper in business.
cold. Distant, frigid, unenthusiastic.
cold deck. Marked or stacked deck of cards.
cold water, to throw on. To discourage.
cold shoulder. Same as icy mitt; refusal of a lover.
collar, hot under the. To be angry.
come-uppance, to get one's. To get one's deserts.
confidence game; con-game. A trick for extorting money from the unwary. Hence, *con-man*, etc.
C. O. Conscientious objector.
coon. Negro, hence, *gone coon.* In a bad predicament.
cootie. Louse. Hence, *cuddle-cootie.* An affectionate person.
cop. Policeman.
corner the market, to. To monopolize the supply.
cotton, to. To stick closely to.
couch-beetle. Bedbug, amorous person.
counter-jumper. Salesman.
country. Hickville; rustic.
court-plaster. A wooer who sticks.
cow. An awkward waddling woman.

cowpuncher. A cowboy, a he-man.
crab. Grouch.
crack a bottle. Open a bottle of liquor.
crack, a wise. A near-bright remark.
cracked. Crazy.
cracker. Poor white, as in Georgia.
crack up. To praise highly.
crank. A person with a mental twist.
craps. Dice; African golf; Abyssinian polo; Congo croquet.
crap-shooter. One who plays craps; ivory-roller.
crawl, to. To wriggle out of a difficulty obsequiously.
creeps. Goose-flesh, cold shivers.
crook. A criminal, dishonest person. Hence, *to crook.*
crow. To exult in triumph.
crush. An affection for something or someone.
cub. A young reporter.
cuckoo. Crazy.
cups, in his. Drunk; spifflicated; stewed, pickled.
cur. A contemptible man.
curb, on the. Out in the street; said of curbstone brokers, dealing in small securities.
cuss. A perverse or obstinate fellow; used affectionately also.
cussedness, general. General mischievousness.
custard pie comedies. Comedies in which the chief trick is throwing custard pies.
cut, cut dead. To snub socially.
cutie. A doll, peach, attractive girl.
cutthroat. A dealer in coal, landlord, etc.

D.

daddy. A middle-aged man attentive to a gold-digger.
dame. A woman, a girl.
daisy. A person or thing that is charming.
damper. One or that which depresses.
dark horse. A candidate unmentioned before election.
darkey. Negro, especially the old-fashioned type.
day, call it a. Let's quit work.
daylight, letting through one. Shooting a person.
dead ringer for. Exact image of.
dead to the world. Unconscious; dead drunk.
deadbeat. A sponge, parasite, one who lives on others.
deadhead. A deadbeat, especially a theatrical one; one who has not paid for his ticket. Empty bottle.
deb. A debutante.
D. T.'s. Delirium tremens.
demi-monde. A woman of questionable reputation.
demirep. A woman of doubtful chastity.
deuce. The devil.
devil. A printer's assistant; a gay fellow.
diamond, rough. An uncalcimined daddy; a rich man who eats peas with his knife.
dick. A policeman, detective.
dickens, the. The devil.
diff. Difference. "What's the diff?"
dig out. To leave suddenly.
dig in. To work hard.

diggings. A mine; a house.
dippy. Unnoodled; bughouse; crazy.
dirty linen. Family or political disgraces.
dished. To be cheated out of.
dive. A disreputable resort.
do. To swindle.
doo-dad. Thing-um-a-bob; what-dye-call-it.
do time. Serve in prison.
dodo. Fossil; antiquated specimen.
doggy. Ritzy, swell, stylish.
dog. Fellow.
dogs. Feet, shoes.
dolled up. Dressed up; dressed fit to kill.
doll. Baby, chicken, peach, attractive woman.
dope. A narcotic; hence dope-fiend, dope-joint, etc. The real facts.
double-cross. To judas; to betray.
dough. Money.
doughboy. American soldier in the World War.
doughnut. Money all around, nothing in the middle; a rich fool
down and out. Utterly broke.
draw. To pull out one's pistol.
dress up. To play up or ornament a story.
dry. Supposedly free of alcoholic liquor.
dub. A mutt, a dud, a flat tire, a poor fish.
duck, lame. A Congressman failing reelection, and still serving his unexpired term.
dud. An unexploded shell; a failure; a pepless person.
dude. One who follows "What Men Are Wearing" in the theater programs.
dude-wrangler. An Easterner cowpunching or ranching; a tenderfoot.
duds. Belongings; especially, clothes when worn.

dumb. Stupid. Hence, *dumb-bell, dumb bunny.*
dump, to. To get rid of.
dump. A house; affectionately, as "a swell dump.
dust. Money.
Dutch treat. Each pays for his own.

E.

easy mark. Swindlefood; one easily tricked.
easy virtue. One to whom virtue comes hard.
egg. A man. Hence, *bad egg, hard-boiled egg.*
elegant. Dainty, fastidious.
elevated. Slightly drunk.
evil. Anything pleasant.
ex. Out of a job; as, ex-president, ex-bartender.
eye, black. A mark to one's discredit.
eye, my! Expletive of surprise.

F.

face, close your. Close your mouth.
fagot. A chorus man; an effeminate man.
fairy. An effeminate man.
fake. Anything prepared for deceiving.
faker. A street merchant, as of cheap jewelry; a college economist or sociologist; a statesman or patriot, preacher or doctor; a man.
fall for. To be gullible; to fall in love.
fall-guy. One who tries to sell gold bricks; one who takes the blame, while his accomplices escape.
fan. An enthusiast over some sport; from "fanatic."
fan. To club (police term).
fancy man. A woman's preferred lover.

fathead. Nincompoop; dumb bell.
Father of Waters. The Mississippi.
favorite son. Politicians popular at home, but a zero elsewhere.
fed up. Surfeited.
feed the fishes. To be seasick; to be drowned.
feed the press. To rush copy to press.
feeler. An experimental suggestion; fingers or hands.
fence. A receiver of stolen goods.
fence, on the. Undetermined.
fetching. Pleasing.
few, a. A good many.
fiddle-de-dee. Nonsense, applesauce, a case of tut-tut.
fiddlesticks. Nonsense, how absurd!
fifty-fifty. Half and half.
fight. A party; as, a tea-fight. Hence, *hen-fight.* Woman's party.
filibuster. A strategic move in Congress, to delay a bill or prevent passage.
finale-hopper. One who sticks to the last dance.
findings. Accessories; needles, pins, etc., in dressmaking.
fish, poor. Pepless creature.
fish-story. A lie; a cherry-tree tale.
fix. A mess.
fizzle. A failure.
flabbergast. To astound or stagger.
flame. One's beloved.
flapdoodle. Twaddle; nonsense.
flapper. God's masterpiece, or nature's; the modern bobbed-haired heart-bandit.
flat tire. A dud; a vimless person.
flier. A small investment, in stocks, as a gamble.

flim-flam. To cheat or swindle, as by trickery.
fling. A sneer.
flip a coin. Toss a coin to decide a matter.
flivver. A Ford, tin lizard, tin Lizzie, etc.
flirt with death or the undertaker. Run a big risk.
floater. A fraudulent voter.
flooey, to go. To flop, be spoiled.
flop. A failure.
flossy. Ritzy, swell, classy, elegant.
flu. The influenza or grippe.
fluke. An accidental lucky stroke.
flumadiddle. Humbug; flummery; nonsense.
flunk. To fail.
flunkey. A servant in livery.
four-flusher. A bluff; one who bets on four cards instead of five of a suit.
flush. Affluent; well monied; sugar-coated.
fluzie. A daughter of joy, a prostitute.
fly-by-night. A shady enterprise or person.
fly-up-the-creek. A capricious person.
fodder. Food.
fogy. Old-fashioned eccentric.
foozle. A poorly played stroke.
forty, all Like everything.
fossil. A dodo, mossback, antiquated person.
fox. To fool, cheat, play a joke on.
foxy. Cunning.
frail. A woman.
free-for-all. A general fight; a battle royal.
free lance. A writer writing without advance assignment.
freeze on to. Take a tight hold of.
freeze out. To compel to retire or withdraw.
French leave. Omitted or informal leave-taking.

fresh. Presumptuous; bold; cheeky.
freshman. A first year man in college.
frills. Fancy accompaniments.
frisk. To search a person by going through his pockets.
fritz, on the. No good.
frump. A sour old maid; a prim old lady.
fry, small. Persons of no importance.
fuddled. Muddled; intoxicated.
fudge. Nonsense; to cheat (marbles); a kind of candy.
full. Drunk.
full of prunes. "You're crazy"; you're wrong.
funk. Fear; panic.
fuss. To confuse; also, to escort a girl.

G.

gabby. A simpleton.
gad, gadabout. One always visiting.
gag. A joke, hoax; an interpolated line in a play.
gall. Confidence, audacity, assurance.
gallinipper. A large mosquito.
gallivant. To play the gallant to the opposite sex.
gallows-bird. An abandoned criminal.
gallowses, galluses. Suspenders.
galoot. An awkward person.
game. A trick, a deceitful method.
game, to be. To be a good sport, willing to take a chance. Hence, *die game.*
gang. A group of persons for any purpose.
gangster. Member of a criminal gang.
garret. The head. Garrets, empty at first, are used to store worthless trifles of nonsense.

gas. Vain or boastful talk.
gas-house district. District in city unsuitable for living; abode of gangsters.
gawk. A simpleton of either sex.
gay, a gay woman. One happy; one unchaste.
geezer, old. Antique bozo; a dodo; an old dud.
gentle sex. Satirically applied to women.
getaway. An escape.
gibble-gabble, mulligatawny. Foolish talk.
giddy. Wanton, flighty.
gills, pickled to the. Soused; drunk.
gilt-edged. Of the highest grade; as, gilt-edged Nordic Rotarian virginity.
girlie. A shemale, a girl.
gimcrack. A showy, useless trifle.
gink. A person.
gizzard. Guts; pluck; one's insides.
give 'em the gate. Bounce, reject.
Glorious Fourth. Independence Day, July 4, 1776; still fourth—try and see how independent.
go-by, give the. Reject.
go to it. Go ahead.
go to the bad. Become evil.
go to the wall. Fail, as in business.
go, on the. Continually going to parties, etc.
go-getter. A hustler in business.
go, a pretty, a rum go, etc. A turn of affairs.
goat, get one's. To fuss or disconcert one.
goat, to ride the. To be initiated into a secret order.
gob. Sailor in the United States navy.
god. One who sits in the top gallery of a theater; a deity.
God's footstool. The earth. (But see contrary

opinion, "Protest by Florida Chambers of Commerce.")

gold digger. A jewel coaxer; a vamp; a girl or woman who accepts a man's attention for the sake of his gifts.

goner. Past recovery; utterly doomed.

gonof, gonoph. Pickpocket; expert thief.

goof, goofus. Dumbbell; silly person.

goods, the. The thing bargained for; a fine thing, or person.

Good night! You don't say so! An expletive.

goose-egg. The figure 0, naught.

gospel. Anything received as true.

gouge. To extort excessive profits in industry.

goy. One not a Jew.

grab-game. Rapacious procedure in politics, etc.

graft. Illegal profit through political pull. Hence, *grafter.*

grass-widow. Woman divorced or abandoned by her husband.

Greaser. A Mexican.

great unwashed. The rabble.

green, long. Money, greenbacks.

green-goods. Counterfeit money. Hence green-goods-man.

greenhorn. An inexperienced person.

grill. To cross-examine.

gringo. A foreigner; one who cannot speak Spanish.

grub-stake. To supply with food and necessities, in return for a share of profits; such supplies.

Grundy, Mrs. Middle-class propriety.

gunman. Hired assassin; soldier.

gush. Extravagant talk or display of affection.
guts. Pluck.
guy. Quaintly addressed person; any person: "He's the guy."

H.

hack. One to be had for hire; as, a hack-writer.
half-baked. Simple minded.
half-cocked. To go off hastily.
half-seas-over. Half-drunk.
ham actor. A poor actor.
hand, give 'em a. Give them applause.
handle. Title, name.
hank. Handkerchief.
happy. Drunk and merry.
hard-boiled. Sophisticated; cruel.
hard up. Broke, impoverished.
hash-house. Cheap boarding house.
hash-slinger. Waitress in a hash house.
has-been. One whose best days are over.
hay, hit the. Go to sleep.
hayseed. Rustic, hick.
head, swelled. Conceited.
head over heels. Entirely; as, in love.
heart, have a. Take pity; go easy.
Heavens! Formerly, god's residence; now, "You don't say so," an expletive.
heeler. A political follower; ward-heeler.
he-man. Westerner, man with hair on chest.
hen. A woman.
het up. Excited, angry.
hick. Countryman.
highbrow. Person judging himself of high mentality.
high horse, on the. Supercilious.

high flier, high roller, high stepper. A sport; fast liver.
high hat. Up stage, snobbish.
highfalutin'. High flown manner or speech.
highjack. To rob from a thief or bootlegger.
hinges, off one's. Crazy.
hit. A successful play; any success.
hobo. Shiftless worker or tramp.
hock. To pawn.
hokum. Bunk; trick of actor, politician or clergyman to get applause.
home, nobody. Crazy.
home-brew. Liquor, malt or otherwise, made at home.
Honest Indian or Injun. In very truth.
honey. Sweetheart, darling.
honor, a nation's. Any alleged cause of war.
hootch. Contraband alcoholic beverage, home-brew.
hoodlum. A rowdy, rough, larrikin, street loafer.
hoof it. Walk it, beat it, depart.
hooligan. Tramp.
hook. To swipe or steal.
hook, get the, or give him the. Remove him; he's punk.
horse, a. A joke at one's expense.
hot as they make 'em. Reckless, careless.
Hotdog. A sausage supposed to be half beef and half pork. Also an expletive, like "Oh, boy!"
hotsy-totsy, tootsie-wootsie. A girl all to the mustard, all O. K.
hound, (as in booze-hound, smut-hound, etc.) One fond of a thing.

house, disorderly. A prostitution house, especially an orderly one.
house of call. Bawdy house with women living outside.
House of Representatives. Lower house of Congress, supposed to represent those they represent.
Hub, the. Boston.
huff, to take. To take offense.
hugger-mugger. Secret, sly, underhand.
hum, make things. To do with energy.
humbug. To impose upon; a fake, cheat, sham.
hump, to have the. To be despondent.
hunky. A laborer (from Hungarian).
hunkydory. Satisfactory, all right.
hush-money. A bribe to prevent disclosure of some disgrace.
hustle. To be quick.
hustler. A go-getter.

I.

ice, on. In reserve.
illuminated. Lit, drunk.
Indian giver. One who takes back a gift.
Indian file. Single file.
in for it. Committed to a course.
ins and outs. Details or ramifications.
ins, the. The party in power.
inside track. Point or place of vantage, a short cut to success.
inspired. Editorial tone or policy, from a source outside the paper's ownership or management.
in with. Friendly with.
I. O. U. Acknowledgement of a debt.

Irish up, to get one's. To lose one's temper.
Irish confetti. Bricks.
iron men. Dollars, money.
ish ka bibble. "I should worry," "I should be embarrassed."
ivories. The teeth; dice; piano keys; billiard balls.
izzum-wizzum. Hotsy-totsy; red-hot sweetie.

J.

jabber. Chatter, unintelligible speech.
jack. Money; a sailor.
jackass. Stupid person, blunderhead; a Democrat.
jack-leg lawyer. A pettifogging lawyer; shyster.
jackpot. A corruption fund.
jag. State of intoxication, a load of drink.
jailbird. One confined in jail; a criminal.
jakes. A comfort station, privy.
jamboree. Spree, carousal, frolic.
Jane. A dame, woman, girl.
jawbreaker. A word hard to pronounce.
jay. A countryman, boob, greenhorn, rustic, bumpkin, yap, rube, Reuben, hick, Gopher Prairiedog.
jay-town. A country town inhabited by jays.
jay-walking. Cutting corners; crossing streets cater-cornered or midway of the block.
jazz. Modern ragtime music; pep.
jazz-baby. A cuddly cutie strong for a jazz life.
jazz-hound. A male jazz-baby.
jerkwater. Very rustic; as, jerkwater town.
jimmy or jemmy. A burglar's implement, similar to a crowbar.
Jericho, (*to send one to.*) Hell or Hoboken.

Jezebel. Painted harlot. In Rotary, Baptist, and Methodist eyes, a woman who (1) dances, (2) smokes, or (3) goes to the theater.

jiff, jiffy. An instant of time.

jagamaree. Something for which there is no other name, or whose name is momentarily forgotten; a thingumbob, thingumajig, what-dye-call-it, jiggumbob, jiggalorum, whoozis.

jigger, not worth a. Worthless.

jigger, old. Lively old codger, able to jig.

jiggered, well I'll be. Exclamation of astonishment.

Jim-crow car. Street car or railway car where whites are segregated from Negroes. Hence Jim-crow laws, hotels, etc.

Jim-dandy. Fine as silk; very good.

jimjams. Peculiarities; delirium tremens.

jingo. A sanguinary war-promoter. Address in wartime: as far behind the trenches as possible.

jitney. A small coin, a nickel. Hence *jitney-bus, jit.*

jizzie. An unattractive or antique dame.

job, to. To swindle.

jobbery. Political graft or swindling.

jockey. To maneuver for favorable position.

John Bull. A red-nosed gentleman farmer, personifying England.

joint. A meeting place; a naughty resort.

joker. An innocent-looking clause slipped into a law to defeat its purpose, or permit an outside trick.

jolly, to. To spoof, make fun of.

Jonah. One who brings bad luck.

josh, to. To spoof, jolly, cajole, tease, banter.

joy-ride. A wild auto party, often in a stolen car.
jug. A jail.
jugful, not by a. Not by a good deal.
jump a claim. To take land illegally.
jump at. To grasp eagerly at.
junket. A picnic, feast, excursion; a political tour of inspection at public expense. See "wine, women and song."
jury-fixer. One who bribes jurymen, openly or subtly.
justice. Slang for what is obtained in legal courts.

K.

kale. Money.
keep it dark. Hold it secret.
keep one's eye peeled. Watch out.
kettle of fish, a nice. Ironic for an annoying situation.
kibitzer. Bystander at a game, bystanding critic.
kibosh, on the. On the blink or fritz; spoiled.
kick. Pleasure, enjoyment, thrill, alcoholic content.
kick in. Contribute your share; pay up.
kick the bucket, kick out. To die.
kicker. One who kicks, protests, rebels.
kid, to. To joke or deceive.
kiddy. A child.
kill, dressed to. Dressed bewitchingly.
killing. Overwhelming, bewitching; an overwhelming profit.
kind of, kind a, kinder. Rather, somewhat.
kink. King.

kiss the dust. Be overthrown.
kitty. Pot or pool, in cards, to which all contribute.
kiyoodle. Dog.
knee high to a grasshopper. Low in height.
knife. To attack in politics secretly.
knock. To talk against a thing.
knock off. To quit work; kill.
knock out, K. O. To win by knocking pugilistic opponent unconscious; a complete success in anything.
knock the spots off of. To excel.
knock the stuffing out of. To put out of commission, beat up.
knock up against. Meet accidentally.
knockabout. Fit for rough wear, as a knockabout suit. A slapstick comedian. A roustabout, man of all work.
knocker. Habitual faultfinder.
know, in the. To be hep, to understand.
know the ropes, to. To be acquainted with the workings.
knuckle down to. To apply oneself to energetically.
knuckle under. To submit.
kosher. Permitted by or fulfilling the requirements of Mosaic law; said usually of food, opposed to "tref."
kowtow, kotow. Make obeisance to.
kudos. Glory, honor, renown, publicity; opposed to the cash.

L.

lady. Any woman, in her own opinion. Elevated in such usages as washlady, lady

laundress, lady of easy virtue.

lady-killer. A man supposed to fascinate women; sheik.

lady-love. Sweetheart.

lallypaloozer. A wow, knockout; also, a falsehood.

lam, lambaste. To beat, thrash, trounce, drub.

lamb. One who gets fleeced, as in dealing with stocks.

lamp, lamps. The eyes.

lamp. To see or notice.

land. To deliver or land home a blow.

landslide. An overwhelming victory, as in politics.

large, at. In general; as, a Congressman at at large. Many still are. Also, uncaught, fugitive from justice.

lark. Spree, frolicsome adventure.

larrup. Beat, thrash, rope-end, flog.

late unpleasantness. The last war. Long used of the Civil War. In 200,000 A. D. it will be used of the most recent war.

laugh, to get the laugh on. Make the object of ridicule.

lynch law. Summary injustice meted out, especially to Negroes, Jews, Catholics, bootleggers, and strict Baptists and Methodists, in various Southern States.

lay, to lay for. Post oneself to do something to one.

leak. Unintended revelation of official secrets, usually scandalous.

leave off, lay off. Quit.

leech. Parasite, blood-sucker; pawn-broker; landlord; capitalist.

legs, on one's last. Dying.
legs, to get on one's hind. To get angry.
leg, shake a. Dance; hurry up.
legs, stretch your. Beat it, depart.
leg-show. Refined dancing and near-singing girlie show, patronized by successful baldheads. Tights and other clothing were once worn in these.
lemon. Dud, flat tire, especially female.
let her go, let her rip. Let it continue.
let daylight into. To expose to the light.
let on. To pretend.
level, on the. On the square, honest and aboveboard.

lick. To beat or thrash.
lick and a promise. A slovenly bit of work.
lickspittle. Toady, sycophant.
lick the dust. To be defeated.
lie down. To give up, shirk, soldier on the job.
lie low. To lie concealed.
life-preserver. Pocket flask.
light-fingered. Thievish
light-weight One below the mental or moral average

limb. An impish child; in Baptist circles, a leg.
limb of the law. Policeman or lawyer.
line. A calling, stock of goods carried.
lines, hard. Bad luck.
line, get into. To adopt the same course as others, or persuade one to.
lingo. Language, language hard to understand.
lion. A celebrity, headliner.
lioness. A she-celebrity; a woman of note.
lionizing. Treating one as if he were a celebrity.

lip. Impudent or saucy speech. "None of your lip."

lit. Drunk.

live-wire. A person full of energy, pep, vim; a booster; a person trying to alter all down to his Rotary ideals.

living spit, living image. Exact image of.

lizard (*as in lounge-lizard*). One fond of, a habitue.

loaf. To idle, shirk, soldier on the job.

loafer. An idler.

lobby. To influence legislators; a group so employed.

lobster. A man easily imposed on; specifically, a butter-and-egg man gold-dug or jewel-coaxed.

lock up. Jail.

loco. Crazy, nuts, bugs, bughouse.

loggerheads. To oppose on a question; come to blows.

log-rolling. Back-scratching; a group who further each other's ends.

long run. Whole course or series of events.

long sweetening. Molasses, treacle; opposed to sugar, or short sweetening.

long-winded. Talky, talkative.

look alive or sharp. Be watchful.

look or speak daggers. Express hatred by words or mien.

lookout. Watchman placed by a group, as of thieves.

loon. An idiot.

loony. Crazy.

loose. Lax, as in morals; as, a loose woman.

lord of creation. Man's name for himself, as opposed to women and dumb beasts.

Lothario. A gallant, rake, libertine, sheik, Valentino.
loud. Showy and vulgar in dress and manners.
lousy. Replete with, as with money.
lowbrow. An average person; one who prefers the poetry of Eddie Guest.
low down. Vulgar.
lulu. A hummer, speedy girl, racer.
lummox. A stupid, clumsy fellow.
lump, in the. In its entirety.
lump it. To put up with, as from necessity.
lump sum. A sum collectively of many items.

M.

mad after. Greatly infatuated with.
mad, like. Furiously, recklessly; as, to drive like mad.
madwag. Punster.
mahogany, solid; ivory, solid. Lacking brains.
make a book. To accept bets, as in horseracing.
make a dead set. Try to influence by persistence.
make a face. Grimace.
make. To seduce; as, a woman says, "He tried to make me."
make it snappy. Hurry up.
make tracks. Be off in a hurry.
makings. Material for anything from a philosophy to a cigarette.
man of straw. One put forward as an irresponsible tool.
man, old. Husband, father, source of financial support.
map. Face.

Marathon. Endurance contest; as, a Charleston Marathon.

Marathon, Bible. Latest American indoor sport, in which both Testaments are read aloud in relays at breakneck speed, to the glory of God.

mare's nest. A discovery that looks important, then turns out to be a hoax.

mash, make a mash on. Affect another sexually.

masher. A professional fascinator of women.

maverick. An unbranded, unruly animal.

mazuma. Money.

mealy-mouthed. Overmild in fault-finding.

medicine, good or bad. Straight dope or the reverse.

mellow. Partly intoxicated; a negro spiritual.

member. A person; usually qualified by hot, warm, etc.

middleman. Purchaser from the producer, who makes his profit from consumer or retailer.

miff. A tantrum, petty quarrel. Hence, *miffed.* Angry.

milk-and-water. Namby-pamby, vacillating.

milksop. Spiritless or effeminate man or youth.

mill. A pugilistic contest.

mill, to go through the. To learn by hard experience.

mince matters. To affect extreme delicacy in speech.

mint. A vast store: as, mint of money.

minx. A forward, pert girl.

mischief, the. The devil.

missing link. Primitive form connecting man with the anthropoid apes, the *Pithecanthropus erectus* of Java; the Negro, in the eyes of Southern "thinkers"; an anti-evolutionist, a Bryan.

Missouri hummingbird. The mule.

Missouri, I'm from. You've got to show me.

mitten, to get the. To be rejected as a lover.

mittens, to handle without. To treat roughly.

mix-up. General confusion.

mollycoddle. Excessively effeminate person.

monkey. Mischievous child; to trifle or fool about.

moonshine. Visionary plan; illicit liquor.

mop up the earth, ground, or floor with. To thrash thoroughly.

moss-back. A fossil, dodo, conservative, stand-patter.

mothball, to put into. Can it, forget it.

mountain dew. Moonshine liquor.

mourning, in. Black eyes. Hence, *half mourning.* One black eye.

mouth, down in the. Depressed, dejected.

movie. Cinema, silver screen, motion pictures.

mucker. A coarse, vulgar person; a rotter, cad.

muckrake. To reveal scandal in politics and industry.

muckraker. One who muckrakes.

mudslinger. One who throws outrageous aspersions.

muff, to. To spoil a project.

mug. The face.

mug, to. To photograph, especially said of criminals.

mugwump. One who professes independence in politics.
mum. Chrysanthemum; silent.
mumbo-jumbo. Any popular god; demagog, charlatan.
mummer. Strolling player, actor.
mush. Soft, pulpy talk, especially love talk.
muss. Disturbance or fight; to soil or confuse.
mustard, all to the. All excellent.
mustard-plaster. One who clings when not wanted.
mutt. A bum sport, an unliked person.
mutton-head. A stupid, irascible man.
muzzle. To impose silence on.

N.

nag. To scold; a woman who scolds.
nail, coffin. A cigarette.
Nancy, Miss. An effeminate man.
nanny, get one's. To get one's goat.
napping, to catch one. To take one unawares.
nasty one in the eye. A telling blow.
nature-faker. A teller of untrue stories about nature, as of Santa Claus, the stork, the cherry tree, etc.
nature, in a state of. Unclothed, naked.
navvy. A ditch-digger, manual laborer.
neck, to. To pet, philander, use flirtage.
necking-party. A party of indiscriminate fondling.
neck, in the. In a dangerous spot.
necktie party. A hanging bee, a lynching.
needful, the. Money.

nerve. Impudence, audacity; as, "What a nerve!"

N. G. No good.

nibble. To rise to a bait in trading.

nibs, his nibs. A person who exaggerates his importance.

nifty. A joke, a wise crack.

night-rider. A masked mounted night criminal.

nip. A small drink.

nix. No, not.

no chicken. Advanced in years.

no end. A great deal.

no flies on. Active and wide-awake.

no go. No use, impossible.

no kid. No deception, no joke. Hence, no kidding.

nob. The head; or, a swell, from "nobleman."

noddle, noodle. The head.

noodle-soup. Nonsense, applesauce.

noggin. The head.

nosebag, put on the. To feed one's face, eat.

note-shaver. Money lender, usurer, discounter of notes. As, the Kaiser discounted Wilson's notes.

nothing to it. Of no consequence.

now then. Look out for the next thing.

nubbin. Anything dwarfed or imperfect.

number 1. Oneself.

numskull. Dunce, blockhead.

nut. Silly or eccentric person, lunatic.

nut, hard. A desperado, bad man.

nutty. Completely unbalanced, crazy.

O.

oats, wild Youthful follies; once exclusively masculine.

ocean greyhound. A fast ocean-plying ship.

oceans of. An undoubted amount of.

odds. Matters or conditions on an unequal basis, as the proportions of a wager.

odds, what's the. What's the difference?

off, gone off. Crazy.

off color. Unsatisfactory, open to suspicion.

off his nut, hinges, or trolley. Mentally unsound.

off the reel. Immediately.

off with you. Get out.

oil, to strike. To make a fortune suddenly.

O. K. Correct; to approve.

old. Used to convey affection, as in old bean, old boy, old chap, old dear, old fellow, old thing, old top.

old bird. A person of experience.

Old Gentleman, Old Harry, Old Nick. The devil.

on, to be. To understand a thing.

once over, O. O. A survey, a look entirely over.

one-horse. Paltry, inferior; as, a one-horse town.

open and shut. Must be accepted or rejected in its entirety.

open up. Talk up, speak out.

over, half seas. Half drunk.

own, on one's. By oneself, at one's own risk.

P.

packing, to send. To dismiss peremptorily.
pain, to give one a. To cause one annoyance.
paint the town red. Cause excitement; go on a spree.

palaver. Idle talk. flattery.
panhandle. To beg; hence panhandler.
pan, to. To knock, criticize adversely.
pan out. To produce, develop.
papa. Middle aged man who falls for gold-diggers, shebas, and vamps. Sugar-coated papa, one well to do.

pard, pardner. A partner.
park. To leave an auto in an open space. Used also of people: "Don't park in my parlor."
parson's nose. Rear end of cooked fowl; also called pope's nose, rabbi's nose, Darwin's nose.
party. An entertainment; amorous tumbling.
pass, to. To give way to the next person's word.

pass on, to. Christian Science euphemism for "to die." It has become general throughout these Rotaried States. Nobody has died since Christ; all the rest have "passed on."

paste. To strike a blow; "I'll paste you one in the bean."

pastorium. A pastor's house; a skypilot's bunk.
peach, peacherino. An attractive girl; anything nice or noticeable, as "a peach of a cold."

peach. To inform or tattle-tale upon. Hence, peacher.

peanut politics. Small, mean, underhand, or Congressional politics.

peanut. Small, insignificant thing or person.

peart. Fresh, joyous, as in "I feel right peart, Cal."

pecker. The mouth, the kisser; courage, as in "Keep your pecker up."

peeved. Angry, irritated.

peg away. To work at industriously.

peg out. To die.

pen. Penitentiary; a home fit only for hogs.

penny dreadful. A cheap sensational paper.

pep. Vim, vigor, energy.

perk up. Cheer up.

pernickety, persnickety. Contrary, difficult to please, pesky. Troublesome, vexatious.

peter out. To be exhausted, fail through anemia.

petticoat. A woman. Petticoats used to be articles of female attire; succeeded by camisoles, step-ins, combinations, teddy-bears, teddies, buff, etc.

pet, to. To excite by fondling; flirtage.

petting-party. A stimulating fondle.

phiz. Face, physiognomy.

pie-eyed. Drunk.

pickle. A plight, a predicament.

pickled. Drunk, soused, stewed to the upper gills.

pick-me-up. A stimulating beverage.

pick up. To scrape acquaintance with for erotic purposes.

piffle. Nonsense, twaddle, applesauce, stewed rhubarb.

piker. A gambler in a small way; a slacker of one's share.

pill. A disagreeable person.

pinch, at a. In an emergency.

pip. A state of depression; a low card.

pipe this. Notice this.

pippin. A desired woman, a peacherino.

pirate. A landlord or industrial magnate; a thief of uncopyrighted literary material.

platonic love. Love Presbyterian on the surface.

play around with. Keep company with, pet.

plutonic love. (Censored by Pure Act and Deed Law.)

plucked, to be. To flunk an examination.

plug-hat. High silk hat.

plug. To boost a song. Hence, song-plugger.

plug-ugly. A tough, city ruffian, gangster.

plum. Public office in return for political service.

plum-tree, shake thee. Distribute political patronage.

plumb. Entirely; as, plumb nutty, plumb Christian.

plunge. To speculate recklessly.

poke fun. To joke, jest.

poky. Dull, spiritless.

polack. A Pole.

Polar bear. One who swims in cold winter.

polish off. To complete, defeat.

poor. A depreciating adjective, as in poor fish, one who lacks besom, pep, energy.

poor stick. One lacking initiative; a human puncture.

poor white trash. A 100 per cent free and un terrified Nordic financial and mental pauper in the Southern States, whose family never owned slaves. If a child of poor white trash becomes President, historians at once raise his ancestors to the aristocracy.

pop the question. To propose marriage; to dare conjugal shipwreck.

poppycock. Boastful nonsense; triffle; stale tripe.

pork. Gift or contribution to party funds; federal patronage.

pork barrel. An election fund; Congressional appropriation for patronage.

possum, to play. To pretend to be dead, to lie low.

posilutely. Absolutely.

potato. A person; as in a big potato, small potatoes.

pow-wow. A meeting where talk and not business prevails.

pretty. Ironically used, as in "a pretty mess."

prex, prexy. Collegese for president.

prig. One assuming moral superiority. Hence priggishness, priggery, prigdom, etc.

primp, prink. To doll up, dress ostentatiously.

primrose path or way. Road to hell; anything pleasant.

prof. Professor.

profiteer. A substantial, well-to-do citizen, who gouges the public.

proud, to do oneself. To show to advantage.

prune. A lemon, flat tire; as in, poor prune.

puff. To blurb, praise unduly.

pull. Influence, advantage.

pull off. To accomplish.
pull the strings, wires, ropes. Set in motion secretly.
pull up stakes. Strike camp; prepare to move.
pump. To question discreetly; extract facts from.
puppy. A vain, unmannered fool; a young person.
puritan. One scrupulous about the morals of others; one who holds that the pleasant is always wicked.
push. Vim, energy, pep; a crowd.
purp. A dog.
pussyfoot. To work by stealth and secretly.

Q.

Q. T., on the strict. Secretly, quietly.
quality. The upper classes, people of social position and public morals.
queen. A woman, especially a peach, a Sheba.
queer. Counterfeit money; crazy.
quit your kidding. Cease jesting.
quiz. A questioning, questionnaire.

R.

radical. One who believes in anything you disagree with; any person of intelligence.
rag. A woman; a piece of jazz music.
rag, to chew the. To talk incessantly about.
rags, glad. Best clothes; hallelujah garb.
ragtime. Jazz, modern dance music.

ragamuffin. A tattered vagabond.

raise a racket, the mischief, Cain, the devil, a row, a rumpus. Create a disturbance.

rake off. A share of profits, usually illegal.

rally. Political meeting to disseminate wholesale blah.

rambunctious. Rude, noisy, turbulent.

rampage. A dashing about with violence.

rant. To be uproariously gay; to rage about.

rapscallion. A worthless rascal.

rare. Extraordinary; as in a rare good time, a rare 'un.

raspberry, razz, to give. To express disapproval.

rat. College freshman; vermin of the rodent family.

rattlebox, rattlebrain, rattlehead, rattlepate. Nobody at home; an empty-head.

rattle. To disturb self-possession, fluster, disconcert.

rattletrap. A chatterbox, talkative woman.

ratty. Despicable, worthless.

rave about. Express wild admiration for.

raw deal. Bad treatment.

razzle-dazzle. Giddy confusion or bewilderment; razz.

Red. A Communist, Socialist, Bolshevik, radical, prohibitionist, anti-prohibitionist, or member of any belief differing from yours.

red-eye. Cheap, strong whiskey.

red-hot. Extreme, passionate; as in "red hot mama."

redcap. Porter at a railway station.

redlight. Bawdy, harloty.

red tape. Official formality and delay. Hence red tapeworm, a dilatory official.

rib. A woman, from the major surgical operation on Adam.

ride him. To kid, fool, make fun of him.

ride for a fall. Ride in a cocksure way to a tumble.

right-O. Annoying British expression of approval.

rigmarole, rigamarole. Rambling statement, nonsense.

rile. To stir to anger.

rifle. To steal thoroughly.

ringer. Political repeater.

ring off. Quit, stop.

ringtailed roarer. Braggart, blowhard.

ripping. Fine, exceptional, great.

ritzy. Swell. elegant, up-to-date, Junior League.

roast. Criticise severely.

roost, gone to. Retired for the night.

root. To work loudly for anything. Hence, rooter.

rope in, to. To entice or allure.

rot. Twaddle, nonsense, stewed prunes.

rotter. A cad, undesirable person.

rough, rough-neck. A tough, rowdy.

roughhouse, to. To create a disturbance.

rubber. To turn the head to see. "Lot's wife, before she turned to salt, turned to rubber."

rubberneck. Constant rubberer.

rubberneck-wagon. Sightseeing car.

rube, Reuben. Countryman, hick, jay.

rum. Odd, good. excellent, strong.

rummy. rum-hound. Soak, drinker, scofflaw.

rumpus. Noise, disturbance.

Rum Row. The liquor-laden fleet 12 miles out.
run after. To seek the company of.
run-down. Weakened or exhausted.
run in. To arrest, lock up.
running, out of the. Disqualified.
run across. To meet, encounter
runt. A short or undersized man or woman.
rustle. Hurry up and provide; as "rustle out some food."
rustler. A cattle thief.

S.

sack, to give or get the. To be discharged from work.
sail in. Proceed boldly into.
Sam Hill. The devil, as in "What the Sam Hill!" Sam's father was Bunker Hill, shortened to Bunk Hill.
sand. Guts, grit, courage.
sap, saphead. A fool.
sawbones. A surgeon.
say-so. One's personal assertion.
scab. Strike-breaker, blackleg, non-union laborer.
scads. Money, resources, lots of.
scalp. To cut prices, as ticket-scalpers; to cheat.
scalawag. A good for nought; native Southern Republican during reconstruction.
scoot. Hurry or dart off quickly.
scorcher. A speed-bug, as in motoring.
scrape. Fight, scuffle.
scrape. Predicament, awkward position.

scrape acquaintance. Make friends casually. Insinuate into intimacy.

scratch. Starting even.

scratch, up to. Entirely prepared, as promised.

scratch a ticket. To vote a mixed ticket, to vote for candidates of more than one party.

scratched. In horse-racing, a horse withdrawn.

screw. Wages, salary.

screws loose. Mentally unsound.

scrooge. To worm one's self forward, in a crowd.

scrub. Anything mean or paltry.

scrumptious. Fine, bully, splendid.

season. open or hunting; closed season. Periods when a thing may or may not be done.

seedy. Run to seed, shabby.

sell. A hoax, deception.

sell short. To sell securities as yet unpurchased, expecting to buy them later more cheaply.

send up. To send one to prison.

set up the crowd. Pay for all the drinks, etc.

shady side of, on the. To be more than; of one's age.

shake. To shake hands.

shake a leg, a limb, a hoof. Dance, or move more speedily.

shake-down. An enforced levy; extortion, blackmail; a rough Western dance.

shakes, in a couple of. In a minute.

shakes, no great. Of small importance.

shanks's mare. One's own legs. Hence, to ride shanks's mare. To walk.

shark. An expert; also a gouger, man-eater, as in loan-shark.

sharp practice. Hard bargaining, tricky dealing.

Sheba. A she-sheik, vamp, siren, seductress, queen, "the end of every man's desire."

shebang. The whole group.

sheepskin. College diploma. In American education, ranked far below the pigskin.

sheik. A he-Sheba, a romantic he-man, a caveman lover.

shekels. Money.

shelf, laid on the. Laid aside.

shell game. A swindling game, consisting of guessing under which of three shells the pea is hidden. It is always under the other one.

shell out. To hand over or pay money.

shenanigan. Humbug, nonsense, trickery.

shifty. Untrustworthy, tricky.

shilly-shally. Undertermined, dallying.

shimmy. A dance accompanied by a shivery wriggle of arms and shoulders.

shindy, shindig. A row, disturbance, spree; originally a dance.

shine, to cut a. To make a display.

shinny up, shin up. Climb up by aid of the shins.

shinplaster. Originally any paper money; Continental U. S. paper money before 1789, "not worth a Continental," or worthless.

shirk. A slacker, a soldierer on the job.

shirt on, keep your. Don't lose your temper.

shoat, shote. A pig younger than a year; a worthless person.

shoddy. Cloth from shredded woolen rags; anything cheap, like campaign promises.

shoes, to die in one's. To die by violence.

shoestring, to start business on a. To start business on small capital.
shoot it. Go ahead.
shooting iron. A gun.
shop, to talk. To talk about one's own business.
shoplifter. A store thief. Hence, shoplifting.
shopping, window. To make the rounds of store windows without purchasing.
short. Hard up.
shot. Drunk. Hence, half-shot. Half-drunk.
shucks. As an expletive, "Nonsense!"
shut up. Can the chatter; elide the loquacity.
shy at, have a. Make an attempt to do.
shyster. A tricky lawyer or person.
sic a dog on. To encourage a dog to attack one.
side. Pretentious display; swank. Hence, to put on side.
side-light. Indirect information.
silly ass. Person given to frequent blundering.
silver screen. The movies, the cinema.
silver-tongued. Able to speak blah eloquently; used of the late Colonel Bryan of Florida real estate fame.
Simon pure. The genuine article.
simple. Weak of intellect.
sinews of war. Money.
sing small. To lower one's demand; eat humble pie.
sissy. An effeminate boy or man; a Miss Nancy.
sit up. To take notice.
sit tight. Wait quietly for the next move.
sixes and sevens, at. In confusion, dismay.
sixty, to go like. To travel fast. Also "like forty."

skedaddle. Scatter.
skeet. Skedaddle, scatter, depart.
skeezicks. A scamp, rascal, rogue.
skidoo. Beat it, depart, "23 for you."
skimp. To give a niggardly allowance of.
skin. To cheat; a cheater.
skinflint. Miser; said to be able to skin flint
skip. To flee the country, make off quickly.
skirt. A girl, woman.
skit. A light, humorous literary parody or lampoon.
skunk. A disliked person; an opposing politician.
sky. To hang high, as pictures at an exhibition.
sky-pilot. Preacher, minister, pastor, priest, rabbi, a guide to eternal bliss and from eternal blisters.
slam. To find fault with continually.
slang-whang. To talk boisterously and abusively.
slang-slinger. Slang talker.
slate. Prepared political ticket to be O. K.'d by voters.
slathers. An abundance.
slave-driver. An exacting employer; an employer.
slavocracy. Slave-owners controlling the pre-secession South.
sleep, to put to. To knock out, as in boxing.
sleeping partner. A partner who takes no real part in the business; a secret partner.
slick. Smooth-tongued, oily.
slick up. To primp.
sling ink. To write profusely and carelessly.

slip a cog. To make an error unconsciously.
slip up. To make a failure of; make a mistake.
slop over. To bubble over with enthusiasm; spill affection over.
sloppy. Slovenly, inefficient.
slouch. A clumsy lout.
slouch, debutante. An affected shambling gait.
slow-coach. A sluggard, laggard, slow person.
slum. A squalid neighborhood; to visit slums out of curiosity or sociological interest.
slump. A heavy fall in prices.
sly, on the. Secretly.
smack. To kiss.
small talk. Unimportant conversation.
smart. Bright, shrewd, intelligent.
smart Aleck. A cocksure, opinionated person.
smash. A break-up of any kind; to fail in business.
smear. Utter success; a failure.
smell. A faint suggestion or hint.
smile. I should. I should say so.
smoke. A cigar; a negro.
smut. Indecency, obscenity. Hence, smutty, as the story of Abishag, of Lot's daughters, of the Levite's concubine, etc.
smut-hound. Vice investigator, enamored of smut.
snag. A hidden or unexpected obstacle.
snail. A slow, lazy person.
snake. A habitue, used in parlor-snake, lounge-snake, and the like. A hound, a lizard.
snakes, to see. To suffer from delirium tremens.
snap. Force, vigor, pep, vim, go.
snap out of it. Show some pep.
snappy. Full of energy, smart, classy, ritzy.

snappy, make it. Hurry up.
snap one's head off. To speak angrily.
sneakers or sneaks. Soft-soled shoes.
sneak-thief. One who thieves through unfastened windows or doors.
snickersnee. A large knife.
sniff, to. To sniff cocaine.
snippish, snippy. Peevish, tart.
snob. A person affecting gentility in vulgar fashion; who snubs those below and lick-spittles those above him.
snoop. To pry into another's affairs.
snooze. Sleep.
snoot, sneezer, sniffer. The nose.
snort. To laugh boisterously.
snow. Theatrical deadheads.
snowbird. A dope addict or narcotic fiend.
snub. To repress by a tart, sarcastic reply; to slight socially.
snub-nose. A slight nose turned up at the end.
so, is that? Expletive of doubt.
soak. A hard drinker; also, a pawnbroker's shop. Hence, in soak. In pawn, pawned.
soap, soft. Flattery.
soap-box. Portable platform for street speakers.
sob-sister. Woman who writes "human interest" stories, overburdened with sentimentality.
sob stuff. Printed matter to evoke weeps.
sociable. A dull evening party at a church.
sockdolager. A finishing blow.
sock, to. To hit a blow: as, "Sock on the sniffer."
soft, softie. Of weak intellect; simple.
soft-snap or thing. Easy to attain, sinecure.

soldier. Loiter on the job; shirk.
solid, to be solid for. Wholeheartedly for.
solid ivory, mahogany, etc. Brainless, lacking gray matter.
some. Of considerable importance; as, "Some party!"
son of a gun. Affectionate term of address.
son of a female canine. An insult, unless said with a smile.
song. A matter of little consequence; except to Irving Berlin, et al.
sophomoric. Inflated style, from sophomore, a second year collegian.
sore. Pained, vexed, touchy, angry.
sorehead. A dissatisfied, discontented person.
sort of. To some extent.
sorts, of. Unsatisfactory, mediocre.
S. O. S. A call for help: "Save, Oh Save!"
So's your old man. An expletive, a snappy retort; used thus: "Thank you." "So's your old man!"
so-so. Fair to middling; mediocre.
sound. To approach, to try out, to fathom.
sour on. To become tired of, or bitter about.
souse. One who drinks to excess; to drink to excess.
sow. A woman not liked.
squirrel-food or feed. A nut, loon, simpleton, crazy person.
spank. A smart, sounding blow, usually on the buttocks.
spark. To spoon or make love to a lover.
sparrowgrass. Asparagus.
spat. A petty quarrel, tiff.

speak-easy. A blind pig or tiger; illegal liquor purveyor.

special. Newspaper extra purporting to contain fresh news.

speed. Class, pep, ritziness, pace, go.

spell. An indefinite period; a turn of duty relieving another.

spellbinder. A popular orator or demagog, a blah tosser, a bull artist.

spick and span. Brand new.

spicy. Pungent, tart, risque, racy.

spiel, speel. To talk longwindedly.

spiffed, spiflicated. Drunk.

spill the beans. To reveal a secret.

spiffy. Ritzy, classy, up to snuff.

spitter. Mouth, as in "a biff on the spitter."

splash. Dash, display.

spliced, to be or get. To get married.

splurge. Display; sensation; fuss.

spoils. Political patronage. Hence, spoilsman.

spondulix. Money.

sponge. Drunkard, hard drinker; to act as parasite.

spoof. A deception, swindle, hoax.

spoon. To flirt with, bill and coo. Hence spoony, to get spoons on.

sport. A cheap flashy person.

sport, a good. One who'll do what the party does; a woman operating under blue-sky laws.

spout. To talk voluminously; to emit blah.

spout, up the. Everything in a bad way.

spread. A meal, an elaborate meal.

spread-eagle-ism. Bombastic praise of this country.

spunk. Courage, mettle, guts.

squab. A fat short person; a woman; a youngster.

square deal. Honest dealing; what people promise to do.

square. Satisfactory, honest.

square meal. A complete repast.

squatter. One who settles on land without right.

squeak. A hairbreadth; the least margin.

squeal. To betray a plot or accomplice; to inform.

squeeze. To compel to pay tribute to; to extort.

squirm. To escape by awkward evasion.

squirt. A brainless conceited person.

stag. A man without a woman at a dance.

stager, an old. An old egg, person of long experience.

stall. To evade in talk; to postpone a debt; stick in mud or snow.

star. One who plays a leading part.

steam-roller. Overrunning opposition by rough-house tactics.

steep. Exorbitant, expensive.

step out. To go out all dressed up.

step on the gas. Speed it.

step off. To get married.

stew. Mental disturbance. Hence stewed, stewed to the gills. Drunk.

stick, a poor. An unsatisfactory sweetie, a flat tire.

sticks, in the. In the backwoods.

stiff. A corpse; hence, big stiff, one you dislike.

stink. A disagreeable exposure.
stinker. A rotter, a disliked person.
stool-pigeon. A planted informer; a gambling-den decoy.
stork. A long-legged bird, purveying all human babies in the United States. The cabbage and rose bush methods have become slightly obscene; the biological is verboten. The stork, Santa Claus, and Yahweh live in St. George Washington's cherry tree.
stovepipe hat. High silk hat.
straddle. To pose on both sides of a question.
straight goods. The undiluted truth.
strap-hanger. Passengers permitted by public service corporations to exercise their clinging muscles instead of their sedentary anatomy.
strawberry blonde. Carrot-top; red haired woman.
stuck on, to be. To be fond of.
stuck up. Conceited, vain.
sucker. One easily imposed upon.
sugar. Flattering words; money, as in "a sugar-coated papa."
swag. Stolen goods, loot.
sweeten the pot. To enlarge one's holdings.
sweet on, to be. To be fond of.
sweetie, sweetums, sweet stuff. One beloved or favored.
sweet tooth. A liking for sweets.
swim, in the. In company with; in the current of popular fashions.
swing. To manage successfully.
swipe. To steal, especially a cheap article.

T.

table, to go to the. To partake of the Christian communion; formerly of bread and wine, since the Volstead act of Uneeda Biscuits or Zuzus, and Canada Dry, Cherryola, Coca-Cola, or Cherry Smash.

tacky. Neglected, shabby, unkempt.

taffy. Sweet words, blarney, flattery.

take on. Get excited or hysteric over.

take the air. Go about one's business.

take the cake. Win, as at a cakewalk.

take it from me. Believe me.

take a shine to. Take a liking to.

take after. Resemble.

taken in, to be. To be deceived.

take off. To imitate or mimic.

talent, the. Persons in a profession.

talk big. To boast.

talk turkey. To talk business.

tall timber, the. The sticks; the backwoods.

tank. Heavy drinker, sponge.

tanktown. One horse burg, jerkwater town.

tart. A daughter of joy, a harlot, girl on the turf.

T. B. Consumption, tuberculosis.

teach one's grandmother to suck eggs. To lecture one's elders.

tea-fight. Tea-party, muffin-worry.

tear. Boisterous spree; "on a tear."

tenderfoot. A greenhorn, Easterner, in the West.

tenderloin. Choicest section of a city, in which theatres, gambling dens, etc., are located.
ten strike. A complete victory.
thing, the. The proper or fashionable thing.
think, I don't. Negatives what precedes: "You're a gentleman, I don't think!"
third degree. Illegal police method of extorting lies, faked confessions, etc., by thuggery
tickled to death, to be. To be highly pleased
tie, can you tie that? Can you equal that.
tight. Close, stingy; drunk
tile loose, to have a. To be crazy.
tincan tourist, tincanner, Tin Can Town or City. Ford tourists, living in a flivver there and here.
tin Lizzie, tin lizard, tincan, flivver, henry. A Ford.
toad-eater. Fawning parasite, sycophant, lick-spittle.
toddle. A dance; to depart, as "toddle along."
Tom, Dick, and Harry. Any of a crowd; people at large.
toodle-dy-oo, toodle-oo. Goodbye.
tophole. The acme of perfection.
toss or toss up. An even chance.
tote, tote a gun, tote fair. To carry.
touch. To borrow.
trail, to hit the. To be converted by a vulgar evangelist.
train with. To go with a person.
trap. Mouth.
tripe. Blah, flapdoodle, nonsense.
trot along. Depart.
trottery. Dance hall where shimmy, etc., is danced.

tumble to. To understand.
tum-tum, tuh-tuh. The stomach.
twaddle, twattle. Idle chatter, piffle, pibble-pabble.
23. Beat it.

U.

uncle. A pawnbroker; Uncle Sam.
up and doing. Energetic, go-getting.
unwritten law. Illegal custom allowing a man to bump off his wife's pal, or a woman to poke off her hubby's Lady Charitable.
Upper Crust. The so-called aristocratic class.
upper story. Vacant part of a house; the brain.
upstage. Snotty, snobbish.
up the flue, flume, or spout. Gone flooey; ruined.

V.

V or V spot. A five dollar bill.
vacuum. Entire void, especially mental.
vamoose. To leave pronto or quickly.
vamp, vampire. Seductress, a Theda.
virgin. A girl with a Presbyterian reputation; somewhat out of date.

W.

wad, wad of dough. Money collectively.
wages of sin. The price paid for breaking a divine or moral law; usually affluence, public esteem, success, and a marble mausoleum; unless the infraction has been picayune.

walkover. An easy or unopposed success.

walking delegate. Business agent of a labor union; the representative of capital rides.

warm. Heated with passion; as, warm member, warm baby.

watch your step. Watch out.

weaker sex or vessel. Used by men to describe women.

weak end. The brain.

weak sister. A pepless dame.

wet. Favoring alcohol and against prohibition.

wet blanket. A spoilsport.

whangdoodle. A mythical creature, akin to the gymnascutus, legs shorter on one side than the other, to let him feed on a hillside; nonsense.

what's what. The real or genuine thing.

white-collar slave. The class of clerks, as opposed to class-conscious labor.

white mule, white lightning. Greased lightning, mountain dew, or corn; illegal liquor.

whopper-jawed. Crazy.

wicked. Skilled; as, shake a wicked leg or limb.

wiff. The wife, the missus, the better two-thirds.

willies, the. The jimjams, blues, feeling of dislike.

wild to. Anxious or crazy to.

wiseacre. A know-it-all.

wobbly. Member of the I. W. W, the Industrial Workers of the World.

wow. A knockout, great success.
wrinkle. A smart dodge, a new trick.
write-up. Laudatory story for the press.
wrong box, wrong pew, in the. In a false predicament or wrong place.

Y.

Y. The Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Y. M. H. A., etc.

yap. To make noise; a hick, countryman.
yegg, yeggman. A traveling safe-blower.
yellow. Cowardly; sensational, as yellow journalism.

Z.

zero. A dud, an absolute blank mentally.
zip. Speed. Hence, zippy.

BASEBALL SLANG

A.

asleep at a bag. Base-runner caught off a base
average, batting average. Percentage of base hits.
at bat. The side on the offensive.

B.

backstop. The catcher; the wooden backstop.
back up. To field behind a teammate.
bag. A base, 1st, 2nd, or 3rd.
balk. An incompleted delivery by the pitcher.
ball. A throw outside of the plate.
bang out a ball. Hit a pitched ball.
base hit. A hit permitting batter to reach first.
battery. Pitcher and catcher.
batting eye. Ability to hit.
beat out a hit. Outrun a throw to the base.
bean-ball. Ball pitched toward batter's head.
bean, to. To hit batter with a pitched ball.
boot a ball, to. To make an error.
bunt. A ball hit softly toward the infield.
busher. One from the bush league.

C.

casey, to do a. To fan out, to fail to make a hit.
catch off a base, catch napping. To be put out while loafing carelessly near a base.
charley horse. Sore muscles.
circuit. The four bases.
coach. To direct play from the sidelines.
connect, to. To hit the ball.
cop, to. To win a prize or game.
cover a base. To play close to base.
crack, to. To hit a ball.
cuddle the bag, to. To hug a base.
curve. A pitched ball that curves.
cut a base. To fail to touch a base.

D.

dauber is down. To be dejected.
delivery. A pitcher's method of throwing.
diamond. The whole baseball field; the infield.
die on base. To be on base when side is retired.
divvy. A share.
drive. A hard-hit ball.
drop, a. A pitched ball that curves downward.
dugout. The players' bench.

E.

error. A muff or kick.

F.

fan, to. To strike out.
fan. A rooter, enthusiast.
fadeaway. A ball deceptively slow.
feed 'em. To pitch to the batter.
farm out. To be sent to the minors.
fence, over the. Knocked out of the ball grounds.
first, the. The 1st inning. So 2nd, 3rd, 4th, etc.
field, to. To handle a batted ball.
fielder. An outfielder.
fill the bases, to. To occupy all bases.
first-bouncer. A ball on the first bounce.
fly ball. A ball knocked high.
fly out, to. To be put out by a caught high ball.
forced run. A run made by pitcher's passing a man with 3 on bases.
foul. A ball outside the 1st or 3rd base lines.
foul out. To be put out by a caught foul.
foul line. The 1st or 3rd base sideline.
foul tip. A glancing foul.
free pass to first. Four balls pitched to batter.
fungo. A ball batted up for practice.

G.

goose egg. Blank score.
grass-cutter. A grounder.
gum the game. To spoil the game.
hit and run. A play where, the moment the pitcher throws, base-runners run.
homer. A home-run, a circuit clout, a babe ruth.
home, home plate. The 4th base.
horsehide. The baseball.
hurl, to. To pitch.
hurler. Pitcher.
hug a base. To stay close to a base.

I.

in. A pitched ball that curves in.
infield. Part of the diamond bounded by the bases.
infielder. One of the basemen or the shortstop.
initial sack. First base.
innings. Division of baseball game.
inshoot. A pitched ball curving in.

J.

jaw the umpire. To scold back at the umpire.
jump ball. A pitched ball that hops upward.

K.

King of Swat. Babe Ruth.
kiss a ball. Connect for a hit.

L.

lay on it, to. To hit a ball hard.
lay one down, lay one down dead. To hit a bunt.
lean on the ball. To hit hard.
left on bases. To be on bases when a side is retired.
let a ball pass. To fail to strike at a pitched ball.
lines. Sidelines.
lob. Knock up an easy fly ball.

M.

make the circuit. Round the bases.
major league. One of the two larger leagues.
minor league. Any other league.
mound, pitcher's. Pitcher's stance.

N.

nail. To hit.
national pastime. Baseball.

O.

off a base, to play. To play some distance from a base.
out, to be. To fail to make a base safely.
out. A pitched ball curving out.
outshoot. A pitched ball shooting out.
outfield. The diamond beyond the three bases.
outfielder. Player stationed beyond the bases.

P.

pass, to. To give a batter four balls.
pat the ball. To hit, or hit lightly.
peg a man. To throw out a man on any base.
pigtail. To retrieve balls for the catcher.
pilfer a bag. To steal a base.
pinch hitter. One sent in to bat for another.
pill. The ball.
plate. The fourth base, home.
play safe on the bags. Not to take chances on a base.
poop out. To fly out.
pop up a fly. To knock an easy fly ball.
pop out. To be caught out on a fly.
put it over. To pitch over plate.

R.

receiver. The catcher.
receiving station. The catcher's position.
run it out. To attempt to beat a throw to first.

S.

sack. Any base, 1st, 2nd, 3rd.
sacrifice. A bunt to advance runner at expense of batter.
scorcher. A fast ground ball.
shag. To field batted balls for another.
short. Shortstop.
sidewheeler. Left-handed pitcher.
sidelines. Lines outside 1st and 3rd bases.
silo league. Bush league, sorghum belt league.
single. A one-base hit.
sizzler. A fast hit ball.
skyscraper. A high batted ball.
slam. To hit ball hard.
slide for bases. To hurl one's self toward a base.
sling. To pitch. Hence, slinger.
slugger. A hard hitter.
sock it on the nose. Hit it out hard.
southpaw. Sidewheeler, left-handed pitcher.
spit ball, spitter. A ball wet with saliva by pitcher.
spit ball artist. A pitcher using saliva.
sphere, spheroid. The baseball.
squeeze play. To lay down a bunt with runner on third.
steal a base. To advance a base without a hit ball advancing runner.
strike out. To retire batter with three strikes.
strike. A ball thrown over the plate.
sunfield. The right field.
swat. To hit out a ball.

T.

tag. To touch out a runner.
Texas leaguer. Ball hit safely between infield and outfield.
two-bagger. A hit ball giving runner two bases.
three-bagger. A hit ball giving runner three bases.

U.

umps. The umpire.

W.

walk a batter. To give a batter four balls.
warm up. To practice before entering game.
whiff. To fan, strike out.
wide one. A ball wide of the plate.
wind up, pitcher's. Pitcher's preliminary delivery
wing. The pitcher's arm; an arm.
winter league. Winter gossip about baseball.

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The Misanthrope

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The Misanthrope

Comedy in Five Acts

Moliere, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, 1622-1673.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
GIRARD, KANSAS

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Personages

Alceste, Lover of Celimene.
Philinte, Friend of Alceste.
Oronte, Lover of Celimene.
Celimene, a young widow.
Eliante, Cousin of Celimene.
Arsinoe, friend of Celimene.
Acaste, *Clitrandre* } Marquises.
Basque, footman to Celimene.
Soldier, of the Marshals' Guard.
Dubois, valet to Alceste.

THE SCENE IS IN PARIS AT THE HOUSE OF CELIMENE

PQ 1837
A1
1927

THE MISANTHROPE

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Philinte. What is the matter? What troubles you, Alceste?

Alceste (*seated*). Leave me, I beg of you.

Philinte. But still, tell me, what whim—

Alceste. Leave me, I say; take yourself out of sight.

Philinte. But at least you might listen to a man without being angry.

Alceste. I choose to be angry, and I do not choose to listen.

Philinte. I cannot understand you when your temper is hot; and though we are friends, I—

Alceste. Friends! I your friend? Strike my name off your list. Till now I have professed to be your friend; but after what I have just seen of you, I tell you bluntly I am no longer. I will hold no place in a corrupted heart.

Philinte. Then, am I guilty in your eyes, Alceste?

Alceste. You ought to die of shame; such conduct cannot be excused; all men of honor must feel humiliated by it. I see you overwhelming a stranger with attentions; testifying the utmost ardor for him; making protestations, offers of service, vows; and when I ask you afterward who he is, you can hardly tell me the man's name! Your ardor for him sinks the moment

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that you leave him, and you inform me he is nothing to you. Good God! it is a shameful thing, base, infamous, thus to degrade your soul by treachery; if I, through some misfortune, had done as much I would go hang myself in sheer remorse.

Philinte. I cannot see, for my part, that mine's a hanging case; so I make bold to appeal against your sentence and beg you not to hang me, if it please you.

Alceste. Jesting is most unseemly.

Philinte. Seriously, then, what would you have me do?

Alceste. I would have you be sincere, and, as a man of honor, say no word that is not from your heart.

Philinte. But when a man comes up to you and salutes you joyfully, surely you must pay him in the self-same coin, make some response to his civilities, return him offer for offer and vow for vow.

Alceste. No,—I cannot endure that abject custom which the majority of your worldly friends affect. I hate nothing so much as the bowing and scraping of those great makers of protestations, those affable givers of trumpery kisses, those obliging praters of empty words, who strive to outdo each other with civilities, and treat an honest man and a scoundrel with the same air and manner. What advantage is it to you if a man courts you, swears friendship, faith, zeal, honor, tenderness, makes you some fulsome compliment, and then turns round to the first rascal whom he meets, and does the same? No, no, a well-conditioned soul wants no esteem so prostituted; the finest hospitalities are valueless when we find ourselves rated with the crowd. Esteem is based on pref-

erence; to esteem the whole world alike is to feel no esteem for any one. And because you addict yourself to these vices of the time, *morbleu!* you are not of my kind. I refuse the vast complaisance of a heart that sees no shades of merit; I choose that mine shall be distinguished, and—to cut the matter short—the friend of the whole human race is not to my liking.

Philinte. But so long as we live in social life, we must pay the outward civilities that custom demands.

Alceste. No, I tell you, no; we ought to chastise, pitilessly, this shameful interchange of make-believe friendship. I want a man to be a man, and let the bottom of his heart be seen in all he says, and in all he does. Let it be himself who speaks,—not masking his real feelings behind false compliments.

Philinte. There are many situations in which plain frankness would become ridiculous, and is not permissible; and sometimes—if it please your lofty honor—it may be well to hide what is in our hearts. Would it be fitting, would it be decent to tell all men what we think of them? And if there be any one whom we dislike or think unpleasant ought we to let him know it?

Alceste. Yes. *Philinte.* What! would you tell old Emilie that 't is unbecoming at her age to play the pretty girl; or that the paint she wears shocks every one?

Alceste. Undoubtedly. *Philinte.* Would you tell Dorilas that he is tiresome; that there is not an ear at court he does not weary with tales of his own bravery and the glory of his race?

Alceste. I should. *Philinte.* You are joking.

Alceste. I am not joking. In future I will spare none. My eyes are too offended. Court and society both show me nought but things that stir my bile. When I see men living together as they do a black spleen seizes me, a bitter grief. Everywhere I find base flattery, injustice, self-interest, treachery, deceit. I cannot bear it longer; I am enraged; and my intention is to tell the truth henceforth, to all the human race.

Philinte. Your philosophic wrath is somewhat savage; I laugh at that black spleen I see has gripped you. You and I are like the brothers in the "School for Husbands," brought up as one, and yet—

Alceste. Good God! give up those dull comparisons.

Philinte. Give up yourself this churlish virulence. Your teachings cannot change the world. Since frankness charms you, I will tell you bluntly this disease of yours is laughed at everywhere you go. Such wrath against the ways of the world makes you ridiculous in the eyes of many."

Alceste. So much the better; good heavens! so much the better; that is what I want; to me 't is the best of signs and a great satisfaction. Men have become so odious to me that I'd be grieved indeed to be well thought of by them.

Philinte. Then you attribute nought but evil to human nature?

Alceste. I do; I hate it with a dreadful hatred.

Philinte. All poor mortals, then, without exception, are included in this deep aversion? Surely there may be, in our present age—

Alceste. No, it is universal; I hate all men: some because they are wicked and evil-doers;

others because they fawn upon the wicked, and dare not show that vigorous hatred which virtuous souls should feel to vice. From such compliance comes immunity for the bare-faced villain whom I now am suing. Behind his mask the knave is seen, wherever he is known, for what he is; the rolling of his eye, his bated voice, impose on none but those who do not live here. All others know about the sneaking fellow, fit only to be shunned, has by the foulest actions foisted himself upon society, where his career, by their connivance clothed in splendor, makes merit groan and virtue blush. No cries of "shame" can make his miserable honor hear them. Call him a knave, a scoundrel, a damned villain, all the world agrees, and no man contradicts you; *but* —he is welcomed everywhere; wherever he may worm himself he's greeted; men smile upon him; and if there's a canvass to be made, a place to be intrigued for, you will see him get the better of honest men. Great God! it is to me a mortal wound to see how vice is thus condoned and trafficked with. At times the impulse seizes me to flee to a desert and renounce my kind.

Philinte. Good heavens! why take the customs of our time so hard; why be so little merciful to human nature? Examine it less sternly, and see its failures with some gentleness. In social life we need a pliant virtue; severe integrity is often blamable; sound reason shuns extremes, and teaches wisdom with sobriety. The rigid virtue of the olden time jars with our age and with our modern customs. We must yield somewhat to our time, and not reluctantly. It is a folly, second to no other, to meddle with the world and try to

mend it. I see, as you do, fifty things a day which might be better, or take other courses. At every step I'm tempted to break forth, like you, but no one sees me do it. I take men gently just for what they are; I've trained my soul to tolerate what they do. At court and in society I think my phlegm, Alceste, is, to the full, as philosophic as your bile.

Alceste. But that phlegm, Philinte, which reasons well, is it incapable of indignation? Suppose, perchance, a friend betrayed you, or frauds were planned to steal your property, or wicked rumors spread to injure you,—could you endure all that and not be angry?

Philinte. Yes. I regard those evils, that your soul resents, as vices consequent to human nature; my soul is not more shocked by seeing men unjust, dishonest, selfish, than by the sight of vultures hungering after carnage, or thieving monkeys or infuriate wolves.

Alceste. I'll see myself betrayed, hacked into pieces, robbed, before I'll— Good God! why talk? such reasoning is sheer sophistry.

Philinte. Faith! I advise you to keep silence; don't rage against your kind so much, and give more care to the lawsuit which you have upon your hands.

Alceste. I shall give none; that I'm determined on.

Philinte. Then who do you expect will plead your case?

Alceste. Plead it? why, reason, my good right, and equity.

Philinte. Do you mean you will not go to see a single judge?

Alceste. Not one. My cause is neither doubtful nor unjust.

Philinte. Agreed; but underhand intrigues are most disastrous, and—

Alceste. No; I'm resolved to take no steps. Either I am wrong, or I am right.

Philinte. Don't trust to that.

Alceste. I shall not stir a finger.

Philinte. Your enemy is strong, and may, by making a cabal, bear off—

Alceste. I care nought for that.

Philinte. Then you are wrong.

Alceste. So be it. I wish to see him win the case.

Philinte. But—

Alceste. I shall have pleasure if I lose my suit.

Philinte. But surely—

Alceste. I shall see in court if men will have the effrontery—will be wicked, scoundrelly, perverse enough—to do me injustice openly before the world.

Philinte. Oh, what a man!

Alceste. I would gladly lose my cause, did it cost me half my fortune, to prove that fact.

Philinte. The world would laugh at you in bitter earnest if it could hear you talk in this way.

Alceste. So much the worse for him who laughs.

Philinte. But this integrity you ask from every one, this honest and straightforward dealing in which you hug yourself, do you find it here in her you love? It does surprise me that having quarrelled with the human race so bitterly, you have been caught, in spite of much you might indeed think odious, but that which charms the eye. But what surprises me still more, is the strange choice to which your heart is pledged. Eliante, sincere and truthful, has

a liking for you; Arsinoe, the prude, looks softly at you with a melting eye; and yet your soul rejects their love and makes itself a toy for Selimene, whose coquetry and treacherous wit symbol the morals of the present day. How comes it that, hating as you do our social foibles, you can endure the ways of that fair lady? Does all you hate cease to be evil in so sweet a form? or—do you choose excuse it?

Alceste. No; the love I feel for that young widow in no way blinds me to her great defects. I am, in spite of the passion she inspires in me, the first to see them and the first to blame. But with it all, in spite, too, of my will, she has—I own my weakness—the art of pleasing me. In vain I see her faults; in vain I blame her; in spite of all, she makes me love her. Her grace, her charm, are stronger than all else. Doubtless, my love will purge her soul of worldly vices in the course of time.

Philinte. If you do that you will have done great things. Then you think she loves you?

Alceste. Yes, by heaven! I could not love her did she not love me.

Philinte. But if her love for you is so apparent why do you fret yourself about your rivals?

Alceste. Because a heart which deeply loves needs that the object of that love be all its own; and I have come here now to tell her, as to that, all that my passion urges me to say.

Philinte. For my part, if 't were granted me to form a wish, her cousin Eliante would have my longings. Eliante's heart, which cares for yours, is steadfast and sincere; had your choice fallen there it would have been in keeping with your needs.

Alceste. True; my reason daily tells me so; but 't is not reason that rules love.

Philinte. I greatly fear your passion and your hopes may—

SCENE II.

ORONTE, PHILINTE, ALCESTE.

Oronte, to Alceste. They told me below that Celimene and Eliante had gone out shopping; but as they also said that you were here, I have come up to tell you from an honest heart how great an admiration I've conceived for you, and that I long have had an ardent wish to be among your friends. Yes, my heart revels in doing justice to great merit; and I eagerly desire some bond of friendship to unite us. A warm friend of my quality is not, I think, to be rejected. [*During Oronte's harangue Alceste is dreamy and seems not to notice he is being spoken to. He does not come out of his revery till Oronte says*:] It is to you, if you please, that my words are addressed.

Alceste. To me, monsieur?

Oronte. To you. Do you find them displeasing?

Alceste. Not at all. But my surprise is great, for I did not expect the honor I receive.

Oronte. You need feel no surprise at the esteem in which I hold you, since that of the whole universe is yours.

Alceste. Monsieur—

Oronte. The State has no reward that is not far beneath the dazzling merit all men see in you.

Alceste. Monsieur—

Oronte. Yes; for my part, I hold you preferable to all I see that is most eminent.

Alceste. Monsieur—

Oronte. May the heavens crush me if my words are false. To prove my feelings, suffer me to embrace you with an open heart—asking, as I do so, a place in your regard. Give me your hand, if it please you. You promise me, do you not, your friendship?

Alceste. Monsieur—

Oronte. What! you refuse?

Alceste. Monsieur, the honor you propose to me is great. But friendship asks more mystery; and it is, assuredly, a profanation of that name to seek to use it upon all occasions. Such union is born of knowledge and of choice; we should know each other better before we bind ourselves; for each might have such dispositions that both would soon repent of our rash bargain.

Oronte. Ah! there indeed you speak with judgment, and my esteem for you is all the greater. Let us leave time to knot these gentle bonds. Meantime, I place myself at your disposal. If you have any overtures to make at court, command me; for it is known I have some favor with the king; he listens to me; and, upon my word, in every way he treats me most considerately. In short, I am yours, to use as you may wish; and, as your mind is known to be so brilliant, I have come—in order to begin the tie between us—to read to you a sonnet I have lately written, and ask you if 't were well to offer it to the public.

Alceste. Monsieur, I am most unfit to settle such a question. I beg you to excuse me.

Oronte. Excuse you! why?

Alceste. I have the defect of being more sincere than persons wish.

Oronte. But that is what I want. I should have reason to complain if, trusting to your

sincerity to speak without disguise, you should deceive me.

Alceste. If that is how you take it, monsieur, I am willing.

Oronte. Sonnet— It is a sonnet, monsieur. *To Hope*—in fact, to a lady who has granted some hope to my passion. *To Hope*— The lines are not grand, pompous poesy, but simple verses, tender, sweet and languishing.

Alceste. We shall see, monsieur.

Oronte. To Hope— I know not whether the style will seem to you sufficiently clear and easy, and whether my choice of words will satisfy you.

Alceste. We shall see, monsieur.

Oronte. I ought, perhaps, to tell you that I was only a quarter of an hour in writing them.

Alceste. Go on, monsieur; the time has nothing to do with it.

Oronte, reading.

'T is true that hope doth comfort bring,
And it rocks a time our sorrow;
But, Phillis, 't is a sadder thing
If we leave not on the morrow.

Philinte. I am charmed already with the little poem.

Alceste (*low to Philinte*). What! have you the face to call that fine?

Oronte, reading.

Your complaisance methinks is lost;
You ought to keep your favors low,
And not yourself put to such cost,
If hope is all you deign bestow.

Philinte. Ah! with what gallantry that phrase is turned.

Alceste (*low to Philinte*). Good heavens! vile flatterer, you are praising nonsense.

Oronte, reading.

If hope eternally delayed,
Quenches my ardor thus betrayed,
Death can alone my succor be.

Your smiles can nothing then repair,
Fair Phillis, it is all despair
When we must hope eternally.

Philinte. The cadence of that last line is charming, amorous, admirable.

Alceste (*aside*). Damn his cadence! The devil! 't is poisonous; I would the words might choke him.

Philinte. I have never heard verses better turned.

Alceste (*aside*). Good God!

Oronte (*to Philinte*). You flatter me; perhaps you think—

Philinte. I never flatter.

Alceste (*aside*). Ah, traitor! what are you doing now?

Oronte (*to Alceste*). But you? Remember the terms of our treaty; speak to me, I entreat you in all sincerity.

Alceste. Monsieur, this matter is always delicate. We like to be flattered on our wit and wisdom. I said one day to a man whose name I will not mention, on hearing certain verses he had written, that it behooved a gallant man to restrain the lust of scribbling which seizes on us all, and put a curb upon his passion for notoriety through such amusements; and I also told him that by his eagerness to show his work to others he laid himself open to the jeers of malice.

Oronte. Do you mean by that to tell me I am wrong in wishing——

Alceste. I do not say so. I warned him that cold criticism crushed; that for this weak-

ness men were much decried; that they might have a hundred noble qualities, but the world would judge them only by their foibles.

Oronte. You think, that, that my sonnet is amiss?

Alceste. I do not say so. I showed him, to stop his writing, how, in our day, this lust of scribbling has spoiled most worthy men.

Oronte. Do I write badly, and resemble them?

Alceste. I do not say so. Finally I said: "What pressing need have you to make these rhymes? What devil drives you into print? If the issue of a wretched book is ever pardonable it is when some poor luckless fellow has written it for bread. Believe me, resist your temptations; deprive the public of your labors. Don't sacrifice—no matter who may urge it—the name you bear at court as a most worthy man to take from grasping printers the repute of a ridiculous and miserable author." That is what I endeavored to make him understand.

Oronte. This is all very well, and I think I understand you. But may I not know what there is in my sonnet——

Alceste. Frankly, it is good for nothing but to put in the fire. You have modelled yourself on the worst examples. None of your expressions are natural. "Rocks a time"—what is that? "We leave not on the morrow"—who leave? "And not yourself put to such test"—what a phrase! And what may this mean: "Phillis, it is all despair when we must hope eternally?" This figurative style, of which our present writers are so proud, is out of keeping with sincerity and sound writing. 'Tis a mere trick of words, pure affectation. That is not the way in which nature speaks. The shocking

taste of the present century alarms me; coarse as our fathers were, their taste was better. As for me, I care far less for the finest things of the day than for this old song I'll now repeat to you:——

"If the king had given to me
His great town, his *belle Paris*,
Would I but leave my sweet, my dear,
My dear I love so well;
I should say to the King Henri,
Take back, take back your *belle Paris*,
I love my love,
O gay!
I love my love too well."

The rhyme is not rich, and the style is old-fashioned; but do you not see how much better it is than all that affectation at which good sense groans? That's what the heart says when it really loves [*To Philinte, who is laughing.*] Yes, you may scoff; but in spite of your *beaux esprits*, I think more of that song than of all the flowery pomposity and false brilliancy which they cry up.

Orcnte. For my part, I insist that my verses are good.

Alceste. You have your reasons for thinking so, and you must allow me to have my reasons, which decline to submit to yours.

Oronte. 'Tis sufficient for me to know that others think well of them.

Alceste. Others have the art of feigning; I have not.

Oronte. Did nature allot you a monopoly of brains?

Alceste. Should I have more if I praised your verses?

Oronte. I can do very well without your approval.

Alceste. You must, if you please, do without it.

Oronte. I would like to see you compose, in your style, a sonnet on that subject.

Alceste. I might, by ill luck, make sonnets as bad; but I should take good care that no one ever saw them.

Oronte. You speak very curtly; and all this assumption——

Alceste. Go, seek elsewhere the incense that you want.

Oronte. Be pleased, my little monsieur, to lower your tone.

Alceste. Faith! my grand monsieur, I speak as I choose.

Philinte (*placing himself between them*). Messieurs, hey! messieurs; this is going too far. Let the matter drop, I beg of you.

Oronte. Yes, I am wrong, I own it, and I leave the house. I am your valet, monsieur, and with all my heart.

Alceste. And I your humble servant.

ACT II.

SCENE II.

ALCESTE, CELIMENE.

Alceste. Madame, will you allow me to speak frankly? I am not contented with your ways of action; they stir such bitterness within my breast I feel 't were better we should break apart. Yes, to speak otherwise would be deceiving you. Sooner or later, inevitably, the break must come. Were I to pledge you to the contrary a thousand times, I should be unable to keep my promise.

Celimene. Is it to quarrel with me that you have wished to bring me home?

Alceste. Quarrel, no. But your disposition is, madame, to give to each new-comer access to your soul; you allow too many lovers to beset you, and my heart cannot adapt itself to that.

Celimene. Then, do you hold me guilty because men love me? How can I help it if they think me lovable? And when they take such pleasant pains to see me, am I to take a stick and drive them forth?

Alceste. No, it is not a stick you need, madame, but a heart less facile and less tender to their wishes. I know your charms attend you wheresoe'er you go; but your welcome holds in bonds the admirers whom your eyes attract; its sweetness, offered to all who pay you homage, completes the work your charms began. The smiling hope you grant them fastens their assiduities upon you; but if you made your kindness less inclusive this mob of lovers would be put to flight. Tell me, at least, why Clitandre has the luck to please you? On what foundation of worth or splendid virtue do you base the regard with which you honor him? Is it the inordinate length of his little-finger nail that wins him the esteem you are seen to give him? Have you succumbed, with all the fashionable world, to the dazzling merit of that blond periwig? Are the fine ruffles at his knees the reasons that you like him? those knots of ribbon, have they charmed you? Is it the allurement of his mighty breeches which wins your soul to making him your slave? Or his manner of laughing, his falsetto voice, have they discovered the secret power of touching you?

Celimene. How unjustly you take umbrage at Clitandre! You know the reason why I treat him kindly; he has promised to interest all his friends in this lawsuit I have upon my hands.

Alceste. Lose your suit bravely, madame, and curry no favor with a rival I dislike.

Celimene. But you are growing jealous of the universe!

Alceste. Because you welcome the whole universe too well.

Celimene. That very thing should soothe your nettled soul; my favors, as you see, are shed on all; if one alone received them you would have far more cause to take offence.

Alceste. But I whom you reproach for too much jealousy, what favors have I more than they, if I may ask?

Celimene. The happiness of knowing you are loved.

Alceste. How can my tortured heart believe it?

Celimene. I think that having taken pains to tell you so, such an admission ought to satisfy you.

Alceste. But what assurance have I that you are not, even now, saying the same to others?

Celimene. Certainly, for a lover, your gallant speeches are too pretty; you treat me with such graceful courtesy! Well, to remove that anxious question from your mind, I here unsay all that I said; make yourself easy; nothing can now deceive you but yourself.

Alceste. Good God! why must I love you? If I could snatch my heart out of your hands I would bless heaven for such rare luck! I do not deny that I have striven with all my strength to tear this terrible attachment from

my soul; but every effort fails; it must be for my sins I love you so!

Celimene. Your passion for me is indeed unequalled!

Alceste. Yes, in that I can defy the world. My love is not to be conceived of; and no one, madame, has ever loved as I do.

Celimene. Your method of doing so is truly novel; it seems you love a woman that you may quarrel with her; your ardor blazes forth in angry words; and sure no love was ever yet so scolding.

Alceste. It rests with you to make that anger pass. For God's sake, madame, let us cut short these bickerings, speak heart to heart and put a stop—

SCENE II.

CELIMENE, ALCESTE, BASQUE.

Celimene. What is it?

Basque. Acaste is here.

Celimene. Well, show him up.

SCENE III.

CELIMENE, ALCESTE.

Alceste. What! am I never to have you to myself? Why are you so ready to receive the world? Can you not endure for a single moment of your day to deny yourself to visitors?

Celimene. Do you wish him to quarrel with me?

Alceste. You show him a deference that I do not like.

Celimene. He is a man who would never forgive me if he saw that I considered him intrusive.

Alceste. Is that a reason for disturbing yourself?

Celimene. Heavens, yes! good-will is of value among our fellows. He belongs to a set who, I scarcely know why, have acquired at court a right to be heard. They manage to obtain an entrance everywhere; and though, 't is true, they may not serve us, they are able to do us a vast deal of harm. Therefore, no matter what support one has elsewhere, we ought never to quarrel with such babbling persons.

Alceste. In short, whatever happens and whoever comes, you find good reasons to see all the world; and these precautions about your lawsuit——

SCENE IV.

ALCESTE, CELIMENE, BASQUE.

Basque. Clitandre is also here, madame.

Alceste. Precisely! (*Moves as if to go.*)

Celimene. Where are you going?

Alceste. To leave you.

Celimene. Very good, go; leave the house; you may do as you choose.

SCENE V.

ELIANTE, PHILINTE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE, CELIMENE, BASQUE.

Eliante to Celimene. The two marquises are coming up. Has anyone announced them?

Celimene. Yes. (*To Basque*) Place chairs for all. (*To Alceste*) What! you did not go?

Alceste. No; for I wish, madame, to make you speak your mind, either for them or else for me.

Celimene. Hush, be silent.

Alceste. Today you shall explain yourself.

Celimene. You have lost your senses.

Alceste. Not at all. You shall declare yourself——

Clitandre. Ah! madame, I am just from the Louvre, where Cleonte, at the levee, was supremely absurd. Has he no friend who would with charitable advice enlighten him as to his manners?

Celimene. He is indeed a bungler in society; he makes himself conspicuous wherever he may be; and when one sees him after a slight interval he seems to be more ridiculous than ever.

Acaste. Talk of ridiculous people! i' faith, I've just been undergoing one of the most tiresome,—Damon, the moralizer, who, if you'll believe me, kept me one whole hour out of my chair, standing in the hot sun.

Celimene. Yes he 's a wonderful talker, who has the art of telling you nothing in a great harangue. There 's never any point to what he says; 't is only noise to which we listen.

Eliante, to Philinte. This beginning is cheerful; the conversation is starting at good speed against our neighbors.

Clitandre. But there 's Timante, madame; he is rather a good fellow.

Celimene. Ah! he 's a man of mystery from head to foot; he flings you, as he passes, a haggard glance, because, without a thing to do, he is always busy. His speeches are too full of flourishes; he pesters one to death by dint of mannerism. He always has some secret to whisper in one's ear, breaking up a conversation,—and the secret is invariably nothing. Out of the merest trifle he makes a mystery; and even his good-byes, he whispers them.

Acaste. And Geralde, madame?

Celimene. Oh! that wearisome chatterer! when will he cease to play the *grand seigneur?* He mingles only with the shining lights, and quotes his dukes, his princes and princesses. The quality infatuates him; and all his talk is now of horses, equipages, dogs. He calls the personages of highest rank by their first names; the plain word "monsieur" is forgotten by him.

Clitandre. They say he is on the closest terms with the Bleise.

Celimene. That poor stupid woman! oh, what dry intercourse! I suffer martyrdom when she comes to see me; I perspire with the effort to find something to say; the obtuseness of her expression kills the words on my lips. In vain I assault her stupid silence with all the commonplaces I can call to my assistance,—fine weather. rain, heat, cold. But those are topics that are soon exhausted, and then her visit, always intolerable, drags its fearful length along. In vain I look to see what time it is; I yawn a score of times; she does not budge more than a log of wood.

Acaste. What do you think of Adraste?

Celimene. Ah! what excessive pride! He is a man puffed up with admiration of himself. His sense of his deserts is never satisfied at court, and so he rails against the court, and proceedings daily. There's never an office, post, or privilege given but what he thinks he's treated with injustice.

Clitandre. But that young Cleon, at whose house all our best people now are visiting; what do you say of him?

Celimene. Why, that he makes his cook his merit, and that the world visits his dinners and not him.

Eliante. But he takes care that all the choicest things are served there.

Celimene. Yes; but I wish he would not serve himself; his silly person is a horrid dish which spoils, to my taste, all the feasts he gives.

Philinte. The world at any rate thinks highly of his uncle, Damis; what do you say of him, madame?

Celimene. He is a friend of mine.

Philinte. I think him an honest man, and he looks a wise one.

Celimene. Yes, but he pretends to too much mind; it irritates me. He is always straining; in what he says you see him in travail to produce *bons mots.* Since he took it into his head to be so clever, nothing pleases his taste, he is too fastidious. He sees defects in everything that's written; he thinks a wit should never praise; he counts it learned to find fault; fools only can admire his laugh. By approving nothing in the works of the day, he fancies he exalts himself above his fellows. Even in conversation he finds something to reprove; the topics are so low he will not condescend to them. He stands, arms folded, and, from the pinnacle of his mind, looks down in pity upon what we say.

Acaste. God bless me! that's his veritable portrait.

Clitandre, to Celimene. For painting people to the life, you are incomparable.

Alceste. On, on, set on each other, my good friends at court! Spare none, let each man have his turn. And yet, if one of them appears in sight you haste to meet him, give him your hand, offer him flattering kisses, and swear by all the oaths to be his servant.

Clitandre. Why find fault with us? If what was said displeases you, address your reproaches to madame.

Alceste. No, by heaven! it is to you I make them; your compliant laughter incites her wit to these ill-natured speeches. Her satire feeds upon the wicked incense of your flattery; and if she did not see herself applauded her heart would be less prone to ridicule. 'Tis thus that flatterers are guilty of the vices which corrupt society.

Philinte. But why do you take such interest in the persons thus condemned, since you yourself would blame in them the selfsame faults.

Celimene. Is it not monsieur's nature to contradict? Why expect him to agree with the general voice, or to refrain from exhibiting, wherever he may be, the cavilling spirit he received from heaven? The opinion of others is never agreeable to him. He sets up his own, believing he would be thought a common man if it were seen to agree with that of the world. The pleasure of contradicting has such charms for his soul that he sometimes, and not seldom, takes arms against himself, and wages war upon his own real feelings when he hears them uttered by the lips of others.

Alceste. The laugh is on your side, madame, and there's nothing to be said. You can wing your shafts of satire on me as you please.

Philinte. But is it not true that your mind antagonizes whatever is said, and is unable, from a bitterness you avow yourself, to endure that others should either blame or praise?

Alceste. Yes; for the reason that men are never right. My bitterness is just; I find them, wherever they may be, offensive flatterers or rash censors.

Celimene. But——

Alceste. No, madame, no; if I die for it, I must say that you find pleasure in things I cannot bear; and these friends here do wrong to foster in your soul this great indulgence of defects that injure it.

Clitandre. For myself I shall say nothing; but as for madame, I must openly declare that I have hitherto believed her faultless.

Acaste. I see the graces and the attractions that heaven has granted her; but her defects have never, I must say, struck my eye.

Alceste. They all strike mine; and far from overlooking them, I take pains, as she well knows, to bring them to her knowledge. The more we love our friends, the less we flatter them; it is by excusing nothing that pure love shows itself. For my part, I would banish those unworthy lovers who slavishly submit to all my sentiments, and by their weak compliance swing incense to my follies.

Celimene. In short, if hearts should look at things in your way, they must, in order to love truly, renounce all sweetness, and find the crown of perfect love in heaping insults on the object of it.

Eliante. Love, as a rule, is little ruled by laws. All lovers, as we know, boast of their choice. True passion does not see that which is blamable; the one beloved is always lovable. Defects love thinks perfections, and gives them pleasant names. The pallid one is comparable to the jasmine in her whiteness; the swarthy skin becomes a rich brunette; thinness gives freedom of motion and a slender waist; the portly dame is full of majesty; she who neglects her person and takes no pains to charm is called a careless beauty; the giantess becomes a goddess; the dwarf, an epitome of all heaven's marvels; the haughty spirit deserves a crown;

the tricky mind has wit; the fool is kind; the chatterer, good-humored; the silent one maintains her virtuous modesty. 'Tis thus a lover whose passion is supreme loves even the defects of her he worships.

Alceste. And I maintain, yes I——

Celimene. Come, let us end this talk, and take a turn or two about the gallery. What! are you going, gentlemen?

Clitandre and Acaste. Oh, no madame.

Alceste. The fear of their departure weighs on your soul. Gentlemen, leave when you please; but I warn you, I shall not go till you are gone.

Acaste. Unless my presence importunes madame, I can stay here all day, for nothing calls me hence.

Clitandre. As for me, provided I return for the king's *coucher*, I have no other matters to attend to.

Celimene, to Alceste. You are joking, I am sure.

Alceste. No, not in any sense. We shall see now if it is I of whom you are anxious to be rid.

SCENE VI.

ALCESTE, CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE, PHILINTE, BASQUE.

Basque to Alceste. Monsieur, a man is below who wishes to see you, he says, on business which cannot be delayed.

Alceste. Tell him I know of no such urgent business.

Basque. He wears a jacket with great pleated basques, and gold upon it.

Celimene, to Alceste. Go, see who it is; or else, have him shown up.

SCENE VII.

ALCESTE, CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE, PHILINTE, A SOLDIER OF THE MARSHALS' GUARD.

Alceste, advancing to meet him. Come in, monsieur. What do you want with me?

Soldier. Monsieur, I have two words to say to you.

Alceste. You can speak out; I am prepared to hear you.

Soldier. The Marshals, whom I serve, monsieur, bid you come to them at once.[1]

Alceste. Me? bid me, monsieur?

Soldier. Yes, you.

Alceste. Buy why?

Philinte, to Alceste. Because of that ridiculous affair between yourself and Oronte.

Celimene, to Philinte. What affair?

Philinte. Oronte and he had words about some verses he would not admire; and the Marshals wish to nip the matter in the bud.

Alceste. I will not have the base compliance—

Philinte. But you must obey the order; come, let us go.

Alceste. What sort of terms do they desire to make between us? Will the Marshals order me to think the verses that caused our quarrel good? I shall not unsay what I have said,—I think them bad.

Philinte. But a gentler tone——

Alceste. I shall not yield one inch; the lines are execrable.

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[1] The court of the Marshals of France took cognizance of quarrels and affairs of honor among gentlemen.

Celimene. Come, come, make haste and go where you are summoned.

Alceste. I go, madame; but I shall soon return to settle, in this room, the matter we have been discussing.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CLITANDRE, ACASTE.

Clitandre. I observe, my dear marquis, that your soul is contented; all things make you cheerful, and nothing frets. Now, tell me in good faith, do you really believe, without self-deception, that you have any sound reason for being so happy?

Acaste. Parbleu! I don't see, when I look myself over, any ground whatever for discontent. I have property, I am young, I belong to a house which has certain good reasons to call itself noble; and I think, through the rank to which my blood entitles me, there are very few stations in life that I cannot fill. As to courage, of which, of course, we ought to think first, I know, without vanity, that I am not lacking there; I have been seen by the world to carry on an affair in a sufficiently vigorous and dashing manner. As for wit, there's no question but what I have that, and with it enough good taste to judge without study, and to talk about everything. At the theatre, of which I am truly an idolator, I can wear a wise face, decide the fortunes of a play, and lead the applause at all the fine speeches which merit hurrahs. I'm sufficiently active; I've a good air and good looks, above all fine teeth, and my figure is slim. As to my style of dressing, I think, without vanity.

that any one would be foolish to rival me there. My position in the world is as good as can be; the fair sex adore me; I stand well with the king; and, therefore, my dear marquis, I see, on all sides, every reason to be satisfied with myself.

Clitandre. Yet. But finding everywhere so many easy conquests, why do you persist in offering useless homage here?

Acaste. Useless? *Parbleu!* I'm not of a kind nor of a temper to stand cold treatment from any beauty. 'Tis only common minds and ill-bred persons who burn persistently for frigid dames, or languish at their feet, endure their rigor, seek help from tears and sighs, and strive, by the painstaking of a long-drawn suit, to win the smiles their lack of merit forfeits. Men of my presence, marquis, are not made to love on credit and pay all the costs. However choice may be the lady's favors, I think, thank God, my value equals hers; and to do honor to a heart like mine is sure no reason it should cost her nothing. To put the thing on equitable grounds, she must at least meet my advance half-way.

Clitandre. So you think, marquis, you stand well with Celimene?

Acaste. Marquis, I have some ground to think so.

Clitandre. Take my advice; get rid of that idea; it is an error. You flatter yourself, my friend, you blind yourself—

Acaste. Quite true; I flatter and I blind myself.

Clitandre. Why call your happiness so perfect, then?

Acaste. I flatter myself.

Clitandre. On what do you found your hopes?

Acaste. I blind myself.

Clitandre. Then you have proofs to give you certainty?

Acaste. I tell you, I deceive myself.

Clitandre. Can it be that Celimene has made you secret promises?

Acaste. No, she rebuffs me.

Clitandre. Oh! cease this jesting, and let me know what hopes you really have.

Acaste. I am the luckless, you the lucky one. She has so deep an aversion to me that one of these days I'll surely hang myself.

Clitandre. Ah ca! marquis, are you willing to settle our fates by agreeing that, if either of us can show some certain sign of having won her heart, the other shall make way for the fortunate lover and relieve him of a rival?

Acaste. Parbleu! I like that sort of talk, and will, with all my heart, agree to it. But hush, here she comes.

SCENE II.

CELIMENE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE.

Celimene. What! still here?

Clitandre. Love stayed our feet.

Celimene. I have just heard a carriage entering the courtyard. Do you know whose it is?

Clitandre. No.

SCENE III.

CELIMENE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE.

Basque. Arsinoe, madame, is coming up to see you.

Celimene. What can that woman want with me?

Basque. Eliante is below, and is talking with her.

Celimene. Something is in her mind, or why should she come here?

Acaste. She is thought to be a most consummate prude, and in the ardor of her zeal—

Climene. Yes, yes, pure cant! At heart she's of the world; and all her efforts aim at hooking on to others—in which, however, she has small success. She cannot see without an envious eye a woman followed by a train of suitors; and her sour virtue, overlooked by all, is ever grumbling that the age is blind. She tries to cover with a veil of prudery the frightful solitude in which she lives; and, to save the honor of her scanty charms, she attributes sin to powers that they have not. And yet a lover would be most pleasant to my lady. She even shows some tenderness for Alceste; the attentions that he pays to me offend her; she tries to make it seem that I have stolen them; and her jealous spite, which she can scarce conceal, is felt in underhanded ways on every side. I have never seen anything, I think, so foolish; and with it all she is impertinent to the last degree. Therefore—

SCENE IV.

ARSINOE, CELIMENE, CLITANDRE, ACASTE.

Celimene. Ah! what fortunate fate brings me this visit? Madame, in all sincerity, I was beginning to feel most anxious for your welfare.

Arsinoe. I have come, madame, to offer you some advice, which I feel I owe to you.

Celimene. Ah! how good of you, and how glad I am to see you!

Clitandre and Acaste go out laughing.

SCENE V.

ARSINOE, CELIMENE.

Arsinoe. The departure of those gentlemen is timely.

Celimene. Shall we sit down?

Arsinoe. It is not necessary. Madame, friendship should, above all, be shown in things that most affect our fellows; and as there are none more vitally important than those of honor and decorum, I have come to prove the friendship my heart feels for you by offering counsel which concerns your honor. Yesterday I visited some friends, of sterling virtue. There the conversation turned on you; unfortunately, your conduct and its notoriety were not approved. The crowd of men you suffer to approach you, your coquetry, and the rumors it excites, received more consure and far harsher blame than I could wish. You will readily conceive the course I took. I said all that I could in your defence; excused you, firmly, as to your intentions, offering to vouch for your good soul. But—as you know—there are things in life that cannot be excused, however much we wish to do so, and I found myself, at last, constrained to admit that your manner of living does certainly seem wrong, and has—to the world—an injurious appearance; also that mischievous tales are being told of it, and that your conduct might, if you were only willing, give far less ground for condemnation. Not that I think your virtue really injured—God forbid that I should think so! But the world believes in the mere shadow of sin; and it is not enough to satisfy our conscience only. Madame, I think your mind too reasonable to take amiss this useful counsel, or to attribute it to other motives than the hearty zeal which binds me to your interests.

Celimene. Madame, I have many thanks to render you; such counsel can but gratify me; and, far from taking it amiss, I wish to recognize the favor you have done me by instantly returning it with other counsel which concerns your honor. As you have shown yourself so heartily my friend by telling me the rumors people spread about me, I wish to follow, in my turn, so kind an example by telling you what people say of you. The other day, at a house where I was visiting, I met some persons of high character, who, speaking of a soul's true kindness, turned their remarks, madame, on you. Unfortunately, your prudery and your bursts of pious zeal were not regarded by them as a good example. This affection of a grave demeanor; your endless talks of virtue and of honor; your frowns and outcries at the shadow of indecency which one ambiguous word can cast upon yourself; the pitying glances you bestow on others; your frequent lectures, your sour censure of things that in themselves are pure and innocent,—all this, if I may speak to you quite frankly, madame, was blamed with one consent. What is the good, they said, of all this modesty, this virtuous exterior, if it belies the rest? 'Tis true she says her prayers with rigid punctuality, but then she beats her servants and she does not pay them; in pious places she displays her zeal, but she paints her face in order to seem handsome; she covers up the nakedness of pictures, but has a liking for realities. As for me, madame, I took up firmly your defence with each and all; assuring them that what they said was slanderous. But their views clashed with mine; and their conclusion was that you would do well to meddle less with others' actions and look more closely to your own. They said we ought to look at home a good long time before we think of judging other

people; that an exemplary life alone gives weight to our correction of the lives of others; moreover, that in any case, 't is better to remit that duty to those whom heaven has selected for it. Madame, I think you are too reasonable to take amiss this useful counsel, or to attribute it to other motives than the hearty zeal which binds me to your interests.

Arsinoe. I know that in reproving we subject ourselves to much; but I did not expect this sharp retort, madame; and I see plainly, by its very bitterness, that my sincere advice has cut you to the heart.

Celimene. Quite the contrary, madame; and if the world were wise these mutual counsels would be made the custom. Given in good faith, they would dispel the utter blindness each has for himself. It rests with you to carry on this faithful office with your past zeal. Let us take pains to tell ourselves, between ourselves, just what you hear of me, and I of you.

Arsinoe. Ah, madame, I shall hear nought of you; it is of me the most reproving things are said.

Celimene. Madame, I think that all things may be praised and blamed; and each award is just, according to age or fancy. There is a season for coquettish gallantry; there is another, still more suitable, for prudery. 'Tis wise, from policy, to choose that style when time has deadened the glow of youth; it serves to cover a mortifying downfall. I don't deny that some day I may follow on your traces, for age brings everything. But it is still too early, madame, as everybody knows, to be a prude at twenty.

Arsinoe. You plume yourself on very slight advantages, and ring your age with wonderful effect! But an advantage that you share with many is not so much to boast of, after all. I

know not why your temper drives you, madame, thus to provoke me in so strange a way.

Celimene. And I, madame, I really know not why you constantly declaim against me everywhere. Must I be punished for your disappointments? Is it my fault that no one courts you? What can I do if men will love me, and will persist in offering vows your heart may wish to take away from me? The field is open to you. I do not hinder any of your charms from winning lovers.

Arsinoe. Alas! and do you really think the number of your lovers, of which you seem so vain, can trouble others; or that we do not find it easy to appraise the price at which you gain them? Do you think to persuade us—who see how things are going—that your good qualities alone attract your followers; or that they burn for you with honest love, and court you solely for your virtue? The world is not a dupe; it is not blind by such vain pretences. Many a woman fitted to inspire the tenderest sentiments does not have lovers; from that the argument is plain: their hearts cannot be won without great effort, for none may woo us for our beauty only, but all must buy the right of courting us. Therefore you need not swell with pride for such poor sparkles of a trivial victory. Correct the self-conceit of your attractions, and cease to treat us superciliously. If our eyes envied the conquests your obtain, methinks we all could do as you do,—cease to conduct ourselves with self-respect, and let you see that others can have suitors when they please.

Celimene. Then have them, madame; let me see it done; with this rare secret make the effort to please, and——

Arsinoe. Madame, let us end this conference; it irritates too much your soul and mine.

I should already have taken leave of you, were I not forced to wait here for my carriage.

Celimene. Pray stay as long as suits you, madame; nothing need hasten your departure. But, not to weary you with my presence, I'll give you better company; and monsieur here, whom chance has brought so opportunely, shall fill my place and entertain you better.

SCENE VI.

ALCESTE, CELIMENE, ARSINOE.

Celimene. Alceste, I have a letter I must write; it cannot be delayed without some blame to me. Stay with madame; she will have the kindness, I am sure, to excuse my incivility.

SCENE VII.

ALCESTE, ARSINOE.

Arsinoe. You see she wishes me to entertain you until my carriage comes; and her civility could provide me with nothing more truly charming than this interview. Persons of lofty merit draw forth the esteem and love of every one; and yours, undoubtedly, has secret charms which lead my heart to enter all your interests. I wish the court, with more propitious eyes, would do full justice to your claims. You have much cause for indignation. I am angry almost daily to see that nothing has been done for you.

Alceste. For me, madame? On what pretensions should I base a claim? What service to the State have I been known to render? What have I done, if you please, so brilliant in itself that I have cause to grumble because the court does nothing in return for it?

Arsinoe. It is not every one on whom our court casts a propitious eye who has done good

service to the State. Opportunity is needed as well as power. The great deserts that all men see in you ought——

Alceste. For heaven's sake, madame, say nothing of my deserts. Why do you wish the court to trouble itself about them? Its cares would be too many and its hands too full if it unearthed the merits of everybody.

Arsinoe. A dazzling merit will unearth itself; and yours is thought extreme on every side. I must tell you now that yesterday, in two distinguished houses, you were much praised by persons of great weight.

Alceste. Hey! madame, 't is nowadays the fashion to laud every one. That is the way by which the present century levels everything. All are of equal merit; it is no longer an honor to be praised. Why! praises are stuffed down your throat, flung at your head; and there's my valet's name in the gazette!.

Arsinoe. For my part, I have wished you to obtain some place at court in which to show your merit to the world. If only you consented, we would intrigue a little, and, to oblige you, start a few machines I myself have men in hand whom I could use, and they would make the way quite smooth for you.

Alceste. Madame, what would you have me do at court? The disposition that I feel within me requires rather that I keep away from it. Heaven did not make me, when it gave me breath, with a soul congenial to the courtly atmosphere. I am conscious that I do not possess the necessary virtues to succeed there and do my duty. Frankness and sincerity are my chief talents; and he who does not have the gift of hiding what he thinks, had better make short stay in courtly regions. Outside the court, of course we cannot have the strong support or the titles of honor it gives nowadays.

But, in losing those advantages, we are spared the vexations trifling of silly persons; we need not suffer merciless rebuffs, nor be compelled to praise the verse of Monsieur Such-a-one, nor shower incense on Madame This-or-that, nor undergo the brains of seedling marquises.

Arsinoe. Then we will drop, since you desire it, this matter of the court; but my heart is forced to pity you in your love; and, if I may disclose my thoughts upon it, I wish with all my soul 't were better placed. Indeed you have deserved a gentler fate, for she who charms you is unworthy of you.

Alceste. In saying that, I beg you to remember, madame, this lady is your friend.

Arsinoe. Yes. But my conscience is too wounded to bear a moment longer the wrong she does you. The state in which I see you grieves my soul too much; I am forced to warn you she betrays your love.

Alceste. You show me thus, madame, a tender impulse; such warnings would oblige a lover.

Arsinoe. Yes, though she be my friend, she is, and I dare say it, unworthy to enthrall a good man's heart; hers has for you a counterfeited tenderness.

Alceste. It may be so, madame; we cannot see the hearts of others. But your charity might well have paused before you cast this painful thought in mine.

Arsinoe. Oh! if you do not wish to be undeceived, there is no need to tell you anything; that, indeed, is easy.

Alceste. No, it can not end so. This is a subject on which, no matter what is learned, doubts are more cruel than the worst of truths. For my part, I would rather nothing were told me unless it could be shown with certainty.

Arsinoe. That is enough. Upon this subject

you shall have full light. Yes, I will let you trust your own eyes only. Give me your hand to take me home. There I will show you positive proof of the unfaithful heart of her you love. And, if for other eyes your own could long, it may be you would find some there to comfort you.

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

ELIANTE, PHILINTE.

Philinte. No, a soul so hard to manage was never seen; no reconciliation was ever yet so troublesome to bring about. In vain they tried in every way to move him; out of his fixed opinion he would not be dragged. Never did a more fantastic quarrel, I am sure, engage the wisdom of the Marshals. "No, gentlemen," he said, "I shall not retract. On every other matter I will agree with him, but not on this. Why is he affronted? Of what does he complain? Is his fame injured because he cannot write poems? What does my opinion, which he takes so ill, signify to him? A man can be a gentleman and make bad verses. Such matters do not touch his honor, and I told him to be a gallant man in every other way; a man of quality, of courage, deserving of anything you please, but—a bad writer. I will praise, if you wish it, his way of living, of spending money, his skill on horse-back, in fencing, dancing; but as for praising his verses, I beg to be excused! When a man has not the happiness to be able to write better than that, he ought to repress, under pain of death, his desire to make rhymes." Finally, all the grace and concession to which, with great effort, his feelings were brought could only induce him to say—thinking that

he softened his style exceedingly: "Monsieur, I am sorry to be so critical, and I heartily wish, out of good-will to you, that I could have thought your sonnet better." After which an embrace was hastily brought about in order to conclude the proceedings as fast as possible.

Eliante. He certainly is very singular in his manner of acting; but, I must confess, I esteem him highly. The sincerity on which his soul so prides itself has something noble and heroic in it. 'Tis a virtue rare indeed in these days; and I wish I could see it in others as in him.

Philinte. As for me, the more I see of him the more amazed I am at this passion to which he yields his heart. With the nature it has pleased God to give him, I cannot see how it is that he loves as he does; and still less do I see why your cousin should be the woman to whom his heart inclines.

Eliante. It only shows that love is not invariably produced in hearts by harmony of disposition; and all those theories of gentle sympathy are in this case belied.

Philinte. But do you think, from what you see, that he is loved?

Eliante. That is a point it is not easy to make out. How can we judge how truly she may love him? Her heart is never really sure itself; sometimes she loves and does not know it; at other times she thinks she loves and there is nothing in it.

Philinte. I think our friend will find more grief than he imagines with your cousin. To tell the truth, if he possessed my heart, he would have turned his homage elsewhere, and by a wiser choice have shown, madame, that he profits by the kindness you have shown him.

Eliante. For myself, I stand on no punctilio, for I think that in such matters we should show good faith. I do not oppose his tenderness for

Celimene; on the contrary, my heart is interested for her, and if the thing depended upon me I should myself unite him to the one he loves. But if in such a choice (as well may happen) his love should meet some unpropitious fate, and it so chanced another's suit were crowned, I could resolve to accept his homage then; for the refusal suffered by him in such a case would cause me no repugnance.

Philinte. Neither do I oppose, madame, the kindness which your charming soul bestows upon him; and he himself can tell you, if he will, what I have taken pains to say to him about it. But if, by the marriage which he now desires, you should be unable to receive his vows, I shall then seek the transcendent favor which your soul with so much generosity now gives to him,—happy when his heart turns elsewhere, if yours, madame, falls back on mine.

Eliante. You are making merry, Philinte.

Philinte. No, madame; I am speaking now of my soul's best; and I await the occasion to offer myself openly; trusting, with all my heart, the moment soon may come.

SCENE II.

ALCESTE, ELIANTE, PHILINTE.

Alceste. Ah! avenge me, madame, for an affront which has, at last, conquered my constancy.

Eliante. What is it? What can have moved you thus?

Alceste. That which I can't cenceive of without dying. And the upheaval of all the natural world could not unhinge me more than this disaster. 'Tis done, 'tis over! My love—I cannot speak of it!

Eliante. Try to control your mind.

Alceste. Oh, just Heaven! why were such charms joined to the vices of the basest souls?

Eliante. But still, what have——

Alceste. Ah! all is ruined; I am—I am betrayed, I am destroyed. Celimene—who could believe it?—Celimene deceives me; she is unfaithful.

Eliante. Have you just grounds for that belief?

Philinte. Perhaps it is mere suspicion, lightly kindled. Your jealous mind invents, at times, chimeras.

Alceste. Ha! *morbleu!* monsieur, mind your own affairs. [*To Eliante*] I am, alas! too certain of her treachery; for here, in my pocket, written by her own hand, is a letter to Oronte which proves to my very eyes her shame and my disgrace— Oronte! whose homage I believed she fled; the one of all my rivals whom I feared the least.

Philinte. A letter easily misleads at sight, and is often not so guilty as we think it.

Alceste. Monsieur, once more, let me alone, I beg; and keep your interest for your own concerns.

Eliante. You ought to moderate your anger. And this outrage——

Alceste. Madame, it rests with you to avenge it. It is to you I have recourse to free my heart from poignant anguish. Avenge me on your cousin, your ungrateful and perfidious cousin, who basely has betrayed a faithful love. Avenge me for a wrong which you must hold in horror.

Eliante. I avenge you! how?

Alceste. Accept my heart—accept it, madame, and take the place of that unfaithful woman. In that way only can I have revenge; I wish to punish her by the honest vows, the

deep affection, the respectful suit, the assiduous service, and the fervent duty my heart henceforth will offer on your altar.

Eliante. I pity what you suffer, certainly, and I do not reject the heart you offer me; but the wrong is not, perhaps, so great as you imagine, and you may still give up these thoughts of vengeance. When we are hurt by some one who has a deep attraction we are apt to make rash plans we do not execute. We may see powerful reasons to break our chain, and yet a guilty dear one soon is innocent; and then the revenge we wish to take is easily dispelled, and we see 't is but a lovers' quarrel after all.

Alceste. No, no, madame, I assure you, no. The offence is mortal. I break my bonds, and there is no return. Nothing can change my firm intention, for I should punish myself were I to love her still. Here she is; my anger is redoubled by her presence. I will denounce her treacherous actions to her face, and so confound her. After which, freed once for all from her deceitful charm, I'll bring to you a heart at liberty.

SCENE III.

CELIMENE, ALCESTE.

Alceste, aside. Oh, heaven! can I be master of my emotions?

Celimene, aside. Heyday! (*To Alceste*) What troubles you thus? Why these sighs, these gloomy looks? Are they meant for me?

Alceste. Of all the wrongs of which the soul is capable, nothing compares with your disloyalty. Fate, devils, and the anger of high Heaven have never yet produced a thing so evil.

Celimene. Here 's sweetness truly, and I like it much.

Alceste. Do not jest; this is no time to laugh; blush rather, for there is ample reason; I have sure proofs of your betrayal. This was the meaning of my troubled soul; 'twas not in vain my love became alarmed; those frequent doubts you thought so odious were warnings of the calamity before me. In spite of all your care and cleverness in deception, my star was telling me of that I had to fear. But do not think that I will suffer the sting of such an outrage and not take vengeance. I know we have no power over desire; that love is, everywhere, born independent; no force can thrust it on the heart, and every soul is free to choose its conqueror. Therefore I should have had no reason to complain had your lips spoken truly, and refused my suit when first I pressed it. My heart would then have had no right to quarrel with its fate. But to find my love accepted with false vows—that is betrayal, that is perfidy, which cannot be too sternly punished, and I will give the reins to my resentment. Yes, yes, fear all after such infamy; I am no more myself, I am all anger! Stabbed by the mortal blow your hand has struck, my senses are no longer ruled by reason; I yield to the promptings of a just resentment, and I will not answer for what I now may do.

Celimene. But what has caused, if I may ask, this violent fit of anger? Have you lost your reason?

Alceste. Yes, yes, I have lost it! I lost it when from the sight of you I took, for my sorrow, the poison that is killing me, and when I trusted the sincerity of all those traitorous charms which so enthralled me.

Celimene. What is this treachery of which you thus complain?

Alceste. Ah! double-heart, that knows so well the art of feigning! But I have the means

at hand all ready to confound it. Cast your eyes here, and recognize your writing. This discovered letter suffices to convict you; against this witness there is no reply.

Celimene. Is this the matter that has so disturbed you?

Alceste. You do not blush to see that letter?

Celimene. And why, pray, should I blush to see it?

Alceste. What! do you add audacity to treachery? Will you disavow that note because it does not bear your seal?

Celimene. Why should I disavow a letter written by me?

Alceste. Can you see it without shame for the crime toward me of which it proves you guilty?

Celimene. You are, upon my word, a most unreasonable man.

Alceste. What! do you dare defy that ocular proof, and say that in its tenderness to Oronte there is nothing to outrage me and make you blush?

Celimene. Oronte! who says the letter was to him?

Alceste. The persons who placed it in my hands this day. But I'll agree it might be for another—if so, would my heart have less reason to complain of yours? would you be guiltless toward me?

Celimene. But if it be a woman to whom I wrote that letter, why should it wound you? where's the crime of that?

Alceste. Ha! the shift is good, the evasion admirable! I did not expect, I must admit, this trick, but it convinces me completely. How dare you have recourse to vulgar subterfuge? Do you think me blind? Go on, and let me see the crooked ways, the shifty air by which you will maintain so clear a

falsehood; I'd like to know how you can twist to suit a woman the words of that letter which is full of passion. Explain, to hide your lack of truth, the words I now will read to you—

Celimene. I do not choose it. I think you are ridiculous enough, to use your power as you do, and dare to tell me to my face all this.

Alceste. No, no; be not so angry; take some pains to justify these words of yours——

Celimene. No, I refuse to hear them; what it may please you to believe in this affair is of the smallest consequence to me.

Alceste. I beg of you, tell me the truth; I will be satisfied—if I can be—that the letter is to a woman.

Celimene. No, the letter is to Oronte; I wish it to be believed. I receive his attentions with great pleasure; I admire what he says, I value what he is. I am ready to agree to all you say. Now, do as you please, take your own course; but do not wear me out with such scenes any longer.

Alceste, aside. Heavens! was ever my fate more cruel? Was ever heart so treated? What! when a just displeasure forces me to speak, 't is I who am complained of, I who make the quarrel! My grief and my suspicions are goaded on, and I am told I may believe the worst—in which she glories! And yet my heart is still so cowardly as not to break the chain that binds me to her, or arm itself with laudable contempt for the ungrateful object it has loved too well. (*To Celimene*) Ah! you know well, perfidious woman, how to make my weakness serve your ends in spite of myself, and how to use the fatal love, born of your eyes, to carry out your purposes. Defend yourself, at least, from a crime that overwhelms me; cease this affectation of being guilty. Prove to me, if you

can, the innocence of that letter; my tenderness consents to come to your assistance—strive to seem faithful, and I, in turn, will strive to think you so.

Celimene. Oh! you are mad with all your jealous transports; you dn't deserve the love I feel for you. I should like much to know what could induce me to stoop so low as to deceive you; and why, if my heart leaned another way, I should not say so with sincerity. How is it that the kind assurance I gave you of my feelings was not enough to save me from your suspicions? Has such a pledge no power against them? and is it not insulting me to listen to their voice? Because a woman's heart makes a strong effort when it owns its love; because the honor of our sex—that enemy to ardor—firmly opposes such avowals, should the lover for whose sake we overcome those obstacles, should he be the one to doubt our truth? Is he not guilty in suffering others to say these things—at least without a combat? Go! such foul suspicions deserve my anger; you are not worth the esteem in which I held you. How foolish I have been! I am vexed with my simplicity in keeping any kindness in my heart for you. I ought to turn my love elsewhere, and give you thus a subject of legitimate complaint.

Alceste. Ah! traitress, my weakness is indeed a mystery. Doubtless you are deceiving me with those soft words. What of it? I must follow my destiny; my soul is given over to your worship. I wish to see the end of this, and know what is your heart,—and whether it is black enough to still betray me.

Celimene. No, for you do not love me as I must be loved.

Alceste. Ah! my love is far beyond compare; and in its ardor to show itself for what it is

to all the world, it even forms desires against you. Yes, I would fain that no one thought you lovable; I would you were reduced to misery; that Heaven denied you everything; that you had nor rank, nor birth, nor wealth, so that my love might make some startling sacrifice to heal the injustice destiny had done you, and that my heart might have the joy and glory of seeing you hold all things through my love.

Celimene. That's a strange fashion of wishing well to me; heaven grant you may not have the chance of it. But here's your valet, seemingly excited.

SCENE IV.

CELIMENE, ALCESTE, DUBOIS.

Alceste. What is all this? and why this frightened air?

Dubois. Strange things have happened. Matters are going wrong in our affairs——

Alceste. How?

Dubois. Monsieur, we must get away at once. We must slip off silently.

Alceste. But your reason, say? Why do you use such language?

Dubois. The reason is we must be packing.

Alceste. Ha! I'll break your head assuredly if you don't answer differently.

Dubois. Monsieur, a man all black in face and clothes came to the house, and even to the kitchen; where he left a paper, scribbled in such a way that one had need to be worse than any devil to read it. It concerns, no doubt, your lawsuit, but all the fiends in hell, I think, could never make it out.

Alceste. Well, what of it? What has that paper to do, you fool, with the departure that you talked about?

Dubois. Monsieur, an hour later a gentleman who visits you came hurrying to see you in much excitement. Not finding you, he charged me, civilly (knowing with what zeal I serve you), to tell you— Stay, I wish I could recall his name.

Alceste. No matter for his name; what did he tell you?

Dubois. Well, he was one of your friends, that must suffice. He told me you were in danger of arrest, and must get off at once.

Alceste. But why? Did he not specify the reason?

Dubois. No; he asked for pen and ink and wrote a line by which you can, I think, get to the bottom of this mystery.

Alceste. Give it me, then.

Celimene. What can all this mean?

Alceste. I do not know; but I will clear it up. Come, you impertinent devil, give me the note.

Dubois (*after searching long in his pocket*). Faith! monsieur—I believe—I've left it on your table.

Alceste. I don't know what prevents me from—

Celimene. Do not be angry; but go at once and see what all this means.

Alceste. It seems that fate, whatever pains I take, has sworn to hinder all our interviews. But to defeat it, promise, my love, madame, that you will let me speak with you again this evening.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

ALCESTE, PHILINTE.

Alceste. My resolution is taken, I tell you.

Philinte. But, however hard the blow, must it compel you—

Alceste. Useless to say a word, useless to reason with me; nothing that you can do will turn me from my purpose. The age in which we live is too perverted; I desire to withdraw from intercourse with men. Honor, uprightness, decency and the laws were openly arrayed against my adversary; on all sides was the equity of my cause proclaimed; and on the faith of my just rights I rested tranquilly. And now behold, I am defrauded of success; justice is with me, but I lose my case! A traitor, whose scandalous history is well known to all, comes off victorious by the blackest falsehood! Those who were on my side yield to his treachery! He cuts my throat and makes them think it is right. The weight of his canting artifice—all jugglery!—has overthrown the Right and baffled Justice: he wins a verdict which has crowned a crime. And not content with the great wrong he has already done me, he is spreading everywhere a villainous book, the very reading of which is most condemnable,—a book that merits the rigor of the law; and the lying rascal has the effrontery to say I wrote it! And Oronte mutters low and tries maliciously to circulate the calumny,—he, who holds the rank of an honest man at court; to whom I have been sincere and frank; he, who came to me, with an eager ardor which I did not seek, and asked for my

opinion on his verses. And because I treated him with honesty, refusing to be false to him or truth, he helps to crush me with an imaginary crime, and now becomes my greatest enemy! Never will his soul forgive me because, forsooth! I could not say his verse was good. And all men, damn them! have become like that. These are the actions to which glory leads them! Here's the good faith, the virtuous zeal, the justice, and the honor we expect of them! No, no, it is too much to bear such suffering. I will escape this nest of villains, and since with human beings we must live like wolves, traitors! you shall not have my life among you.

Philinte. I think you are too hasty in forming that design; the harm is not so great as you would make it. The deal this man has dared impute to you has not obtained enough belief to make the authorities arrest you. That false report is dying of itself; it is an action that will injure only him who did it.

Alceste. Injure him, indeed! He does not fear the scandal of such tricks. He has the world's permission to be a scoundrel; and so far from his credit being injured by this deed you'll see him in some honored place tomorrow.

Philinte. Nevertheless 't is certain no one has given much belief to the tale his malice spreads about you. On that score you have nothing at all to fear. As for the verdict on your lawsuit, of which indeed you may complain, justice may yet be won; you can appeal against this judgment—

Alceste. No, I shall hold to it. However great the wrong that verdict does me, I will not have it quashed; it shows too plainly how the Right is wronged. I wish it to remain for all posterity,—a signal mark, a noted testimony to the wickedness of this age. 'T will

cost me twenty thousand francs, but with that sum I buy the right to curse the iniquity of human nature and to keep alive my everlasting hatred to it.

Philinte. In short—

Alceste. In short, your efforts are superflous. What can you find to say upon this matter, monsieur? Will you have the effrontery to bid me to my face excuse the infamy of what has happened?

Philinte. No, I am one with you in what you say. In these days all things go by base intrigue and selfish interests; craft carries all before it. Men ought indeed to be made of other metal; but is their lack of probity a reason to withdraw yourself from social life? All human frailty is a means of exercising our philosophy. That is the finest work of virtue. If every one were clothed with integrity, if every heart were just, frank, kindly, the other virtues would be well-nigh useless, since their chief purpose is to make us bear with patience the injustice of our fellows. And so, a heart of honest virtue—

Alceste. I know your words are of the best, monsieur, your excellent arguments are most abundant; but you waste your time in making those fine speeches. Reason demands for my soul's good that I retire. I have not enough control over my tongue; I cannot answer for what I might be led to say; I should have twenty duels on my hands at once. Leave me, without further argument, to wait for Celimene. She must consent to my design. 'T is that which brings me here to speak with her. I am about to see whether her heart does truly love me; this coming hour will prove it to me once for all.

Philinte. Let us go up to Eliante while awaiting Celimene.

Alceste. No, my soul is full of care; do you go up, and leave me in this gloomy corner with my black misery.

Philinte. 'T is cruel company. I will find Eliante and bring her down.

SCENE II.

CELIMENE, ORONTE, ALCESTE.

Oronte. Yes, it is for you to say, madame, whether you will bind me wholly to you by these tender ties. I must have full assurance from your soul to mine; a lover cannot bear these hesitations. If the ardor of my passion has power to move you, you should not feign unwillingness to let me know it. The proof I ask of you is, plainly, no longer to admit Alceste among your suitors; to sacrifice him, madame, to my love; and banish him from your house this very day.

Celimene. But why are you so angry with him now, you whom I have often known to speak of him with favor?

Oronte. Madame, there is no need of explanations. The question is, What are your sentiments? Choose, if you please, between us; keep one or else the other; my resolution waits upon your will.

Alceste (*advancing from his corner*). Yes, monsieur is right. Madame, you must choose. In this his wishes accord with mine; the selfsame passion prompts me, the same intention brings me hither. My love must have some certain proof of yours. Things cannot thus drag on another day; this is the moment to reveal your heart.

Oronte. Monsieur, if your suit succeeds, I do not mean that my importunate love shall trouble it.

Alceste. Monsieur, I shall not seek, jealous or not, to share her heart with you.

Oronte. If she prefers your love to mine—

Alceste. If she is capable of any leaning toward you—

Oronte. I swear I will no longer court her.

Alceste. I swear I will no longer see her.

Oronte. Madame, it is for you to speak without constraint.

Alceste. Madame, you can explain yourself without anxiety.

Oronte. You have but to say on whom your wishes fall.

Alceste. You have but to speak the truth and choose between us.

Oronte. What! at making such a choice you seem to be distressed!

Alceste. What! your soul hesitates and seems uncertain!

Celimene. Good heavens! this demand is most ill-timed; how little sense or reason either of you show! I know myself the preference I feel; my heart is not upon the scales, suspended doubtfully between you. Nothing could be more quickly made than the choice you ask for; but I should feel, to tell the truth, too much embarrassment in making this avowal to your face. A choice like this must seem unkind to one; it should not, therefore, openly be made in presence of both. A heart will always show its leanings plainly enough without compelling it to bare itself; some gentler means can sure be found to show a lover that his attentions are unwelcome.

Oronte. No, no, I do not fear a frank avowal, and I consent for my part—

Alceste. And I demand it. It is this very publishing I dare exact. I will not have you shirk the truth in any way. To keep on terms with all the world is what you study. But no more dallying, no more indecision now; you must explain yourself decisively; or else I take

refusal for decision, and I shall know, for my part, how to explain your silence; I shall consider said the wrong that I expect of you.

Oronte. Monsieur, I thank you for your indignation, and I say to madame, here, the same as you.

Celimene. How you annoy me with your whims! What justice is there in what you ask? Have I not told you the motive that restrains me? Here is Eliante, she shall judge this matter.

SCENE III.

ELIANTE, PHILINTE, CELIMENE, ORONTE, ALCESTE.

Celimene. Cousin, I am persecuted by these two men, whose scheme appears to have been concerted. They each demand, with equal heat, that I shall here proclaim, in presence of both, the choice my heart has made; and that, in giving this decision openly, I shall forbid one or the other from paying me attentions. Tell me if things are ever done in that way.

Eliante. Do not consult me; you may find that you appeal to the wrong person. Frankly, I am for those who speak their thoughts.

Oronte. Madame, it is in vain that you seek to evade us.

Alceste. All your evasions are ill-seconded.

Oronte. You must, you shall speak out, and end this vacillation.

Alceste. It is enough if you persist in silence.

Oronte. I ask but a single word to end the matter.

Alceste. And I shall comprehend you if you say no word.

SCENE IV.

ARSINOE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE, CELIMENE, ORONTE, ALCESTE, ELIANTE, PHILINTE.

Acaste (*to* CELIMENE). Madame, we have come, Clitandre and I, to clear up, if you please without offence, a trifling matter.

Clitandre (*to* ORONTE *and* ALCESTE). Your presence, gentlemen, is very timely, for you are both concerned in this affair.

Arsinoe (*to* CELIMENE). It may surprise you, madame, to see me here, and I must tell you that these gentlemen have caused my coming. They came to see me to complain of something my heart cannot believe. I have too high an esteem for your real depth of soul to think you capable of so great a wrong. My eyes refused their strongest testimony; and my friendship, overlooking our small jars, has brought me to you in their company that I may see you clear yourself at once of this foul calumny.

Acaste. Madame, we wish to see, in a kindly spirit, how you will take these facts. Here is a letter written by you to Clitandre.

Clitandre. And here is a tender billet written by you to Alcaste.

Acaste (*to* ORONTE *and* ALCESTE). Gentlemen, this writing is well-known to you, of course. I do not doubt that her civilities have frequently enabled you to see it. But the letter itself is worthy of being read.

(*Reads.*) "What a strange man you are to blame me for my gayety, and to declare that I am never so pleased as when you are not with me. Nothing was ever more unjust; and

if you do not come at once and beg my pardon for this offence, I will never in my life forgive you for it. Our tall, ungainly viscount—"

He ought to be present, and hear this.

"Our tall, ungainly viscount, the first whom you complain of, is a man who never pleased me; and since I saw him, for an hour together, spit in a pond in order to make bubbles, I have had a poor opinion of him. As for the little marquis—"

That is myself, gentlemen; I say it without vanity.

"As for the little marquis, who held my hand today for a long time, I think him the most finical of little beings; there's nothing of him but his nobility. And as for the man of the green ribbons—"

(*To* ALCESTE.) Your turn now, monsieur.

"As for the man of the green ribbons, he amuses me at times with his bluntness and his surly grumbling; but there are moments when I think him the most irritating mortal upon earth. As for the man of sonnets—"

(*To* ORONTE.) This is to your address, monsieur.

"As for the man of sonnets, who has flung himself into poesy and wishes to be an author in defiance of everybody, I do not give myself the trouble to listen to him. His prose fatigues me even more than his verses. Therefore, do pray believe that I am not so gay and amused in your absence as you fancy, and that I think of you—more than I could wish—at the parties of pleasure to which I am dragged; it is a wonderful seasoning of all enjoyments to think of those we love."

Clitandre. And here am I, in this billet to Acaste. Your Clitandre, of whom you speak, and who says sweet things to me, is the very

last man for whom I could feel regard. He is absurd to imagine he is loved; and you are still more absurd to fancy you are not loved. Exchange opinions; and then you will, both of you, be more nearly right. Come and see me as often as you can, and help me to bear the annoyance of being beset by him. There, madame, is the model of a noble character; you know what it is called. Enough! We shall each exhibit, wherever we go, this glorious picture of your heart.

Alcaste. I might say much to you, for the subject is a fine one; but I do not count you worthy of my anger. I will let you see that little marquises can win, for consolation, hearts that are worth far more than yours.

[*Exeunt marquises.*]

SCENE V.

CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ARSINOE, ALCESTE, ORONTE, PHILINTE.

Oronte. Can it be that you tear me thus to pieces after all that you have written and said to me? Does your heart, adorned with such fine semblances of love, give itself, in turn, to all the human race? Go!—I have been a dupe, but I am one no longer. You have done me, madame, a service in letting me unmask you. I shall profit in the heart I thus regain, and find my vengeance in your loss. (*To* ALCESTE.) Monsieur, I offer no further hindrance to your love; you can conclude your treaty wih madame. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ARSINOE, ALCESTE, PHILINTE.

Arsinoe. Truly this is the basest act I have ever known. I cannot keep silence, for I feel so shocked. Was ever any conduct seen like yours? I take no interest in those other men, but as for monsieur (*motioning to* ALCESTE) who rested all his happiness on you, a man like him, of honor and great merit, who cherished you with absolute idolatry, ought he—

Alceste. Allow me, madame, if you please, to manage my affairs myself. Pray do not take upon yourself superflous cares. In vain my heart hears you take up its quarrel; it is not in a state to pay for great zeal. If by another choice I wished to avenge myself it would not be on you that choice would fall.

Arsinoe. Eh! do you imagine, monsieur, that such a thought exists, or any eagerness is felt to win you? I think your mind is far too full of vanity if it can flatter itself with that belief. Madame's rejected leavings are a merchandise one would be foolish indeed to take a fancy to. Pray undeceive yourself; carry your thoughts less high; I'm not the sort of woman you should aspire to. You would do well to keep your sighs for her; I long to see so suitable a match. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ALCESTE, PHILINTE.

Alceste (*to* CELIMENE.) Madame, I have kept silence, in spite of all that I have seen and heard. I have allowed all others to speak before me. Have I controlled myself enough, and may I now—

Celimene. Yes, say all; you have a right to complain, and to reproach me as you will. I have done wrong,—I here confess it; and my discomfited soul will seek no vain excuse to answer you. I have despised the anger of the others, but I admit my crime to you. Your indignation, without a doubt, is reasonable. I know how guilty I must seem to you,—how all things go to prove I have betrayed you. In short, you have every right to hate me. Do so; I consent.

Alceste. Ah! can I, traitress? Can I thus conquer love? However I may long to hate you, have I a heart within me to obey my will? (*To* ELIANTE *and* PHILINTE). See what this abject tenderness can do! I call you both to witness my great weakness. And yet, this is not all; you are about to see me carry that weakness farther, show what a folly 't is to call us wise, and prove that in all hearts there's still the man. (*To* CELIMENE). Yes, I am willing to forget your guilt; my heart is ready to excuse it and call this wrong a foible to which the vices of the times misled your youth,—*provided* you here consent to clasp hands with the purpose I have formed to separate from men and live apart in country solitudes; to which, without delay you now must follow me. In that way only can you still repair, before the eyes of all men, the wrong that you have done me. Do this, and notwithstanding the notoriety which noble hearts abhor, I still shall find it in my heart to love you.

Celimene. I! renounce the world before I am old, and bury myself with you in country solitudes?

Alceste. But if your love responds to mine what matters all the world to you? Will you not be content with me alone?

Celimene. Solitude has terrors for a heart

so young. I feel that mine has not the grandeur, nor the strength, to resolve upon a scheme of this kind. If the bestowal of my hand can satisfy your wishes I will consent to tie the knot of marriage—

Alceste. No; my soul revolts against you now; this hard refusal moves me more than all the rest. And since you cannot in so sweet a tie find all in me as I found all in you, go!—I reject you. This sore outrage frees me forever from your unworthy bonds. [*Exit Celimene.*]

SCENE VIII.

ELIANTE, ALCESTE, PHILINTE.

Alceste (*to* ELIANTE). Madame, your beauty is adorned with every virtue; never have I seen aught in you but strict sincerity. I have long valued you most highly. Let me continue to esteem you thus; and suffer that my heart, in all its divers troubles, should not demand the honor of your bonds. I feel myself unworthy; I begin to know that heaven did not give me life for the ties of marriage. 'T would be too base a homage to offer you the leavings of a heart not worth your own; therefore—

Eliante. You can fulfil that thought, Alceste. My hand is not so difficult to bestow, for here's your friend, who, if I asked him, would willingly accept it.

Philinte. Ah! that honor, madame, is my sole desire. To gain it, I would sacrifice both blood and life.

Alceste. And may you ever taste of true contentment, by keeping, each for each, such sentiments. As for me, betrayed on all sides, crushed by injustice, I leave a pit where vices triumph, to seek somewhere on earth a lonely spot where I am free to be a man of honor.

Philinte. Come, madame, come, let us employ all ways to thwart this scheme his heart proposes.

END OF THE MISANTHROPE.

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AMERICAN BANDITS

ANTHONY GISH

American Bandits

A Biographical History of the Nation's Outlaws ---From the Days of the James Boys, the Youngers, the Jennings, the Dalton Gang and Billy the Kid, Down to Modern Bandits of Our Own Day, Including Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, and Others

by

ANTHONY GISH

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INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this book is to present, as nearly as possible in the limited space, comprehensive biographies of the leading bandits of the United States since pioneer days.

Many small-time criminals have been left out. Racketeers have been ignored, since they rarely mix banditry with their illegitimate activities. Other criminals such as counterfeiters, swindlers, blackmailers and murderers have not been included, unless such men were primarily bandits.

This history begins with the notorious bandits of the Natchez Trace, who sprang into the limelight immediately after the Revolutionary War when the boundaries of the country were pushed back.

The history of crime is also the history of the nation. Outlawry followed the border. When frontier days ended there was a change in criminality. The coming of motor cars, telephone and telegraph systems made criminal activities nation-wide. The response of law enforcement officials to this was the creation of the Federal Bureau of Investigation with its national scope.

The author wishes to thank J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, for supplying information about the modern gangs still at large, and the staffs of the Fort Smith, Arkansas, public library and the University of Arkansas library for their co-operation.

Bandits of the Natchez Trace

THE MURDEROUS HARPES

In 1797, there was a patch of the Kentucky woods known as "The Wilderness Road," a favorite haunt of bandits, murderers and other bad men. The worst of this outlaw crew were the "Terrible Harpes."

Their first crime, and virtually the only one that did not end in a murder, occurred in April, 1797, when the Harpes robbed a young preacher, William Lambuth, of his horse and his scanty supply of silver.

The Harpes were brothers, "Big Harpe"—Micajah; and Wiley—"Little Harpe." They were born in North Carolina, Micajah in 1768 and Wiley in 1770. Rumor said that there was Negro blood in the family. The father of the Harpes was a Tory in the Revolutionary War and afterward was forced to flee for his life. In 1795, the sons left North Carolina, heading West. Two sisters, Susan and Betsy Roberts, went with them. Susan, a tall, rawboned woman with dark hair and eyes, was said to be Micajah's legal wife. Her younger sister, Betsy, blue-eyed, blonde and gay, lived with both men.

They wandered into central Tennessee where they lived with the Cherokee Indians for a couple of years. They frequently dressed like Indians thereafter and were said to have learned much of their skillful woodcraft from them.

After robbing Lambuth, the Harpes went to Knoxville, then a rowdy small town at the confluence of Holston and the French Broad Rivers. For a while the Harpes posed as honest settlers. There Little Harpe married Sally Rice, daughter of a minister.

Then the Harpes were suspected of stealing horses. A posse captured them in the Cumberlands, the two men alone with the horses. The thieves made no resistance. But on the way back they suddenly plunged into the woods and escaped.

The murderous career of the Harpes then began in earnest. They were mad with a lust to kill. Big Harpe later was said to have a religious mania. He thought he had been sent by God as "a scourge of humanity," so he afterward said.

The Harpes are supposed to have killed a man named Johnson in a tavern on the Holston river. Johnson's body was found floating in the weedy ebb of the river. The killers had slit open the abdomen, removed the entrails and weighted the cavity with stones. In spite of this, the body rose to the surface.

A few days later, on the North branch of the Wilderness Road, a body was found, the remains of an old pack-peddler named Peyton. His bundle had been rifled and he had been tomahawked. Farther in the wilderness, the bodies of two men named Paca and Bates, formerly of Maryland, were found. Paca had been tomahawked, his head split open. Bates had been shot in the back. Both men were stripped of their clothing.

Next Stephen Langford fell in with some travellers and was killed and robbed in the Wilderness, a 30-mile section in Kentucky, the hiding place of the wildest of the outlaws. His body was found in the underbrush at the bottom of a ravine. He had been stripped, robbed and tomahawked. The Harpes were now accredited with five murders.

A posse began searching the Wilderness. The Harpes and their women were found and easily captured. They were put in jail at Danville to await trial. All three women were pregnant and Jailor Jim Biegler not only had to act as guard for two desperadoes but also to serve as

midwife and nurse. People came from all the surrounding settlements to look at "those terrible men, the Harpes."

Then the two men escaped, leaving the three women, now each the mother of a child, delivered under the jailor's care. Posses started in search—but on the one occasion when they actually encountered the "terrible Harpes" the searchers turned and ran! All except Colonel Trabue, an old Indian fighter, whose son was murdered by the insane, blood-crazy Harpes. The boy's body, shot, kicked and tomahawked, was found by his father.

Meanwhile the three Harpe women were tried in Danville, but, due to sentiment regarding their maternity, released. They immediately disappeared. Rewards of $300 were offered for either of the Harpes, but no one came forward to collect.

Descriptions issued at that time read: "Micajah Harpe, alias Roberts, is about 6 feet high, of a robust make and is about 30 or 32 years of age. He has an ill-looking, downcast countenance and his hair is black and short, but comes very much down on his forehead. He is built very straight and is full-fleshed in the face. When he went away he had on a striped nankeen coat, dark blue woollen stockings, leggins of drab cloth and trousers of the same as the coat.

"Wiley Harpe, alias Roberts, is very meagre in his face, has short black hair but not quite as curly as his brother's; he looks older though really younger, and has likewise a downcast countenance. He had on a coat of the same stuff as his brother's. His stockings were dark blue woollen ones and his leggins of drab cloth."

The Harpes fled to an outlaw hide-out called Cave-in-a-Rock on the Ohio river. But their murderous cruelty caused the outlaws to drive them out when, apparently just as entertainment, they forced a man tied to a horse over a bluff to watch him crash on the rocks below. So, again, the Harpes took to the underbrush, emerging to commit a brutal murder, and then going into hiding again. They were primarily murderers, although they looted along their trail of blood, taking money, food, clothing, weapons.

Sometimes they posed as searchers, hunting the Harpes. Occasionally, Big Harpe pretended to be a minister. The men would dash out into the trail, halt and murder passersby and then join their three women and the children. So, through the Spring and Summer of 1798, they led a charmed life, while inhabitants of the Wilderness were frightened to encounter them. The fame of the Terrible Harpes was too great.

Colonel Trabue still was searching for the Harpes so he could avenge the death of his son. But he found it hard to get helpers.

Finally the Harpes overstepped themselves and aroused a murderous rage equal to their own. They stopped at the cabin of Moses Steigal the night of July 20, 1799. Steigal was gone, but Mrs. Steigal, who knew the Harpes and who had protected them previously, took them in. She put them in the loft along with Major William Love, a surveyor.

Presently the Harpes emerged from the loft. They had shot Love, apparently just because he snored.

When Steigal returned home that night, he found his cabin in flames, his baby dead and his wife dying. The Harpes had gone on, marking their pathway with two more bodies, neighbors, Gilmore and Hudgens. Steigal was aroused to murderous wrath. He organized a posse and started after the Harpes. They rode for two nights and days before they sighted their quarry.

Steigal's gun missed and his ramrod stuck in its casing. A neighbor, James Tompkins, loaned him his weapon. Oddly enough, it was loaded with powder given Tompkins by Big Harpe while Harpe was posing as a minister. Steigal fired and hit Big Harpe in the back. Little Harpe escaped.

Big Harpe was not dead, however. He was captured and began talking of his deeds. He only regretted one murder, he said, the time he

seized his child by his wife, Susan, and dashed it against a tree in the woods and threw it in the underbrush. The child had annoyed him by crying.

Steigal wanted to kill Big Harpe. He kicked the dying bandit and waved a knife in his face. Others restrained him, saying Big Harpe must be taken back for trial. Finally Steigal took his knife and slowly severed Big Harpe's head. He carried it back with him in a sack and nailed it in the fork of a tree at the crossing at Robertson's Lick. For years the place was known as Harpe's Head.

Wiley Harpe was caught five years later. The Harpe women were acquitted at their trial and later settled down and lived apparently respectable lives.

JOSEPH THOMPSON HARE

Born on a farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania, Joseph Thompson Hare soon moved to the city, where he became apprenticed to a tailor.

His love for fine clothes never deserted Hare. He was always the dandy. When he was captured, he was buying a coat lined with crimson silk. After two years in the tailoring business, he signed for a voyage around the world. A month later, he deserted his boat at New Orleans, a prosperous town full of upcountry traders and planters with their pockets full of money.

Hare became first a pickpocket, then a footpad, and then a burglar. With this success, he laid bolder plans. He knew that the boatmen bringing down grain and furs sold their loads and then made a land trip back to their homes over the famous Natchez Trace road.

He formed a gang to hold up these money-laden travellers. Just beyond Natchez in the Indian territory the gang came upon a party of travellers.

"We took 300 doubloons from one man, 74 pieces of different sizes and a large quantity of gold in bars," wrote Hare in his diary. "With the others I found 700 doubloons, and five silver dollars and 400 French guineas, and 67 pieces the value of which I could not tell until I weighed them. I got $12,000 or $13,000 altogether from the company, all in gold."

Members of Hare's party disguised themselves by staining their faces with berry-juices and bark, giving a weird appearance rather like Indians on the war path.

Following this robbery, Hare and his men found a hide-out in the Chikasaw country, just below the Tennessee line.

Hare kept a diary during his bandit years. He describes the hide-out as a "very good retreat and a very comfortable home, too. It was very thick and tall, and would have concealed us from the best eyes. These cane brakes are very much frequented by wild animals of all sorts, especially wildcats and are kept clear of generally. Our habitation was in a cleft rock, where one rock jutted very much over another and made a sort of a cave, that we could easily make safe from every savage that walked the wild wilderness. We had a good featherbed in our cave."

A few days later the band of bandits robbed four men. Hare's companions wanted to shoot them, saying that they were not disguised and their descriptions would be circulated. But Hare argued against it. They obtained $7,000 in the haul.

Hare was a moody, restless man. He suffered from insomnia and following a period of sleeplessness would ride alone all day. One such solitary ride almost caused his death. He encountered a slave trader from Natchez.

"I rode up on his left side," recounts the diary, "and told him to deliver his money, for I was the devil, and would take him to hell in a second if he did not drop that gun off his shoulder, and his pistols, too, if he had any."

But the slave trader saw that Hare had not drawn his gun. He let his

gun slide from his shoulder so that the muzzle swept down as he pulled the trigger. The charge flared in Hare's face, blowing off his hat. His horse reared.

He whipped out his pistol. But, still blinded by the smoke from the other's gun, he missed. The slave trader galloped away. Two men saw the last of the encounter, but apparently regarded the whole thing as a joke.

After three months in the Wilderness, Hare and his men decided to go to Nashville to spend their loot. Here they lived well for a time and then, driving new horses and gigs, set out for Louisville, later taking passage on a flatboat and drifting down to New Orleans, a gay town in the 1790's. The bandits lost much of their money at the gaming tables. So they went back to the Natchez Trace. This time they had passports from the Spanish authorities, still in control of Louisiana, so that, if threatened by American officials, they could dash across the line.

They camped in a cave North of Natchez. "There were a great many swamps in the neighborhood," wrote Hare, "filled with alligators, very large, and that made a great noise. Sometimes they cried like a young child."

Two months of banditry, and they were back in New Orleans, living in luxurious surroundings. Hare started drinking and fighting. He whipped Bill Marshall, bully of the river-flats. Then he got into a fight with one of his own gang, a young man who made a habit of marrying girls, taking their dowries and then deserting them. Hare put thumbs down when the boy arrived with a young Spanish girl, fresh from a Baton Rouge convent. The boy eloped with the girl and $700 belonging to Hare. Hare caught him and whipped him.

Among their other entertainments, Hare and his men sponsored a cotillion which cost them $300. Immediately afterward they were arrested by Spanish authorities on a charge that they were American spies. They were freed, but Hare became nervous and headed back into the wilderness.

The sensitive, moody Hare now began to grow religious. As he rode North, he read to his companions from John Wesley's magazine. He preached that they should cease being bandits.

While he preached, he and his companions robbed passersby of $10,000. At the Tennessee line the gang separated.

Hare rode on, praying and pondering over his future. In his diary he wrote, "About nine o'clock, the night I robbed the drover, as I was riding along very rapidly to get out of the reach of pursuit, I saw standing right across the road, a beautiful white horse, as white as snow; his ears stood straight forward and his figure was very beautiful. When I approached him, and got within six feet of him he disappeared in an instant, which made me stop and stay at a house near there all night."

But while pondering over his soul, Hare grew careless about the safety of his body. He had barely gone to bed, when a posse surrounded the house and captured him. He remarked that the white horse was Christ, who had come to warn him of his sins and to fear and repent.

Hare spent five years in jail, devoting most of his time to writing his Confessions and reading the Bible. But a year after his release, on March 12, 1818, the night mail coach was held up near Havre-de-Grace. The bandits obtained $16,900 under Hare's directions. Hare's face was revealed as he held a lantern up to examine a watch.

Two days later, he was arrested in a Baltimore tailor shop while he was about to buy a coat with a crimson silk lining. He was speedily brought to trial and identified by the victims of the hold-up.

However, his attorney, Charles Mitchell, advised his client to stand mute when asked whether he was guilty or not guilty. This caused a prolonged legal discussion. Robbing the mail was a federal offence. In one of the acts of Congress it had been propounded that silence on the part of the prisoner should be interpreted as a plea of guilty. A later act made

robbing the mails a capital offence, but said nothing about the matter of silence. Mitchell argued that the provisions of the first act did not apply, and, if his client stood mute, no plea could be legally taken. Therefore, no trial could be had.

A long wrangle of several months took place. Then the court decided that silence amounted to a constructive confession and, therefore, a plea of guilty. At the same time, the prosecution ferreted out a law of the State of Maryland providing that if the prisoner stand mute the court should interpret this as a plea of not guilty.

Thus the court now had two pleas. So the trial, after four months stalling, proceeded and was completed in four days.

Hare was hanged shortly after 10 o'clock, September 10, 1818, before about 1,500 persons. He spent the hours before his death praying and reading the Bible.

SAMUEL MASON

Most criminals begin their banditry in their youth. But Samuel Mason was a law-abiding, respected citizen until he was 40 years old, when he launched into his career of outlawry by killing his son-in-law.

Mason was born in Virginia in about the year 1750. When 25 years old, he joined George Rogers Clarke's famous Long Knives and went into the wilderness with them. His Revolutionary record was a good one. He settled in Kentucky and was prominent in frontier defense.

At 40, he was a well-respected citizen, married, the father of three sons and a daughter. He had been commissioned a justice of the peace in the newly constituted State.

He is described as having been a tall man, weighing about 200 pounds, rather good looking with one peculiarity, a tooth which projected forward and usually was not covered by his lip.

Mason's daughter ran away with a man named Kuykendall, a former criminal. They eloped to Diamond Island, a black-leg haunt as evil-famed as the Cave-in-a-Rock made notorious by the Harpes. The Masons told them to come back home. A celebration was arranged.

But apparently Sam Mason had decided that Kuykendall was a dangerous son-in-law, with his pocket "devil claws," which slipped over his fingers enabling him to tear off the whole side of a man's face with one hand. Mason's sons and some companions took Kuykendall outside and he was killed in the underbrush. Mason fled with his three sons. Captain John Dunn rode to capture them. He was shot and his body left in a corn field. The Masons went into hiding at Cave-in-a-Rock. But this hide-out was no longer safe. So the gang split up and Mason led part of them to a new spot on Wolf Island in the Mississippi, a few miles from the mouth of the Ohio.

Here, according to writers at the time, "he formed a line of worthless associates from the eastern part of Virginia to New Orleans."

He drifted over into New Madrid and obtained a Spanish passport in March, 1800. Like the Hare bandits, he saw the advantage of dodging back and forth from American to Spanish territory. Then he launched out to succeed the Hare gang. Travellers banded together for safety. Mason and his gang robbed all they could encounter on the Natchez Trace.

In July, 1801, Mason and his men killed Robert McAlpin in robbing McAlpin and his companions. In spite of being a killer, Mason still maintained an attitude of honesty and used to stop mail carriers and inquire about the doings of the towns. He still wanted respectability and esteem. Few of his victims could identify him and some, it was said, did not survive.

So in the Autumn of 1801 Samuel Mason and his son, John, went to Natchez to see how they stood. Mason had a friend there, Anthony Glass, a supposedly honest merchant who really acted as a fence for the Trace bandits and, in order to stimulate that industry, also passed along to the

bandits news of rich loot coming up the Trace or of well-loaded flatboats going down the Mississippi. For a while Mason hoped through him to gain his old respectability.

Then, one day a stranger pointed to Mason and said, "That's the man who robbed Baker," referring to the robbery of Colonel Joshua Baker, August 14, 1801, when Baker, William Baker and a man named Rogers lost their horses and $2,300 in cash.

Mason and his son were jailed. They were tried and sentenced to 39 lashes administered in public and 12 hours in the town pillory. Mason and his son cried "Innocent, innocent" as the whip was applied.

One of the jurors who had found them guilty encountered Mason on the outskirts of town after Mason's release from the pillory. Mason threatened him with death, but finally kicked him, spat in his face and rode away.

Nothing was seen of Mason for a long time. But the killings and robberies went on. In one robbery Mason was said to have stolen the pants of a huge Kentuckian. The shirt-tailed giant led the searching posse until he found his pants, discarded by the wayside. Then his ardor died. The posse encountered Mason's men, who were prepared to fight, so the searchers immediately retreated, led by the big Kentuckian.

Mason's blood lust grew. He developed a wild audacity. After a bitter massacre, a posse was organized to search for him. The searchers came to the edge of a lonely bayou. A rifle sounded across the water. One of the hunters fell dead. A man appeared on the other side of the bayou, waved his arms and shouted, "Do ye want Mason? I'm Mason."

His organization was constantly growing. His men robbed on the river and the Trace at the same time. February 10, 1802, William C. C. Claiborne, governor of Mississippi, wrote to the Spanish Governor General of the Province of Louisiana about the need for action in regard to the robbers. The general, Manuel de Salcedo, replied irritably that they might be Americans. So no working agreement between the two authorities was arranged.

Then Colonel Baker encountered Mason again while he was flatboating his produce down to New Orleans. He reported the robbery to Governor Claiborne, saying that a group of bandits in pirogues had boarded his boat and a battle followed. Eventually the robbers were driven off, but not before several of the men on both sides had been wounded.

The governor sent letters to captains of all military outposts asking for Mason's arrest. The letters also said that it was believed that Wiley Harpe of the famous "terrible Harpes" was a member of Mason's gang. Strange stories had circulated around Wiley Harpe. He was said to have married a girl named Bass. Then he told people that her horse had thrown her and dragged her to death. Later her grave was opened and it was found that she had been beaten to death and cruelly mutilated.

A month after the governor's letters, information was received that Mason's gang was hiding out near Rocky Springs, 40 miles North of Natchez. A hunt followed. The hide-out was found abandoned. About that time a mail carrier encountered the wife of Mason's son, Tom. She had been abandoned by the group while pregnant, had borne her child alone in the wilderness, and was stumbling along the road, carrying the child. The mail carrier assisted her to Natchez, where she revealed that the gang had gone across the river into Spanish territory. Then it was said that new headquarters had been established at the Crow's Nest on Stack Island in the Mississippi river about 50 miles north of Vicksburg.

Sought by the police of two nations, a price on his head, Mason continued to rob and murder. One of his methods was to approach travellers and ask to buy loaded rifles. When the bargain had been struck, Mason and his men would point the guns at their former owners.

A few escaped death. Others were killed, their bodies disemboweled and thrown into the river.

Finally on January 11, 1803, reports came to New Madrid, in Louisiana, that suspicious persons were at Little Prairie, 20 miles down the stream. An inquiry was started. Several men and one woman had moved into a house rented on the outskirts of the town. They seemed peaceful enough, except for their habit of maintaining an armed sentry at the door.

Don Robert McCoy, captain of the militia and Corporal Felipo Canot with a dozen of the regulars went to investigate. Mason pretended to be astounded. He said he was an honest man and he was tired of these "stinking lies" that had been travelling about him. He merely wanted to live in peace.

McCoy played up. He said he was merely examining passports and for Mason to have all his party there with their passports that evening. When he re-appeared, Mason had collected all his group. The house was surrounded, militiamen came pouring in with guns.

The captain got the names of the group, Samuel Mason and his sons, Thomas, John and Samuel, Jr.; John Taylor, Marguerite Douglas, wife of John Mason, and her three children. All were taken to New Madrid and the trial of the adults began on the morning of January 17. The trial was a curious business—testimony was taken in French, then read, translated to the deponents and signed.

Mason told a long tale of persecution. Other men's crimes had been saddled on him. He only wanted to live a peaceful existence in Spanish territory. It was all very sad. The seven thousand dollars found in his possession he had discovered in a bag hanging on a bush near a camp site in the wilderness. He was just keeping it until someone claimed it.

Taylor said that his name was really John Setton. He was an Irishman who had come to America in 1797, enrolled as a soldier and then deserted, he said. He declared he had been captured by the Masons and forced to commit their crimes. To this Mason replied that he had held Setton captive because he knew he had committed many crimes and he had been hoping to trick him into a public confession.

Setton was asked if Wiley Harpe had been a member of the gang. He paled, but denied knowing anything about Harpe.

Finally the whole affair, including the prisoners, was shipped to New Orleans by the judges. The High Court at New Orleans decided to turn it over to the American authorities. Early in March, 1803, the Masons were started by boat toward Natchez. On the way there was a storm. Mason took this opportunity to start a gun battle and gain possession of the boat.

Landsmen hastily organized boarding parties. The Mason gang fled. This occurred March 27, 1803, and for six months Mason eluded capture. In June he was seen along the Trace. In July a man appeared at Natchez to report that he had been robbed by Mason.

James Mays went in search of Mason. He returned with Setton, who promised to help the authorities find the veteran bandit. A few weeks later they returned with a ball of dried clay in the bow of their canoe. Inside was the head of Samuel Mason. They had tomahawked him, cut off his head, put it inside the blue clay to prevent putrefaction, and brought it back to claim the reward.

Then followed a startling anti-climax. A Captain Stump from Kentucky was staring at Setton. Suddenly he said, "Why that man's Wiley Harpe."

News of the bringing of Harpe's name into the trial at New Madrid had not penetrated to Natchez. Setton denied that he was the fugitive member of the Harpes. But he was put under double guard. Several boatmen identified him as Harpe the younger. Finally John Bowman of Knoxville, Tennessee, spoke up. "If he's Little Harpe, he will have a

scar under the left nipple of his breast, because I cut him there in a little difficulty we had at Knoxville."

Setton protested. But his shirt was torn off and he was revealed as Harpe.

He escaped, along with Mays, now said to be the Samuel Mays who had been connected with the murder of a man named Henry Havard. They were immediately captured and on February 8, 1804, were hanged at Gallows Field near Natchez. Mays complained bitterly on his way to the gallows, saying he had not been guilty of crimes deserving death and that he had benefited humanity by betraying and killing Mason.

The heads of both men were cut off. Harpe's head was mounted on a pole along the Trace north of town and Mays' head was put on a pole on the Trace south of town. Their bodies were put in the town cemetery, but citizens protested, and dug up their own dead and placed them in another field.

In a few years when the Trace was widened and deepened for heavy traffic, the road penetrated into the graveyard, now occupied only by Harpe and Samuel Mays. Eventually their graves joined the Trace.

JOHN A. MURREL

John A. Murrel was one of the most fantastic outlaws of an era which apparently specialized in fantasy. He rose to fame along with Haddock, who sent people into the wilderness to hunt for mythical land they had purchased, and Phillip Alston, "dressed in ruffles, broadcloth and lace," who presided over Cave-in-a-Rock, scuttled Kentucky boats and murdered their crews.

This was the time of James Ford, who acted as justice of the peace, bandit chieftain and ferryman, for years. His ferry carried the travellers, his bandits robbed them, and then he listened to the futile complaints in his court.

The king of all these "musical comedy outlaws" was John A. Murrel with his "flat, pale smile of a murderer," his genteel manners and dandified dress.

He is described by Virgil Stewart, the young man whose daring and ingenuity caused Murrel's downfall, as having been too well dressed with his superfine cloth pantaloons strapped on at both extremities of his person, his shirt fastened with tape, ribbons and gold buttons, a superfine cloth coat upon his back, a dandy silk hat with a rim three-quarters of an inch wide upon his head and calfskin boots upon his feet. He was too handsome, with his smooth, sallow cheeks, his sleek dark hair and his wide eyes always lit as if with some inner ironic meaning. He carried his head high, but those who knew him said that there was always a sinister air of evil about his carriage.

Murrel was fantastic and clever. But his very grandiose ideas and his supreme vanity caused his ruin. Murrel was born in 1804 somewhere in the middle valley of Tennessee. His father was the proprietor of a small wayside tavern. His mother was a born criminal. Like Ma Barker of the Twentieth Century, she taught her children to steal. At ten years, young John was an accomplished thief, rifling the packs of the guests at his father's inn. Finally he stole $50 from his family and left home, going to Nashville.

There, oddly enough, he encountered a man named Harry Crenshaw whom young John had robbed in his father's inn. But Crenshaw bore no ill will. Crenshaw, himself, was a bandit. These two teamed up. Their first robbery was that of a young trader named Woods, who was struck over the head with Murrel's loaded whip, his body thrown into a ravine, and his money, amounting to about $1,262, and his horse taken by the bandits.

Shortly after that Murrel fell ill and was nursed by an innkeeper's

daughter in Alabama. She was much impressed by his "genteel manners." Once, on impulse, he went back to see her, but she was dead.

A little while after he recovered, there were rumors of a Negro uprising in Alabama, recently joined to the United States. Murrel and Crenshaw took advantage of the excitement to waylay late strollers and rob a store, and then rode down to New Orleans. This gave Murrel the grandiose idea of starting a Negro rebellion at a later date in order to pillage the countryside.

Murrel gambled and sported away all his money in New Orleans, and had to take to the road on foot. He encountered a stranger, shot the man, took his money and horse and his fine new boots. He followed the method of hiding the body that made him infamous. He ripped open the abdomen, disembowelled the man, stuffed him with sand and sunk the body in a creek.

The killer went placidly on to Natchez where he set about studying the crime condition. The country had settled rapidly since 1803 when Hare and Harpe preyed on the wilderness travellers. Friends were necessary protection. So, he started making friends.

One of his new friends, a man named Carter, taught the young apprentice in crime another clever trick, that of pretending to be an evangelist. Then, with the community emotionally aroused, counterfeit currency could be passed, Negroes run off, stolen slaves unloaded.

Murrel and Carter made a long trip through the valley. "In all that route I only robbed 11 men, but I preached some damned fine sermons, and so scattered a lot of queer money among the pious," Murrel said later.

"There is but one safe way in this business," Murrel told Stewart, the man who caused his capture. "And that is to kill. If I could not afford to kill a man I would not rob."

Then Murrel started stealing slaves. He was a student of law and he usually persuaded the slaves to run away. Then, if the owners advertised for the slaves, Murrel simply took the Negroes into custody. If he didn't return them, he was guilty of a breach of trust, but that was a civil matter. Most of his slave transactions were conducted with Murrel in the guise of a sanctimonious preacher.

If a slave threatened to become embarrassing, that slave died. Murrel's path was paved with blood. He shot in cold calculation, and he also killed in furious rage.

Oddly enough, in all of Murrel's clever planning, crafty watching, his giant schemes like his clan with its many members, its strange oaths and its conspiracy to rouse the Negroes into rebellion, he came to grief over petty matters.

He had built up a giant organization for his slave trade and as a fence for his banditry. He had powerful friends.

Then in Nashville, in 1932, he was arrested for the theft of a skinny mare belonging to a widow in Williamson county. He was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment, 30 lashes on his bare back at a public whipping post, to sit two hours in the pillory on three successive days, and be branded on the left thumb with the letters "H. T." (Horse Thief) in the presence of the court, and be rendered infamous.

Murrel preserved an outward calm, but the public humiliation, the confinement and the pain caused him to become mad with rage. His old ideas for the Negro rebellion sprang to life. He would capture the entire country, including the city of New Orleans. Everyone who had caused him any trouble would be horribly punished. He began making plans. Soon he had things ready. He had about 80 officers and about 300 agents. The date of the uprising was set for Christmas Day, 1835.

Again some petty—to him—incident intervened. Murrel, who was married and living in style in Tennessee, arranged for the theft of some Negroes belonging to old Parson John Henning and his wife of Jackson, Tenn. The old man complained to a bright young friend of his, Virgil Stewart, a native of Georgia, but a natural wanderer. The Hennings

had been kind to young Stewart. They suspected Murrel. They told him of their belief. Young Stewart was grateful to the Hennings for their past favors. He decided to investigate. He was unknown to Murrel and Murrel might reveal something to him.

Then followed one of the strangest man hunts in the history of crime.

Stewart set out on January 25, 1834, on his mission. A ferryman pointed out the dandified Murrel to him. They rode along together. Stewart posed as Adam Hues, a wanderer, seeking a stolen horse. He expressed himself as being sympathetic with rogues. He flattered Murrel. Soon Murrel began to talk.

At first he kept secret his own identity with the list of crimes he revealed. Finally, however, he told Stewart that he was the man of mystery whose cleverness he had related and asked Stewart to join him. Stewart went with him to Arkansas. On the way Murrel kept up a constant stream of talk. He told of the Underground Railway for sending stolen slaves to be sold in the West, which he and Crenshaw had organized, and which had failed. But the new conspiracy was bigger and better. The true meaning of the rebellion was known only to the leaders. Some of the men implicated were genuinely interested in freeing slaves. Murrel had had some communications with northern abolitionists.

The first class of the clan was called the Grand Council. The second class was composed of the strikers, who did the tedious work. All over the territory the clan's agents were at work rousing the Negroes to rebellion. The Negro members were sworn to secrecy in a long ceremony, calculated to frighten them into silence.

On the way, Stewart wrote down in a little blank book what he could remember of Murrel's conversation. Dates he scratched on his saddle when Murrel was not looking. Once he stopped and confided part of his blood-chilling knowledge to an innkeeper named Jonathan Champeon and borrowed a pistol from Champeon.

Murrel led Stewart to a swamp near Chickasaw Bend. There they followed a dim trail through cane brakes and swamp willows to a lakeside hut where sat several armed guards. They saluted Murrel and the strange pilgrimage went on. Presently they came to a long low building built among the cottonwoods. It was the headquarters of Murrel's clan. It was built like an Indian council-house with one big room and several small council chambers.

Here Stewart, who had kept up his attitude of fawning admiration for Murrel, was introduced to the others and made a member of the clan. He received the two degrees in signs, which belonged to the two classes. First he received the sign of the striker, a wave of the hand with the wrist oddly bent. Then he received the sign of the Grand Counsellor, a handshake with the fingers closed against the palm.

After his initiation, a drinking party started. Murrel began his boasting again. He told of the theft of Parson Henning's Negroes and was angry at trouble the old man had started. He threatened to have him beaten.

Stewart was about at the breaking point. He made an excuse to get across the river. He wanted to see a girl at Irvin's, he said. Irvin was a plantation owner with whom they had stayed on their way to headquarters.

Stewart told Irvin his story and arranged to have a guard concealed about the house when Murrel came to deliver some slaves he had agreed to sell to the plantation men. Then, the next day, Stewart departed with Murrel, riding with him as far as Wesley. Stewart left him there, pretending he had to go to Yalo Busha. When Stewart left, Murrel wrote for him the names of a hundred clansmen he might meet on his way South.

But officials were impatient to catch Murrel. Three days later, when Murrel rode into his Tennessee plantation he was surrounded by a dozen armed men and taken to jail at Jackson.

Stewart had asked that the arrest be delayed until Murrel could be

caught with the stolen property in his possession. But others overruled him. Murrel was arrested and there was no proof but Stewart's story.

Word travelled through underground channels to the clansmen. The headquarters were deserted. No stolen Negroes were sent to Irvin's. A boatload of stolen slaves, which had been sent to the Yazoo market, disappeared.

Murrel lay quietly in jail, making plans for his defense. His wife visited him daily and finally smuggled in some saws. Murrel escaped, was taken out of the State and into Alabama, concealed in a wagon-load of grain.

But he was recognized in a tavern near Muscle Shoals and brought back to Jackson. Trial was set for July of 1834.

Meanwhile the clansmen were worried. Word was sent out that Stewart's character must be maligned, doubt cast on his story and then he must be killed. Stewart's life was attempted, but by luck and cleverness he managed to escape. Murrel's friends tried to paint him as a worthless wanderer who had betrayed Murrel for the sake of a reward for the return of slaves.

Murrel's attorney, Milton Brown, who later introduced into Congress the bill for the annexation of Texas, sought to destroy Stewart's evidence by cross examination. But Stewart clung doggedly to his story and produced the blank book in which he had laboriously and in secret jotted down Murrel's vain babblings of his deeds. Murrel's list of the clansmen was also read amid cheers and boos. This was a surprise to the defense and Murrel's distinguished friends immediately deserted him.

Half an hour after the case had been turned over to the jury, John A. Murrel was found guilty of Negro stealing and of selling stolen Negroes. He was sentenced to serve a period of 10 years at hard labor, in the state penitentiary at Nashville. A few days later he was sent to Nashville under heavy guard.

His friends continued to plot for the Negro uprising. Finally, a plantation owner heard two Negroes discussing it. An investigation was started and most of the leaders in the conspiracy were hanged.

Bandits of the Far West

ROBIN HOODS OF ELDORADO

A history of American bandits should not be written without some mention of Joaquin Murieta and his band of Californians, in spite of the fact that they were never really regarded as Americans, but contemptuously termed "Mexicans" or foreigners by the Americans after the conquest of California.

Too, there were many persons who called them patriots rather than bandits. Murieta was frequently termed a Robin Hood of Eldorado. Even American historians at the time of the activities of the group admit that the Californians had much provocation to cause them to become outlaws.

In writing about Murieta it is almost impossible to separate fact from myth. It was the custom of American bandits to blame the "Mexicans" for all their deeds. And Murieta became even, in his time, an almost legendary figure.

Many of the California bandits were disbanded soldiers from Castro's army, which attempted to resist the so-called Bear Flag rebellion in California in the 1840's and also fought against the American forces. After the occupation of California by American forces, the landed classes were placed in legal position of being squatters on land which they had sometimes held for generations.

And, after the gold rush in 1849, a general spirit of recklessness prevailed in the state. Horace E. Scudder, writing in the Nineteenth Century says: "The steamer Alta of June 15, 1852, reports that a 'Mexican,' at Jackson, having been accused, without any evidence of which an intelligible account can be given, of being the murderer of two Frenchmen who had been slain in their tents near there, was brought before a drunken justice of the peace, and was by him committed to prison; and that the crowd thereupon, without giving him a fair chance to be heard further in his own defense, took him from jail and hanged him, after a desperate struggle, in the presence of his pleading mother and sisters."

Mrs. L. A. C. Clapp, whose letters about the mining country were published in **Ewer's Pioneer** in San Francisco between 1854 and 1855 under the name of Dame Shirley, writes: "In April, a Mexican at Indian Bar asked an American for some money due the former. The American promptly stabbed his creditor; but again nothing was done. The Mexicans were. in fact, now too numerous for comfort at Indian Bar, since Rich Bar had just expelled all foreigners who therefore now came to this place."

All native Californians of Spanish blood appear to have been regarded as "Mexicans" and "foreigners."

Mrs. Clapp writes that "The people of the Spanish race, many of whom are highly educated gentlemen, are disposed to base an ill opinion of our whole nation on the actions of the rougher men. They think that it is the grand characteristic of Columbia's children to be prejudiced, opinionated, selfish, avaricious and unjust. It is vain to tell them that such are not specimens of American gentlemen." She blames gamblers and rowdies for most of the actions against Spaniards. "The rest of the people are afraid of these daring, unprincipled persons, and when they commit the most glaring injustice against the Spaniards, it is generally passed unnoticed."

Scudder tells of several examples of "Mexicans" who robbed the gold miners. But not until Murieta rose to fame did there seem to be any united action.

According to the popular version, Murieta was an aristocratic native Californian of Spanish blood. His brother was blamed for the robbery of a stage coach—by the very persons who committed the crime—and hanged. Murieta swore vengeance.

He gathered about him a large group of men who wanted to avenge the treatment of themselves and their countrymen. They rode from one end of California to another, looting the intruders. They had a hide-out in the Sierra Nevada mountains where they kept their women and children.

Murieta's avowed purpose was to try to help his countrymen. When he heard of a Spanish landowner whose wealth had been taken from him, he attempted to get back part of this by force, return it to the former owner and help him to leave the country for Mexico.

How many robberies Murieta's band committed cannot be definitely determined. No doubt he was blamed for many crimes he did not commit. Probably many of them were never known.

Finally, after years of apparently leading a charmed life, protected by his own countrymen, fleeing in times of danger to his mountain hide-out, Murieta prepared to move his band to Mexico and safety.

On the eve of his departure, however, an armed force attacked the hide-out. Murieta and many of his men were killed.

Other early California bandits were Vasquez and Soto, who shared Murieta's reputation as Robin Hoods. Solomon Pico and his followers centered their activities around Monterey. A company of Rangers captured them April 18, 1851. Pico was released on bail and fled to Mexico.

John Irving of Texas raided Los Angeles county in May of 1851, striking terror in all hearts. One of his most daring deeds was the killing of 11 men on a ferry crossing the Colorado. Irving finally met his end at the hands of Juan Antonio an Indian chief of the Cohuillo tribe, and an alcade of the district. There was a fight at Irving's mountain stronghold and Irving was killed.

In 1857, Pancho Daniell, Juan Flores and Lucian Tapa headed a gang around Los Angeles. After the brutal murder of a sheriff, 100 men pursued the bandits into the mountains. Fifty-two members of the band were captured and 11 hanged.

BLACK BART

Black Bart, whose real name was Charles E. Boles, was a gentleman bandit who preyed on California stage coaches.

In seven years, beginning in 1877, he held up 28 stage coaches. He was always masked, worked alone, and left no clues. He never killed—bluffing his victims with an unloaded shotgun. At the twenty-eighth robbery his perfect technique failed. He dropped a handkerchief bearing a laundry mark.

The laundry mark was traced to a distinguished looking man named Charles E. Bolton, who also sometimes passed as Spaulding and whose real name was Boles.

Boles was an elegantly dressed, bejewelled man. He stood about five feet, eight inches in height, very straight with broad shoulders. His eyes were deep sunken and of a keen blue. His high cheek bones and handsome gray mustache and imperial beard added to his impressive appearance.

At first, Boles denied the robbery, saying that his handkerchief must have been stolen from him. But his hand had been wounded in the crime and the mark of the injury still remained.

Eventually he confessed and returned the $4,800 loot from the last robbery. He was sentenced to seven years in prison. Officials said he

was the mildest mannered and most gentle bandit that ever held up a stage.

ROAD AGENTS OF THE WEST

Frontiers usually have their own brand of reckless outlawry, and when to the unsettled conditions of a pioneer country is added the excitement of a gold rush, the logical result is the unparalleled brutal violence of the northwest in the days from 1850 to 1865.

The name of Henry Plummer, gambler and master organizer of frontier crime, is woven into the annals of robbery and murder through the northwest and into California and Virginia City, Nevada. Plummer undoubtedly was one of the most extraordinary outlaws ever to figure in the American scene. Born in Connecticut, he was only 27 years old when he was hanged. He had mixed a life of brutal crime with a romance with a young girl who was entirely ignorant of his true means of livelihood and believed for months after his death that he had fallen a victim to a conspiracy.

During part of his career Plummer appeared as a gambler and carefully hid his leadership of a ruthless band of road agents, or roadsters as they were also called. Later he served as sheriff, using his office to further his criminal purposes.

At the time the vigilantes put an end to the activities of Plummer and his band by resorting to "rope justice," the organization of the group, according to a confession of one of the members was: Henry Plummer, chief of the band; Bill Bunton, stool pigeon and second in command; George Brown, secretary; Cyrus Skinner, fence, spy, and roadster; George Shears, horse-thief and roadster; Frank Parish, horse-thief and roadster; Hayes Lyons, telegraph man and roadster; Bill Hunter, telegraph man and roadster; Ned Ray, council-room keeper at Bannack City; George Ives, Stephen Marshland, Dutch John Wagner, Alex Carter, Whiskey Bill Graves, Johnny Cooper, Buck Stinson, Mexican Frank, Bob Zachary, Boone Helm, Clubfoot George Lane, Billy Terwiliger and Gad Moore, roadsters.

These men were bound by oath to be true to each other and to do such duties as came within the meaning of their separate positions in the gang. The penalty of disobedience was death. If any member revealed any of the secrets or purposes of the group, he was to be shot down at sight. The same fate was ordered for any outsiders who talked about the gang or arrested any of the members. The object of the group was to plunder as much as possible and if murder was necessary, it was to be committed. The password of the band was "Innocent." The bandits wore their neckties fastened with a sailor's knot as an identification mark.

Plummer was hanged January 10, 1864, and most of the members of his band met the same fate about that time.

Plummer first appeared in the northwest in the spring of 1861, at Lewiston, then capital of Idaho Territory. It was the nearest accessible point by water to the recently discovered gold placers at Elk City, Oro Fino, Florence and Warren Creek. Soon he became the acknowledged leader of the professional gamblers who flocked into the town to prey upon the miners. Plummer was a man of gentlemanly bearing and dignified actions. He was accompanied by a woman who pretended to be his wife. But within a fortnight he had abandoned her, and she revealed that she had run away from her husband and three children to accompany Plummer.

Among Plummer's associates at Lewiston were Jack Cleveland, Cherokee Bob and Bill Bunton. Cleveland had come to Idaho with Plummer and knew of some of his past misdeeds in California. He used this knowledge to force Plummer to allow him a prominent part in his band.

Cherokee Bob was a native of Georgia and a quarter-blood Indian.

Before coming to Lewiston, he was said to have killed two or three soldiers at Walla Walla. Bunton was a murderer and notorious horse and cattle thief. He had killed a man at a ball near Walla Walla but was acquitted at his trial for lack of evidence.

By the summer of 1862, Plummer's band at Lewiston was well organized. He had two points of rendezvous called "shebangs." One was between Alpwai and Pataha creeks, on the road from Lewiston to Walla Walla, about 25 miles from the former, and the other at the foot of Craig's Mountain, between Lewiston and Oro Fino, at a point where the main road was intersected by a trail for pack animals. There were several smaller stations nearer to Walla Walla and Lewiston, which were occupied only as occasion might require. Close communication was maintained between these hide-outs. Plummer secretly directed the affairs of the bandits at these strategic points and meanwhile managed to ward off suspicion from himself by his gambling activities, which also allowed him to know when and where loot might be obtained.

The two roads upon which the "shebangs" were located were the only thoroughfares in the country. They were followed by persons going to and returning from interior mining camps and coming in and out of the country. The number of murders and robberies committed by the Plummer bandits can never be known. Mysterious disappearances were a weekly occurrence.

Then some members of Plummer's gang got into trouble through the shooting of Patrick Ford, a saloonkeeper who had threatened the bandits and exposed them. Most of them fled to Florence, Idaho. Its isolated location, distance from the seat of government, mountain surroundings and lack of law enforcement, made it an excellent base for criminal operations.

Cherokee Bob and Cyrus Skinner ran saloons there and these places were headquarters for about 20 to 30 desperadoes. Charlie Harper was first seen in connection with Plummer's gang at Florence.

Harper had arrived in Walla Walla in the fall of 1861. He was a young man of 25, described as being of medium size, erect carriage, clear but florid complexion and heavy red hair. He immediately began robbing and looting and became well-known as a dangerous man.

However, Harper soon fled when he was named as being head of a group which had robbed a pack train belonging to Joseph and John Berry. Three of Harper's companions, Bill Peoples, Dave English and Nels Scott, were hanged for the crime.

New gold discoveries were being reported. Plummer and Charley Reeves and a bandit named Ridgely went from Florence to Elk City. But at Elk City, Plummer met old acquaintances from California. Fearful lest he be returned there to face criminal charges, he suddenly departed for Deer Lodge. But that town was not prosperous, so, with Jack Cleveland, he left for Fort Benton, intending to go to Missouri by the first boat.

Sixty miles from Benton, their horses became weary and Plummer and Cleveland stopped to rest at the ranch of a Mr. Vail. There Henry Plummer fell in love with Vail's young sister-in-law, Eliza Bryan. He married her and early in the winter of 1862-63, he and his wife and Cleveland went to Bannack. It may be that he intended to reform. Possibly he might have. But he had quarrelled with Cleveland and Cleveland had insisted on going with him to Bannack. A feud sprang up between the two.

After many attempts to provoke Cleveland into a quarrel so he could be openly killed, Plummer finally shot and fatally wounded him. He was tried but acquitted on the ground of self defense. Witnesses testified that Cleveland had frequently threatened to kill him.

However, Plummer was still nervous. A man named Jack Crawford had taken care of Cleveland while he lay dying. Plummer was afraid that Cleveland might have revealed his underground connection with the road agents then pillaging the country. He tried to quarrel with

Crawford so he might shoot him and pretend self defense. But Crawford wounded Plummer in the right arm and then fled. Even in a town where killing was a commonplace occurrence, Plummer's actions aroused suspicion.

No evidence had yet connected Plummer with numerous robberies. While he was recovering from his wounded arm a Mr. and Mrs. Davenport were robbed by a gallant bandit who styled himself the Robber of the Glen. The doctor saw that Plummer had apparently been taking violent exercise at the time of the robbery but he remained silent, in fear of his life.

After his recovery from his wound, Plummer managed to be elected sheriff. He declared loudly that any gun play on his part had always been in self defense. He was elected and immediately appeared to reform.

"I confess," he is quoted as saying, "that the bad associations which I formed in California and Nevada have adhered to me ever since. I was forced in sheer self defense, on different occasions, to kill five men and, of course was undeservedly denounced as a desperado and a murderer. This is not true, and now that I am married and have something to live for, and hold an official position, I will show you that I can be a good man among good men. There is a new life before me, and I want you to believe that I am not unfitted to fill it with credit to myself, and benefit to the community."

But Plummer continued to be mysteriously absent at night. And the robberies and killings kept on. Then gold was discovered at Alder Gulch in May of 1863. The town of Virginia City sprang up. The road agents followed the miners. Prominent among them were Cyrus Skinner, Jack Gallagher, Buck Stinson and Ned Ray, the last three serving under Plummer as deputy sheriffs. Stinson, Hayes Lyon and Charley Forbes are said to have planned to rob three men carrying out gold. But Dillingham, another deputy sheriff, warned the intended victims. Dillingham was assassinated in Virginia City after threats against his life had been made by Lyons. A miners' court was organized on the spot where Dillingham died. A Dr. Steele, president of the gulch, was appointed judge. Charles Forbes, Lyons and Stinson were tried. While the accused men were being held prisoners, Lyons summoned a guard and told him that "Henry Plummer told me to shoot him."

Forbes, styled a prince of cutthroats, was acquitted. Afterward he boasted of the murder. Stinson and Lyons were sentenced to hang, but on their way to the scaffold, pleaded with the crowd for their freedom. An election was held and while the dispute as to whether to hang the prisoners was going on, someone mounted the two convicted men on a horse and turned them loose. Justice was extremely informal in those days with many convicted men winning their freedom by dramatic references to mothers, wives, sweethearts, and their innocence. Too, threatening a jury while the trial was going on was no novelty.

George Ives, Bob Zachary and William (Whiskey Bill) Graves were now members of Plummer's band. The fantastic quality of these early road agents can be shown by a direct quotation from N. P. Langford's book, "Vigilante Days and Ways." Speaking of a plan to rob a stage coach, Mr. Langford writes: "Ives, who had been joined by Bob Zachary and Whiskey Bill made a detour and passed the coach unperceived. The three gentlemanly solicitors of the road trotted slowly on toward Bannack. They were in complete disguise, each one incased in a blanket of green and blue. Whiskey Bill wore a silk hat, at that time, perhaps, the only one in the Territory.

"His sleeves were rolled above his elbows, and his face concealed behind a black silk handkerchief, through the eyelets his ferret eyes shone like a couple of stars in partial eclipse. The gray horse he bestrode was enveloped in a blanket so completely that only his head, legs and tail were visible. The horses of his associates were similarly overspread.

Ives was masked in a piece of gray blanket, and Zachary with a remnant of hickory shirting."

Plummer's band used a system of spies to determine whether the victims of stage coach and other robberies recognized the road agents. If the robbed men were so indiscreet as to talk they did not live long. It is estimated that Plummer's gang killed 102 persons. Sometimes road agents even warned victims that they were going to be robbed.

But the bandits became too reckless. It was George Ives' custom, for instance, to mount his horse, and, pistol in hand, ride into a store or saloon, toss his buckskin purse upon the counter and request the proprietor or clerk to put one or more ounces of gold dust in it "as a loan." The clerk dared not refuse. While the gold was being weighed, Ives would amuse himself by firing his revolver at the lamps.

Ives finally was sentenced to hang for a murder. To the amazement of everyone the sentence actually was carried out. The jurors had been threatened, the usual appeals made, but still Ives was hanged. This was the beginning of the end. The spirit of the country was changing. The time was ripe for the vigilantes. Also the reckless bravado of the bandits was somewhat marred. They all expected that Plummer, their chief, would demand custody of Ives and release him officially as sheriff. But he was busy with his own safety.

Ives, seen in the light of history, was a moral monster, taking life recklessly. He was born of respectable parents at Ives Grove, Racine County, Wisconsin, and his youth appears to have been harmless. He went to California as a miner in 1857. Then he was employed as a government mule herder at Walla Walla in Washington Territory where he began stealing mules. His deception was not discovered until he left. After that he was a gambler and a rowdy in mining settlements on Salmon River.

He was only 27 years old when he was hanged. He is said to have presented a pleasing appearance. Nearly six feet tall, he had lively blue eyes, a light complexion and always was neatly shaven.

George Hilderman was tried as being an accomplice of Ives in the murder of a man named Tiebalt. But he was banished when he pleaded for his life and swore that he had been only an unwilling helper.

Soon Erastus (Red) Yager was arrested for the murder and robbery of a popular Elk City merchant named Lloyd Magruder. He was sentenced to hang and on the eve of his hanging he decided to talk and gave the vigilantes information about Plummer and his band.

Then a man called Dutch John Wagner was arrested on a charge of attacking the pack train of a Mr. Moody. He made a full confession of his guilt and corroborated Red's statements. Plummer attempted to get John into his custody but Neil Howie, who had arrested John, refused to relinquish him. However, he soon escaped.

The vigilante organization was now nearly completed. Every man on the list of Plummer's road agents was marked down for trial. Plummer, ignorant of the confessions, was quietly preparing to depart.

But before he escaped, four vigilantes arrived at Bannack from Virginia City, with news and asked the co-operation of the Bannack citizens in the execution of Plummer, Stinson and Ray. A hurried meeting was held. Stinson and Ray were arrested without any opposition. Plummer was captured at his cabin. The three were taken immediately to a rough gallows, erected the previous season by Plummer in his official capacity as sheriff. On the way Stinson and Ray kept up a stream of profanity. But Plummer begged for his life, then tried to argue his innocence. Finally he declared that he was too wicked to die. He promised to leave the country if his life was spared. But the vigilantes were determined.

Stinson and Ray were hanged first. When Stinson was being hoisted he said, "I'll confess."

"We've done enough already, twice over, to send us to hell," Plummer remarked.

The vigilantes guarded the bodies until they were sure the three men were dead. Then friends of the criminals attended to the burials.

Dutch John was recaptured and executed. His hands had been frozen while he was fleeing from vigilantes. When he heard his sentence, he asked to dictate a letter to his mother. Dissatisfied with the results, he removed the bandages from his sore hands, wrote the letter himself, calmly replaced the bandages and then went to his death.

While these executions were taking place in Bannack, the Virginia City vigilantes were still busy. Alder Gulch had been the favorite stronghold of the Plummer gang since gold was discovered there. Most of the predatory expeditions had started from that rich mining center.

January 13, 1864, three days after Plummer's execution, the vigilantes surrounded Virginia City during the night. Five hundred armed men picketed the town while an executive committee deliberated on evidences of guilt of the bandits.

In the morning the armed pickets were revealed. The city was like an army camp. Hundreds of men marched through the snow on the mountain sides. Messengers were sent to vigilantes in other towns to help in the trial. Parties went out to arrest Boone Helm, Jack Gallagher, Frank Parish, George Lane, Hayes Lyons and Bill Hunter. Hunter had escaped in the night by crawling through a drainage ditch, but the others were captured.

Helm was a notorious character. He was said to have confessed to cannibalism on more than one occasion. He had a long record of robberies and brutal murders. He denied any guilt at first and then admitted to killing a man in Missouri and another man in California.

The examinations were brief. The facts were well known. All the men were sentenced to death. Each prisoner had his arms tied. Then an armed vigilante walked at each side of each prisoner. A large body of armed vigilantes formed around the prisoners in a hollow square, four abreast on each side, and a column in front and rear. A few men with pistols scattered through the crowd to guard against any rescue attempts.

The procession then marched slowly to the scaffold. Some of the condemned men begged for help. Boone Helm treated the proceedings with reckless levity.

At the scaffold, the men were ranged in a row. Gallagher asked for whiskey and it was given to him. He then cursed the vigilantes. In a few minutes all five of the men were dead.

Steve Marshland was the next of Plummer's gang to be captured. He was found suffering from frozen feet and a chest wound he had received while attacking Moody's pack train. He, too, begged for his liberty, promising to leave the country. But the days of easy mercy were over. The vigilantes were resolved to put down crime as ruthlessly as the criminals had once dominated the town. So Marshland was hanged. Bill Bunton was then captured and hanged.

After that in rapid succession Cyrus Skinner, Bob Zachary, George Shears were caught and hanged. Whiskey Bill Graves was caught in Bitter Root Valley and executed. Johnny Cooper was soon added to the list of late members of Plummer's band.

Bill Hunter had escaped thus far but he was trailed to Gallatin valley and captured by six armed men. He was executed almost immediately. His death marked the gory end of Plummer's band. By violence they lived, and by violence they died.

Plummer's band is supposed to have been responsible for the death of 102 persons. How many robberies were committed by these ruthless bandits and how much property destroyed for their amusement no one could estimate. They were typical of their era and with their passing, there came into being a more law-abiding time.

DAVID OPDYKE'S GANG

Following the stamping out of Henry Plummer's band of desperadoes, David Opdyke rose to brief notoriety as leader of a group of road agents.

Opdyke was said to have been the most patrician of the roughs of Idaho. It was claimed that he was the degenerate scion of a family which boasted some of the leading citizens of New York among its members. He was born near Cayuga Lake, New York, in 1830, and was about 36 years old when his career was forcibly ended.

In 1855, he first appeared in California where he was employed for two years as a driver for the California Stage company. Then, in 1858, he sailed to British Columbia, but returned the same year to California. He spent two unprofitable years in Yuba County and two more in Virginia City, Nevada.

In 1862, he heard of the gold rush near Florence and Warren, Idaho, and in the autumn of that year went to Boise county, where he worked a valuable claim on the Ophir. In 1864, having accumulated about $1,500, he went to Boise City and established a livery stable, which was later pointed out to visitors as having been the rendezvous of one of the most reckless bands of robbers and road agents in the mountains.

Opdyke and his associates were soon suspected of aiding in the circulation of spurious gold dust, then an extensive business among the rowdies of the northwest. His stable was the meeting place of suspicious characters from Boise, Owyhee and Alturas counties. Soon this group was suspected of many robberies in the country, but no direct evidence could be found against them.

In the fall of 1864, the gang was suspected of robbing a prospector named Parks of several hundred dollars and a valise, which was supposed to contain gold dust but merely had quartz specimens. Parks was fatally wounded in the robbery.

Then in 1865 came the robbery of five coach passengers in Port Neuf Canyon. The passengers were murdered and then robbed.

Soon after this crime, Montana authorities received information that a man named Hank Buckner, an escaped murderer, was in Boise City, Idaho. Governor Green Clay Smith sent Neil Howie to Idaho with a requisition from Governor Lyon for the delivery of Buckner to Montana authorities. Buckner was hidden by the Opdyke gang, of which he was a member. He was arrested, however, but before he could be taken to Montana, he was released on a writ of habeas corpus and disappeared.

Meanwhile the Opdyke gang was gaining political power. In March, 1865, Opdyke was elected sheriff through its influence. Under pretense of official duty he tried to break up a group of 30 vigilantes, who were conducting a warfare on horse thieves and manufacturers of spurious gold dust. He planned to arrest and shoot the vigilantes. However, they were warned and his coup spoiled.

Soon after that, Opdyke was charged with releasing a criminal in his custody and also with embezzling $1,100. He paid the sum and resigned his office, swearing vengeance on the members of the grand jury which had indicted him. The situation around Boise City grew steadily worse. Members of Opdyke's gang killed an unarmed man named Reuben Raymond, who had interfered with their plans for gaining possession of some horses. This murder roused the citizens to great excitement. A night patrol was organized. The vigilantes sprang to life. Opdyke became alarmed and fled from the town with John Dixon, a confederate. The vigilantes pursued him and on Apri 12, 1865, caught and hanged him. His companion, Dixon, was hanged on the same night.

BILLY THE KID

Slender, high-voiced, light-haired, rather effeminate in appearance,

William Antrim, sometimes called Billy Bonny and more frequently Billy the Kid, one of the worst desperadoes of the southwest, does not properly belong in a history of bandits. So he will be mentioned but briefly. He was a killer, who rustled cattle and went in for petty thievery as a sideline.

Billy the Kid was 21 when he died, and was accredited with 21 murders. Born in New York, he soon went to Silver City, New Mexico. At 15 he quarrelled with his stepfather and became a waiter in a Silver City hotel. Soon, however, he was put in jail for stealing. He escaped and became a blacksmith's apprentice. Then he grew angry and shot the blacksmith.

After that he was a fighting cowboy for John Chisholm, Lincoln county cattleman, who was warring with Major L. G. Murphy over the supremacy of the Pecos Valley. Soon he quarrelled with Chisholm and began associating with the cattle rustlers. Presently he was leader of a crew. Meanwhile he killed as many of Chisholm's men as he could. Two other victims were a sheriff and his deputy. Pat Garrett was elected sheriff to capture Billy the Kid. With a posse of 25 men, he arrested Billy and several companions. Billy was sentenced to hang. But two weeks before the date of his intended death, he shot two deputies and escaped.

By July, 1881, Billy had been free two months and killed five men, three of them simply because they worked for his old enemy, Chisholm.

Then Sheriff Garrett heard Billy was hiding near Fort Sumner. The outlaw was trapped and killed at the home of Peter Maxwell.

The Border Outlaws

THE JAMESES AND THE YOUNGERS

Probably more ink has been spilled recording the exploits of Jesse and Frank James than any other bandits, either modern or old-time.

In the first place, the James boys, Frank and Jesse, are said to have established a world's record of 16 years of keeping out of the law's clutches. Then Jesse was shot by a traitor in the camp, and Frank finally surrendered of his own free will.

Too, the Jameses were suspected, possibly wrongly, of participating in the first bank robbery ever recorded in the United States, that of the bank at Liberty, Missouri, in February of 1866.

The James boys originated in a peculiar atmosphere, when lawlessness held less stigma than nowadays. They rode with Quantrill and his guerillas when that band of killers and looters scoured the countryside. After the Civil War, they were still regarded with suspicion by federal men in power in Missouri. Thus arose the opinion of many of their friends that the James boys were driven into a lawless life. They lived at a time when there was blood on the moon and desperation in the air.

There are many persons who claim that the Jameses were fine persons and that anything they did was justified. There were others, chiefly Easterners, who painted them as ruthless murderers, fiends in human form. They fell victim to pulp writers who fattened on the sales of hair-raising tales of border bandits. No deed was too wild to be attributed to the Jameses or their companions, the Younger boys.

The father of Jesse Woodson and Alexander Franklin James, was a Kentuckian, the Rev. Robert James. Their mother was the former Miss Zerelda Cole of Kentucky. Robert James met and fell in love with Miss Cole when he was attending an academy at Georgetown, Kentucky. They were soon married, although the girl was only 17.

Frank, the oldest of the boys, was born January 10, 1843. Jesse was younger, being born in Missouri, September 5, 1847. Both were native Missourians.

When Frank James was about 11 years old and Jesse was about seven years old, the border trouble broke out. For about seven years before the actual beginning of the Civil War there had been considerable friction between Missouri and Kansas. From about 1854 to 1861 western Missouri and eastern Kansas were virtually in a state of war. Kansas was peopled by Northerners, who were abolitionist in sympathy. Missouri was settled by Southerners who were slave-holders.

Free-Soil Kansans dashed across the state line into Missouri and carried off slaves. Missourian slave-holders went over into Kansas and voted in the elections, trying to make Kansas into a slave state. The Border Ruffians of Missouri sprang into being and fought with the Kansas Jayhawkers and Red Legs. When John Brown made his one-man effort to free the slaves, border warfare was already under way.

Naturally the rougher element took advantage of this disturbed condition. Kansans came into Missouri and stole slaves, and sold them back for ransom. Missourians went into Kansas and killed natives there for theft of slaves. Horses, chickens, cattle also were stolen.

The little James boys played that they were defeating the Kansas Jayhawkers under General Jim Lane. Border Missourians bore a fanatical hatred for General Lane and Jim Brown. These childish mock battles

undoubtedly aided in forming the character of the children living along the line who later joined Quantrill's guerillas.

By this time, seeking his fortune in the gold rush, the Rev. Robert James had gone to California, sickened and died. His widow married again, divorced her second husband because he was not good to "the boys," then married Dr. Reuben Samuel, whose loyalty to his tempestuous step-sons never wavered.

When the Civil War finally broke out, Frank James, then 18, enlisted under one of the lieutenants of Sterling Price, commander of the Missouri State Guards, Southern sympathizers. Frank was a tall, slim, nervous youth, already an expert marksman.

He fought in the fierce battle of Wilson Creek near Springfield, Missouri, August 10, 1861, when the Union General Nathaniel Lyon was killed combatting General Price and General Ben McCulloch of the regular Confederate forces. This was the second important clash of arms in the war.

A few months after the battle of Wilson Creek, Frank James went home to visit his family. Local federal militia arrested him and locked him in the Liberty, Missouri, jail. There he took an oath of loyalty to the Union. Apparently this was a mere gesture, for when he was released he remained a Southern sympathizer and later joined the daredevils led by William Clark Quantrill, renegade guerilla chieftain.

Quantrill was a bloodthirsty, excitement-loving man who apparently seized upon the Civil War as an excellent opportunity to run wild along the border. Some historians treat him as a hero, others as a wholesale murderer.

Jesse stayed at home during this time, working on the farm and helping his mother. Then one June day, in 1863, he got into trouble. Federal militia visited the farm and told Dr. Samuel that he and his family had been too vocal in their sympathy for the South. They were also accused of protecting "that cutthroat Quantrill."

To teach him a lesson, the militiamen hanged Dr. Samuel. His wife, who had followed the men, dashed forward as soon as they left, cut down her husband and saved his life.

Meanwhile, the 15-year-old Jesse was plowing corn. The federals found him and began whipping him with a knotted rope. Jesse ran toward the house, blinking his blue eyes nervously, a habit he had all his life. He was crying from physical pain and humiliation. His mother wept at the sight of his back, welted, and dripping blood.

Jesse tried to join Quantrill's gang, but those fierce men laughed at the slim blue-eyed stripling. So he returned home.

A few days later the "regulators," as some of the militiamen termed themselves, reappeared at the James' home. This time they intended to kill Jesse and his step-father. They had heard that Jesse had been in communication with Quantrill. But Dr. Samuel and Jesse were away from home. So the men arrested Mrs. Samuel and her 12-year-old daughter, Susie James. They were put in jail at St. Joseph, Missouri, and kept there for several weeks on a charge of being disloyal to the Union.

Two little Samuels were permitted to join their mother in the jail. They were Sallie Samuel, three, and Johnnie, who was only 14 months old.

This outrage determined Jesse to join Quantrill's men. With Jim Cummins, a neighbor boy, he managed to join one of the Quantrill divisions under George Todd and Bill Anderson. Anderson, known as Bloody Bill, said that Jesse was "for a boy of 16, the best fighter in the command."

Jesse also made friends with George Shepherd, another leader in the Quantrill band. When Quantrill took part of his band to Kentucky along at the last of his career, Jesse went with Shepherd to Texas.

Then he came back to Missouri to surrender and was wounded by a

federal soldier. Frank had accompanied Quantrill to Kentucky and soon he, too, returned to the farm.

Much the same history could be recorded for the future companions of the James boys, the Younger brothers. Apologists for the Younger boys give the same alibi that they were driven and forced into their life of outlawry.

Thomas Coleman Younger, known as Cole Younger, was the most prominent of the four Youngers. He was born on a fine farm a few miles from Lees Summit, Missouri, and the old place is now the Jackson County Poor Farm. Cole was born January 15, 1844, one year after Frank James, his close companion in most of his exploits. He was a member of a big family.

Col. Henry W. Younger, his father, was a prosperous farmer and owned a livery business at Harrisonville, Missouri. On July 20, 1862, he was murdered and robbed by a band of pillaging federal soldiers commanded by Captain Walley. Friends of the Younger boys argue that this act drove the boys to being guerillas. But, as a matter of fact, Cole Younger was already connected with Quantrill at the time. Later his brother, James, joined the group. The other outlaw Youngers were John and Bob.

The mother of the Younger outlaws was a daughter of the Hon. Richard M. Fristoe of Jackson county, who had been in the Missouri legislature and who had served on the bench. The Fristoes were one of the first families in Missouri and the Youngers also were prominent people. Mrs. Younger, a refined, aristocratic woman, died in 1870, after two years of semi-invalidism said to have been caused by the mental strain of seeing the property left by her murdered husband swept away by the strife and later hearing that two of her sons had become desperate bandits.

Cole Younger stayed with Quantrill until Quantrill went to Kentucky. James Younger went with the bandit chieftain, but Cole joined the regular Confederate forces and became a captain. Tales of his exploits, including the time he was alleged to have shot 15 men with one bullet by lining them in a row, were greatly exaggerated. He had a picturesque quality that caught the public imagination and caused him to become, even during his lifetime, a legendary figure.

A cousin of Younger's told the writer that "Cole was driven to bank robbing. He was blamed for it anyhow and folks wouldn't let him lead a decent life. He had to make a living somehow."

Apparently the boys meant to settle down. For a while they worked on the farm. There was still talk about the wild James boys who had been with Quantrill.

Then, on St. Valentine's day, in 1866, a new era opened. War-torn Missouri hoped for peace. But the reckless gentlemen who had ridden with Quantrill did not like peace and quiet. They had grown accustomed to snatching horses and food and clothing as they went, with no authority but their six-shooters. Things were ripe for the opening of the border bandits' period of history.

A dozen men, mounted on fine horses, rode into the small town of Liberty, in Clay county, home of the Jameses. They went into the bank, occupied by Greenup Bird, the cashier, and his son, William Bird, bookkeeper, robbed it of $72,000 in cash and bonds, locked the Birds in the bank vault, and started to escape.

But the vault catch failed to hold. The elder Bird escaped and thrust his head out the window to give the alarm. Already citizens had become curious and were gathering. When the alarm sounded, men began running to and fro on the streets. The Rebel guerilla yell was shouted by one of the bandits. They began shooting. A young student known as Jolly Wymore was shot and killed. The bandits galloped out of town, shooting, and shouting the terrifying guerilla cry.

Citizens accused various members of Quantrill's guerillas of being members of the bandit gang. Jesse James was named among them, but it is said that Jesse was at home recovering from a wound through the chest received when he surrendered to federal officials.

Cole Younger was also suspected, but he was not arrested. Most of the suspected men hid out. Two were arrested but released. Some persons believed that Arch Clements, one of Bill Anderson's men under Quantrill, was the leader. Clements was killed December, 1866, when he went to Lexington to surrender to military authorities, hoping to receive a parole.

Eight months later, a second bank robbery occurred. In October of 1866, five men rode into Lexington, Missouri, and stopped at the banking house of Alexander Mitchell & Co. The bank was deserted except for Cashier J. L. Thomas, since it was the noon hour.

Two of the five men walked slowly toward the bank. The watching cashier went behind the counter. One of the two strangers presented a 50 dollar bond.

"Can you change this for me, please, sir?" he asked. "I reckon I can," said the cashier.

He opened the cash drawer and was fumbling for change when he looked up to see four big revolvers pointed at his head. Two more men had appeared in the doorway.

"Give us all the money you have in the bank," commanded the man who had asked for change. "Do it quietly and you won't be hurt; but if you don't, you'll get your head blown off."

Thomas obeyed orders. The robber tossed the loot into a wheat sack. "Don't give an alarm—if you do you'll be too dead to know it," he added.

The two men backed to the door, keeping their guns pointed at the cashier. The two men at the door backed away, putting their guns into their pockets. Then they walked swiftly, but quietly to their horses. The fifth man had stayed there. All five quickly rode out of town.

As soon as the horsemen had disappeared, Cashier Thomas spread the alarm. About $2,000 had been taken, he said.

Within an hour a posse had been organized. But no trace of the five men was found. Public meetings were held in Lexington to discuss what should be done. The names of the James boys were mentioned. But presently the excitement died down.

Four months later the gang struck again. This time they directed their efforts toward the private bank of Judge McLain at Savannah, Missouri. At noon, on March 2, 1867, five horsemen rode into town and hitched their horses near the bank. Judge McLain and his son saw them and, remembering the Lexington affair, where four of the five men entered, Judge McLain did not wait to be told to hand over the money. He seized a pistol and began firing. The four men drew guns and returned his fire. Judge McLain fell, shot through his breast.

Meanwhile his son had dashed into the street, giving the alarm. The robbers fled from the bank and sped away with their fifth companion. None of the bandits were injured, but they had not obtained a cent from the McLain bank.

Again a posse failed to find any trace of the bandits. Again the James boys were suspected. So were Samuel Pope and William (Bud) McDaniels. The two latter men were arrested, but released when they presented alibis. Judge McLain recovered from his wound and became a local hero.

No definite connection between these first robberies and the James boys has ever been proved. Sympathizers with the James boys say that the false blame finally drove them to a lawless life.

Thus far only one life had been lost, that of Jolly Wymore in the Liberty bank robbery. But the gory era was beginning.

Three months following the fiasco at Savannah, 14 men invaded the

town of Richmond, Missouri, in Ray County, close to the home of the James boys. They rode into town shouting the guerilla cry. Six of the men halted at the Hughes & Mason bank, the doors of which had been closed and locked when the shouts were heard.

The six broke into the bank and looted it of about $4,000, which they put into the Missouri grain sack, soon to be famous. Then they joined their companions outside.

Meanwhile citizens had gathered, prepared to give fight. Mayor Shaw started firing briskly. The guerillas punctured him with four bullets. He fell dead.

In the nearby county jail were several prisoners, said to have been confined because of their Southern sympathies. The guerillas attempted to liberate them, killing B. G. Griffin, the jailor, and his son, a lad of 15.

The 14 bandits then galloped out of town. Posses were immediately organized. A fund was subscribed to capture the robbers. Warrants were issued for eight men alleged to have taken part in the robbery.

Those named were John White, James White, Isaac Flannery, Andrew McGuire, Payne Jones, Richard Burns, Thomas Little and Allan H. Parmer. Most of them had been former Quantrillians. Little and Burns were hanged, but the others managed to escape. The Jameses and Cole Younger were suspected, but presented alibis, while keeping discreetly under cover.

So far no positive proof of outlaw activities of the Jameses had been produced. They were suspected, but that was all. Presently, however, they were to be forced out into the open.

The bank in Russellville, Kentucky, was robbed by six men, one of whom, giving the name of Colburn, had been in the bank previously trying to change notes. Cashier Nimrod Long was wounded when a bullet grazed his scalp and then beaten over the head with a clubbed pistol. He managed to free himself and dodged through a hail of bullets as he fled down the street.

Colburn, said to have been Cole Younger, obtained about $14,000 from the safe vault. It was dumped into the now famous Missouri grain sack. Then the robbers unhitched and mounted their horses, shielded by the gunfire of their companions on the outside. A citizen named Owens was seriously wounded. None of the robbers were hurt.

Yankee Bligh, a Louisville detective, took up the search for the robbers when a posse had failed. He trailed the gang to the Kentucky home of George Shepherd, a former Quantrillian. Shepherd was convicted and sentenced to three years in prison, but he never revealed the names of his associates.

It was said that the robbery was planned to get enough money to send Jesse James on a sea voyage. He was still suffering from his lung wound. It is a fact that shortly after that he did take a voyage around to California where he met his brother, Frank, and that they stayed for some time with an uncle who was a doctor.

It was several months before the Jameses returned to Missouri. And when they did their names were definitely linked for the first time with the new wave of crime.

On December 7, 1869, more than 20 months after the Russellville, Kentucky, raid, three men rode into Gallatin, Mo. Two of them dismounted and entered the bank. The third remained with the horses as look-out.

One man handed a hundred dollar bill to Captain John W. Sheets and asked for change. Captain Sheets picked up the bill and started to open the cash drawer when the other outlaw thrust a Colt navy pistol toward him, and demanded that he give him the keys to the inner doors of the safe. The outer door already stood open. The bandit held Sheets captive while the accomplice took about $700 from the safe and cash drawer.

One of the men stared at Sheets for a moment and then suddenly shot him dead, according to a young man named McDowell, who had been making a deposit in the bank.

Two or three persons had tried to enter the bank on business, but the guard outside had driven them off. The alarm had been given and armed men were gathering on the street. The look-out called to his companions to hurry. They rushed for their horses. The man carrying the money and the look-out dashed off. But the murderer of Sheets had bad luck. His spirited horse plunged and snorted. The rider had one foot in the stirrup and was dragged several yards. He managed to release himself and the horse trotted away. One of the bandit's companions looked back, saw the plight of the dismounted man and hurried to his rescue.

The double-laden animal started after the third companion. Citizens were firing at the fleeing bandits, but none of their bullets took effect. However, a mounted posse was formed, confident that the posse men could overtake the heavily burdened horse.

However, a mile from town, the fugitives encountered a farmer named Daniel Smoot and robbed him of his horse. Then they dashed on, gaining headway. Near Kidder, Missouri, they forced a preacher they encountered to guide them around the town. One of the men said to him, "I'm Bill Anderson's brother. I've just killed S. P. Cox—if I'm not mistaken in the man I shot. Cox killed my brother and now I've killed Cox for vengeance. Been after him for five years. Goodbye parson. "

Jesse James had been under Anderson's command in Quantrill's guerillas. And Sheets was supposed to resemble Cox. Sheets murder and Jesse's subsequent enigmatic explanation seems to have been just another of Jesse's impulsive actions. In the excitement of the robbery Jesse apparently was suddenly struck by Sheet's resemblance to Cox and decided to avenge the death of his old comrade.

For Jesse James was definitely linked with the robbery. His horse was captured and identified. Jesse and Frank circulated alibis, as usual and so did Cole Younger, who was said to have been the look-out. Younger was a big man, weighing about 200 pounds, and could easily be recognized by his distinguished appearance. Jesse was a slender stripling of a man, rarely weighing more than 150 pounds, even when in good condition. Frank was slightly taller and a little heavier.

The murder of Sheets crystalized the public opinion that something should be done about those "wild young James boys." Captain John S. Thomason, former sheriff of Clay County, led the Gallatin men out to the Samuel farm where the James boys lived. Captain Thomason was mounted on a fine saddle horse of which he was very proud.

The James boys saw the posse arriving and rode to meet them. There was a brief shouted conversation. Thomason demanded that the Jameses go to Liberty with them for questioning.

"We don't want to go to Liberty—and we don't intend to go," announced one of the Jameses.

"But you've got to come along," insisted the captain.

This bit of dialogue would be considered high comedy if inserted in the chronicles of Twentieth Century banditry. However, in that fantastic era it seemed perfectly natural.

"Not until we're good and ready," retorted the Jameses.

Both sides started firing but apparently neither really intended to hit the other for no wounds were received. The Jameses admired Captain Thomason, who had served with distinction on the Confederate side. But Jesse James shot Thomason's horse through the head. The animal dropped dead and Thomason slid off uninjured. By this time the skirmish had taken both groups out of sight of the James home. Frank and Jesse disappeared in the woods and the pursuers straggled back. Captain

Thomason went straight to the Samuel's farm house. He walked to the stable and borrowed a horse.

"Your son, Jesse, has killed mine," he told Mrs. Samuel.

"Well, captain," said Mrs. Samuel, "I reckon you're in great luck, at that, for Jesse must have killed your horse to keep from killing you."

"Maybe so," said the indignant captain. "But I'll see that he pays me for my horse some way. Those boys of yours, Mrs. Samuel, are getting entirely too wild."

This amazing incident had an even more astonishing sequel, according to the story of one old-timer. This man said that one of the James boys encountered Thomason's son years later and paid him $125 for the horse.

Following the tragedy at Gallatin, the first appearance of what was now beginning to be called the James-Younger gang was June 3, 1871, when they went to Corydon, Iowa, to rob the Ocobock Bros. bank. Public opinion had it that the band included Cole Younger, James Younger, Frank James, Jesse James, Clell Miller, James White and James Koughman.

The day selected coincided with an outdoor political meeting and thus the bank was deserted except for the cashier. The bandits gagged and tied him—something new in bank robbery—and robbed the bank of $40,000!

As they started to escape, Jesse James could not resist a joke. He halted his horse on the outskirts of the meeting where H. Clay Dean, northern Missouri lawyer and orator, was speaking.

"Mr. Dean, I rise to a point of order, sir," said Jesse.

"What is it, friend and fellow citizen?" inquired the orator. "If anything of paramount importance, I yield to the gentleman on horseback."

"Well," said Jesse James, "I reckon it's important enough. The fact is, Mr. Dean, some fellows have been over to the bank and tied up the cashier. If you all aren't too busy you might ride over and untie him. I've got to be going."

Clell Miller later was arrested for this robbery but was acquitted. The Jameses and the Youngers presented alibis, naming persons in their home county who could testify to their presence in Missouri when the Iowa bank was robbed.

On April 29, 1872, five men robbed the Deposit Bank at Columbia, Kentucky. They followed the James-Younger strategy of splitting the party with two men coming from one direction and three from another. Cashier R. A. C. Martin refused to give up the keys to the safe and was shot dead. The robbers rode away with only about $200 from the cash drawer.

Cole and Jim Younger and the Jameses were suspected in this robbery. The identity of the fifth man was not guessed.

The next exploit of the gang was the robbery of the gate at the Fair Grounds in Kansas City, Missouri, September 23, 1872, when a tin box containing almost $10,000 was seized. Jesse James was believed to be the man who grabbed the box. Stories about this robbery are conflicting. One version has James announcing his identity and ordering the box handed to him.

Two new recruits now joined the gang, Robert Younger, 20, and Bill Stiles, known as Bill Chadwell. Frank James and Jim Younger were said to have gone out to Cheyenne, Wyoming. In their absence, the others rode down to Saint Genevieve, Missouri, where the St. Genevieve Savings Association ordinarily had about $100,000 in cash on hand. But the bank was in the process of liquidation and the robbers got only about $4,000, mostly in silver coin, which was heavy.

The bandits are said to have dropped it several times and once enlisted a stolid Dutchman to help catch a horse and pick up the coins.

About this time it apparently occurred to the bandits that if banks

could be robbed, trains might be looted also. Just as Jesse and Frank James were suspected of the first bank robbery in the United States, so they are accused of the first train robbery.

There was to be a big gold shipment on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway in the third week of July, 1873. So the Jameses and the Youngers are said to have started for Iowa to look into the matter.

On July 21, 1873, the band rode a few miles west of Adair, Iowa, where a curve presented excellent opportunity for wrecking a train. They unspiked a rail from the track, leaving the loosened rail in place by tying a long rope around it. The end of the rope was held by a couple of bandits, lying concealed in the shrubbery and grass several yards from the tracks.

At 8:30 o'clock at night Engineer John Rafferty saw a rail move suddenly to the outside of the track. He reversed the engine, but the distance was too short. The huge locomotive plunged off the track and turned over, crushing the engineer to death.

Two outlaws boarded the express car and forced the messenger to open the safe. But it contained only about $3,000. The $75,000 shipment of gold was due 12 hours later. Several hundred dollars and some jewelry was obtained from the passengers.

News of this novel crime was published all over the nation and in Europe. A new era in crime had been opened.

January 15, 1874, the group held up the Hot Springs, Arkansas, stage on the road between Malvern and Hot Springs. It was one of those big old-time Concord coaches and thus made a picturesque contrast with the train robbery.

The bandits hid in the brush about five miles east of Hot Springs. When the coach lumbered along, bearing 14 passengers, Frank James emerged and commanded the driver to halt. The passengers were lined up and searched.

According to the story, one of the passengers had a Southern accent.

"Were you in the Confederate army?" inquired a big handsome highwayman. "I was," replied the passenger.

"Name your regiment, company and colonel."

The passenger obeyed.

"So was I in the Confederate army," said the robber. "I served under General Jo Shelby of Missouri." He handed the passenger's watch and wallet back. "We never rob Southerners," he said.

This story was widely circulated by friends of the Jameses and the Youngers, who said that the outlaws were simply avenging the South by their robberies. However, they did frequently rob Southerners. Most of the activities were in Missouri, which had been chiefly Southern in sympathy.

The Pinkerton detectives had been hired to capture the Jameses and the Youngers. Thus far they had little success. But in 1874 the tide was beginning to turn. The James-Younger gang had just robbed the Iron Mountain railroad. Jesse James, as usual, could not resist a joke. When the bandits had completed their haul, obtaining about $5,000, one of the outlaws handed a train crew man a sheet of paper on which was written, all ready for newspaper publication, this brief account of the robbery:

"The most daring robbery on record—the southbound train on the Iron Mountain Railroad was stopped here this evening by five heavily armed men and robbed of — dollars. The robbers arrived at the station a few minutes before the arrival of the train and arrested the station agent and put him under guard, then threw the train on the switch. The robbers were all large men, none of them under six feet tall. They were all masked, and started in a southerly direction after they had robbed the train. They were all mounted on fine blooded horses. There is a hell of an excitement in this part of the country."

The robber reported was accurate enough in describing the excitement. Detectives and possemen combed the underbrush all around Gadshill, where the robbery took place. The Pinkerton detectives knew that

the Youngers had relatives in St. Clair County, Missouri, near Monegaw Springs. Detectives Allen and Wright of the Pinkerton force hurried there. At Osceola, Mo., they enlisted the aid of Edwin B. Daniels, a former sheriff of the county. He guided them to Monegaw Springs where they posed as cattle buyers. March 16, 1874, John and James Younger, concealed in the upper story of a farmhouse, listened to the detectives asking for directions to some of their friends. Then the Youngers followed the Pinkerton men.

John Younger cocked both barrels of his shotgun and ordered the detectives to halt. Daniels and Allen were riding in the rear and Wright some distance ahead. Wright drew rein, turned in his saddle and aimed his pistol at the Youngers. Then he put spurs to his horse and dashed away. The Youngers ordered him to halt. One of them fired, shooting Wright's hat from his head.

Meanwhile Allen and Daniels pretended to drop their weapons in the road but Allen had another one in his hip pocket. Jim Younger got off his horse and picked up the guns.

"Damn fine pistols," he commented. "You must make us presents of these."

The Youngers questioned the men, saying that they had heard detectives were hunting for them.

Allen, believing that the Youngers intended to kill Daniels and himself, suddenly swept his revolver out and fired at John Younger. They immediately returned the fire. Allen was fatally wounded. John Younger was killed and so was Daniels. Allen lingered on for several weeks before his death and gave the account of the killings. Jim Younger escaped.

In a book of this length it would be impossible to give a detailed recital of the crimes supposedly committed by the Jameses and the Youngers. After the death of John, the remainder of the band continued to lead a charmed life. The Jameses and the Youngers appeared out of nowhere and disappeared into the nowhere. Another Pinkerton man was mysteriously killed but there was no proof that the Jameses or the Youngers committed the crime.

The relatives of the outlaws were closely watched by detectives. Once an investigating party threw balls of cotton waste soaked with kerosene and turpentine and ignited into the Samuel home. When the room was illuminated by these fireballs, a bomb was thrown in. Mrs. Samuel lost an arm in the explosion and her youngest son, Archie Samuel, was killed. Newspapers called this brutal treatment the "crime of the century." Pinkerton's men were blamed for it. A revolver said to have the initials "P. G. G.," for Pinkerton's Government Guard, was supposed to have been found near the house.

Six weeks after the bombing of the Samuel home, the Hon. Jefferson Jones proposed in the state legislature that an outlaw amnesty be declared. He said that the Missourians did not regard the outlaw deeds committed by former guerillas as crimes committed under ordinary circumstances. He requested that the governor proclaim that Jesse James, Frank James, Coleman Younger, Robert Younger and James Younger and others be granted full and complete amnesty and pardon for all acts committed by them during the Civil War and invited to return to their homes there to submit quietly to proceedings instituted against them for their crimes since the war, a fair trial being guaranteed.

This unique measure was defeated, but not until Jones had assailed the Pinkertons for their alleged hand grenade activities. Sympathy then was with the Jameses. But a month after the defeat of the amnesty bill, Daniel Askew, in whose employ a Pinkerton operative had worked as a farm hand, was killed. The public suspected the Jameses of the murder and the tide of indignation rose against them.

More trains, stage coaches and banks were held up. The notoriety of the gang grew. Bud McDaniels, a member of the gang, got drunk in

Kansas City when his girl friend turned him down, was arrested and stolen jewelry found in his possession. He escaped from custody and was shot to death by officers when he refused to surrender later.

Frank James and Coleman Younger had reached the age of 32. Robert Younger, youngest of the group, had reached his twenty-third year. Both the James boys had married and become family men.

Their last brilliant coup together was the robbery of the Missouri Pacific train near Otterville, Mo., July 7, 1876. Eight men were in the band. They were Jessie and Frank James, Cole Younger, Robert Younger, McClellan Miller, William Stiles, Samuel Wells and Hobbs Kerry. Kerry confessed to his part of the job later and revealed the names of his companions. His job had been to watch the horses for his more experienced companions. He was sentenced to two years in prison.

Then came the renowned Northfield, Minn., robbery, celebrated in song.

The gang had grown accustomed to easy victory. It was decided to go farther afield. There had been too much publicity about the Otterville robbery. Jim Younger was brought back from California. It is said that he rebelled slightly. He had been leading a respectable life and he disliked the thought of returning to banditry.

Northward rode the gang, now composed of the two Jameses, the three Youngers, Clell Miller, Samuel Wells (alias Charlie Pitts), and William Stiles (alias Bill Chadwell). All of them were, as the phrase went in those days, experts in horse and revolver work.

Stiles was to guide the bandits through Minnesota. They rode splendid horses and were clad in long linen dusters which concealed the numerous revolvers each man had thrust through his belt.

Enroute the men were prepared to play the roles of well-educated men. Cole Younger liked to discuss theology. Frank James was fond of the Elizabethan drama and any literary topics. Cole Younger's favorite book was Gibbons' "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

For a fortnight they rode along the highway to southern Minnesota. They had plenty of money from the Otterville robbery and they spent it freely.

Once in Minnesota the outlaws scattered, posing as cattle and horse buyers and grain dealers and real estate speculators.

Everywhere they visited banks, usually getting big bills changed while they looked around. It was decided to rob the First National Bank at Northfield, Minnesota, a prosperous institution in the midst of a rich farming country.

On September 7, 1876, the outlaws rode into Northfield in three groups. Three men were to ride into the bank and get the money. Two men were to sit on their horses opposite the bank and keep curious people away. Three men were to be posted on Bridge Square nearby as a rear guard.

At two o'clock in the afternoon Sam Wells, Bob Younger and Jesse James posted themselves on the street, nonchalantly whittling on drygoods boxes in front of a store.

Cole Younger and Clell Miller rode up the street. The three whittlers pocketed their knives and walked into the bank. Clell Miller, leaving his horse unhitched, walked to the bank and closed the door. Then he sauntered back and forth on the sidewalk, keeping his eyes on the door. Cole Younger pretended to be tightening his saddle girth.

But citizens were beginning to be suspicious. J. S. Allen tried to enter the bank and Miller ordered him to stand back. Allen, a hardware merchant, jerked loose and ran to sound the alarm. Henry Wheeler, who had heard a pistol shot inside the bank, also began shouting loud alarms. Cole Younger and Clell Miller fired over his head to frighten him to silence. But Wheeler ran for a gun and help.

Meanwhile Allen had reached his own store and began loading guns

and passing them out to citizens. A man named Elias Stacy took one and drew first blood from the bandits. He fired at Clell Miller just as Miller was mounting his horse to help Cole Younger drive Henry Wheeler away.

The gun was loaded with small birdshot. Miller was knocked from his saddle but got back at once, his head and shoulders peppered with the small shot.

Inside the bank there was trouble. The employes said that the safe had a time lock on it. They could not open it. The bandits didn't believe them. Joseph Lee Heywood, substitute cashier, was knocked down and his throat slightly cut. A. E. Bunker, teller, tried to get a derringer that was inside the bank. Bob Younger grabbed it.

The outlaws began to seize small change, overlooking about $3,000 in paper money. Bunker, waiting until the outlaws were busy, dashed out the back door. Sam Wells fired at him but missed. He pursued him and wounded Bunker through the right shoulder. Wells returned in time to hear his comrades shouting, "Come out, boys, come out. They're killing all our men."

The three hurried out of the front door. One of the desperadoes turned and shot Heywood through the head. The acting cashier fell dead.

Outside a battle royal was raging. A horse belonging to one of the outlaws had been killed. Cole Younger had been wounded several times. Bill Stiles was killed. Then Clell Miller received his second wound and died instantly, his horse took fright and ran away. Some of the Northfield citizens were throwing stones.

The citizens had the advantage of protection. They were firing from windows and doorways. The outlaws returned the fire but without much luck. Nicholas Gustavson, a Swede, who apparently had not understood the English commands to "get in," was killed.

Bob Younger was wounded. There were now five horses for six men. Cole Younger helped his wounded brother into the saddle with him. Then they all galloped out of town, leaving their dead behind them.

Church bells were ringing the alarm and a posse was being organized as the men reached the skirts of the town. The first pursuers were mounted on horses of the slain outlaws, Miller and Stiles. These fine animals tore gladly after their comrades, bringing the searchers quickly in sight of the fugitives.

But the two pursuers were not anxious to tangle with six desperate men. So they dropped back to wait for help. The bandits stopped and borrowed a saddle, announcing themself as deputies in pursuit of horse thieves. They also stopped and unhitched a horse from a wagon, not bothering with an explanation to the farmer driving the team. But bad luck still pursued them. Bob Younger broke the girth on his "borrowed" saddle. Again he had to be taken up behind a comrade.

Towns all over the state were notified by wire to watch for the gang. The line of pickets extended in a semi-circle for about a hundred miles. The bandits broke through the line at one place but the pickets were reassigned. Finally, after five days of desperate lurking in the woods, half starved and their wounds without proper care, the once successful bandits were less than 50 miles from Northfield and without sufficient mounts.

It is said that the Jameses and the Youngers quarreled, the Jameses insisting that Jim Younger, who was badly wounded, be left behind so he would not delay their flight. However, the truth of the matter probably will never be known. At any rate, it appears that Frank and Jesse James fled by themselves and others stayed together. The James boys rode westward, posing as officers chasing the Jameses and Youngers.

Little is known about their activities after they left the Dakotas. They are said to have gone through western Iowa and into eastern Nebraska and then to Nashville, Tennessee, where they lived under assumed names for months.

Then it was learned in Minnesota that four of the gang had not

escaped. The chase that had centered on the Jameses turned back to Minnesota. The four survivors had been seen near the small village of Madelia. A Colonel Vought living there remembered that a man posing as a Mr. King had seemed interested in the geography of the place. Colonel Vought decided that Mr. King and Mr. Younger were one and the same and that Mr. Younger had been interested in that region as a retreat.

Presently Colonel Vought learned that four men, pretending to be on a fishing trip, had been buying food. A posse was organized and arrangements were made for what was to prove the Youngers' last stand.

The posse from Madelia soon found the footsore fugitives limping through a morass known as Hanska Slough. All were dirty and unkept. Sheriff Glispin commanded them to halt. The men kept going and the posse fired on them. The fugitives tried to hide behind a small knoll. Then they began wading across a small lake.

The horses of the posse refused to go into the water, and a bullet knocked Cole Younger's walking stick from his grasp.

The mounted men detoured and came upon the fugitives just as they were hurrying toward a herd of grazing horses. A gun battle started. The fugitives headed for a tangle of wild grapevines and willows. Here they were surrounded. The gunfire began again. Presently all four men were prone on the ground. Bob Younger crawled weakly to his feet and said, "I surrender. They're all down but me."

He dropped his gun and the officers advanced. Sam Wells was dead, his body torn by five bullets. Bob Younger had a wound in his chest in addition to the shattered elbow received at Northfield. Jim Younger's jaw was crushed and he had four other wounds. Cole Younger had been wounded 11 times. The three survivors were formally placed under arrest. They were taken to Madelia in a wagon. Newspaper photographers and reporters flocked to see the famous Missouri border bandits. Cole Younger refused to identify the three slain members or reveal who were the two men who had escaped. However, the three Youngers talked freely about themselves.

On November 9, 1876, they went on trial, charged with being accessories to the murder of Heywood, of robbing the bank, of attacking Bunker with intent to do bodily harm, and of murdering Nicholas Gustavson. Mrs. Fannie Twyman and Miss Retta Younger of Jackson County, Missouri, aunt and sister of the accused men, were in the courtroom.

All three Youngers were sentenced to life imprisonment in the Stillwater, Minnesota, prison. Robert Younger died in prison of tuberculosis 13 years later.

Immediately after the imprisonment of the Youngers, their friends and relatives started a long fight for their freedom. Much was written saying that Cole Younger had been driven to his desperate life and needed another chance. Some of the worst of the stories that had gone around about Cole Younger were denied or disproved. Many famous Missourians wrote letters in behalf of the Missouri desperado.

Nevertheless a journalistic scheme to have Cole Younger come home alive was finally started in St. Louis, two years after his release from prison. A reporter was to escort him to St. Louis. But Cole balked at the publicity. Finally, in 1903, he was granted a full pardon. In the meantime, he and his brother, Jim, had become tombstone salesmen. Jim had fallen in love with a Minnesota girl but, being an unpardoned convict, he was not allowed to marry. So in the summer of 1902 he committed suicide. His body was sent to Missouri for burial beside that of his brother Bob. Cole Younger returned to Missouri February 16, 1903. He later earned a great deal of money lecturing and retired at Lees Summit, Missouri. He died in 1916.

Following the capture of the Younger boys, the James boys disappeared for two or three years. They were blamed for one train robbery

in the northwest, but it is thought that they were not guilty. Information later revealed shows that they were living in Tennessee during most of this period. Jesse and his family adopted the name of Howard, and Frank James passed as a Mr. Woodson.

Then suddenly Jesse James sprang into the limelight in Missouri. There were three train robberies in the old style. First came one at Glendale in Jackson County, Missouri. The Chicago and Alton railroad was robbed October 7, 1879. The six men who participated were later named as Jesse James, Edward Miller, Robert Woodson Hite, William Ryan, James Andrew Liddill and Daniel Tucker Bassham. Frank James was still down in Tennessee and it was said that he tried to persuade Jesse not to go back to the outlaw life.

But apparently Frank relented. For in the next train robbery of the group he is believed certainly to have been present. This was July 15, 1881, when a passenger train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific line was robbed in Daviess County, Missouri. William Westfall, conductor, and Frank McMillan, elderly workman employed by the company, were shot to death. Those in the James boys' band at this robbery were supposed to have been Jesse and Frank, Wood Hite, his younger brother, Clarence Hite, and Dick Liddill.

Third and last in this series of robberies was at the Blue Cut in Jackson County, September 7, 1881, five years after Northfield. A Chicago & Alton train was held up by Frank and Jesse James, Wood Hite, Clarence Hite, Dick Liddill and Charles Ford.

This was the last of their successful robberies. The Jesse James' country was aroused and the end was in sight. Times had changed—new blood and new ideas were coming into power.

Tucker Bassham apparently was a somewhat stupid farmer lad who had been pressed into Jesse James service on the theory that he could do a small job all right. He boasted of his $900 share of the Glendale robbery. He got drunk and talked about how the famous Jesse James had chosen him to help. He was shortly afterward arrested by Col. Maurice Langhorne and Maj. Whig Keshlaer of the county marshal's office. He made a confession which he repudiated later, but this did not prevent him being sent to the state prison for ten years.

Then Bill Ryan got drunk and became embroiled in a fight. He was arrested and about $1,300 in gold coin was found on his person. Will Wallace, crusading prosecutor of Jackson County, identified Jackson as one of Jesse James gang and decided to bring him to trial. Everyone was astonished. People were firmly convinced that no Missouri jury would convict a member of the James gang.

Even if by some freak Ryan was convicted, the wiseacres said, Jesse James and his gang would rescue him from the jail.

The only witness against Ryan was Tucker Bassham, who was pardoned on the understanding that he would turn state's evidence. Friends of the guerillas crowded the courtroom. Wallace's friends told him that he was endangering his own life. Bassham asked that he flee with him out of the country.

Employes of the robbed railroads refused to testify or to identify Ryan. The railroad executives backed them up in their decision not to help. One executive said that if they helped convict one of the James group that the others would revenge themselves by holding up more trains.

But the jury convicted! Ryan was sentenced to 25 years in prison. Many threats of assassination were made against Wallace and Bassham. Bassham immediately left the country, but Wallace announced his intention of putting an end to the Missouri outlawry which had caused the state to be known as "the Robber State."

Dissension broke out in the ranks of the Jesse James gang. The new

members, the Hites, Dick Liddill and the Fords were not of the old guerilla blood. They lacked the loyalty of the old group.

Dick Liddill killed Wood Hite, surrendered and confessed. Hite had been killed in Ray County, Missouri, following a quarrel between the two. Liddill said that Hite accused him of stealing $100 at the division of the spoils of the Blue Cut robbery. Bob Ford also fired at Hite, he said. Hite shot Liddill through the leg.

Hite's body was wrapped in an old stable blanket and buried in a shallow hole.

This fight was the beginning of the end of the James gang. In the old days there were members who disliked each other. But that did not harm their loyal spirit.

On March 29, 1882, Liddill surrendered and confessed to the killing of Hite December 4, 1881. He also talked about the rest of the gang, naming the members and describing their deeds.

Clarence Hite, Wood Hite's brother, a tubercular youth of 21, who had participated in the Winston and Blue Cut train robberies, was arrested at Adairsville, Kentucky, and brought back to Missouri. He confessed and implicated other members of the gang. He was sentenced to 25 years in the Missouri penitentiary but only served a short time before he was pardoned because he was near death. He died in Kentucky.

Dick Liddill's confession, which occurred just five days before Jesse James was shot, was said to have been partly inspired by fear that Jesse James was going to kill him and partly by the drive against outlawry started by Governor Crittenden.

April 3, 1882, was a red letter day in the history of border crime. For on that day Robert Ford shot Jesse James in the back and killed him.

The two Ford boys, Charles and Robert, were staying with the James family in St. Joseph where Jesse James was known as Mr. Howard. It is said that the Fords had been in communication with officials and were trying to obtain the $10,000 reward offered for the capture and conviction of Jesse James. The Fords were loafing around the James' house and Jesse, who was warm, discarded his coat, vest, and guns. Then he turned his back to dust a picture. Both Ford boys drew guns but Robert was the quicker.

Jessie died almost at once in the arms of his wife, who accused the Ford boys of the murder. They tried to tell her that a gun went off accidentally. Then they went off to surrender. They were immediately charged with murder and placed in jail.

Nation-wide excitement sprang up. Newspapers all over the country termed the murder a cowardly outrage. The state officials, including Governor Crittenden, were blamed for the murder of Jesse James. It was believed that Crittenden had offered a reward for Jesse dead or alive. However, he proved that his proclamation had merely read $5,000 for the arrest of Jesse, and $5,000 more when he was convicted. He had understood that the Fords were to help officials capture Jesse and Frank, he said.

A huge crowd attended the funeral at Jesse James' old home in Clay County. He was buried in the yard of the Samuel home. Twenty years later his body was dug up and transferred to the family lot.

The Fords were brought to trial and convicted. They were sentenced to be hanged but two hours later were pardoned by the governor. Later, they said they only got a small share of the reward.

It is impossible out of the tangle of conflicting stories to discover just what was the truth of the murder of Jesse James. Ford is said to have told friends that he shot Jesse because he was confident that Jesse meant to kill him. Others said he did it to get the reward. Fiery editorials condemning the Fords and the state officials were printed in many places. The outlaw's death was not so much deplored, but the manner of his dying was said to be a reflection on the forces of law and order.

A song was written about "the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard! And they laid Jesse James in his grave."

Frank James disappeared. He did not attend his brother's funeral, although there were rumors that he was one of the pallbearers.

Then October 5, 1882, Frank James, accompanied by his old friend and long-time defender, Major John N. Edwards, editor, went to see Governor Crittenden. James surrendered his gun and cartridge belt, saying that the gun had not been out of his possession since 1861.

News of his surrender flashed all over the United States. Plans were made for his trial, which took place in the Gallatin, Missouri, opera house instead of the courtroom in order to accommodate the crowds.

The trial began August 21, 1883. Some of the most noted criminal lawyers of the state appeared for James. Dick Liddill was one of the witnesses for the state, testifying that Frank James had been a member of the gang that committed the Winston robbery. Alibis were brought forward for James. Among his witnesses was General Jo Shelby, famous Confederate.

After three and a half hours deliberation the jury found Frank James not guilty of the Winston train robbery. Then he was taken to Independence, Missouri, by Prosecutor Will Wallace, who intended to try him on a charge of participating in the Blue Cut train robbery. Soon, came a court decision that Liddill could not testify against James, because he was still an unpardoned convict. The governor refused to pardon him. So Wallace was robbed of his star witness.

Wallace dismissed the case. Frank James was now free in Missouri. A year later he was taken to Huntsville, Alabama, where he was tried on a charge of assisting in the robbery of a government paymaster, March, 1881. The jury found James not guilty.

Probably there were some old indictments still against him for earlier crimes, but they seemed to have been forgotten. Frank James was now a free man. He returned to Missouri and earned a livelihood on the stage. He died February 18, 1915, on the Samuel farm and was cremated in St. Louis. Editorials praising his reform were printed all over the nation.

So ended the James-Younger gang, most famous of the Missouri border bandits, who began and ended an era of criminal history.

BELLE STARR

Belle Starr was one of the most unique and picturesque characters in the border days when fantastic figures were encountered on every side.

She was christened Myra Belle Shirley and was born February 3, 1846, at Carthage, Missouri, the daughter of John and Eliza Shirley, hotel keepers. John Shirley, called Judge, was a well educated man who had been a justice of the peace.

Myra Belle was "raised like a lady." She learned to play the piano, to read extensively, to write well, to dance. She was an expert rider, the pet of the hotel guests, a strong willed, tempestuous, good-looking and rather spoiled girl.

When the Civil War broke out, Belle was 15 years old and a rebel sympathizer. Her brother, Ed, joined Quantrill's band of guerillas. He soon became captain. Belle served as a scout for Quantrill, telling him who secretly sympathized with the Federals, where the Yankees were, who had money or stock to be plundered. She was well known and rode everywhere without suspicion being attached to her, just a tomboyish girl in a feathered hat and gay riding habit.

However, late in 1861, the federals began to suspect her activities. In February of 1862, Belle rode to Newtonia, 35 miles from Carthage, and was arrested by the Yankee cavalry, who told her that the Yanks were going to capture her brother, Ed, then at home at Carthage.

Belle, according to the old story, swore, kicked and clawed at Major Enos of the cavalry and struck him with her riding whip. Then she sang and played rebel songs on the major's piano. Finally she was released and dashed away on her horse, yelling back that she would beat the despised Yanks to Carthage and warn her brother. She did it, too, going by a short cut. Ed had just left when the Yanks arrived and Belle met them at the door with the news of his escape.

After the Civil War, the Shirleys moved to Texas, settling on a farm a short distance from Dallas. Belle met a group of wild young cowboys. Among them was Jim Reed, who had served with Quantrill in Missouri. Belle had known him slightly then. Two days after his arrival she decided to marry him. Judge Shirley disapproved. Reed was a fugitive from justice, charged with stealing horses.

Belle rode off with Reed one day in 1866 and they were married by a justice of the peace. Two days later, Reed fled into the Indian Territory and Belle returned to her home. About four months later, Reed decided he could go back to Missouri. He abducted Belle and took her to Rich Hill, Missouri.

Judge Shirley followed and kidnapped Belle, taking her back to Texas. Jim Reed went after her again. This time there was some shooting. No one was seriously hurt, however.

Reed continued to get into difficulty at Rich Hill and had to hide out in the Indian Territory several times. Belle visited him there. Finally Jim's brother, Scott Reed, was killed by the Shannon gang of robbers. Jim killed one of the Shannons and he and Belle and their year-old daughter, Pearl, fled to Los Angeles.

There another child was born to them, a son. The Reeds returned to Texas in 1872. Judge Shirley was by this time reconciled to the marriage and bought Belle a ranch nine miles from the Shirley place. Jim Reed continued to get into trouble, being accused of stealing cattle and horses. He spent much of his time hiding out.

One of his hide-outs was the home of Ellis Starr, a Cherokee desperado, about 80 miles west of Fort Smith, Arkansas. Belle visited him there and met Tom Starr's young half-breed son, Sam. Some of the Jameses and Youngers also visited there.

In 1873, Jim Reed was identified as having been with a bunch of the Starr outlaws who robbed Watt Grayson, a Creek, of $30,000 in tribal funds. Jim went into hiding. Belle started a livery stable in Dallas. It is said that her horses had been mostly stolen in the Territory. Dallas people, impressed by the social standing of the well-educated Shirleys, regarded Jim Reed as being a gallant ex-soldier who had been persecuted by the carpetbaggers. Belle was accepted as being a Southern lady who had to struggle for a livelihood.

Deputy Sheriff Nichols arrested Reed and jailed him. Belle threatened to kill the official. Shortly afterward, Nichols was shot dead on the street. Belle was suspected, but there was no evidence. Jim Reed was soon released.

By the summer of 1875, there were many rewards for Jim Reed, dead or alive. One day he was killed by a companion named Morris, who attempted to get the reward. But Reed had to be identified and Belle refused to do it. "This scoundrel Morris," she said, "appears to have murdered the wrong man. Whoever gets the reward for Jim Reed will have to kill Jim Reed."

Belle now had two young children, a good social position and a livery stable. Her father was dead and her mother had little money. Belle tried to make a dancer out of her young daughter, Pearl, and the child appeared on the Dallas stage. But she was not strong and Belle gave up that attempt.

Then she began taking long rides alone and it was rumored that she was consorting with outlaws. She lost caste in Dallas. In 1877, when

she was 31 years old, she got in her first real trouble. Riding with a girl named Emma Jones, she was caught in a storm near a country store. She started a campfire and it got out of control and burned down the store. Belle was jailed at Dallas on a charge of arson and malicious mischief. An elderly cattleman named Patterson gave her $2,500 to get out of jail. Belle paid a $10 fine for the malicious mischief and got the arson charge dismissed. Patterson's friends tried to get the $2,500 back, but he said, "Hell, let her keep the money. I reckon she's earned it, all right." This speech ruined Belle's social standing in Dallas, although it is not believed that she actually did anything more than have dinner with Patterson several times.

Belle used Patterson's money to send her son to Jim Reed's mother in Missouri, and Pearl to friends in Arkansas, paying their board and schooling two years in advance.

In 1878, Belle was arrested for horse stealing. But, after a week in jail, she vamped the jailer and eloped with him. The jailer came back to his family a month later, saying that he had been forced to hew wood, draw water, cook, catch horses and do all the camp work at the point of a pistol.

During 1878 and 1879, Belle Starr rode with some of the wildest outlaws of Texas and Oklahoma, Jim French, Jack Spaniard, a white man called Blue Duck, all said to be murderers and some 40 other outlaws. They were cattle rustlers, horse thieves, train robbers and road agents. Some of them were leftovers from the Younger and Sam Bass gangs.

Many legends grew up about Belle Starr's rowdiness during this period. One story says she was riding on the prairie with Blue Duck one day and her hat blew off. The Blue Duck paid no attention. Belle Starr clicked her pistol. "Don't you know how to treat a lady you G-d d—d so and so?" she inquired. "Damn your greasy hide, get down and pick up that hat."

Another time the Blue Duck, who was said to have been Belle's lover, borrowed $2,000 from her and lost it in a gambling house at Dodge City, Kansas. Belle went there with a six-shooter and collected $7,000.

"My friend hasn't time to make change, gentlemen," she said. "If you want this money back, come down to the Territory and get it."

Blue Duck and Jack Spaniard got into trouble and Belle left them, returning to the Starr ranch in the Cherokee Nation. Here she met Sam Starr again. They went to Nebraska and spent two years. In 1880 they were married. Belle immediately secured a claim as a citizen of the Cherokee Nation, taking a thousand acres of wooded and bottom land along a river. She christened the place Younger's Bend.

There she built a good log house, bought a piano—the only one in the territory, ordered a lot of books and good clothes from St. Louis. Love of money, music, clothes and books were characteristic of Belle. At times she would hie herself away to a popular eastern watering place where she would spend money lavishly and associate with the wealth and culture of the nation.

In 1883, however, one of these eastern trips was not so successful and Belle and Sam were sentenced to a term in the Detroit House of Correction for horse stealing.

Belle took this cheerfully. "Now Pearl," she wrote her daughter, "there is a vast difference between this place and a penitentiary; you must bear that in mind and not think of mamma being shut up in a gloomy prison. It is said to be one of the finest institutions in the United States, surrounded by beautiful grounds, with fountains and everything nice. Here I can have my education renewed, and I stand greatly in need of it. Sam will have to attend school, and I think it will be the best thing that ever happened to him. And now you must not be unhappy and brood over our absence. It won't take long for the time to glide by, and as we come home we will get you, and then we will have such a nice time."

Sam got into trouble on his return and spent most of 1885 in New

Mexico, with officers hunting him for a post office robbery. Returning to the Territory, he was arrested by officials. He was out on bond, got into a quarrel over the ownership of a horse, and was shot and killed.

Belle was arrested in 1886 and tried for horse stealing, but she was acquitted. She was regarded as more of a picturesque character than a really dangerous criminal. In 1887, the famous hanging judge, Judge Isaac C. Parker, asked her to take part in a mock stage robbery at the Sebastian County Fair Grounds at Fort Smith. The judge was one of the passengers to be robbed. It is said that she tried to get the prosecuting attorney to be a passenger and meant to shoot him after she had fired blank cartridges at the others.

In 1888, Belle quarrelled with neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Watson, who had rented part of her ranch. She accused Watson of stealing her mail. On Belle's forty-third birthday, she was returning from the trial of one of Sam's cousins for horse-stealing. Watson ambushed her near his house and shot and fatally wounded her. Thus ended the career of Belle Starr, outlaw and "Southern lady."

CHEROKEE BILL

Crawford Goldsby, alias Cherokee Bill, was in his brief career, one of the most desperate of the border outlaws. He was hanged for the killing of Ernest Melton while robbing the store of Schufelt and Son at Lenapah, 90 miles from Fort Gibson, November 8, 1894.

Among the other crimes he was charged with were the killing of a railroad agent named Richards at Nowata, and the murder of his brother-in-law, George Brown, because Brown's father gave Brown's wife, Bill's sister, a few more hogs than he had given him. He also was accused of the robbery of the Scales store at Wetempka, Creek Nation; the robbery of a train at Red Fork, Creek Nation, July 18, 1894; the robbery at Parkinson's store at Okmulgee, Creek Nation, September 14, 1894; the robbery of an express office at Choteau, October 9, 1894; the robbery of a train at Coretta, October 20, 1894; the robbery of Schufelt's store and postoffice.

After being sentenced to hang for Melton's murder and while awaiting action by the Supreme Court on the death verdict, Bill shot and killed Lawrence Keating, one of the guards.

Goldsby was born at Fort Concho, Texas, February 8, 1876, his father being a soldier in the Tenth Cavalry of the United States army. The elder Goldsby was of Mexican extraction mixed with white and Sioux Indian blood. Cherokee Bill's mother was Ellen Beck, half Negro, one-fourth Cherokee and one-fourth white.

His parents soon separated and until he was seven years old, young Crawford lived with a Negro nurse at Fort Gibson. Then he went to school at Cherokee, Kansas, for three years and then to the Catholic Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, until he was 12. His mother remarried and there was no one watching over young Crawford. At the age of 18 he was a lusty, burly fellow, who had never been disciplined.

So it was to be expected that young Goldsby got into trouble. He shot and wounded Jake Lewis, a Negro, and left him for dead, fleeing from the Cherokee Nation with Jim and Bill Cook, who afterward became noted outlaws. This was early in the spring of 1894. In July of that year, Cherokee Bill and the Cooks got Effie Crittenden to draw for them their share of the government money being paid for the Cherokee Strip. They were paid July 16. On the night of July 18, a posse composed of the sheriff, who had a Cherokee warrant for Jim Cook on a larceny charge; Sequoyah Houston, Dick Crittenden, estranged husband of Effie; Zeke Crittenden, his brother; Bill Nickel, Isaac Greece, and two men named Hicks and Bracket, surrounded the house.

A gun battle started. Houston was killed and Jim Cook wounded seven times. After Houston fell, the sheriff and four of his men fled,

leaving the Crittenden brothers, who were afraid to turn their backs to depart. So they held their antagonists at bay behind the house until darkness came.

It was following this episode that Crawford Goldsby became known as Cherokee Bill. Lou Cook, asked if she had seen Goldsby, said "No, it was Cherokee Bill."

Soon after this fight the famous Cook gang was organized, composed of Bill Cook, Cherokee Bill, Henry Munson, Curtis Dason, Chicken Gordon and later Sam (Verdigris Kid) McWilliams, Jim French and others.

Cherokee Bill and either Jim French or the Verdigris Kid were said to have committed the Schufelt robbery. Bill is said to have killed Melton because he was annoyed when he saw Melton watching him from a window across the street.

Bill was captured by Isaac Rogers and Clint Scales after much maneuvering and trying to drug him with morphine-filled whisky. Finally he was struck over the head and disarmed.

A huge crowd attended the trial, which opened in February of 1895. Cherokee Bill was found guilty and sentenced to hang. He appealed to the Supreme Court. A gun was smuggled into jail. Cherokee Bill said later that Ben Howell, believed to have been a confederate of the Doolin and Dalton gangs, smuggled two guns in to him.

July 26, 1895, Bill killed Lawrence Keating, a guard, and attempted to escape. He got out of his cell and dashed around the jail, exchanging shots with the guards. Every time he fired, Cherokee Bill would gobble like a turkey. Finally he was forced back to his cell where he fired out at random, without exposing his person. The smoke was so dense that the guards could only fire at the puffs of smoke. Finally, Henry Starr, who was also a prisoner there, persuaded Bill to give up his gun.

Cherokee Bill was then tried for the murder of Lawrence Keating. The figure 13 appeared several times in the trial. Judge Isaac C. Parker took 13 minutes to instruct the jury. The jury returned a verdict of guilty in 13 minutes. Bill was believed to have killed 13 persons and a $1,300 reward had been offered for his capture. He was first sentenced to die on April 13, he killed Keating on July 26, twice 13. He was said to have fired 13 shots during the fight with the guards. The hours occupied by the trial were 13. The jurymen and deputy who stayed with them numbered 13. There were 13 witnesses for the prosecution.

Cherokee Bill was again sentenced to death. The verdict was appealed but the sentence was sustained. He was hanged March 17, 1896.

Bill Cook, another member of the gang, was arrested January 11, 1895, in New Mexico. Jim French was slain in the autumn of 1895 while trying to rob a store at Catoosa, Oklahoma.

THE YEAGER-BLACK GANG

Dick Yeager's gang was suspected of being connected with Bill Doolin, but no definite proof of the alliance was ever established. His chief fame, outside of his criminal exploits, rested on his reputation as the dashing Romeo of the Oklahoma outlaws.

Under his real name of Yeager and his aliases of Zip Wyatt and Wild Charlie, he made many conquests of plains beauties. A maze of legends has grown up about his amatory affairs. He is described as having been a handsome man with magnetic personality.

The Yeager-Black gang was noted for postoffice robberies and cattle and horse thefts in the northwestern part of the Cherokee Strip. In 1894, Yeager was suspected of murdering a man who protested against the theft of his horse.

This drew the attention of United States marshals, who had been busy with the Doolins and other more notorious outlaws.

Yeager's gang consisted of Ike Black and his wife Pearl, S. T. Watson and Jenny Freeman. The women were said to take an active part in the banditry.

After the murder of the horseman, a special deputy was assigned to hunt down the Yeager gang. In July, of 1895, information was received that the gang was camped in a hill hide-out near Galena. The officers went there and stayed at a nearby farmhouse, hoping that some of the male members of the gang would come there for food. They disliked the idea of a gun battle in which the women of the gang might be injured. However, when none of the gang appeared, the posse rode into the hills.

As they neared the hide-out they heard the creaking of a wagon over a stony trail. The officers hid and watched. Presently the gang appeared in the wagon. Watson was driving and the two women sat in the back, Yeager accompanying them on a stolen horse.

Black, sitting in the back of the wagon with his legs dangling over the edge, presented the best mark. Deputy Forrest Halsell fired at him. Black clutched his foot, cried out, and then jumped from the wagon and dashed into the sand hills. The other officers fired at the horses. The animals were wounded, but Watson whipped them on.

Deputy Halsell and two others stopped to find Black. The remainder of the posse pursued the wagon and Yeager. Watson and Yeager were attempting to cover their mad escape by a hail of bullets. But the weather was to interfere with the officers' plans. It was already late in the afternoon. Storm clouds were gathering. Within 20 minutes, a torrent of rain was pouring down. The rain was so heavy and darkness followed so swiftly that the fugitives escaped.

Early in the morning the posse started on Black's trail. But he had succeeded in joining his companions, who had stolen a horse to replace one fatally wounded in the fight, and the fugitives crossed the Cimarron river.

The officers followed their trail and finally discovered the bandits encamped in a deep canyon along little Gypsum creek. On the opposite side of the outlaw camp was a high, round mound. Some of the officers intended to circle around the canyon and conceal themselves behind the mound. Then the rest of the posse planned to open gunfire from the front, forcing the outlaws to flee in the direction of the hidden possemen.

But before the arrangements could be completed the presence of the officials was discovered and the outlaws fled, shooting as they retreated. The women were left behind.

Farmers joined in the hunt and they began trailing the bandits, identifying their footprints by the limping of Black's moccasined wounded foot. It was suspected that some of the assisting farmers were friends of the Yeager gang, and several times deliberately led the searchers astray. One of the local hunters strayed away from the main party and Yeager sent a bullet through his hat. Deputy Hadwinger returned the fire and later learned that his bullet had shattered the bandit's watch.

Darkness again put a stop to the search. The women were sent to the federal jail at Guthrie. Next day the search continued. Black and Yeager were surprised near Steer Hollow in Woods county and a brief gun battle was staged. The outlaws killed the horses of two of the officers and escaped still another time. Watson had apparently disappeared alone.

The posse then concentrated on Yeager and Black. Sometimes the officers were within a quarter of a mile of the fugitives. On the sixth day following the first encounter with the gang, the officers killed Black in a running fight near Canton. Yeager was also wounded. A bullet hit a scruboak tree and glanced, striking Yeager on the breastbone, where it turned under his arm and lodged almost in the middle of his back. But he still managed to keep on traveling.

Five days later officials heard of him near Enid. A posse started out

and Yeager was discovered lying flat on a bare sandy mound. When surprised he instantly reached for his guns, but he was too weak to be quick. The officers fired two shots into his abdomen.

He was taken to the federal jail at Enid where he lived for 15 days. Only his magnificent physique enabled him to endure so long. He was six feet tall and unusually strong.

Shortly afterward information came to officials that Watson had reached the southwestern part of Oklahoma, where he was traveling with a half-breed Indian named Esceness. Officials started on their trail and found them near the Clampton ranch on the Washita river about 25 miles from Anadarko. Esceness was killed in the ensuing gunfight but Watson escaped, ran several miles and finally surrendered when officers surrounded him. He was the only member of the gang to live to go to prison.

Kill Wentworth, an Oklahoma desperado, was suspected of being a member of the Yeager-Black gang but no definite connection could be proved. Shortly after the wiping out of the Yeager-Black gang, he was arrested on a charge of murder and horse thieving and taken to jail at Perry, Oklahoma.

He escaped from the flimsy structure and was reported to have fled to the Osage hills. However, he seems to have hidden in the red light district, where he got drunk and began fighting. Officers heard of the riot he was causing and went to arrest him. He shot the gun out of Deputy Halsell's hand. And then shoved a stove across the room toward the officers.

Halsell carried a knife. His gun hand useless, he grabbed the knife in his left hand and knocked Wentworth's gun aside. Then he slashed the outlaw across the stomach, virtually cutting him open. Wentworth surrendered, was taken to jail where he recovered, and was later convicted and sent to prison.

CATTLE ANNIE AND LITTLE BREECHES

Annie McDougal and Jennie Metcalf, known respectively as Cattle Annie and Little Breeches, flashed briefly into and out of the national spotlight as Oklahoma's girl bandits.

Officials searching for the Doolin gang met a heavily armed girl and questioned her. Later they suspected that she had notified the Doolin gang of the presence of the marshals and enabled them to flee to Hot Springs, Arkansas.

The girls apparently hung around the Doolin gang without ever actually becoming members of the group. They were suspected of numerous cattle and horse thefts and petty stealing. At last, after hearing many of these reports, the girls were officially branded as outlaws and search started.

The officers' delay in the matter was explained by the peculiar brand of Oklahoma chivalry which caused officials to withhold fire on a band of desperadoes if one of their women might be in the line of fire.

But Cattle Annie and Little Breeches began peddling whisky to the Osage tribe and this caused more trouble. So, Deputy Steve Burke and Deputy Bill Tilghman were sent on their trail.

Annie, the older, was about 17. Her companion was a little younger and much smaller, and dressed habitually in riding breeches and thus obtained her nickname. Both girls went heavily armed with rifles and pistols, and it was said that they were accurate markswomen.

For several weeks, the trailing deputies never quite caught up with the girls. Then one day when the officers were near Pawnee, Oklahoma, on other business, they heard that the girls were at a nearby farmhouse and investigated immediately. As the officers approached, Little Breeches ran out the back door of the house and mounted her horse. Deputy Tilghman followed.

His horse was the fastest and he rapidly overtook her. Little Breeches fired over her shoulder but the jerky gait of her horse caused the shots to go wild. Here was a new problem for the chivalrous deputy. He did not want to shoot the girl. So he shot and killed her horse. The animal tumbled into the dust, pinning the girl under her. Her gun fell to one side, out of reach. She struggled to get it, cursing and scratching. When Tilghman reached her, she was screeching like a wildcat. She threw a handful of dirt into the deputy's eyes, but he managed to disarm her, and while she contined to fight and scratch, he put her in front of his saddle and took her back to the house.

Meanwhile, Deputy Burke had sneaked up to the window. Just then Cattle Annie thrust her head out. She had a rifle in her hand and started to shoot the deputy, but he quickly seized her about the shoulders and pulled her through the window, the gun falling from her grasp. She tried to reach for one of her six-shooters, but Burke pinioned her arms. She managed to scratch his face, but otherwise no injuries were suffered.

The girls were taken to Perry, Oklahoma, where they were sentenced to the federal reformatory at Framingham, Massachusetts. They created a sensation in the east where many newspaper stories were written about the Oklahoma girl bandits. A large crowd gathered at the Framingham station to see them arrive.

Cattle Annie and Little Breeches were daughters of two poor families living in the Osage Nation. Their people were considered respectable citizens. One of the relatives of one of the girls said they were led astray by the hilarious dances in the Indian country where outlaws frequently swaggered around, boasting of their loot.

HENRY STARR

Another of the now almost legendary figures of Oklahoma outlaw days was Henry Starr. He was born at Fort Gibson, in the Indian Territory, in 1873. His father, George Starr, was a half-breed Cherokee and his mother was one-fourth Cherokee.

Henry grew up in the Cherokee Nation, and started as a cowboy at the age of 16. He was well liked. He did not use tobacco or liquor, had a friendly, intelligent gaze and a likeable appearance. His coal-black hair and black eyes made him a striking looking man.

But under his pleasant appearance was the reckless courage of a hard-riding, hard-shooting Oklahoma outlaw. And it soon enough came to the surface.

After his first robbery, a reward was posted for his capture. Deputy Sheriff Floyd Wilson met young Starr on the road, recognized him, and commanded him to surrender. They dismounted from their horses and faced each other, both with their six-shooters drawn.

"Throw up your hands or I'll kill you," Wilson is quoted as saying.

"I'll lower my gun and let you shoot. Then if I kill you it will be in self defense," Henry Starr replied.

Wilson, nervous and excited, fired. The bullet grazed Starr's head. Starr fired and killed Wilson. He rode away hurriedly. Soon he was captured and, by agreement, pleaded guilty to manslaughter before Judge Isaac C. Parker, at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Parker, who was famous in border days as a hanging judge, sentenced him to 25 years in the Ohio penitentiary, used then for federal prisoners.

Starr served five years of his sentence, was pardoned, and returned to Oklahoma. Soon afterward a prominent cattle man gave Starr a job in his St. Louis office. Starr made friends everywhere. He lived at the Planters hotel and moved in good circles. But he couldn't forget his life of crime.

Presently a bank was robbed and Starr was gone. No one could definitely connect him with the crime, but his employer remembered

that he had mentioned that particular bank as being "easy money."

Starr went to Colorado and was captured there in connection with a bank robbery. He was sentenced to 25 years in the Canon City prison. After five years, he again received a pardon and went back to Oklahoma. Again his magnetic personality won him respectable friends. And again he betrayed them.

March 27, 1915, Starr rode into the town of Stroud and held up two banks. He was captured after being wounded in the hip by a 16-year-old boy, Paul Curry. He was taken to the county jail at Chandler, Okla.

Officials there were amazed to hear him quoting classics he had studied while in prison. A federal marshal asked why, with his talents, he invariably returned to crime.

"I must have excitement," he replied. "I crave it and it preys upon me until I step out and get into devilment of some sort."

Starr was again given a 25-year sentence in prison and again he managed to be released, through the influence of prominent citizens. Within less than a year after he was released, he was shot and killed by William J. Myers, president of the People's National Bank at Harrison, Arkansas, when he attempted to rob that institution.

One of Starr's queer quirks of character caused his death. John Murrel, famous outlaw, said that he would not rob if he could not afford to kill. But Starr would not rob if he had to kill. He had repeatedly said he would shoot only in self defense. He would never, he vowed, commit a murder just to accomplish a robbery. The killing of Floyd Wilson, he said, was in self defense and therefore justified by his own code of honor. In the Harrison robbery, he had every chance to shoot his way to freedom, but met his death instead.

THE DALTON GANG

The Dalton boys were distantly related to the Younger brothers of border notoriety and their early history is somewhat similar—that of boys of "good families" suddenly turning to desperate lives of crime.

Like the Youngers and the Jameses, there is much of myth and legendry about them. One author writes that Frank Dalton was killed in a gun fight with horse thieves in Texas, in 1885. Yet in the Crittenden memoirs are letters from Frank Dalton in 1935 when he was 83 years old and living quietly in Texas writing about his early days with the Quantrill gang.

However, it is not with Frank that this book has to deal. Nor with Quantrill's bloody legion. For while Quantrill looted, he could not be called a bandit chieftain. Quantrill was motivated by a lust to kill.

There were several of the Dalton boys, sons of Louis Dalton and Adeline Younger, cousin of the Younger brothers. Louis Dalton moved from Kentucky to Jackson County, Missouri, in 1850, and married Miss Younger there. In 1860, the Daltons moved to Coffeyville, Kansas, where the younger sons were born and grew up. Oddly enough, Coffeyville was also the place where they met their doom.

There were several boys, Frank, Bob, Bill, Emmett, and Gratton. Early in 1889, Louis Dalton died. His widow induced her children to go with her to Oklahoma. For a while they were settled there peacefully. Bob and Gratton became peace officers, according to E. D. Nix, former U.S. Marshal of the Oklahoma territory. At the same time the Daltons indulged in a little horse stealing. Gratton and Emmett went to California and Bob returned to the Indian Territory with his share of the proceeds from a stolen herd of horses.

In 1891, an attempt was made to rob a Southern Pacific express train at Tulare, California. The robbery was defeated by a daring express messenger who surprised the bandits with a fusillade of shots. In the gun battle a fireman was killed. The Dalton boys were suspected and

Gratton captured. He was tried and convicted but escaped as he was being taken from the county jail to the state prison. Emmett joined him and they returned to Oklahoma. A reward of $6,000 was offered by the Southern Pacific for their capture.

In Oklahoma they met Bob, who had already asked Bill Doolin, Dick Broadwell, Black Faced Charlie Bryant and Bill Powers to join them in an outlaw gang. Doolin, Powers and Broadwell were ex-cowpunchers. Black-Faced Charlie had drifted in from no one knew where and said little about his past. His face had been discolored by splotches of burned powder beneath his skin.

This gang made plans for a series of wholesale robberies that would outdo anything previously attempted by border bandits.

Soon they raided a colony of Missourians on Beaver creek near Orlando. Eight or nine horses were stolen. A posse was organized and followed the thieves to Twin Mounds in the Territory. Two members of the hunters, William Thompson and W. T. Starmer, were ambushed by the outlaws. Starmer was fatally wounded, but Thompson escaped.

The Daltons next appeared at Red Rock, Oklahoma, an Indian trading station in the red-clay Cherokee Strip. At nine o'clock on the night of June 1, 1892, the Daltons concealed themselves near the Santa Fe depot, conveniently located about a mile from the small town.

When the train halted the telegraph operator ran to the engine to give the engineer his orders. Dick Broadwell and Black Faced Charlie dashed into the locomotive cab and surprised the armed guard sitting on a pile of wood in the tender, eating a sandwich. The guard jumped, sprawled over the wood, and pitched to the floor at the feet of the bandits, who disarmed him.

Gratton Dalton and Bill Doolin found the express messenger and his guard playing checkers. Forcing the messengers to hold up their hands, the bandits looked around for a safe supposed to hold several thousand dollars. But only a small safe containing two or three hundred dollars was discovered.

Meanwhile Bob Dalton, Emmett Dalton and Bill Powers were robbing the passengers, herded out on the station platform. Black Faced Charlie rushed to assist them. Passing the station window, he saw the telegraph operator working the key. He apparently believed the man was sending out the alarm, for he instantly killed him.

In 15 minutes the train was on its way and the bandits had fled, disappointed with their small haul.

Soon after that Black Faced Charlie was wounded in a fight at a cowboy dance near Hennessey, Oklahoma. Deputy U.S. Marshal Ed Short arrested him while he was being treated for his wound. He started to take him to Wichita, Kansas, for safe keeping. Charlie was handcuffed and placed in the custody of an express messenger.

Charlie waited until the messenger was not watching, grabbed a six-shooter from a pigeon hole in a desk and commanded the messenger to hold up his hands. Charlie was backing toward the door of the car when Short suddenly entered. Bryant whirled and shot the deputy. Short fired back. Both men received fatal wounds.

The rest of the Dalton gang apparently went into hiding. Then in the latter part of July they dashed over in the Cherokee country near the Arkansas line and robbed the Missouri, Kansas and Texas passenger train. Several Indian police guarding the train were wounded and a physician passenger was killed.

The Daltons now got vainglorious, just as Al Spencer was to follow in their footsteps later. Spencer, a bandit in the early Twentieth Century, wanted to be more notorious than the Daltons. So he staged a train robbery and was captured. The Daltons wanted to be more infamous than the Youngers and the Jameses. So they, too, over estimated their abilities.

Bob Dalton decided that the gang should go to the Dalton home town of Coffeyville, Kansas, and rob two banks at the same time. Then, he thought, they could rest for a while on their laurels and loot. It would be a good thing to get out of the country, anyhow. Bob and Grat had been recognized in an Adair robbery and territorial officers had blood in their eyes.

On the morning of October 4, 1892, the Dalton gang composed of Bill Doolin, Bill Powers, Dick Broadwell and the three Dalton brothers, Bob, Grat and Emmett, left their Indian Territory hideout and headed for the Kansas line. Late in the afternoon they crossed the Kansas line and camped in a secluded spot.

They woke early and started for Coffeyville, expecting to reach the town shortly after the banks opened and before the streets were crowded.

Then it was discovered that Bill Doolin's horse was limping. Bob suggested that he steal a new one. Their mounts must be ready for a quick departure. Doolin said he had seen a handsome chestnut sorrel, he would go back and pick it up and then join them.

There are old timers who say that Bill Doolin deliberately delayed his return, realizing that the vanity and recklessness of young Bob Dalton had marred his judgment. It is said that Doolin tried to persuade Bob not to rob both banks and thus separate their forces. At any rate, Doolin was not present at the robbery and so he escaped the fate of the Daltons and lived to be Oklahoma's most notorious outlaw.

Bob and Emmett Dalton wore false beards. Grat had grown a shaggy set of whiskers. Broadwell and Powers were unknown in Coffeyville so they did not disguise themselves.

They waited for a few minutes at the edge of town for Doolin. But Bob was impatient and refused to tarry long. So a few minutes after nine o'clock the five men rode at a slow trot into the main street of Coffeyville, Kansas. The three Daltons, as usual, rode ahead, followed by Broadwell and Powers. They were on fine horses with heavy Mexican saddles decorated with spangles and carvings. Each had saddle pockets carrying several six shooters. Their Winchester rifles were rolled in slickers behind their saddles.

The horses were tied in an alley. Then they walked back to the main street. As they passed by a merchant, he noticed the false beards and hid in a doorway to watch.

Grat Dalton, Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell went into the Condon bank. At the same time, Bob and Emmett Dalton entered the First National bank. The watching merchant saw Grat Dalton pointing a gun at the cashier's head. Immediately he started giving the alarm. The cry, "The banks are being robbed," flew up and down the street. Men came running with six-shooters, rifles and shotguns. Within a few minutes a gun battle was going on.

The Daltons continued to get the money from the First National employes. They calmly put it into bags and started to make their escape. But as they started out the door they were met by a hail of bullets. They turned toward the rear and the alley.

Grat Dalton, Powers and Broadwell were also engaged in a fight for their lives. Powers was shot in his right arm. These three were attempting to fight their way out the front door and through the armed crowd. As Powers reached the sidewalk he was shot again and fell to the ground, dying. Grat Dalton was fatally wounded a few minutes later by City Marshal Charles T. Connelly, but managed to kill Connelly before he died.

Lucius M. Baldwin and George B. Cubine dashed to Connelly's aid and Broadwell killed both of them. Then he made a dash through the alley for his horse. A citizen followed him and shot him just as he was putting the spurs to the animal. Blood gushing from his mouth, one arm shattered, clinging to his frightened horse, he dashed out of town. His

body was found a mile or so away, the faithful horse standing by it.

Bob and Emmett, dashing out of the back door of the First National Bank, met Charles Brown. Bob shot him between the eyes. In a few minutes Bob was wounded and fell down in the alley. Emmett, now mounted, rode back and tried to pull Bob into the saddle with him. At that moment he was shot in the back. He reeled from the saddle to the ground.

Only 15 minutes after they had entered the banks, four of the Dalton gang were dead and Emmett had been captured, wounded in the right arm, the hip and his back. All the loot, 11 thousand dollars, from the First National bank and 20 thousand dollars from the Condon bank, was returned. Emmett was taken to the hospital and then to jail.

Bill Doolin, whose lame horse had caused his escape from the fate of the others, had paused on the outskirts of town, halted by some vague foreboding. Just as he was preparing to go on and join his comrades, a man on horseback approached and told him of the tragedy. He quickly fled.

Thus the Coffeyville exploit that was to have brought fame and security for the Dalton gang brought about their end.

BILL DOOLIN'S GANG

For lack of a horse, as the old saying goes, Bill Doolin lost out in the Dalton gang's last gun battle, but he saved his own life.

Hearing the news of the death and capture of his comrades, he fled to a little ranch on the Cimarron, there to make plans for the most vicious gang that ever terrorized the southwest.

Outlaws take on geographical color. In the early days in Kentucky, when there was gambling, swaggering, intense emotionalism in everything and the reckless pioneer spirit prevailing generally—the bandits had a quality which seems utterly fantastic in this mechanized age.

Today, when we label a killer "brutal" after two or three murders, it is hard to realize that immediately after the Civil War, Jesse James and Cole Younger were heroized, although they had scores of notches on their guns as the result of their alliance with the bloody guerilla, Quantrill.

Thus in Oklahoma, with its widely separated towns, railroad trains were the logical prey.

Bill Doolin was born of a "poor but honest family" in Arkansas. He was a popular youth, with a commanding, magnetic personality. When a young man he went to Oklahoma and worked as a cow hand for Oscar Halsell, but deserted him to join the Daltons.

When the Dalton gang was exterminated at Coffeyville, Kansas, in an attempt to rob two banks at once, Doolin went first to the lonely stretches of the Cimarron. Then, after a few weeks of hiding there, he moved to an old outlaw rendezvous near the edge of the Creek Nation. There he could get in touch with the men he sought for his gang.

Somewhat to his surprise, he found Bill Dalton, an older brother of the members of the Dalton gang, living with the outlaws.

Bill had never shared the crimes of his brothers. But the notoriety resulting from their exploits had caused him to resign from the state legislature of California, and to come to the old haunts of his dead brothers in the Indian Territory.

His former ambitions gone, Bill Dalton offered to join Doolin's gang. It is said that Doolin hesitated a little. There is a queer streak of vanity and jealousy among criminals, and authorities frequently are able to effect capture because of this.

Bill Doolin had been under the domination of the Daltons. He did not want the Dalton "prestige" to place Bill Dalton in command over him. But this particular Dalton did not care who received the so-called

glory. He expressed himself as willing to let Doolin be the leader.

Doolin next got in touch with George Newcomb and Bill Raidler, who had been fellow workers when he was on the Halsell ranch. Newcomb was known as "Bitter Creek" and also as "Slaughter Kid"—due to his having worked on the cattle ranges of the Slaughter family. He originally came from Fort Scott, Kansas, where his family was highly respected.

Raidler hailed from Pennsylvania and is described also as having come from an excellent family. He was well educated and was enthusiastic about the cattle industry until the ranges began to be fenced in.

Doolin's next members were Roy Daugherty, alias "Arkansas Tom," Dick West, and Ol Yountis. Daugherty, like Doolin, was born in Arkansas. His parents had been very religious and his two elder brothers had been educated for the ministry. Daugherty's mother died when he was ten years old and his father married again. This stepmother was a nagging woman who apparently made life so miserable for young Roy that he ran away to the Indian Territory at the age of 14. He worked on a ranch often visited by Doolin. Doolin virtually was a hero to the younger boy. Hearing that the outlaw was recruiting a gang at an outlaw cave in the Creek Nation, Daugherty hurried there and begged to join them.

"Little Dick" West was a homeless orphan who had drifted to Texas when just a child. He washed dishes, worked for his board with cow outfits, and usually lived from hand to mouth. Then, when he was 16, he got a job with the Three-Circles Ranch in Texas. Oscar Halsell, a big time cattleman, was driving cattle north and he hired the boy to wrangle horses for him.

He worked for Halsell until 1889 when the country was opened for settlers. West was a strange, wild youth, "tough as nails," with a habit of sleeping outdoors rolled in his blanket, even if a warm bed in a house were offered. This habit was convenient later when he joined the outlaw band. He never was surprised asleep.

Little is known about the past of Ol Yountis, except that he was an Oklahoma product. These were the original members of the notorious Bill Doolin gang.

As soon as the gang had been formed, in November of 1892, Doolin, Dalton, Bitter Creek Newcomb and Yountis dashed across the line to Spearville, Kansas, where they robbed a bank of several thousand dollars. The outlaws then scattered to avoid pursuit.

Ol Yountis started toward his sister's home near Orlando, Oklahoma. But he was poorly mounted and his horse finally became so exhausted Yountis had to dismount. A farmer came along, Yountis demanded that he dismount and exchange horses. The man resisted and Yountis killed him, and raced toward his sister's home.

Within a few hours the murder had been discovered and a posse organized. About that time Sheriff Beeson of Ford County, Kansas, arrived, saw the abandoned horse and guessed that the killing had been committed by one of the Spearville robbers. He went to the home of Yountis' sister. He did not see Yountis but was convinced that the outlaw was in hiding there. Beeson enlisted the aid of the United States marshal's office and, with several deputies, he returned to Orlando. The men hid themselves around the house and waited. Just at dawn, a heavily armed man emerged from the house. Deputy Heck Thomas shouted for him to throw up his hands. The outlaw replied with a burst from his rifle. His sister rushed out of the house shouting "O, Ol, run. For God's sake don't shoot him."

Yountis continued firing and finally Deputy Chris Madsen wounded him. He was captured and taken to Orlando for medical attention, but he died that night. In his money belt $4,500 was found of the loot taken from the Spearville bank.

But Yountis' death did not halt the activities of the Doolin gang.

Presently they slipped over the line to Cimarron, Kansas, and robbed a bank of $13,000. Then they fled to their rendezvous, a cave large enough to hide at least 25 horses and shelter from 25 to 50 men.

Three more men joined Doolin's band, Charlie Pierce, Jack (Tulsa Jack) Blake and Dan (Dynamite Dick) Clifton, all former cowboys.

The gang was quiet for two or three months. Then in August they rode into the town of Wharton (now Perry) and robbed the Santa Fe southbound night train. Doolin's masterful strategy was fully displayed at this time. In 15 minutes the gang was dashing back to the Osage Hills with several hundred dollars in money, the registered mail and the money and valuables of the passengers. The men then went back to their hide-out, confident that the newly organized United States marshal's "army," designed to wipe out Oklahoma outlawry, was too busy supervising the opening of the Cherokee Strip to be bothered with them.

Next, the Doolin gang robbed the bank at Southwest City, Missouri, of $15,000. In a gun battle with citizens, they killed a man named Seaborn, former state auditor. Doolin was shot in a foot, but he managed to make a get-away. On their way back, they dashed through the little town of Pawnee, Oklahoma, and held up the bank there at noon, obtaining about $10,000 in cash.

Authorities received information that Doolin's gang planned to rob a bank in Guthrie and preparations were made to meet the gang, but apparently the bandits realized that there had been a leak, for they did not appear. Instead, they dashed into Texas and news soon arrived that they had robbed a bank in the northwestern part of the state and obtained $50,000.

Doolin's spectacular method was to dash out of hiding, commit a crime and then apparently disappear from the face of the earth.

One of Doolin's favorite hide-outs was the town of Ingalls on the edge of the Creek Nation, away from railroads and good roads. There the outlaws "owned the town." Their cave was not far from Ingalls, and when they wished to whoop off some of their loot, they rode into the town to the hotel operated by Mary Pierce. There usually were three or four ladies of doubtful virtue at the hotel and there was a saloon that waxed prosperous off the bandit's money. The outlaws were the chief support of the tiny village, so they were allowed the most liberty.

Authorities received information that the Doolin gang was spending a great deal of time at Ingalls. A posse was organized to investigate. The officers disguised themselves as hunters and camped near Ingalls, sending two scouts ahead to find out if the Doolin men were in town. After a couple of days, the scouts returned, saying that Doolin and his men had just arrived.

The posse started out in two covered wagons, the men concealed under the canvas. Shortly after noon they drew up near the settlement. The teams were stopped in a ravine and the men prepared their weapons for a siege. Some of the men were stationed to command the Trilby saloon, others so they could watch the entrances to the Pierce hotel.

Just as their arrangements were virtually complete, one of the outlaws glimpsed them. Someone started firing from the saloon. The officers returned fire and what was later known as the "battle of Ingalls" began. Firing ceased for a time in the saloon, indicating someone had been hit, and then it began from the second story of the Pierce hotel. Bill Doolin emerged, dragging the wounded Bitter Creek Newcomb, and ran across to the livery stable. As he neared the door, Doolin shouted and staggered, dropping Bitter Creek. But they both managed to crawl inside the stable on their hands and knees.

Then Bill Dalton, Red Buck and Dynamite Dick dodged out of the hotel and zigzagged to the livery stable, escaping the officers' bullets by their furious, dodging run. A hot barrage began from the stable, placing

the officers at a disadvantage. Deputy Houston was killed, and the others had to change their shelters.

Meanwhile, the Rose of Cimarron, Bitter Creek's sweetheart, had seen her lover stumble and crawl into the stable. She buckled two cartridge belts around her waist and seized a rifle. But the only exit was barred by the bombardment of the officers. So she and Mrs. Pierce knotted quilts together and in a few minutes Rose slid through a window on the sheltered side of the hotel. She ran across the street to the livery stable, and carried ammunition and a gun to her lover.

Inside the stable, Doolin was formulating plans for escape. He suggested that he and Dalton keep the officers covered while Red Buck and Dynamite Dick assisted Bitter Creek and Rose of Cimarron to ride away from the rear door of the stable.

Deputy Dick Speed sought to stop them. Doolin shot and killed him, and the other officers were unable to move to prevent the escape of the outlaws. When the others had gone, Doolin and Dalton quickly mounted their horses and dashed away at full speed. But they had only gone a quarter of a mile when they saw that Bitter Creek and Rose were not with Dynamite Dick and Red Buck. Red Buck said that they didn't have time to fool with the wounded outlaw. A shot from Doolin's gun pierced Red Buck's hat. Then the outlaw chieftain turned and dashed to rescue his comrades.

But others had seen Bitter Creek fall from his horse and Rose dismount to help him. Deputy Lafe Shadley, holding his Winchester, ran toward the two. At this moment Bill Dalton appeared. Before Shadley had time to face this new menace, the outlaw shot and killed the deputy. Doolin, Dynamite Dick and Red Buck put Bitter Creek back on his horse and Red Buck and Dalton supported him in the saddle as they raced away. The officers, being without horses, were unable to pursue.

But one more bandit had been left in the hotel. He continued to shoot from an upper window. The officers surrounded the hotel. But there was only one entrance to the upper story, a ladder. The outlaw could command that as long as he had ammunition. He must be forced out.

Deputy Jim Masterson reached inside his shirt and took out three sticks of dynamite. Mrs. Pierce, peeping from the hotel, saw the preparations and rushed out, pleading for them not to destroy her hotel.

The only bandit inside, she said, was Arkansas Tom. The officers told her if she could persuade him to surrender, they would not damage the property. She went upstairs and presently called down that Arkansas Tom would surrender. He came down the ladder, followed by Mrs. Pierce. Soon he was shackled and placed in one wagon. The bodies of the dead officers were placed in the other and the procession went toward Guthrie. Three officers had lost their lives and only one man had been captured.

Another posse was organized to pursue the outlaws, but they met with no success. Arkansas Tom was soon tried in the court of Chief Justice Frank Dale. He was sentenced to 50 years in prison. Later, he was paroled, worked for a time and then became involved in a bank robbery at Neosho, Missouri. He was convicted and sent to the Missouri prison. After serving his term, he again went to Joplin and is said to have been implicated in a bank robbery at Asbury, Missouri. He was killed when he resisted arrest by Joplin officers.

Bill Doolin and Bitter Creek Newcomb recovered from the wounds received in the Battle of Ingalls, and next were heard of at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Doolin later said that he planned to rob a bank there, but decided against it.

In January, the officials received news that a rancher living southeast of Pawnee near the Cimarron river was harboring members of the Doolin gang and assisting in their cattle thefts. Nothing had been heard of the Doolin gang for some time. Deputy Marshal Bill Tilghman decided to attempt to capture them. He walked into the ranch house, and

saw the rancher sitting before the fire, a Winchester across his lap. The walls were lined with curtained bunks. Tilghman thought he saw the tips of several rifle barrels glinting between the curtains. The rancher was openly hostile. Tilghman stood for a while, warming himself, forced himself to be nonchalant and finally left. He knew that he had discovered an outlaw hide-out but that he would need a lot of assistance to make any capture.

A large posse was formed and started back to the ranch. But Bill Dunn, the owner, informed them that the outlaws had already left. He added that Bill Doolin had kept Red Buck Weightman from killing Tilghman on the night he strolled into the outlaw den. The rancher said he had assumed his hostile manner to protect himself from being suspected of being friendly with the officers and betraying the gang.

In May, 1895, Bill Doolin led his gang to Dover in the El Reno district, and they robbed a Rock Island passenger train. A posse was immediately organized, and by sundown the searchers looked down on the outlaw camp. But the outlaw sentinels had sighted the officials. As the posse approached, the bandits opened fire. The horses of Tulsa Jack Blake and Red Buck were shot from under them, and they took refuge in a clump of timber. One of their comrades rescued Red Buck, but Tulsa Jack fell fatally wounded.

Red Buck's bloodthirstiness caused constant trouble for the gang. As they fled from their hide-out he stopped to steal a horse and shot the protesting owner, an old man. Shortly afterward, Bill Doolin divided the loot from the train robbery and ordered Red Buck out of the gang. The others separated, agreeing to meet later at a spot near Woodward, where a hiding place had been located in an abandoned ranch house.

Charlie Pierce, Bitter Creek Newcomb and Little Bill Raidler arrived there first, heard of an express shipment of $6,500, and decided to hold up the express company office at night without waiting for the rest of the gang.

The robbery was a success, the agent was left bound and gagged, and the bandits made an easy escape. They immediately informed their comrades of the haul, the loot was split, and the Doolin gang was on the run again.

The cave hide-out in the Creek Nation had been discovered and the gang had not as yet located a new safe hiding place. After leading an apparently charmed life, they were nearing the end of their careers. The wound Bill Doolin had received in the fight at Ingalls had lodged near the base of his brain, and was causing a pressure that affected his nervous system. After the Woodward robbery, Doolin went to join his wife and baby. Dalton went to the home of relatives near Ardmore, Oklahoma.

Bitter Creek Newcomb and Little Bill Raidler spent their share in riotous living in Chicago. Little Bill bought a pair of silver plated six-shooters with ivory handles carved with the figures of angels. The guns were found when he was captured.

On their return from Chicago, Bitter Creek and Little Bill joined Dynamite Dick and Charlie Pierce at the ranch of Bee Dunn. Plans were laid to ambush them there. Several deputy marshals, headed by Deputy Bill Tilghman and Deputy Heck Thomas, enlisted Dunn's support in the preparation of a trap.

A pit was dug close to the house where the officers could hide and watch all approaches to the place. Just at dusk Bitter Creek Newcomb and Charlie Pierce arrived. But in the dark the officers could not tell whether they were followed at a distance by others of the band.

Deputy Thomas commanded the men to surrender. They fired in return. The officers shot at their moving shadows. Both men were fatally wounded. Their bodies were taken to Guthrie, Okla., and claimed by relatives.

News of the killing of the two men immediately reached the other

members of the gang. Dynamite Dick and Little Bill Raidler separated and fled. Soon afterward, several deputies were at a country store about 20 miles from Perry. A man rode up and dismounted. The officials recognized Dynamite Dick.

The outlaw attempted to draw, but the officials were too fast. Dynamite Dick was wounded in the right elbow, the fleshy part of his hip, and in his lungs. He was taken to Guthrie for medical treatment, but in a few days contracted pneumonia and died.

The "small army" of United States marshals, with their orders to shoot to kill, were now well on their way to annihilating the notorious Doolin gang. There remained only the leaders—Doolin and Dalton and three minor members, Little Bill Raidler, Little Dick West and Red Buck Waightman.

An Indian reported that Little Bill was hiding at a ranch northeast of Pawhuska in the Osage Nation. Deputy Tilghman and Deputy Thomas went out in search. On September 1, they encountered Little Bill riding up to the ranch house for supper. Tilghman waited until Little Bill had dismounted and put his horse into the corral. Then he commanded him to surrender, but Little Bill whirled, drew his guns, and fired in the direction of the officer. He missed and Tilghman fired. Little Bill fell, seriously wounded.

He was taken to Guthrie where a government physician said that he had virtually no chance to survive. But Little Bill was wiry and strong and he recovered within a short time. He was sentenced to the Ohio penitentiary for ten years. Later he married, settled down and lived a respectable life. While in the Ohio prison he had met O. Henry, the writer, and Al Jennings, the outlaw. They were inseparable friends and O. Henry's influence is said to have cause Raidler to reform.

The hunt became intensified as the officials were encouraged by success. An Indian scout reported that Bill Dalton's wife was near Ardmore. Dalton walked into a trap and was fatally wounded when he fired at Deputy Loss Hart. The body was taken to Guthrie where his mother, the former Adeline Younger, claimed it.

There remained only the leader, Bill Doolin. Mrs. Pierce, who had operated the outlaw hide-out at Ingalls, told officers that Mrs. Doolin was at Burden, Kansas, under the name of Mrs. Will Barry. Officers went there and traced her to Winfield, Kansas. There they learned she was writing to her husband at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, where he had gone to take the baths for his rheumatism.

Deputy Tilghman immediately went to Eureka Springs, arriving on the morning of December 5, 1895, where he went to the Basin hotel. He decided to go to the bathhouse to refresh himself from his all-night trip. The first person he saw as he strolled in was Bill Doolin, lying on a couch, leisurely reading a newspaper. Doolin, however, did not see the marshal. Deputy Tilghman proceeded to his booth, then whirled and confronted Doolin with his forty-five. Surprised as he was, Doolin tried to draw. A bath attendant was summoned to disarm him, but the man was so frightened at sight of the two guns strapped under Doolin's arms that he fled. Finally Tilghman said, "Doolin, you saved my life once and I don't want to kill you, but make one move and you're a dead man."

Just after that, the city marshal, warned by the bathhouse attendant, came to Tilghman's rescue and disarmed Doolin. On his word of honor that he would not attempt to escape, he was taken back to Oklahoma without being handcuffed.

At Guthrie, Okla., a crowd of 5,000 persons had assembled at the station to watch the arrival of the notorious Bill Doolin. He was put in jail where he proceeded to enthrall the jailor with tales of buried treasure. One night he promised to reveal the location of his cache and summoned the jailor close to the bars. He then snatched the jailor's gun and forced the man to release him. He dashed out into the darkness, com-

mandeered a horse and buggy, unharnessed the horse and rode away bareback.

Three or four months later it was learned that Doolin's wife and child had gone to Lawton, Okla. A watch was kept on her father's house and presently Doolin's presence there was reported. Officials arrived just in time to see them preparing to leave the country by wagon. Deputy Thomas commanded Doolin to throw up his hands. Doolin jerked his rifle to his shoulder but Thomas fired first, and Doolin fell to the ground, dying.

Hundreds of persons attended his funeral. His death marked the end of an era of Oklahoma outlawry which brought into existence the army of deputy federal marshals. Little Dick West, the sole remaining member of the gang, fled from Oklahoma not to return until the Jennings rose to fame.

THE JENNINGS BOYS

The Jennings boys were another group of outlaws peculiar to Oklahoma. It is doubtful whether at any period—other than those rowdy border days in Oklahoma—would prominent attorneys turn to crime because of courtroom arguments.

Al and Frank Jennings had been practicing law in the territory around El Reno for several years. Al was prosecuting attorney of Canadian County. The father of the two boys was county judge at Woodward and a brother, Ed Jennings, lived with him.

Ed Jennings was opposing the picturesque and fiery long-haired Temple Houston in a case at Woodward about pasture rent. The two attorneys squabbled over minor points in the testimony. Then Houston asked a witness a question. Jennings objected and an argument started. One of them shouted, "You're a liar." The two started fighting and men rushed to separate them.

That night Houston went to a saloon where Ed and Frank Jennings were playing poker. Ed started up, reaching for his gun. Houston fired and Jennings fell dead. Frank started to rise, but before he could reach for his gun, Houston shot at him, seriously wounding him. Houston pleaded self defense and was acquitted at his trial for murder.

Al Jennings left the courtroom swearing vengeance for his brother's death. For some time he and his brother, Frank, rode around the Territory threatening Houston, but they never met. Apparently they turned their hatred into less admirable channels. From attorneys they became outlaws.

Early in 1896, an attempt was made to rob the Santa Fe passenger train at Edmond, Oklahoma. The express car was battered open, but only a few hundred dollars was stolen, and the passengers were not robbed.

Officials said that Al and Frank Jennings, Pat and Morris O'Malley and Little Dick West, former member of the Doolin gang, had committed the robbery. They then headed for the southeastern part of the Territory near the Texas line. Enroute they met Deputy Marshal Sam Bartell of Oklahoma. Bartell had not heard of the train robbery at Edmond, but he recognized Al Jennings and commanded him to hold up his hands.

Al started to draw his gun, then recognized Bartell and laughed. Bartell invited them to supper at his house. They rested there and then went on their way.

Two weeks later the Jennings gang tried to hold up an M. K. and T. passenger train at Bond Switch, 25 miles south of Muskogee. They put ties on the tracks. But the engineer increased the speed of the train and scattered the obstruction safely.

Later the officials heard that the Jennings band intended to hold up a passenger train at Purcell, Oklahoma. A watch was maintained and one night five men were seen lurking behind a box car. But by the time a posse arrived the men had departed.

Discouraged, Al Jennings left Oklahoma, going to Honduras and Mexico, and then back to Oklahoma where he got his old gang together. On October 6, 1896, a gang of five members of the Jennings band held up a group of laborers working on the Rock Island tracks between Minco and Chickasha. The foreman was forced to flag down the train.

Conductor Dan Dacy ran forward to question the foreman. One of the gang captured him. Al Jennings and Little Dick West robbed the express car while Frank Jennings and one of the O'Malley brothers robbed the passengers. The safes in the express car were blown open with dynamite, and only one was forced.

Conductor Dacy rcognized Al Jennings and posses were soon organized at El Reno and Chickasha to search for the outlaws. But the gang eluded them and separated. Al and Frank Jennings went to the home of a friend at El Reno, hiding there for several days before rejoining the others of the band who had been hiding in a dugout on the Cottonwood river, 15 miles southwest of Guthrie.

From the dug-out the gang wandered into the Indian Territory, riding at night and resting in secluded camps during the day. Little Dick West, disgusted with the failures of the Jennings gang as compared with the days of Bill Doolin, left the outfit.

At Cushing, Al Jennings aroused the proprietor of a small store and told him that he wanted to purchase burial clothes for a friend who had just died. The outlaws then held up the merchant, obtained new suits of clothes and about $50.

Officials laid plans to trap the Jennings band by luring them to an old graveyard with a tale of news about a big Indian payment. November 29, Deputy Marshal Ledbetter and a posse of six, traced the bandits to the Harkless ranch in the Indian Territory near Tecumseh. The ranch was surrounded. Deputy Ledbetter told Mrs. Harkless to ask the men to surrender. If they refused, the women in the house were ordered to escape before the fighting started.

Presently Mrs. Harkless and the hired girl scampered out and hid in a nearby graveyard. The officers waited for them to get out of range. The gun battle started. In five minutes the bandits fled out the back door and through an orchard. Al Jennings fired from behind the house as he ran. A charge of buckshot from one of the officials' guns tore through the clothing of Frank Jennings but did not injure him seriously.

Only one officer saw the bandits escape. The rest kept on pouring lead in the house. When no gunfire answered they decided the outlaws were dead, and they came out of hiding. Then they learned that their prey had escaped.

A four-day chase followed and the Jennings gang finally was captured without bloodshed and taken to Muskogee to the federal jail.

At their trial, old Judge Jennings was one of the defense witnesses, testifying that his son, Al, was at home on the night he was accused of taking part in the Edmond train robbery.

Al Jennings was sentenced to five years in the Leavenworth penitentiary on a charge of assault to kill and then was given a life sentence in the federal penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, on a charge of robbing the United States mail. Frank Jennings and the O'Malley brothers were sentenced to five years each in Leavenworth.

After five years in the Ohio prison, where he became a close friend of O. Henry, the writer, also serving a term there, Jennings' sentence was commuted. He was taken to Leavenworth and was soon released. His brother, Frank Jennings, and the O'Malleys served their terms and were released. Later they all were successful in legitimate enterprises. Al Jennings was famous as a writer, evangelist and lecturer.

Shortly after the Jennings gang was captured, Little Dick West, who had deserted them some time before, was shot and killed by officials while he was fleeing from a hide-out.

The Modern Bandits

AL SPENCER

Al Spencer began his criminal career as a cattle rustler, in the old time tradition. He was captured and sent to prison. There he met young Frank Nash, a tall, stoop-shouldered man with a big nose and an ingratiating smile.

Nash had been sent up for the alleged killing of a partner in petty thievery. He and Spencer became friends. When Spencer broke out of prison there was supposed to have been an indefinite understanding that when Nash was released he would join Spencer.

Spencer escaped from Oklahoma state prison at McAllester and fled at once to the Osage hills where he established a hide-out and gathered about him a band of desperate criminals. They began robbing Oklahoma banks.

Soon Al Spencer's name was spread in heavy black ink on the front pages of the newspapers of Oklahoma and surrounding states. Editorial writers seized on him as the successors to the former bandit kings. He was called the Phantom Terror, the King of the Osage, the Wild Rider of Oklahoma. And like many another criminal, publicity hastened his downfall.

There is a peculiar streak of vanity in most criminals. Some of them have been caught because they could not resist getting newspaper accounts of their crimes. Some have been identified because of clippings of these crimes in their wallets. Others are fond of reading detective story magazines.

Spencer was a show-off. It was he who originated the famous bank robbing wisecrack, "This ain't no director's meeting."

This occurred after Frank Nash had gotten out of prison on a "leave of absence" to attend to business. The business took him directly to Al Spencer's hide-out for a holiday celebration December 30, 1922. Nash immediately became one of Spencer's right hand men along with Earl Thayer and Grover Durrill.

The key to Spencer's weakness was shown in his wise-cracking comeback when Spencer, and his gang of seven men, were robbing a bank in Chikasha, Oklahoma. Spencer, Nash and Durrill, heavily armed, went inside the bank. Spencer commanded the employes to lie face down on the floor in the director's room. One stenographer lay down on her back, staring up at the robbers.

Spencer pointed his six-gun toward the girl. "I said for you to lay face down," he yelled. "Where the hell do you think you are; at a director's meeting?"

This story, of course, was given wide publicity. So was Spencer's toll of banks. In two years he and his gang were supposed to have looted 42 depositories.

Then Spencer's craving for fame betrayed him. Editorial writers had started comparing him with the old time outlaw kings. Spencer was a robber in the old tradition, with six-guns, horses and a hide-out in the hills where the loot was divided around a campfire. But Spencer was a bank robber, not a train looter. Newspapermen pointed out in uncomplimentary fashion that his exploits were comparatively simple compared to the deeds of the Jameses and Daltons. He and his gang simply strolled

into a bank, scooped up the money and fled before the alarm was given. Cheap stuff, shouted the newspapers, compared to big time train robbery.

So Al Spencer decided to rob a train. Frank Nash is supposed to have objected to this. Even then Nash was showing the talent for cautious generalship that later made him the focal point for gang activities throughout the middle-west. Nash was one of the few bad men who was never fooled by his own reputation for cleverness. He is said to have pointed out that times had changed since the days when the Daltons rode. Railroad companies had developed their own squads of trained investigators. They were not hampered by county and state lines. They had plenty of money behind them, too. A gang could rob a bank in one county, skip over the county line and be comparatively safe. Or the robbers could dash over a state line. The county sheriffs had inadequate funds and facilities for long and expensive man-hunts.

But Spencer was determined. The ink slingers didn't think he was as good as the Younger brothers, huh? They thought that he, the Phantom Terror, wasn't smart as the Dalton boys. He would show them. He would rob a train. He decided on the M. K. and T. train carrying money and mails.

Plans were laid for the giant coup. But the talents that had made Spencer successful in cracking banks in small towns were not sufficient for big time train robbery. The train was flagged down near Okesa, Oklahoma, not far from Spencer's hide-out in the Osage hills. The engineer and firemen were caught and forced to throw up their hands. The bandits fired six-guns. A mail clerk was injured. Still firing their guns, the bandits rode away with their loot.

Excitement mounted to white heat. This was the first Oklahoma train robbery in years. All law-enforcement bodies were rushed into cooperation against this new menace. All the new methods of pursuit were used. This time there was no single posse to be dodged or defeated in a gun battle.

Earl Thayer was arrested the day after the robbery. Police found him at his home in Oklahoma City. Grover Durrill and Curtis Kelly were found by posse men scouring the Osage hills. Another man was captured in St. Louis. He was a city bandit, out of his depth in the Oklahoma bad lands.

Spencer was trapped in Coffeyville, Kansas. Still true to the old time tradition, he elected to shoot it out. He fell dead, punctured with the bullets from the guns of a dozen officers.

Months later, Frank Nash, who had advised against the train holdup, was captured near the Rio Grande. But he surrendered and was sentenced to 25 years in Leavenworth, Kansas, federal prison, emerging a few years later to dominate another criminal era.

FRANK (JELLY) NASH

Frank Nash is important in the annals of crime for several reasons. He was a hold over from the old era who rose to leadership in the modern day. He had an unusually long and successful career. He was an associate of most of the big shots in gangdom—Verne Miller, Harvey Bailey, Shotgun George Ziegler, Francis Keating, Tommy Holden, Charley Harmon, the Barkers and Alvin Karpis, Eddie Green, and many others. His activities were characterized by wise generalship. Frank Nash was a handy man to have along in any enterprise.

Nash's death in the massacre of the Union Station in Kansas City, Missouri, June 17, 1933, opened a new era in crime punishment. It caused the power of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—the G-men of the modern day—to be enlarged. It inaugurated the Public Enemy system.

Nash did not have the picturesque qualities of some of his contemporaries. He didn't swagger around exclusive golf courses with Harvey Bailey

and Charlie Harmon and Eddie Green. He lacked the headline nickname of Pretty Boy Floyd. He wasn't gun crazy like Baby Face Nelson. He didn't have the sinister qualities that caused Alvin Karpis to be nicknamed "Old Creepy." He was the business man criminal, quiet, unobtrusive, brainy.

Few of the gangsters who figure largely in the public prints have brains. Will Irwin quotes a Federal government report as saying that Wilbur Underhill, rated as one of the most dangerous of bank robbers, was virtually a moron. John Dillinger and Pretty Boy Floyd would also have ranked low on intelligence tests, says Mr. Irwin.

Nash read widely. When he escaped from the Leavenworth prison he took with him a set of Shakespeare "borrowed" from the prison library! He was an expert on "get-away" charts. He "cased" banks for himself. What finally caught him was the inevitable multiplicity of his crimes. He kept one step ahead of the law for years. But eventually he rested just one step too long. What killed him and prevented him from perhaps making another famous prison escape was the stupidity and hasty action of his friends.

But to go back—in 1912 there was a burglary in Hobart, Oklahoma. Three men were accused. One of them was Frank Nash, a tall, rather homely man with a big nose and thinning hair. The other two were Nollie Wartman and Guy Huber. They were important only incidentally.

Nash came from a respectable family and he had a fair education. But he drank too much and got into financial difficulties. Instead of directing his shrewdness and his planning ability into legitimate sources, he turned to crime. He was captured after two or three petty thefts. Nollie Wartman squealed. Huber and Nash were acquitted. But they were bent on revenge, another criminal failing which frequently brings unexpected results. Had Nash not decided that something should be done to punish Wartman, criminal history might have been written altogether differently. Nash might have continued as a petty thief, uneducated by more expert criminals encountered in prisons.

But Nollie Wartman was shot to death. Nash and Huber were tried for Wartman's murder and convicted.

Nash was sentenced to end his days in the McAlester, Oklahoma, penitentiary, Sept. 13, 1913. But he had no intention of spending the rest of his "natural life" within those walls. Five years later there was agitation to get him out. Nash was said to be suffering from tuberculosis. He could not get proper attention at the prison, he claimed. His sentence was shortened. Then the World War came along. Nash's tuberculosis was forgotten. Now he wanted to go serve his country. He enlisted and was given a full pardon.

It may be that officials thought that Nash's life would be given for his country on the battlefields of France. But what actually happened was that he arrived in France near the close of the war. He came back to America almost at once. Shortly afterwards he and two other bandits robbed the Corn State Bank at Corn, Oklahoma.

Nash was captured and convicted. Again he went to the McAlester prison. Again he applied for freedom. Meanwhile he had met Al Spencer, who was in prison for rustling cattle. They became good friends. Spencer escaped. But Nash was still using his brains. He undoubtedly decided it would be better to walk out and avoid the danger of being shot in a prison break.

Nash applied for a leave of absence for business reasons. If he could get out he could get a job. Nothing was said to indicate that the job would be as right hand man for Al Spencer, king of Oklahoma outlaws. The governor commuted his sentence to five years, which, with time off for good behavior, let Nash out late in December of 1922.

Immediately Nash joined Al Spencer, and for two years they robbed banks. Then came the fiasco of the robbery of the M. K. and T.

train. Nash was trailed south and captured along the Rio Grande. This time he was sent to a federal prison. Twenty-five years in Leavenworth, said the judge. And Nash was once again behind prison walls.

Then followed reunions within prison walls. In Leavenworth were Earl Thayer and Grover Durrill, Nash's old team mates on the Spencer gang. More important, since this was a federal penitentiary, Nash came into contact with big shots, the associates of the cream of criminal aristocracy. Heretofore, Nash had known local criminals. He was a small town bank robber, with no connections outside his own state.

But he was eager to learn and he encountered persons not averse to teaching him. Among them were Francis L. (Jimmy) Keating, Thomas Holden, Charlie Harmon and a man named George Kelly who was afterward to be dubbed Machine Gun Kelly.

Keating and Holden were well connected with the czars of various underworlds. They talked of hide-outs in Chicago and St. Paul and Kansas City. They talked of big hauls. And Frank Nash listened eagerly.

Then Keating and Holden escaped, supposedly with the aid of Kelly and Harmon. Nash was a trusty by now. Shortly afterward he was said to have received an invitation from his two friends to join them. He began laying plans for an escape. A friend was leaving prison. He, too, was supposed to help. Frank was on good behavior. Prison records showed that he read much, the poets especially.

Came October 19, 1930. Frank Nash had been assigned to trusty duty at the home of a deputy warden. He walked out of the warden's home that evening and did not return. This time Nash had entirely different ideas of how to use his freedom. No more lurking in the Osage hills in rough outlaw camps.

According to underworld reports, Nash is supposed to have gone next to the home of Herb and Esther Farmer, who ran a quiet little place near Joplin, Missouri, where they raised chickens and gave board and lodging to men with money but a desire for peace and quiet far from the maddening and well policed throng.

Farmer, alias Deafy Farmer, alias Snyder, alias Herb Black, had been a petty grafter around Denver, Colorado. But now he had joined that mob of accessories-after-the-fact who lived on the gleanings from big boys. He also dabbled in the liquor business and Nash is said to have joined him in trucking Osage hills moonshine to Kansas City.

At Deafy Farmer's, Nash met a young man who was to play an important part in his life and in the crime sections of newspapers, a young man just out of the Kansas state prison. His name was Fred Barker. He was simply "resting" at the Farmers, while his brother, Arthur, was in prison serving a life sentence for murder, and his good friend, Raymond Alvin Karpavicz, known as Alvin Karpis, was dodging cops, following a sentence in the Kansas state prison for safe blowing.

On one of Nash's trips to Kansas City he and Farmer encountered Charlie Harmon, just out of Leavenworth. Charlie was with his moll, Paula. The Harmons went to Joplin with Nash and Deafy. Then they all went to Hot Springs. Nash was now beginning to associate with the big timers.

Paula Harmon went back to Joplin with Frank and the Farmers. Presently arrived another man with a name to conjure with, Verne C. Miller. He brought along his wife, Vivian. Nash purchased a new car with his liquor earnings and he, Paula, and the Millers all went to St. Paul.

In St. Paul, Nash met even more big shots of crime. Eddie Green, Shotgun George Ziegler, and Harvey Bailey drifted in. Nash bought a wig for his baldish head. He had his big nose operated on. And he went in for big time stuff. This was in the summer of 1931.

Nash now was a big shot in his own right. The bank robbing industry boomed. It was known that Frank Nash was a handy man. He

could run a machine gun. He could plot a get-away chart. He could be counted upon to keep his head.

Among those who were said to have associated with him were Keating, Holden, Harvey Bailey, Eddie Green, Charlie Harmon, Bernard Phillips, George Kelly and George Ziegler. Between raids on banks, Nash acted as croupier for a roulette wheel in a night club near St. Paul.

Sometimes the gang, or portions of it, went to Chicago. They also visited the resorts in northern Minnesota and along the lake near Chicago. At Fox River Grove near Chicago, Nash, going under the name of Frank Harrison, met Frances Luce, cook at the O. P. Inn. They fell in love. Frances Luce was a slender brunette in her middle thirties. She was well educated, had been a school teacher, married a policeman, divorced him and turned to being a night club hostess to support her small daughter. They began living together. Later Nash married Frances, but she claimed that she always believed him to be a bootlegger and never knew his real name.

In the meantime, according to underworld gossip, there was some slight trouble among the bandits clustering around Nash. Charlie Harmon and Frank Weber were not efficient. Nash had ambitious plans to add his old pals, Grover Durrill and Earl Thayer of Oklahoma to his new friends.

About this time the Kraft State Bank of Menomonie, Wisconsin, was robbed of a hundred thousand dollars. A vice-president was kidnaped as a hostage. Pursuers found his body dumped out along the road. Then they discovered Weber's body. Presumably he had been injured in the gun fight between pursuers and pursued. But there were other rumors, which gained strength when the body of Charlie Harmon was found. He had been alive when he was dumped out.

Nash, Bailey, Tommy Holden, Verne Miller and Jimmy Keating were supposed to have been members of the gang. They went back to Chicago. There were now openings for two new men.

According to plans that leaked out after the prison break, the gangsters shipped guns to the prisoners in a big barrel of shoe paste. The convicts were to obtain forged passes, kidnap the warden and threaten to blow up the wall with dynamite if they were not released.

The guns arrived all right. But there was one of those usual unexpected set-backs. The warden was kidnaped, but the key to his car was left in his office. A passing car was seized and the warden taken along as a hostage. Valuable time was wasted. The car was wrecked in hasty driving. Another car was confiscated. The wounded warden was abandoned. The search gained momentum. Most of the prisoners were found in a farmhouse. Three of them, including Grover Durrill, had killed themselves rather than face capture. Earl Thayer surrendered after wandering around the countryside for three days. He was taken back to Leavenworth.

Nash, Keating and Holden, alleged leading conspirators in the plan, scattered. The spring of 1932 they were all said to have met in Hot Springs, Arkansas. This probably was their last meeting.

For in the meantime officials had not been idle. After each bank robbery there was, of course, an investigation. Bank employes would recognize photographs. Then a laborious process of checking would start. The preponderance of evidence on the part of the law was getting ready to play its part. It is this that dooms the criminal. He may escape from one crime. But he must live. He must eat. Therefore he must have places to stay. Even with the best of organizations, he cannot be constantly protected. He must have some dealings with honest citizens. And sooner or later he is tracked down and caught.

In Minneapolis some hot bonds stolen from the First American National Bank of Duluth, Minnesota, were found. Somehow agents traced this deal to golf-playing moneyed men. The Duluth job was supposed

to have been done by Nash, Keating, Holden and Harmon. Harmon was dead, but he was yet to play his part. Dead gangsters do not talk, but sometimes they leave valuable clues.

Harmon bought expensive golfing equipment from an exclusive firm in Kansas City. The salesmen there did not recognize his name, but they did his photograph. They also recognized other photographs. Furthermore, they had seen Keating and Holden recently.

Here luck played with Frank Nash. Brought up in Oklahoma in the rough and rowdy days, he had never gone in for golf. So Frank Nash was not in Kansas City. Keating, Holden and Harvey Bailey were there. Bernard Phillips saw the officers approaching and fled. Later he was punished by gangsters who apparently thought he had double-crossed his companions.

Frank Nash read of the arrest of his companions in the newspapers. He went into hiding again, he and Frances visiting Verne and Vivian Miller at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Then he went to New York for treatment for a broken arm received in an auto accident. In New York he went around with wealthy friends of the Millers. The Nashes took an apartment and stayed in New York for several months.

Then Nash drifted back west. Harvey Bailey didn't like it in prison. He wanted his friends to help him out. Nash took a hand in this, according to underworld reports. At any rate Wilbur Underhill, Bailey and nine other convicts escaped. Apparently to celebrate this, Frank and Frances were married in Hot Springs and went away on a honeymoon. They went to St. Paul and then back to Hot Springs, which figured largely in gangdom doings in those luxury-loving days.

But other people knew that Frank Nash liked Hot Springs. In fact, it was so well known that a federal agent was stationed there to await him. His auto license number had been obtained. The agent glimpsed it. Officers were summoned. Otto Reed, chief of police at McAlester, who knew Nash at sight, F. J. Lackey and Frank Smith, special agents, arrested Nash as he was drinking a glass of beer. Nash was handcuffed and placed in his car.

The owner of the spot where Nash was arrested, Richard Galates, later arrested in connection with harboring Nash, sentenced and released in 1937, apparently was afraid that Nash's friends would suspect him of giving information to police. At any rate a movement was at once started to release Nash. His wife was notified. Telephones began to ring. The underworld was being called upon for aid.

Meanwhile the officers had started north with their captive. Twice they were halted by state officials who had been informed that Nash had been kidnaped. The officials, scenting trouble, went to Fort Smith, Arkansas, and took a train to Kansas City, Missouri.

According to information pieced together by officials afterward in a drive on persons accused of harboring criminals, Mrs. Nash immediately called friends in Chicago. Then she took a plane to Joplin to meet the Farmers. Verne Miller was notified in Kansas City and asked to effect Nash's release.

Whether the plotters meant for this to be done through political pull or through gun play is not known. The important participants in the scheme are now dead, Miller said to have been killed by fellow criminals and Pretty Boy Floyd by officials.

There are reports that the Farmers believed that Verne Miller had powerful political connections in Kansas City and might possibly spring Nash on bond or through some legal stunt. However, whatever their intentions, it is obvious that Miller's thought was force.

Officials later traced telephone calls to Chicago asking for gunmen. It is said that a party of machine gunmen actually started for Kansas City but failed to arrive. Miller is also said to have telephoned St. Paul and tried to get in touch with the Barker-Karpis gang. But the boys were

extremely busy. They were kidnaping a St. Paul millionaire.

So Miller was forced to confine his hunt for able assistants to Kansas City. He is said to have gone to some of the local politico-underworld heads for help. Then he heard that Pretty Boy Floyd and his constant companion, Adam Richetti, had just arrived in town after the playful kidnaping of the Sheriff of Polk County, Missouri, Jack Killingsworth.

Richetti's fingerprints were found on beer bottles at Miller's home in Kansas City after the killing of Frank Nash. So apparently Floyd and Richetti went out to the Miller home to await Frank Nash's arrival.

Nash had never been connected with Floyd nor had Miller. Pretty Boy was a crude newcomer, according to these masters of crime. But it was not a time for too much discrimination. The Nash group might pick and choose who would help them rob a bank. They might toss Charlie Harmon out on a lonely road to die of wounds—which may or may not have been inflicted by pursuing officials. They might arrange prison breaks to augment their pranks. But with only a few hours at their disposal they had to take who they could get to help them to release their leader.

Had Frank Nash, with his shrewdness, his ability to plan, his cool calculation, been able to assist in his own release things might have been different. But Verne Miller was being harassed by telephone calls from Frances Nash—or Harrison as she believed herself. He got panicky.

Frank Nash was handcuffed and on a train coming to Kansas City. He had no way of communicating with his well meaning friends. So, all unknowingly, he walked to his death. The train arrived at the Union Station early in the morning of June 17, 1933. Federal agents got out and looked around. The coast seemed to be clear. The officials and their prisoner walked through the giant station. They were joined by William J. Grooms and Frank E. Hermanson, Kansas City detectives, Raymond J. Caffery, Federal Bureau of Investigation special agent, and R. E. Vetterli, special agent in charge.

They started to load Frank Nash into the car. People flowed all around them. The normal life of the station went on. The agents put their loaded shotguns in the car. Frank Nash started to get into the rear seat. But the agents were cautious. Handcuffed men had been known to use those metal manacles for other purposes, such as bashing a companion over the head, preparatory to leaping out of a slowly moving car. Nash was moved to the front seat. He sat behind the wheel until the other agents clambered inside the waiting vehicle.

Miller's car had been parked quite near the car of the special agents. The rescuers awaited Nash there. They saw him come from the station. They moved toward the police car.

"Get 'em," shouted Floyd, "Up-up-up!"

But, probably somewhat to the surprise of the would be rescuers, not one of the guarding officials obeyed. Floyd and Miller were accustomed to bank cashiers who readily thrust up their hands.

There was no time for changing plans. With guns they had meant to release Frank Nash—and with guns they did release him. But in an unexpected way.

The officers reached for their guns. Hermanson fired—once, twice!

Pretty Boy Floyd went into action. "Give it to 'em," he shouted.

There was the staccato note of guns. Caffrey, Nash, Grooms, Reed and Hermanson were instantly killed. Vetterli and Lackey were wounded. Special Agent Smith, who had taken the place first selected by Nash, was not hurt. But he was covered by the bodies of his comrades.

Someone thrust a head inside the car. "Frank's dead," he yelled. "They're all dead."

The would be rescuers left Frank Nash's bullet riddled body for the officials. Dead, the code of gangdom specified that they had no more interest. Down at Joplin, Frank Nash's wife was left to hear the news

of his death via a radio broadcast. Frank Nash's twenty-year career of crime was ended. And dying he did a service to the nation. For due to the Union Station massacre the activities of the Federal Bureau of Investigation were greatly widened.

For it is an axiom of police work that the murder of a cop must be avenged. Parole boards may be lenient. Criminal lawyers may destroy the work of months of honest investigation on the part of patient policemen. But when a policeman is killed something must be done or the moral force of police work is destroyed. Face must be preserved.

Frank Nash lived through one criminal revolution—the change from the six-gun and the crude outlaw hide-out, to the machine gun and the swanky apartment. He changed to the fast cars of modern criminals. And in dying he heralded another change—that of the widely publicized rise to power of the G-men.

VERNE C. MILLER

It is natural to go from a discussion of Frank Nash to Verne C. Miller. For it was through coming into contact with Miller that Frank Nash rose to fame. It was with Miller that Nash first went to St. Paul. then a gathering place for the aristocracy of criminals. It was Verne Miller who took Frank Nash to New York, showed him the town, and introduced him to his many influential friends there. It was Miller who caused Nash's death and with that action created his own death sentence.

For gangdom never forgave Miller's efforts to free Frank Nash. Miller had slipped and slipped badly. When he and his gunmen not only killed Nash but several detectives guarding him, G-men heat was turned on Miller. He was dangerous to his friends. He made his political and underworld friends in Kansas City angry because he had caused "heat" to be turned on the town. He had to give explanations to all his friends for his part in the Union Station massacre.

Miller's doom was sealed with that of Frank Nash. It took time—but the G-men had time.

In other circumstances, Verne Miller might have been anything. As it is, his life is interesting in its contrasts. His home was in Huron, South Dakota. He left there to be a showman. He was a parachute jumper, making the rounds of country fairs. It took nerve to leap from a balloon, his only protection a flapping umbrella of cloth above him. But Verne Miller had that kind of courage.

His physical courage also led him into wrestling and boxing. He was in the United States army for border service. Then he was a machine gunner in the World War. This training came in handy later.

On the strength of his war record, Miller became a policeman. Later he was elected sheriff. In common with many other criminals, he had that foolhardy vanity and bravado which causes first success and then destruction. Al Spencer had it when he decided to rob a train to prove that he was the equal of the old time bad men. Baby Face Nelson had it when he boasted of killing policemen. Jimmy Keating and Tommy Holden strutted around public golf courses. Pretty Boy Floyd kidnaped sheriffs in moments of bravado. Members of Dillinger's gang boasted publicly that they were criminals.

So Verne Miller thought he could get away with being a criminal while acting as sheriff. He embezzled a little more than two thousand dollars, chicken feed according to his later takes. But it sent him to prison.

When he was free. he was definitely aligned against the law. This time he went into the liquor game. He became an important person. He had connections in Chicago, Cleveland, New York, Jersey City, and important associates in Montreal.

He was an expert machine gunner—due to his World War training—

so he added bank robbery and murder to his accomplishments. He was reported to be an expert in robbing banks to cover up private irregularities. As a side line he was said to hire out as a husband killer so wives could collect insurance. All in all, Miller was an extraordinary person.

His "moll," Vivian Mathis, was a carefully dressed blonde. She was the daughter of a Minnesota dairy farmer and had a small daughter by a previous marriage.

Miller already was a criminal "big shot" when he met Frank Nash. He was said to be "wired in" with lottery and gambling interests in Montreal. He would stay there part of the time and then hurry to meet Nash, Ziegler, Harvey Bailey and others for one of their periodic bank robberies.

Miller always was carefully dressed. One of his friends was a well known New York tailor. He lived expensively. His home in Kansas City, where the Union Station massacre was planned, was in a good residential district. Wherever he went he lived at good hotels, in swanky apartments or in excellent houses.

He possessed a rather odd refinement. He disliked hearing anyone use vulgar or profane language. He would have nothing to do with such trades as kidnaping.

Just how many crimes Miller committed probably will never be known. He was a will of the wisp. Sometimes he and Vivian Mathis, his woman, would suddenly drift into Hot Springs, Arkansas. Again they would be in St. Paul. Then they would hurriedly go back east, to New York or to Jersey City where they had "connections." It is known that he was closely connected with Nash, Keating, Holden. He disliked the Barkers after they took up kidnaping. Previous to that he associated with them.

Miller was dragged into the Union Station massacre in Kansas City when Frances Nash or Harrison as she called herself, telephoned him imploring him to get her "Jelly" back. Verne had been out playing golf and a friend found him on the course. Always obliging, he immediately set to work. The results of his interference already has been told in the history of Frank Nash.

Immediately after the killing of Nash, Verne and Vi Miller fled from Kansas City. Officials examining their house found beer bottles with Adam Richetti's fingerprint on them. Since where Richetti went, Pretty Boy Floyd also could be found, this gave the clue to the identity of the killers.

But even if the Millers escaped from Kansas City officials they were far from free of the results of Miller's activities. Richard Galatas had been caught and charged with trying to release Nash. Herb and Esther Farmer were arrested on a charge of conspiracy to release a federal prisoner. First Mulloy, who had traced Miller to the golf course to answer frantic long distance telephone calls from Frances Nash, and Doc Stacci, operator of a bandit hide-out at Fox River Grove near Chicago, were arrested on the same charge. Pretty Boy Floyd and Richetti went into hiding.

Vi and Verne Miller split for added safety. Vi was tracked down to Atlantic City by a box of salt water taffy candy sent to her daughter, living with Vi's parents.

In Atlantic City the police missed Vi, then traveling under the name of Mathis. But they traced her to New York and then to Newark where she apparently met Verne for a hasty conference. The G-men heat was on. No one was anxious to harbor Miller.

Finally in Chicago police and special agents traced Vi Miller to the home of a friend, Bobby Moore. On Halloween day, 1933, Vi gave a party for her little daughter.

A red-haired, mustached man appeared. Watching men identified him as Verne Miller. The apartment was surrounded. Verne rushed out. The Moore woman ran across the street, got into Miller's car, whirled it

to the curb. Miller jumped on the runningboard, keeping up a gun battle with the officials.

Miller escaped from this trap, but the Moore woman later received a prison sentence on a charge of harboring criminals—as did Vi Miller. By this time judges were becoming hardened to the pleas of the gun molls that they didn't know their men were connected with criminal enterprises.

Miller's car was abandoned. Later it was traced to Sid Silvers, alleged liquor law violator. Silvers afterward was found stabbed to death. He was naked except for a perfectly tied four-in-hand, which covered a noose around his neck.

Word was said to have been sent along the underworld grapevine that it was unsafe to help Verne Miller. Just how he managed until the time of his death is not known. It is rumored that many of his erstwhile friends refused to loan him money.

November 26, 1933, the bodies of Eddie Fletcher and Abe Axler of Detroit were found near Pontiac, Michigan, killed by a machine gunner who had virtually perforated their bodies. They were alleged Detroit criminals. Novmber 28, the body of Walter Tylczak, said to be a gunman and murderer, was discovered near Detroit. He had been killed by a gunman using the same perfect technique demonstrated on Axler and Fletcher.

A business man driving home on the night of November 29, 1933, saw a strange object revealed in the glare of his headlights. It lay near a culvert, almost hidden by marsh grass. He reported it to the police who lifted the cheap blankets and auto robe covering the odd lump. Underneath the coverings was a nude man. His legs were drawn tight against his torso by a new clothesline. He apparently had been garroted and his skull crushed by many hammer blows.

At the morgue the police took his fingerprints and identified the man as Verne Miller. He apparently had been killed while in a drunken sleep.

No trace of his murderer has ever been found. Underworld gossip has it that he was hired to bump off the three Detroit criminals and then killed while drunk. He was said to have started drinking heavily because of nervousness due to the persistent chase. So ended the career of Verne C. Miller, one-time criminal aristocrat.

Parachute jumper, policeman, sheriff, bank robber, murderer—so ran the tale of Verne Miller's career. At one time he was associated with another ex-policeman, tall Bernard Phillips, who got in the black book of the criminal kingdom when he escaped arrest along with Keating, Holden and Harvey Bailey at the Old Mission golf course in Kansas City, Missouri.

Miller at one time was one of the most influential of criminals. He was said to have been a friend of Johnny Lazia, now dead, but once a power among Italians in Kansas City. He lived lavishly in New York and had wealthy friends. Supposedly they did not know his true identity. But all his previous power did not help him in the end.

He furnished an excellent illustration of the Twentieth Century, high-powered criminal. No one can estimate just what his yearly income amounted to. But it must have been far into the tens of thousands. He lived in swanky districts, played golf on exclusive courses, sent his moll's daughter to dancing school and once—with several topnotch criminals of the day—attended a recital she gave. He threw lavish parties in expensive night clubs. And then his nude body was found covered by cheap blankets and a cheap auto robe!

Speaking of Miller, an ex-criminal once said to the writer, "A big shot criminal regards himself as broke when he has less than a thousand dollars in his pockets. He robs a bank and gets maybe fifty to a hundred thousand dollars. But this is split among the gang. Then a big per-

centage of it goes to the crooked money and bond shovers. More of it goes to keep a lawyer. Sometimes the gang must pay a man to finger the bank and to make a get-away chart. The criminal buys a car and if he comes out of his apartment and there is the slightest sign that anyone else has been in the auto he goes back into the hotel or apartment house and out another door and lets the car sit there. He can't risk using a hot machine.

"Buying arms costs money. The big shots don't risk stealing them. They wait until they hear an armory has been robbed and then they buy a few of the stolen guns. They like lots of weapons. A top notcher rents an apartment and pays two or three hundred dollars in advance for the first month's rent. Maybe he's just settled in when the telephone rings and someone says he'd better get out of town. Something has gone wrong and the town is hot. So he skips out. Or he may come in and there's something different about the joint. A lamp left on has been turned off. Or a door that he thought was shut is open. He just grabs his clothes and walks out."

"He can't trust banks," the ex-criminal went on. "Jake and Ralph Fleagle used banks but it was unwise, because later officials checked up on their deposits. The bandit pays off in cash. And money in the pocket is soon spent. The molls buy swell clothes. And they do lots of night clubbing. I've been to cabarets and I could see who'd made a good mark. He'd be buying drinks for everyone an throwing down big bills and letting the change lay. There'd be a little mountain of silver and he'd never touch it. Easy come, easy go. But criminals figure that there's no place to put it. If they hide it away they may not get a chance to go back and get it. So they carry it with them. And when it's gone maybe they can borrow and maybe they can't. As long as the heat isn't on them they can always raise dough from their friends and always find some place to stay. But when they're on the run, it's everybody for himself. The grapevine passes along the news that the heat has been turned on and then its just too bad. The minute a guy starts slipping he has no friends. Next thing he's found in a ditch."

"They live by the gun and they die by the gun," he said philosophically. "Verne was a smart guy, but he wasn't any exception to the rule."

MA BARKER AND HER BOYS

Arizona Clark Barker was one of the most unique figures in all criminal history. She was the power behind the throne of the ruthless Barker-Karpis gang of bank robbers and kidnappers.

She was born in the Ozark mountains, southwest of Springfield, Missouri. For some reason she was nicknamed Kate and as Kate Barker she is known to millions of newspaper readers.

In the middle 1890's she married George Barker, a farm laborer, and they lived at Aurora, Missouri, where the four Barker boys, Herman, Lloyd, Arthur and Freddie, were born. Then they moved to Webb City, Missouri, where the elder Barker was a miner.

Mrs. Barker dragged her brood to church with her every Sunday. All her life she liked to sing church hymns. But apparently, the religious life had little influence on her sons. For presently Herman was arrested for petty theft. Ma Barker paid off the complainant and scolded Herman for getting caught. This was the original offense of the Barker gang.

By 1910 all the boys had been accused of law breaking. Herman had been charged with highway robbery, but released. Ma Barker was indignant. She moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma. But Herman left the family fold and went into crime, using several aliases. Ma Barker wrote him faithfully, showering him with love and advice.

The other boys joined a gang of juvenile roughnecks in Tulsa. Herb Farmer of Joplin, Missouri, an old playmate of the boys, went to prison

and when he came out he brought his new criminal friends to Tulsa to meet the Barkers. The Barkers began doing nicely for themselves in the robbery line.

Arthur was arrested in 1918 on the charge of stealing a government-owned car. He escaped, was captured, escaped again. In 1928 he was sent to the McAlester prison in Oklahoma for a life sentence on a charge of killing the night watchman in a hospital robbery.

Meanwhile Freddie had been arrested several times on charges ranging from vagrancy, bank robbery, burglary and assault with intent to kill. Each time he forfeited his bond, usually provided by Ma Barker. Finally he was captured and sent to the Kansas state prison at Lansing. There he met Alvin Karpis.

Lloyd was sent to prison on a charge of robbing the United States mail. He was still there when Ma Barker and Freddie were killed by federal officials.

Ma never was arrested. She always remained in the background, appearing tearfully when her sons were arrested, protesting their innocence, raising money for bonds, lawyers and to buy off, whenever possible, the prosecution.

With Arthur, Freddie and Lloyd all in prison, Ma consoled herself with Herman, who had joined with Ray Terrill in robbing banks. Terrill had devised a plan for hauling away movable bank safes in a truck, opening the safe at leisure later.

But officials caught Terrill and Barker at this stunt in a Missouri town and Herman was wounded. He escaped and went to visit Ma, who, abandoned by George Barker, was now living with an ex-bill poster named Arthur Dunlop.

Herman recovered from his wound. Then one night in 1927, a Newton, Kansas, traffic officer, J. E. Marshall, was shot and killed while hunting bandits who had robbed an ice station. Herman was accused of the shooting. The next day Herman's body was found in a weed patch near Wichita, Kansas. He was listed as a suicide, but it is thought he may have been wounded by Marshall.

Four years later Fred Barker was released from Lansing. He went to Herb Farmer's place near Joplin, Missouri, to await his mother. Meanwhile Alvin Karpis joined him there. They went on some bank robbing journeys. Then they went to a farm near Koshkonong, Missouri, where they established an elaborate hide-out with an electric bell on the gate to warn them of the approach of strangers. A road ran through the farm leading across the line to Arkansas.

Neighbors noticed that the new comers did lots of target shooting and after their departure found tin cans riddled with bullet holes. The Barkers drove around the country in big cars, took many photogaphs and left them at West Plains to be developed. Dunlop was there, Barker, Karpis and Ma Barker. Women came and went, one of them said to be the wife of Alvin Karpis. Paula Harmon, Fred's woman, probably was there too. The men were known as Dunn and Hamilton.

Then the gang was suspected of a store robbery. Sheriff Kelley of West Plains encountered Barker and Karpis at a garage and stopped to question them. The boys shot and killed him. They fled, leaving trunks of clothes, old letters and photographs in the hide-out. Searchers were astonished to find several dolls and Bibles. There were letters from the boys in prison and old grade cards dating back to when the young Barkers were attending southern Missouri schools.

The Barkers fled to Kansas City and were frightened away from there two months later by the arrest of Harvey Bailey, Jimmy Keating and Tommy Holden on a public golf course. Bailey had a stolen bond on his person that he had obtained when he and the Barkers and Karpis robbed a Fort Scott, Kansas, bank. The gang already was suspected of

a robbery at Flandreau, South Dakota, and of some bank robberies at Reno. On the way back from Reno the bandits were said to have robbed the First National Bank at Fairbury, Nebraska. Earl Christman, one of the gang members, was shot and fatally wounded in a gun battle with pursuers.

Next the Barkers went to South St. Paul, Minnesota, where Ma Barker rented an apartment and planned a series of robberies. Her getaway charts were said to be marvels of detail and she was an expert at casing a bank. Posing as a demure old lady, she would enter a bank, get a small bill changed,while her shrewd eyes took in the arrangements and her soft voice asked a few apparently harmless questions.

Dunlop was presently found dead near a Minnesota lake. Near him was a woman's bloodstained glove. Underworld rumors said he "got in the way."

About that time, too, the gang tried to make arrangements with an attorney to help Harvey Bailey. The bandits were not satisfied with the work of the attorney. He was told to meet them near Tulsa, Oklahoma. He did and never returned alive.

The gang went back to St. Paul. The group was growing steadily. Besides Alvin Karpis, Fred Barker and Ma there was Shotgun Ziegler, Volney Davis, Russell Gibson and Jesse Doyle. They were all busy with the $200,000 kidnaping of Edward G. Bremer, St. Paul millionaire, when Verne Miller sought their aid to release Frank Nash, June 17, 1933.

Presently another Minnesota millionaire, Hamm the brewer, was kidnaped and $200,000 ransom was obtained. The Barkers were in big dough. But Shotgun George Ziegler was talking too much. So on March 20, 1934, he was shot, punctured by charges from four shotguns. It is rumored that Ma Barker ordered his execution. However, evidence was found on his body and in his apartment to connect him with the Barkers.

The "G-men heat" was on and the Barkers had to split. Arthur went to Chicago with Volney Davis and Russell Gibson. Ma Barker and Fred went to Florida where Fred rented a house at Oklawaha, Florida, under the name of J. C. Blackburn. It was a big swanky place. Ma Barker liked to live luxuriously.

For two months all went well. Volney Davis and his woman visited the Barker's Florida home. Harry Campbell came, and Alvin Karpis and his woman, Dolores.

Then officials located Arthur Barker in Chicago. Sixteen heavily armed federal special agents surrounded the apartment house and with tear gas bombs drove the occupants outside. The criminals wore bullet proof vests, but the agents had new guns firing ammunition that penetrated the vests. Gibson was killed, Monty Carter and Arthur Barker, captured.

In the apartment agents found a letter with an Oklawaha postmark. Officials in Florida were notified. The big white house was located.

Early on the morning of January 16, 1935, special agents surrounded the Barker house. An inspector knocked at the door and asked Mrs. Barker and Fred to surrender.

"To hell with all of you," shouted Ma Barker. She opened fire. So did Fred.

Tear gas bombs were fired into the house, but still the Barkers stayed there, returning shot for shot. Finally Ma Barker fell dead on her own gun. Then Fred dropped dead with fourteen bullets in his body. The Barker-Karpis gang was broken up.

George Barker sent for the bodies of his wife and son and they were buried near Welch, Oklahoma, by the side of Herman Barker. Although Ma Barker had $10,200 in bills of large denominations in her purse, her forgotten husband had to pay the funeral expenses.

Lloyd still is in Leavenworth prison and Arthur has been sentenced

to life imprisonment. How the other leader of the gang was captured is told in the story of Alvin Karpis.

ALVIN (OLD CREEPY) KARPIS

Formerly Public Enemy No. 1, Raymond Alvin Karpavicz, was unique in the annals of crime. Even among men accustomed to brutal murder, snatching of children from their families and terrorizing of hold-up victims, he inspired horror by his cold cruelty.

Karpavicz, known as Karpis, had many aliases, among them, A. Carter, Raymond Hadley, George Haller, Earl Peel, George Dunn, R. E. Hamilton and Ray Hunter.

Alvin's parents, John and Anna Karpavicz, migrated from Lithuania to London, then to New York, to Grand Rapids and to Montreal, Canada, where Alvin was born in 1909. When Alvin was two years old his father moved the family to Topeka, Kansas, where they lived for twelve years.

Neighbors of the Karpis family said that Alvin, a thin, scrawny, sickly youngster, was petted as a child. He was quiet and unobtrusive and made excellent grades at grammar school. He moved with his family to Chicago in 1923. There he became ill and the doctor said he suffered from leakage of the heart. He must rest. So Alvin was sent back to Topeka to live with a married sister.

Soon afterward there was a series of burglaries in Topeka. The loot was traced to Karpis. At the age of sixteen he was sentenced February 25, 1926, to 10 years in the state industrial reformatory at Hutchinson, Kansas, on a charge of second degree burglary. He escaped March 9, 1929. He returned to his parents and went to work in a medical supply house. A pal of his reformatory days came to see him. He began taking mysterious trips.

Then March 23, 1930, Karpis, using the name of Raymond Hadley, was arrested in Kansas City, Missouri, on a charge of auto larceny and safe blowing and released to the Kansas state reformatory.

In a month he was transferred to the Kansas state prison at Lansing, Kansas, and started out to win freedom by good behavior. In Lansing he met Fred Barker, one of Ma Barker's brood of criminals. They became friends.

When Alvin Karpis was released the Barker-Karpis gang came into existence. This group is credited with a series of bank robberies which resulted in the deaths of four policemen, a civilian and one of their own gang.

Karpis married a girl and deserted her. He was said to be "kill-crazy." Still a youth, he had the appearance of sinister age. His cheeks were drooped and jowled, his eyes frigid, penetrating and hard, his mouth a cruel, thin slit. He matched even Ma Barker in cold calculation.

The Barkers and Karpis established a hide-out near Koshkonong, Missouri, a farmhouse out in the country near the Missouri-Arkansas line. A road through the farm made it convenient to skip across the line should Missouri officials be inquisitive.

The gang prowled around the countryside at night. They took photographs which they left with a West Plains, Missouri, studio for development. They spent hours shooting holes through tin cans. Then they were suspected of robbing a West Plains store. Sheriff C. R. Kelley went to investigate. He was shot down and the gang fled.

Officials immediately went to the hide-out and searched it. Trunks were found filled with numerous snapshots of the Barkers. Ma Barker was sentimental over "her boys." There were stacks of letters they had written her when she was trying to get Arthur out of prison. Mrs. Barker was always referred to as "Darling Little Mother." There was even the grade cards of the Barker boys when they went to school in Christian County, Missouri.

There was an electric alarm on the cattle gate leading to the Karpis stronghold which rang a bell in the house. The house contained a plan for robbing the First National Bank at Thayer, Missouri, and a marked road map with circles around numerous towns having prosperous banks.

The letters proved mines of information about the gang activities and "poor dear Doc" who was in prison. The boys always wrote their mother that they were "being true to her."

A man named Dunlop, then passing as Ma Barker's husband, was in Koshkonong with the gang. Later it was reported that he was shot by the Barkers because it was feared he would talk. Karpis was known as George Dunn then and Fred Barker used the name of Hamilton.

A woman said to have been the first Mrs. Alvin Karpis arrived on the bus from Chicago a few days after the Barker-Karpis gang had fled. She gave the name of Lee Hamilton, but later said her real name was Dorothy Shuman. Apparently she was the bride Karpis deserted. She was described as having hennaed hair, too much make-up and a "hardboiled" appearance.

In the big kidnappings of the Barker-Karpis gang, Karpis took a prominent part, driving the kidnap car, and helping knock out the victim so he could be easily taken away.

Typical of the tales told of his cruelty was the incident of the slain companion in the Fairbury bank robbery. Earl Christman was wounded in a gun battle. The gang drove hastily to Kansas City and hid the wounded man in the attic of a house belonging to a friend. A hoodlum doctor was summoned. But Christman died. The gang is said to have buried the body secretly at night. Relatives of the slain man tried to find the body. But Alvin Karpis vetoed the suggestion that they reveal the secret.

"Too much heat on us now," he is supposed to have said. "The cops would find out about it and it might cause trouble."

When Jimmy Keating, Tommy Holden and Harvey Bailey were arrested on the Old Mission golf course in Kansas City, Missouri, Alvin Karpis had an apartment out on Ward Parkway in the same city. Ma Barker and Fred were there with him. Within half an hour of the arrest, someone telephoned Karpis. The Barkers and Karpis came to Kansas City shortly after the shooting of the West Plains, Missouri, sheriff two months before and they were waiting for the release of Arthur Barker from the Oklahoma prison. Hearing of the arrest, they immediately fled from Kansas City—for Harvey Bailey had in his possession, when arrested, a bond stolen by Bailey, the Barkers and Karpis in Fort Scott, Kansas.

In St. Paul, Karpis met a seventeen-year-old girl named Dolores Delaney. She had previously been the friend of Karpis. They began living together and presently fell genuinely in love.

Shortly after this there occurred the hundred thousand dollar kidnapping of William Hamm, St. Paul brewer. The young lovers fled to Chicago. It was an odd romance, even for the underworld where all love affairs are tinged with the fantastic. The seventeen-year-old girl continually saw her lover's picture in newspapers as a wanted, ruthless murderer. She could have no settled home because Ma Barker insisted that the gang keep on the move and live unobtrusively. Yet she stayed faithfully by Karpis.

Edward G. Bremer, St. Paul millionaire, was kidnapped and held for $200,000 ransom. One of the gang members left fingerprints on a gasoline can. The Karpis-Barker group now was widely sought as bandits and kidnappers.

Alvin Karpis decided to try to disguise himself by plastic surgery. Dolores, now pregnant, nursed him after his face had been lifted and

his fingertips slashed almost to the bone. The heat was on Karpis. Dolores had to be the go-between with scattered members of the gang.

Extreme caution had to be exercised. Three of the women connected with the gang got drunk in a Cleveland hotel in September of 1934. They were arrested. Afraid of information leaking out, the gang scattered. Alvin Karpis went to Havana. Then Karpis received a tip that the federal agents had followed him to Cuba. He and Dolores dashed away to Florida.

While the Karpis couple was hiding in a secluded part of Miami, federal agents tracked down Ma Barker and Fred. They refused to surrender and both were killed. Arthur Barker already had been captured in Chicago.

Dolores was wounded in a gun fight with officials and captured in Atlantic City. Her child was born shortly afterward. She was sentenced to five years in the Milan reformatory at Milan, Michigan, on a charge of harboring criminals. The child was turned over to the elder members of the Karpis family.

Karpis meanwhile was hiding out in Ohio, where he was said to have purchased protection in one town. He fled from there to Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Funds ran low and in November, of 1935, he robbed a train at Garrettsville, Ohio. Then he fled back to Arkansas. But police had been making inquiries there. He wandered off through Texas, Mississippi and Florida.

Word came from Hot Springs that all seemed quiet. He returned to his hide-out there. But officials were still on his trail. Karpis hurried away. He went to New Orleans and indulged in his favorite sport of fishing. Federal men trailed him there. His apartment was discovered and he was arrested as he left his home. Taken to St. Paul, he was given a life imprisonment sentence and then sent to Alcatraz prison, California.

THE MACHINE GUN KELLYS

George Kelly Barnes, known to newspaper readers as Machine Gun Kelly, is an excellent type of a small fry gangster made into a big shot by publicity. Only in this case the publicity was devised by his limelight seeking wife, Kathryn Kelly.

Kathryn had been married twice, divorced once and widowed once—some say by herself—when she met Kelly, then a small time bootlegger. Kathryn was a shoplifter and bootlegger by profession, but she had higher ambitions. And when George fell for her in a big way she decided to use him as her instrument in getting to the top.

Since the story of George Kelly is chiefly the story of his wife, her career is more significant than his. Born in Mississippi, she was the daughter of a respectable father and a criminal-minded mother. Her first marriage was at the age of fifteen. After the birth of her daughter, she went home and divorced her husband. Then she drifted to Fort Worth, Texas, from Saltillo, Mississippi, and married a bootlegger named Thorne. He bought her a handsome home, but there the life of luxury Kathryn craved ended, so the two started quarreling.

Presently Charlie Thorne was found dead, apparently a suicide, with a typed note saying: "I can't live with her or without her, hence I am departing this life." Oddly enough, the rather dramatic language of this note bears a striking similarity to ransom notes later penned by the talented Kathryn.

For she was talented. Good looking, always well dressed, she played the piano well, held several good jobs before she entered crime, and possessed marked charm.

She was twenty-three when she met George Kelly in Oklahoma City. She saw possibilities in this thick-set powerful, brown-haired man. She

bought him a machine gun and started him target shooting until he could knock a row of walnuts from the top of a fence. She is even said to have presented bullets to friends, remarking that they were souvenirs of Machine Gun Kelly.

About this time, however, Kelly was captured for bootlegging and sent to Leavenworth federal prison. There he met Frank Nash, Charlie Harmon, Tommy Holden and Jimmy Keating. He even helped Keating and Holden to escape. But they were not overly impressed with him. Kathryn had not yet press agented him to fame.

While Kelly was in prison Kathryn was said to have occupied herself shoplifting and acting as locator for a burglar-gangster. Once she was found in possession of stolen property. But she pleaded innocence, saying she did not know that her friend was a thief. And she was released.

When George, his sentence reduced for good behavior, was released from prison in 1931, he and Kathryn were married. Kathryn started out to make connections for him, playing up to the wives of the men George had met in the penitentiary. She was also invaluable in other ways. She was nearby when George and some friends robbed a bank at Tupelo, Mississippi. She is said to have helped plan the robbery at Dallas, Texas, and another at Tacoma, Washington.

Kathryn was good at casing a bank and making a get-away chart. Meanwhile she was riding high, dressing expensively, driving huge cars, playing up to the criminal aristocracy. When Frank Nash was killed and Verne Miller had to go into hiding as a result of the Union Station massacre in Kansas City, Kathryn decided that it was time the Kellys were at the top.

The quickest way of getting big dough seemed to be through the snatch racket. So there was a kidnapping at South Bend, Indiana. But something went wrong. The man couldn't raise the money. He promised to do so if released, but failed to come across.

Kathryn was not discouraged. She even told a detective friend in Fort Worth that she was thinking of going into the kidnapping game.

A man named Albert Bates, a tall, middle-aged bandit, was now a member of Kelly's gang. Bates had helped in the robbery of a Colfax, Washington, bank. He was an ex-burglar, who had been given a long sentence in Nevada and then paroled. Later, he was sentenced to six months for larceny in Utah and served that. Following his Utah conviction he was sentenced to from three to five years in the Colorado penitentiary.

The Kellys and Bates decided to invite the distinguished Harvey Bailey, mint and bank robber, to help them. They went to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and spent a week looking over the situation.

Then one night, two men, one armed with a pistol and the other with a machine gun, walked into the home of Charles F. Urschel, oil millionaire. Mr. and Mrs. Urschel and Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Jarrett were playing bridge. The bandits, now kidnappers, took with them both Urschel and Jarrett, but Jarrett was robbed and released about twelve miles from the city, while Urschel, bound and blindfolded, was carried on. Nine days later Urschel was released upon payment of $200,000 ransom.

Kathryn Kelly is said to have urged that Urschel be killed. But the others in the group refused. However, they may have later regretted that generosity.

For Urschel possessed a photographic memory and he began pouring details of his capture into the ears of Federal Bureau of Investigation men, taking charge of the kidnapping under the so-called Lindbergh law.

Urschel remembered the weather, the amount of rainfall, the passing of a plane over the house at certain times each day. He managed to describe the house with amazing accuracy—so many steps from the gate

to the door, so large rooms, so many persons, a certain kind of tin cup he drank from.

This place fitted in neatly with the Texas ranch home of Mrs. R. G. Shannon, Kathryn's mother, now married to a previously law-abiding rancher.

Mr. and Mrs. Shannon were promptly arrested. Meanwhile Kathryn and George headed north, going to Omaha, then Chicago and finally to Minneapolis where they disposed of some of the ransom money. Then, spending money lavishly, they started for the east. In Cleveland they picked up a newspaper and saw that the hot money shovers in Minneapolis had been arrested. Hurriedly they started out again, going to Chicago and then to Des Moines. Kathryn still was confident, still planning bigger things.

But in Des Moines she read that her parents had been arrested. By that queer sentimental streak which often exists in the most ruthless criminals, she was fond of her mother and of her young daughter. She apparently went berserk when she read of her mother's arrest. Through the underworld she offered to trade the government her husband for the release of her parents. She wrote letters announcing their innocence and denouncing George for dragging her family into trouble.

Nothing happened. So she dashed back to Texas to confer with attorneys. She found that the government was not swapping anything for anybody.

Alarmed for herself by this time, she started on a long series of journeys, pulling one of the cleverest schemes of disguise reported in the annals of crime. Already George had bleached his hair and she was wearing a red wig. She "borrowed" a twelve-year-old girl from casual acquaintances because she would "love to take her on a trip."

She took the child to Chicago and there the Kellys posed as a devoted couple with a young daughter. Meanwhile Kathryn was still fighting for the release of her parents. She bombarded the Urschel family with letters proclaiming the innocence of herself and her family and blaming everything on George. She made him put his fingerprints on a confession which she mailed to the police.

The patiently tracing police had found the real parents of the child. Then the child was returned. Special agents met her. The Kellys had gone to Memphis. The address was found and the Kellys were arrested, taken by surprise and captured without resistance.

In jail Kathryn continued to storm. Everything was George's fault. She pretended to have appendicitis. She tried to bribe a jailor with $15,000. She brought her young daughter into court to obtain sympathy for her. But all her tricks failed. She and George were both convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Mr. and Mrs. Shannon received the same sentence as did Bates and Harvey Bailey. All had been tried by 1933. Mrs. Albert Bates had fled to California where she buried her husband's share of the loot. But she was followed and most of the money recovered.

JAKE AND RALPH FLEAGLE

Jake (Wolf) Fleagle's real name was William Harrison Fleagle and his brother was inappropriately named Ralph Emerson Fleagle. But culture played little part in their lives.

The elder Fleagles went to Kansas from Iowa half a century ago and settled in the short grass country of the western part of the state. There four boys were born. The two older ones stayed on the farm, helping till hard, baked soil.

But Jake and Ralph disliked the poverty of the shiftless family. They did not take kindly to herding cattle, killing rattlesnakes, gathering what harvest remained after droughts or floods which washed the soil into

numerous gullies. So they left the ramshackle Fleagle home in 1910, going west.

They worked as street car men in San Francisco during the strike. Then Ralph wandered east, continuing his street car work. Jake drifted up and down the Sacramento valley, following the crap games that centered around the fruit harvests. Then he came east as a train butcher working out of St. Louis.

Jake, small, active, more eager for spending money was the first of the brothers to get into trouble. He was arrested in Oklahoma on a charge of second degree robbery and sent to the state prison at McAlester for a year and a day.

After he got out of prison, Jake joined Ralph in rambling around the country. Then in the early 1920's they went back to Garden City, Kansas, to visit the folks. Thereafter they made frequent visits home. Each time they brought thousands of dollars to deposit in the local banks.

The Fleagles now were launched into their criminal careers. Jake had met crooks in the Oklahoma state prison and he used them to enlarge his acquaintance. He and Ralph inaugurated a new type of criminal organization.

Most of the gangsters stick together. In the lives of other bandits the same names keep cropping up. When Frank Nash was mentioned, the names of Keating, Verne Miller, Tommy Holden, Eddie Green and Charlie Harmon always came into the conversation. So did that of Harvey Bailey. The Barker-Karpis gang stuck together for years. The Dillinger group might separate occasionally for vacations or prison sentences but it came back together again.

The Fleagles, however, selected new men for each job, split the proceeds immediately, taking much the largest cut, and then separated from their companions. It was a highly successful method, since it prevented such a thing as a Fleagle gang from becoming well known.

The Fleagles roamed up and down the Sacramento valley during the fruit harvesting season, raiding the crap games. Big money was wagered at these sessions. The Fleagles would appear with ready guns, scoop up ten thousand dollars, pay off their assistants with a thousand dollars each, pick up new help, raid another crap game and then, when they had acquired forty or fifty thousand dollars, go back to Kansas.

In Kansas, Mrs. Fleagle told the neighbors that her sons were in the cattle business in the west. They were also making money hand over fist on the stock market, she said. Bankers were curious about these big deposits, especially when Jake lost about fifty thousand dollars gambling in Colorado and had to draw out the entire sum at one time. The sudden withdrawal almost ruined the bank. The Fleagles, however, merely said that they had gone into the cattle and horse business and had to make a huge purchase.

Apparently no one noticed that the Fleagle's profitable sales of cattle and horses always coincided with a major holdup. The Fleagles now are believed to have robbed many Kansas banks and also of having held up several California trains. But at the time no suspicion was attached to them.

Little, if any, of this money ever went to their poverty-stricken family. The brothers grew middle-aged and prosperous in crime. Ralph, the tall, lanky brother, now was white-haired. Jake's face showed signs of dissipation.

The family asked embarrassing questions. So Jake and Ralph decided not to visit them between "deals" any more. Instead they bought a "horse ranch" some distance away from home. The Kansas horse ranch, needless to say, never had a horse on it during the Fleagle ownership.

They arranged a granary so that one side could be raised to admit autos that should be hidden. The old house was a virtual arsenal. The

ranch was ideally located in a wild, almost deserted country with bad roads twisting around gullies.

To celebrate the new hide-out, the Fleagles decided to rob the First National Bank of Lamar, Colorado. For assistants they would have Howard Royston of California, and George Johnson Abshier, former bootlegger of Grand Junction, Colorado. The date of the robbery was postponed several times because the Fleagles were superstitious. If they glimpsed a black cat the robbery was off for the day.

Finally on May 23, 1928, they set out for Lamar. They left the car at the curb in front of the bank and the four men, all wearing masks, went inside. Each man was armed with a revolver or rifle. Jake and Ralph carried grain sacks in which to put the loot.

Officers and patrons of the bank were lined up. The Fleagles began scooping up money. A total of two hundred and eighteen thousand dollars was put into the bags. Then the bandits started to back out of the building.

A. N. Parrish, elderly president of the bank, jumped forward with an old forty-five, which hadn't been fired for fifteen years. He fired at Royston. The bullet broke his jaw in three places. The bandits returned the fire. Parrish was shot dead. J. N. Parrish rushed to his father's aid. He, too, was shot down. Then Everett Kessinger, assistant cashier, and E. A. Lungren, bank teller, were forced to accompany the bandits in the car.

Pursuit started immediately. The sheriff, in a fast auto, started to overtake the bandit machine. The gang shoved Kessinger halfway out of the car so that any stray bullet would hit him. When this did not stop the pursuers, the bandits stopped the car, got out, put their hostage in front of them for a shield and began to shoot at the sheriff and his companion. At last a rifle bullet tore up the hood of the officers' car, breaking the spark plugs.

Lungren was released then and left standing in the road. Kessinger was taken with the bandits. Royston wanted a doctor for his broken jaw, but the Fleagles refused to stop. The car sped on into western Kansas. At the Fleagle hide-out Kessinger was bound.

That night Jake and Ralph went to the home of Dr. W. Wineinger at Dighton, Kansas. He asked the doctor to come treat a man with a crushed foot. The doctor was said to be unwilling but finally went in his own car with Jake.

Sometime during that ride Jake left a fingerprint on the car window that was later to prove his downfall.

A day later Doctor Wineinger's absence was noticed. An airplane was used in the search and in a gullied district near Garden City searchers saw a car at the bottom of a small canyon. The plane landed and the sheriff investigated. Beneath his car was the body of Doctor Wineinger. He had been bound and blindfolded, shot in the back with a shotgun loaded with slugs and thrown into the gully. Then the car had been pushed on top of him.

Thrust into one of Wineinger's pockets was a scrawled note: "Sweet revenge from Enterprise. Oh, oh you murderers, ye Doctors."

This diverted suspicion from the Fleagles for a while. Wineinger had come from Enterprise, Ohio, and he had an enemy, a former convict and ex-preacher who hated doctors.

But when the body of Kessinger was found in a lonely shack near Liberal, Kansas, bound, blindfolded and shotgunned to death, the two murders were connected. Hugh Harper, Colorado Springs chief of police, insisted that the doctor's murder was the result of the Lamar robbery, pointing out that one of the men had been wounded.

Meanwhile officers arrested four men, Whitey Walker, an Oklahoma convict; Charles Clinton, the ex-preacher and outlaw who hated doctors; Alfred Oliver, an ex-convict, arrested in St. Louis, Floyd Jarrett, Okla-

homa bandit, captured in his native state. They were all identified as having been the bank bandits.

Meanwhile federal officials were trying to identify the single fingerprint left on Wineinger's car. A man giving the name of William Harrison Holden was arrested at Stockton, California, on suspicion of bank robbery and then released. But his fingerprints were sent to Washington to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. One of them was identical with that on the Wineinger car. They were also identified with those of Jake Fleagle, convict No. 6591, Oklahoma penitentiary, back in 1916.

Investigation began. Ralph Fleagle was traced to Kankakee, Illinois. He was caught there. Questioned, he began to talk. He named Royston as the man who had been shot in the robbery. Royston was arrested at San Andreas, California, where he had married a school teacher and had a young baby. Royston also confessed. Abshier was arrested. Then began the chase for Jake Fleagle.

Finally he was traced to a chicken farm near Branson, Missouri, where he and a friend had been living as the Cook brothers. He walked into a trap on a train and in a gun battle was fatally wounded. He died in a hospital in Springfield, Missouri. The officers found that his white cottage in the Ozark hills was a veritable arsenal. It also was full of detective story magazines. Neighbors had thought that the Cooks were pleasant, polite people.

After Fleagle's death, his home became a tourist attraction. Natives spent much time digging for the "Fleagle gold" but none was ever found.

WILBUR UNDERHILL

Like many another modern criminal, Wilbur Underhill started his career at the bottom of the ladder—bootlegging. Back about 1918, Picher, Oklahoma, near which Underhill had been reared, was a typical mining community with numerous speakeasies, which created a good demand for moonshine whiskey. Underhill soon found that he was able to pick up a few dollars by supplying a small part of that demand.

Underhill was of German-American descent, a tall man, with gray eyes and light, unruly brown hair. His lower jaw carried a peculiar lump on each side.

As Underhill extended his bootlegging activities, he met more and more of the bigger men in the business. At that time, a great deal of the liquor consumed in the Tri-State region came from the stills secreted in the Osage hills. Better roads and the prosperity brought by the oil industry has, however, radically changed this part of the country since Underhill's time, and the region is no longer quite the impregnable bandit hide-out it once was. But at the time of Underhill's youth, even small-time bootleggers had innumerable opportunities to meet many of the nation's boldest criminals, for the Osage hills were then indeed a criminal paradise offering security from the law and at the same time affording ample facilities for rough and boisterous entertainment.

Most of the liquor at that time was produced by Henry Grammer. Grammer's enterprise was enormous. Far back in a dense woods lay his plant. His batteries of stills were operated by criminals from everywhere. Power for the works was supplied by a private electric plant. The property, which was lighted at night in such a way that intrusion would be extremely difficult, was surrounded by armed guards whose business it was to direct away from the premises anyone who innocently happened along and to shoot anyone who might dare attempt to invade the stronghold.

Grammer's deliveries were made in automobiles and trucks which were driven by convicts. These drivers were usually faithful to their boss, but now and then they arranged through an outside confederate for the hi-jacking of their cargoes. Underhill soon saw that he could make more

money if he could sell whole loads of liquor instead of just peddling a few cases at a time. So he became a hi-jacker, at first working and splitting the profits with a Grammer driver, and then proceeding to hi-jack a truck on his own hook.

From bootlegging and hi-jacking, Underhill graduated to burglary. Arrested in Joplin, Missouri, on a burglary charge, at the age of nineteen, Underhill was convicted and sentenced to the Missouri penitentiary for two years. However, within a year after his release from the Joplin sentence, he was sent again to the penitentiary, his second conviction being on a charge of armed robbery. For good behavior, his sentence was shortened.

A short time after his release, Underhill, with Ray Terrill and Matt and George Kimes, robbed a bank in a small Oklahoma town. Terrill and the Kimes brothers were friends from his old hi-jacking days. This gang staged several raids on banks, but they finally dissolved their outfit. Underhill, according to the Kimes brothers and Terrill, was always wanting to kill someone, which they figured was tempting trouble a little too much. So, Underhill elected to go out by himelf and for himself, now under the alias of Henry Wilbur.

On a Christmas Eve, George Fee was clerking in a drug store in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, when a man entered, drew a gun, and demanded the store's money. Fee thought the man was joking, hesitated. Underhill fired, scooped the money out of the cash register, and fled. Before he died, Fee was able to furnish a description of his assailant.

A week later Underhill was arrested in Tulsa, taken to Okmulgee and placed in jail. But someone smuggled some hack saws into the jail, and Underhill cut his way through the bars, escaping to the ground by means of an improvised rope made of bed sheets.

Officers figured rightly that Underhill would soon appear in his old home town, Picher. They prepared a trap, and Underhill walked into it, but he shot his way out. Earl Neal, an oil worker, who was an innocent bystander, was killed in the line of Underhill's fire. Underhill was captured later and sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of the drug clerk, Fee, while other possible charges were left pending.

In prison, Underhill shortly attempted an escape but failed, and was sentenced to solitary confinement. After being released from "solitary," he was sent with an outside road construction gang. His long awaited chance arrived, and one day Underhill slipped from the line of convicts, fled like a wild animal into heavy brush, and made straight for a bluff from which he dove into a river and swam to safety.

Shortly afterward, Underhill turned up in Wichita, Kansas, where he lived in a hotel. Among the guests of the hotel—farmers, cattlemen, oil men, and plain business men—he moved unrecognized and was accepted as a legitimate business man. He wore good clothing and paid his bills promptly. However, a robbery was committed one day, and it was reported that the stolen goods had been seen in Underhill's room.

Policeman Merle Colver was sent to Underhill's room to investigate the report that the stolen articles had been seen there. Colver never asked any questions, for, as he stood outside the door, Underhill suddenly let it fly open and fired point blank at the officer, who fell mortally wounded. Underhill was captured by other policemen as he tried to escape.

Kansas had no capital punishment law, and Underhill pleaded guilty to having killed officer Colver. He was sent to Lansing prison for life. This saved him from being returned to Oklahoma and being sentenced to death for the Neal murder.

In prison once more, Underhill again began to plan an escape. He and Harvey Bailey, with the assistance of help on the outside, planned and executed the famous Memorial Day escape from Lansing, the details of which are told in the account of Bailey.

At large again, Underhill, now with a record of a dozen years of crime, began a bloody series of bank robberies, hold-ups, and murders. Soon he became known as the Tri-State Terror.

Underhill's escapades were spectacular. Once, while fleeing from pursuing officers, he suddenly stopped his car, got out and, armed with a machine gun, made motions indicating that he dared the officers to come any further if they thought they could capture him. Another time, he and a band of desperadoes actually drove the officers of the law outside a town, and then sped furiously through the streets, terrorizing the entire population. It is said that he occasionally robbed small banks by loading their safes on a truck and driving away.

His extreme recklessness soon made most criminals afraid to have anything to do with Underhill. Ultimately, he was charged with violating federal laws, and he found himself being hunted by the federal government.

Government agents tracked him relentlessly, but Underhill was always just one jump ahead. With his childhood sweetheart, Hazel Hudson, he boldly entered Colgate, Oklahoma, and the two were married. Then they disappeared. However, Underhill's downfall presently became only a question of time, for the federal agents drew their net tighter and tighter.

In December, 1933, the government men learned that Underhill and some of his friends could be found in a house at Shawnee, Oklahoma. This information was received late one cold, rainy night.

Seven special agents and eight police officers and deputy sheriffs left Oklahoma City immediately and drove forty-three miles to Shawnee at top speed. They parked their three cars at some distance from Underhill's hide-out and carefully planned their approach.

But a neighbor's dog heard the men and barked. A deputy swore under his breath at the dog, and in hushed tones the special agent in charge urged the men to hurry. Fortunately, they were able to take their positions before the dog's barking warned Underhill. Then the agent in charge raised his sub-machine gun. Scarcely fifty feet away stood Underhill in a lighted bedroom, evidently preparing to retire. On a table, visible to the agent, were two converted Luger automatics, each capable of firing thirty-one shots at the speed of a machine gun.

"This is the law," shouted the special agent. "Put your hands up, Wilbur, and don't reach for those guns."

Underhill stood motionless for a split second and then whirled himself past the table, seizing both guns. The special agent called out again. Underhill answered with a barrage from the automatics. The officers instantly opened fire from several vantage points and Underhill fell.

A deputy shouted, "We've got him!" But the special agent in charge, a veteran of many such battles, commanded the men to stand back. His judgment was right, for in a moment Underhill had gotten to his feet, both Lugers blazing into the night. This time 15 guns spat back at him.

But suddenly from the front part of the house another gun menaced the officers. A friend of Underhill, Ralph Rowe, had joined the battle. Underhill's wife screamed frantically as the two desperadoes, now out of sight fought on. The officers, using machine guns, rifles, and pistols, relentlessly poured a continuous stream of lead into the house. Suddenly the firing from the front widow ceased. Rowe had finally been wounded and was out of the fight. Then Underhill leaped into full view from his firing position, emptied his guns at the officers. He stood still for a fraction of a second. His heavy weapons—machine guns and shotguns—were in his car, which was in the garage. For once, Underhill was almost beaten at his own game of killing. Struck by a bullet, Underhill staggered, but still was able to make for a door leading into a hallway. The special agent called to him to halt. Underhill slammed the door.

"He's headed out!" someone shouted. The officers covered the front door as Underhill burst out and raced down the steps through a hail of deadly crossfire from the officers' sputtering sub-machine guns. Underhill stumbled forward, but did not fall. Another burst of fire. Underhill staggered again, undoubtedly wounded seriously, but he disappeared around the corner of a nearby house on the run.

The drizzling rain had turned into a downpour, making the hunt for Underhill even more difficult. With powerful flashlights, the officers searched all open garages, all the alleys—they checked every square inch of the neighborhood where Underhill might have hidden. But Underhill was not to be found. Bloodhounds were rushed to the scene, but the dogs only prowled about, unable to pick up a scent on the drenched earth.

In the meantime, however, Sheriff Stanley Rogers of Oklahoma City, heading another posse, was scouring other sections of the town. He heard a rumor that a staggering man had been seen at the rear of a furniture store. He and his man sped to the store, made entrance, and there, sprawled on a bed in a furniture display, they found Underhill, his body ripped by 13 bullets. But the Tri-State Terror was still alive! Nearly a week later, however, his wounds finally proved fatal.

KEATING AND HOLDEN

An ex-taxi driver, good looking, well built, witty, Francis L. Keating, rose to notoriety as a train robber. In 1929 he and Thomas Holden leaped into the railway postal car of the Port Huron and Chicago train at Chicago, overpowered the mail clerks, tossed two mail sacks out at a crossing and leaped from the train into a waiting auto. They escaped with one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, none of which was ever recovered.

Holden and Keating were captured and convicted in 1928. They were sentenced to twenty-five years in the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas.

In prison Keating formed the center of a group to which Frank Nash gravitated. He was one of the "big time" men who told Nash about the methods in the bigger cities.

Keating and Holden became trusties. Immediately they started planning an escape. Charlie Harmon obtained some extra trusty passes and forged the warden's name to them. George Kelly Barnes, later known as Machine Gun Kelly, photographed the two men and put their pictures on the passes.

Dressed in trusty raincoats, Keating and Holden were ushered by Kelly through the main corridor where a new guard was stationed. Then they calmly walked out of the prison. Clothes had been hidden by outside conspirators in a nearby haystack. Their prison uniforms discarded, Keating and Holden hitchhiked to Kansas City, Missouri. There they registered at a hotel under aliases and telegraphed to friends in Chicago for money. Two thousand dollars were said to have been sent them immediately. Keating and Holden taxied to the airport, and flew to Chicago. Thus ended one of the best planned of all prison breaks.

By the time Frank Nash had escaped, Keating and Holden were back in the gang and flush with money. They were said to have sent an "underground" message to Nash in prison telling him of the easy picking awaiting him in Chicago.

But when the famous criminal reunion took place in St. Paul, in 1931, Keating was present accompanied by a former manicurist named Marge, run-away sister of a Chicago policeman. Romance, it was said, originated when she manicured Keating's nails in a Chicago barber shop.

Keating became a member of Frank Nash's gang, which had headquarters in St. Paul, Chicago and Kansas City. Keating also made the rounds of the resorts, White Bear lake in Minnesota, Lake Geneva, Wis-

consin, and the lake shore resorts near Chicago. Occasionally he dropped down to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to play a little golf and take the baths.

Not much is known of Keating's life. He apparently was an amiable, efficient cog in the criminal machine. Like the others, he lived in excellent apartment houses and hotels, played golf on exclusive courses, wore good clothes, and spent money freely. One of his traits, which impressed Frank Nash, fresh from Oklahoma, was his liking for fifty-cent cigars.

Sometimes Keating teamed with Holden, Harvey Bailey and Frank Nash. Again he was with Bernard Phillips, former traffic policeman, who had been fired for extortion, turned to auto stealing and then served a prison term at Leavenworth. Phillips, Keating, Bailey and Nash robbed several banks together. George Kelly, free from his three year sentence on prohibition violation, also joined them at intervals.

Keating was present at the robbery of the Kraft State Bank at Menomonie, Wisconsin, when Frank Weber and Charlie Harmon were killed. He split the proceeds along with Miller, Nash, Harvey Bailey and Tom Holden. Then they all fled to Chicago to make plans for the prison break that was to release Earl Thayer and Grover Durrill.

Keating, Holden, Nash and Harold Fontaine were said to be the outside conspirators. Fontaine bought a big barrel of shoe paste. Guns were put in inner tube wrappings and thrust far down into the paste.

A truck was obtained to transport the barrel to St. Louis. Keating and Holden drove the truck while Nash sat in the back with the barrel and Fontaine sat in front with a machine gun. The barrel, marked with red paint, was shipped from St. Louis, and a wire sent to the convicts. The prison break was unsuccessful, however. So Keating, Holden and Nash called their women and set out on extensive travels. In the spring of 1932, they met in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Keating went back north where he was known as Jimmy Stanley. Federal agents checking on Charlie Harmon's death found that Keating, under the name of Stanley, had recently patronized a golf equipment firm in Kansas City. Agents were sent to all the golf courses. At the Old Mission course, Keating, Holden, Harvey Bailey and Big Phip—as Bernard Phillips was known—were playing golf.

Phillips saw the agents approaching and fled. The others were arrested. Marge Keating, Lillian Holden and a woman describing herself as Mary Phillips were sitting in a parked car awaiting their men. They were held for investigation but released. Mary Phillips real name was said to be Winnie.

Keating and Holden were returned to Leavenworth. Phillips, who escaped arrest, was later killed. According to underworld reports, he was suspected of having tipped the officials to the whereabouts of the others. He was tortured, stabbed with an ice pick repeatedly, killed and thrown into a ditch.

CHARLES PRESTON HARMON

One of the minor members of the Frank Nash-Verne Miller-Keating-Holden gang was Charlie Harmon.

It is interesting to note, in recording the rapid rise and equally rapid descent of big time gangsters, that Harmon originally was one of the men who introduced Nash into criminal artistocracy. Later, his disciple was thought to have assisted in putting Harmon to death.

In 1930, when Harmon met Nash in prison, Harmon was a two-time convict from Texas. He had previously served a term in the state prison at Huntsville. A trusty, he is believed to have assisted in the escape of Francis (Jimmy) Keating and Thomas Holden, train robbers, who walked out of prison on forged trusty passes bearing photographs taken by a man named George Kelly, who was then working in the record room of the prison. Kelly later rose to fame as Machine Gun Kelly.

Harmon was married to a Texas girl named Paula. She came from a respectable family, had graduated from high school and from there went to a girls' finishing school. Afterwards she married a steamship officer and then divorced him. She took a business course and became an efficient comptometer operator, working for a large Texas firm. She met Harmon just after he was released from the Huntsville, Texas, prison, and in a short time married him.

Many of the women of big time gangsters had excellent educations and came from decent families. Just why those women would risk their reputations, their lives, and expose their families to scandal for the sake of gangster lovers remains a mystery. It may have been the lure of excitement. Most of them, when captured, would profess ignorance of the doings of their men. But many of them were active aids, driving getaway cars, nursing wounded men, arranging hide-outs, etc.

When Charlie Harmon was sent to Leavenworth prison, Paula went to Chicago and opened a house of prostitution. When Harmon was released, Paula went by plane to meet him. They met Frank Nash and Deafy Farmer in Kansas City and all went to the Farmer's home near Joplin, Missouri. Then they continued on to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where the Harmons rented a house and stayed for about six weeks. Charlie and Paula quarreled. Underworld gossip had it that Charlie disapproved of her activities while he was in prison. She went back to Chicago and to her house.

Charlie went back to Chicago and there was a reconciliation with Paula. She closed her house and together they went to St. Paul.

But Charlie and Paula continued to quarrel. According to Charlie, they somehow never got along so well after he went to prison and she started running a house of prostitution. There was another split-up. Paula went to visit her new friends, the Farmers. The gang molls did a good deal of visiting around, usually dashing from city to city by plane. Frank Nash was still with the Farmers and Verne Miller was there, with his moll, Vivian. They all returned to St. Paul.

Again the Harmons were reconciled. But they seem never to have gotten along with the rest of the gang. The women didn't care much for Paula, according to gossip. Perhaps they, too, disliked her former occupation.

Charlie, possibly to his surprise, found that his old prison pupil, Frank Nash, was quietly assuming the leadership of the gang. In prison Charlie had talked to Jelly Nash—in low-toned conversations—of the advantages of big time stuff, finger men, political connections, the disposal of stolen securities. Now he found that Nash was ahead of him, and was respected by such men as Verne Miller and Harvey Bailey.

He dangled around the edge of the set during the summer of 1931. The leaders did not trust him very much. He was a bad loser, they said, and not too good a companion in their leisure hours. He played golf with them and boasted of the handmade clubs he purchased from a Kansas City firm. Those clubs were to play an important part in the life of the gang in a short time.

Down in Leavenworth, Earl Thayer and Grover Durrill, old companions of Frank Nash in the Al Spencer days, were getting restless. They wanted to escape in order to join Nash in his new enterprises. The underworld grapevine buzzed with plans and speculations. Nash praised Durrill and Thayer. They were reliable. They had nerve. But the gang already was complete. Two more members would simply mean a smaller division of the loot.

But there was Charlie Harmon. They didn't really care for him, and he was always around and got in on the jobs. There was Frank Weber, and he was unimportant, too. However, Harmon was a bad loser. So

thoughts buzzed. If Thayer and Durrill were to crash out of the prison and join the others—someone must go.

Harmon was included in the hundred thousand dollar robbery of the Kraft State Bank at Menomonie, Wisconsin. A vice president of the bank was taken along as a hostage. The gangsters crowded into the purring auto parked by the curb and fled. They were hotly pursued. Gunfire started between the bandit car and the car first in pursuit. The lifeless body of the vice president was tossed into the road. Then followed the body of Frank Weber. The car gained as pursuers stopped to investigate. The bandits had escaped.

Two days later, the body of Charlie Harmon was found in a lonely stretch of woods. Soil under his fingernails, bloody scratches on the ground, showed that he had been alive when he had been thrown out.

Gossip in underworld circles said that some of the shots fired by the bandits had been aimed at targets within the car—Charlie Harmon was in the way—and now he was gone.

Paula Harmon read the newspapers and took a plane for Texas. She is supposed never to have received Charlie's share of the loot. She disappeared from gang circles until Fred Barker, who had met her in St. Paul and in other gang centers, remembered her idly, and mentioned her to Vivian and Verne Miller. Then she came back from Texas to be Fred Barker's moll.

The superstitious might be justified in saying that Charlie Harmon obtained revenge from the grave. For the prison break designed to furnish his successor failed. Thayer was recaptured and Durrill killed himself rather than be caught. And months later, federal agents traced Harmon's treasured hand made golf clubs to a firm in Kansas City, and there obtained news of Francis Keating and Thomas Holden, who were immediately arrested on the Old Mission golf course of Kansas City, Missouri.

CHARLES (PRETTY BOY) FLOYD

Charles Arthur Floyd, alias Frank Mitchell, alias Pretty Boy Floyd, was an Oklahoma bandit who rose to be a national figure. For some reason, possibly because the name Pretty Boy Floyd was a catchy one, Floyd's exploits became widely known and he was blamed for many crimes he did not commit. At one time he was supposed to be simultaneously in Hollywood making a motion picture, hiding in the Missouri Ozarks, hiding in the Osage hills and robbing banks in the east.

Floyd was only twenty-six years old when he was shot to death by officers. He was a medium sized man, five feet, eight inches tall, with dark hair and gray eyes. He usually weighed around 155 pounds.

Floyd was first arrested in St. Louis, Missouri, September 16, 1925, on a charge of highway robbery. He was sentenced to five years in the Missouri state penitentiary, December 18, 1925.

He next was arrested in March, of 1929, in Kansas City, for investigation and again in May for vagrancy and suspicion of robbery. Each time he was released the next day.

Then he was arrested in Pueblo, Colorado, May 9, 1929, for vagrancy, fined $50 and sentenced to sixty days in jail. As Frank Mitchell, Floyd was arrested in Akron, Ohio, March 8, 1930, for investigation. His next arrest was in Toledo, Ohio, May 20, 1930, for suspicion. He was going under the name of Floyd then. He was sentenced November 24, 1930, to serve from twelve to fifteen years in Ohio state prison on a bank robbery charge and escaped en route to prison.

Floyd was a good time man. He played around the resorts, frequently posing as a wealthy tourist from Kansas City. In his native Osage hills, he had many hide-outs. He and his faithful companion, Adam Richetti, would lie around, getting drunk and sending to town for women.

Floyd was reckless. He lacked the suavity, the ability to plan, the cool calculation of the Nash gang, the Barkers and Alvin Karpis. He took risks.

For instance, on the day before the Union Station massacre in Kansas City, June 17, 1933, Pretty Boy and Richetti were in Boliver, Missouri. Sheriff Jack Killingsworth was summoned to a garage run by a brother of Richetti. Both Richetti and Floyd were there. They had a number of persons lined up again a wall and were threatening to shoot anyone who moved. The sheriff was ordered in the car as a hostage. They drove to Osceola, Missouri, where they changed cars by flagging down an insurance man and moving in with him. The journey continued until late at night when they drove into Kansas City by way of Kansas City, Kansas.

Floyd got out of the car there, went away for a few moments, and came back with an auto and a driver. He put his two machine guns and a steamer trunk in the new car and told the hostages to get the hell out of there.

It was this reckless desperado and his companion, Richetti, who were summoned at the last minute by Verne C. Miller to effect the forcible release of Frank Nash, captured by federal officials. It is said to have been Floyd who gave the order to fire. As a result Nash and several officers were shot to death.

Previously, Floyd had had a pretty easy time. He usually was flush with money and if he were short, he could always borrow. Now the "heat" was on him and he was decidedly unpopular in the underworld. His former haunts were all either closed to him or too well-known to searching officials.

So with Jaunita and Rose Baird, two Kansas City girls, frequent companions of Floyd and Richetti, they fled to Buffalo, N. Y., there to take refuge in a middle-class apartment house.

This time there was no heavy drinking, no night clubbing. They remained indoors except for visits to the grocery stores. Floyd played solitaire constantly and read detective magazines. Finally, he grew bored with the enforced confinement. He decided to come back to the west.

One of the girls was sent out to purchase a car. They started the journey at night, with the men taking turns driving while the other held a machine gun. They entered Ohio. It was a foggy, dreary morning. Suddenly the car left the road and crashed into a telegraph pole. No one was hurt, but the car was damaged. The girls were sent into town for a wrecker. It proved to be a lengthy job. The men remained in the country hiding.

Someone reported two suspicious appearing men lurking by the side of the road. Local officers went to investigate. Floyd fled, but Richetti was captured. Upon his identification, reenforcements were sent to capture Floyd. He chose to fight it out. Soon he was dead, and relatives took the body back to Oklahoma for burial.

EDWARD BENTZ

Edward Wilhiem Bentz did not make the mistake of other bank robbers in courting publicity and being pleased with national notoriety. And so, while he is little known to the general public, he rated high among criminal aristocracy for a quarter of a century.

Bentz was one of nine children born to a peasant family in Minnesota. When his father, a hostler, was killed by a runaway horse, the mother took the children to Tacoma, Washington. There Eddie attended grade and high school. And there he began a series of petty thefts. He was arrested and sent to the State Training school at Chehalis, Washington, for a year and a half, but he escaped.

Fourteen times in the next twenty-six years he was arrested. He escaped from jail twice and was paroled three times. He served about

seven years of sentences totaling thirty-four years. In most arrests, he either forfeited bond or managed to talk his way out.

Bentz, now sentenced to two years in federal prison for bank robbery, is a big farmerish looking man with crinkly reddish hair, a massive chest and a friendly manner. He was well educated, collected old books, operated a movie camera as a hobby and once ran a toy shop.

For years Bentz was regarded in criminal circles as a sort of superman. He was one of the leaders in the million dollar holdup of the Lincoln National Bank and Trust Company of Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1930. For years his yearly income was said to be nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

Bentz was an expert on banking matters. When he wanted to learn the finances of a bank, he would go to the public library and look through the newspaper files for the bank's financial statement. According to his own confession he robbed between "fifty and a hundred banks."

After his first sentence for larceny, he started out as a burglar. But he tired of that and went in for bank robbery, working with old timers in the middlewest in the days when safes were dynamited at night. He was associated with Eddie Doll and James Ripley, a criminal partnership known as the "Gold Dust Twins." They are accredited with the invention of the get-away chart and the present method of daylight bank robbery.

Doll and Ripley were accustomed to hire local men to "finger" the banks for them, obtaining information about how much capital would be on hand. Bentz eliminated this by his public library researches. Presently he became an expert consultant. Other robbers paid him to give them information and advice. Then he decided to go into the hot bond business. He took most of his share of the robberies in securities. These he kept until he thought it safe to market them. Police now are busy trying to find places where he is said to have hidden almost a million dollars worth of stolen bonds.

Eddie tried to avoid any crimes which might come under federal jurisdiction. And he always was careful to maintain a respectable appearance. He stayed in good hotels and apartment houses and occasionally took a furnished room in the home of a respectable family. He made a point of being friendly with the hotel and apartment house managers. He talked about books and photography. He played an excellent game of golf. He took the baths at Hot Springs and played the races at Agua Caliente, giving a perfect picture of a man with a respectable but substantial income.

Then, like other criminals, he fell in love and decided to reform. And he couldn't.

He married a seventeen-year-old girl named Verna, who had run away from her home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Chicago. For a while they went night clubbing and she was thrilled to be the girl and later the bride of a real big time gangster with a machine gun and lots of money. Then she decided she wanted a home.

Bentz bought, under an alias, an expensive house in a good residential district in Portland, Maine. At the same time he went into the toy business, operating the Ultra Products Company. He went on the road to sell his products. But the talents that had made him a skillful criminal did not seem to work so well legitimately. The business lost money. New capital was needed.

Bentz got the new capital—in the old way—from the Caldonian National Bank at Danville, Vermont. But this bank was now protected by the federal officers. Federal heat was on Bentz and he went in hiding. His wife stayed with him for a while, but this was not so exciting. So Verna went home. Eddie went to New York. The one-time expert found that his friends were of the fair-weather variety. Finally he was captured in Brooklyn where he was living with a burglar. Tried, he was sentenced to twenty years in prison.

HARVEY BAILEY

Distinguished looking Harvey Bailey with his firm jaw, quiet ways and gray-touched temples was among the men Frank Nash met on his first journey to St. Paul in 1931. Later Bailey was a member of Nash's gang.

Then, passing under the names of Ben Bloom and Bill Breman, Bailey already was a "big shot" in criminal circles. He was supposed to have participated in the $1,500,000 robbery of a Lincoln, Nebraska, bank and the notorious Denver mint robbery of the previous decade.

He also was reported to be connected with Al Capone. With Fred (Killer) Burke he was said to own a huge still in Chicago.

Little is known about Bailey's early life. He is described as being nearly six feet tall, with graying black hair, and brown eyes. He was of Scotch-Irish heritage. In 1932 he was about 45 years old.

Bailey first came to the attention of police March 23, 1929, when he was arrested in Omaha, Nebraska, for investigation in connection with a charge of hi-jacking and robbery.

As J. J. Brennan, Bailey was arrested next in Kansas City, Missouri, July 12, 1932, on a charge of robbing a bank at Fort Scott, Kansas. He was sentenced to from ten to fifty years in the Kansas state prison at Lansing and escaped May 30, 1933. Recaptured after the kidnapping of Charles F. Urschel, Oklahoma millionaire, he is now in Alcatraz prison, serving a life sentence.

But behind the skeleton outline of his official identification card, lies a long career of successful crime, stretching from New York and Newark to Colorado. With Frank Nash, Verne Miller, Eddie Green, Francis Keating and Thomas Holden he made numerous forays against banks in Missouri, Kansas and Iowa. Then he would go to Hot Springs to take the baths, play golf and relax.

Will Irwin, writing on bank robbers, in a national magazine, says that Harvey Bailey invented the scheme of disguising a furniture van by painting on its sides the names of a fictitious firm. An expert carpenter built a heavy folding runway which could be stored in the body of the van. The small fast car containing the bandits and the loot met the van in a remote spot and was driven inside. Then the bandits calmly drove past dozens of searching policemen.

From St. Paul and the Nash gang, Bailey is said to have migrated to Kansas City and Chicago and to have become connected with the Barker-Karpis gang.

Bailey was playing golf on the Old Mission golf course in Kansas City, Missouri, with Francis (Jimmy) Keating and Thomas Holden when federal officials, hunting Keating and Holden in connection with the robbery of two messengers from the First American National Bank of Duluth, Minnesota, surrounded them. As a matter of routine Bailey also was detained and searched.

On him was found a bond taken in the robbery of a Fort Scott, Kansas, bank. Bailey was said to have robbed the bank in company with Fred Barker and Alvin Karpis.

Bailey was taken to Fort Scott, Kansas, and sentenced to from ten to fifty years in the Kansas state prison at Lansing. But it didn't take the well-groomed, distinguished looking, golf playing Bailey long to weary of prison walls. The underworld grapevine carried tidings that Harvey Bailey wanted to "crash out." Wilbur Underhill, Oklahoma bandit, wanted to go along. Arrangements were made with Hazel Hudson, nee Jarrett, sweetheart of Underhill, for hide-outs in Oklahoma.

Frank Nash was one of the outside assistants in the prison break which occurred, ironically enough, just before Nash's own death in the Union Station massacre of Kansas City, Missouri.

On Decoration day, 1933, the American Legion teams of Topeka and

Leavenworth were playing baseball at the state prison. The score was two to two in the fourth inning. Suddenly, six convicts surrounded Kirk Prather, the prison warden. A looped wire was thrown over his head, binding him. Convicts produced guns from under their uniforms.

Guards in the tower turrets could not shoot for fear of wounding the warden. Then Harvey Bailey ordered them to throw down their keys and a rope and ladder.

Bailey and Underhill went over the wall, taking the warden with them. Nine other prisoners followed. Bailey was wounded in the calf of his right leg, but he continued.

The convicts scattered outside. All but six of them had simply taken advantage of the opportunity and had no carefully laid plans. But a car immediately arrived for the six, headed by Bailey and Underhill, and they sped toward Oklahoma, taking the warden and a guard along as hostages. On a deserted road near the Kansas-Oklahoma line the prison officials were released and told to walk back without watching the car. The convicts went onward.

While Bailey was in hiding and recovering from his wound, Nash was killed. There had been a bank robbery in Oklahoma and Underhill and Bailey signed—with several others—a confession to the robbery so they would not be suspected of attempting to free Nash. The others were guilty but Bailey and Underhill were simply seeking an alibi. The unique confession, containing full details of the robbery as well as the fingerprints of the signers, was mailed to officials while the robbers scattered. They preferred the risk of facing a state charge of bank robbery to possible suspicion of murdering G-men.

The shooting of Frank Nash and the fleeing of Verne Miller immediately afterward broke up the old group centering around Nash. Most of them turned to the Barker-Karpis gang. Bailey already was connected with that group. But he also was friendly with George (Machine Gun) Kelly and his wife, Katherine. Kelly now decided to branch out as a leader of criminal aristocracy. He would step into Nash's vacant shoes. And at the same time he would go into that newly profitable snatch racket.

Many of the true bandits looked down on kidnappers. Verne Miller refused to have anything to do with the Barkers after they entered that game. But Bailey was not so particular. He had been in prison and now he wanted some easy money. Kelly, together with his wife, Katherine, sometimes called Kathryn, and a bandit named Albert Bates, planned to kidnap Charles F. Urschel of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Bailey joined them.

Urschel was seized by two men who walked into his home as he and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Jarrett were playing bridge. Jarrett was taken along but released about twelve miles outside Oklahoma City, after being robbed. Urschel was blindfolded and held for nine days until a ransom of two hundred thousand dollars was paid.

But Urschel kept his head and carefully related to officials every detail he could remember of his kidnapping. The place where he had been held was discovered. It was on a farm belonging to Katherine Kelly's mother, Mrs. R. G. Shannon. Raids began.

By January 10, 1935, Bailey, Bates, Kelly, Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. R. G. Shannon had been arrested, convicted and given life imprisonment sentences. But Harvey Bailey was not yet through.

He was confined in the "escape-proof jail" of Dallas, Texas, while awaiting transportation to a federal prison. Soon he escaped. He had sawed his way out of his cell and intimidated the staff with a gun. However, he was captured within a few hours.

Bailey had been a federal prisoner under the "Lindbergh law" governing kidnapping when a prisoner is taken across a state line. So the

federal officials investigated his escape. The bars bore the marks of hack saws and of a Stillson wrench, which apparently had been used on the outside of the cell. The jail was searched and in the desk of one of the jailors a wrench, still adjusted to the size of the bars on Bailey's cell, was found. Thomas L. Manion, one of the staff of the jail, confessed to obtaining hack saws and even helping Bailey escape from his cell. Bailey, it seemed, had promised to pay him a large sum of money as soon as he could rob a bank.

But Harvey Bailey, mint robber, bank robber, kidnapper, now is serving a life sentence on Alcatraz island penitentiary, the last home of the desperate criminals. A hack-saw is no good there nor can confederates drop guns over the wall at night.

FRED (KILLER) BURKE.

Fred Burke's name is said to be Tom Camp. He broke into crime as a footpad and a rum runner. Then, in 1926, within about two weeks, four banks in Wisconsin, Indiana and Michigan were robbed of approximately a hundred thousand dollars each. Burke was said to be the leader in these crimes.

The daylight robberies were conducted with a heretofore unheard-of violence. Machine guns were fired on passersby in the streets.

Burke, according to Will Irwin, writer on crime topics, was one of the most dangerous of murderers. Dillinger and Floyd, Irwin believes, were mere bunglers compared to Burke.

Burke was said to have been the main killer in the St. Valentine's day massacre of Bugs Moran's gang in Chicago. All in all, police accuse him of committing eleven murders, and he, for seven or eight years, eluded justice.

With Harvey Bailey he is supposed to have operated a giant still near Chicago in the days of Al Capone's power. He also is said to have helped Bailey with several bank robberies.

Chance played its part in Burke's arrest. Hiding out from police, he went to work as a farm hand near Green City, Missouri, fell in love with his employer's daughter and married her. She did not know that he was a fugitive from justice, and it is possible that he may have intended to abandon crime and live on his accumulated loot.

He drove into Michigan and committed a minor traffic violation. A policeman approached. Burke shot and killed him. He fled back to the farm, where he was known as Mr. White.

A photograph of the swarthy Burke was published in a detective story magazine along with a notice of a reward for information leading to his capture.

An employee in a local restaurant recognized Burke's picture as "Mr. White." He told officials, adding that White spent a lot of money for a farm hand. Police surprised the dangerous killer when he was in bed and easily captured him. Taken to Michigan he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

SHOTGUN GEORGE ZIEGLER

Among the suave, distinguished-looking men who flocked around Frank Nash and Verne C. Miller was Shotgun George Ziegler, whose real name appears to have been Goetz.

Like his friends, he also met a brutal fate. Nash was gunned to death by conspirators seeking his release. But Miller apparently was shot by double-crossers who had hired him as a cheap gunman. And Shotgun George Ziegler literally talked himself to death. Underworld gossip said he was killed by his partners in crime because his tongue had become dangerously loose.

The Nash-Miller gang stands high in the annals of gangdom. They were more cultured, more brainy than the Floyd and Dillinger groups. They fitted better into swanky backgrounds. Nash, for instance, with his quotations from Milton and Swinburne, was far from being the typical criminal, although he had had a long career from the hard riding outlaws of the red dust country of Oklahoma to bank robberies in the northern cities. Miller with his luxurious homes, his tailored clothes, his fifty cent cigars, and his expensive dinners, certainly was not the popular conception of the hardboiled gunman. These men did not talk in the "deses" and "doses" portrayed in gang films. Verne Miller, in fact, disliked any type of rough talking.

George Ziegler was a golf fanatic and an amateur landscape architect. Sometimes, when flush with money, he would pose as a landscape artist, and actually obtained and carried out contracts. Too, he occasionally pretended to be a "government" landscape gardening expert.

Ziegler was a quietly dressed, keen appearing man. His "moll," Irene, was a reserved, good looking, quiet woman. They could, and did, pass everywhere as a respectable couple—until George lost control of his speech.

Many of the bandits who rose to notoriety in the 1930's never attempted any legitimate work. They usually started as youngsters, bootlegging or getting away with small robberies. Prison sentences brought them into contact with more experienced men. They made acquaintances in gangdom. And they started "up" the line into bigger activities.

But many of the Nash-Miller associates had previously had lawful occupation. Verne Miller, as has already been related, once was a showman, then a law enforcement officer.

Shotgun George Ziegler was a graduate of an engineering school, where he acted as a cheer leader. Then he was an enlisted aviator in the World War. Later he was a Chicago lifeguard until he was accused of attempting to rape a seven-year-old girl. His family put up bond for his appearance for trial and George "took it on the lam."

Staying in Chicago, he eventually became affiliated with Al Capone's gang according to officials. For a time his name was linked with Fred (Killer) Burke, Gus Winkler and Harvey Bailey. He was supposed to have been one of the gunmen in the St. Valentine's day massacre of Chicago gangsters. Meanwhile, however, he graduated into bank robbery.

He met Frank Nash when the Millers brought him to St. Paul. Already he was an important criminal figure, and some underworld persons said that Ziegler knew more about Chicago crime than any except Al Capone.

Ziegler joined forces with Nash, Miller, Francis (Jimmy) Keating and Tommy Holden for various bank robberies. Then he became affiliated with the Barker-Karpis outfit when that organization numbered about twenty-five, including hangers-on. He went with them to Reno where several banks were robbed, and he was said also to have taken a hand in some of the Barker-Karpis kidnappings.

But a human mind can stand only so much strain. Something finally had to give way. Ziegler was a queer type, streaked with love of beauty, as evidenced in his occasional landscaping jobs, and with decency and kindness. It is said that he supported the wife of a dead gangster while she slowly died of cancer and afterwards he buried her. He is supposed to have educated the son of a former bank robber after the boy's parents had been murdered, and frequently lectured the boy on the value of going straight.

Something had to give way and in George it was ability to keep still. He became like a garrulous old man who rambles on and on apparently not realizing his boresome repetitions. But there were many listeners George would not have bored. He seemingly had lost his sense of discretion. Sitting in a restaurant, he would suddenly start criticizing fellow

criminals and in a loud voice recall exploits of his own and of his companions. Someone would hush him, usually his wife.

When he joined forces with the Barker-Karpis crew, he liked to sit around with Kate (Ma) Barker and talk, talk of the days when they kidnapped a Minnesota millionaire named Hamm, talk of the days when they lived lavishly at Reno with "fresh" money coming in constantly from looted banks. Mrs. Barker listened and they spoke. George was talking too much. He was getting more difficult to silence. One of these days an occupant of a nearby table would be a stool pigeon or even a detective in plain clothes. If arrested, he might babble all the doings of the entire group. George knew too much and he was talking.

Some of the gang women did not like the quiet Irene, George's woman, Ma Barker rarely liked any of the women of her fellows in crime. George grew more and more in disfavor. And there were rumors that he was going mad.

But he was still a valuable man. He might babble, but he still gave good advice at times. For instance, he is supposed to have protested against the kidnapping of Edward George Bremer, banker and brewer, living at St. Paul, Minnesota. But the boys were low in funds in 1933, and the kidnapping was planned. Someone was going to finger the St. Paul millionaire. Ziegler apparently was convinced that the deed would "put the heat on" some of their St. Paul friends and protectors. But Mrs. Barker was in favor of the crime and her word was law with her gang.

According to details later revealed, it was Ziegler who arranged the hide-out in Bensonville, Illinois. He announced that he would be away on another landscaping trip. He even arranged for a temporary escort for Irene.

Bremer was kidnapped January 17, 1934, and held in Illinois for three weeks. A ransom of $200,000 was paid. Shotgun George returned to his home from his landscaping trip.

But he still talked. He talked about the $100,000 ransom kidnapping of William Hamm, St. Paul brewer, in which he had participated. He talked about how the hot money in the Bremer case was hidden at the home of a relative of his.

Shotgun George had simply seen too much horror. Too many times had he watched the agonized faces of kidnapped men, wondering if relatives could buy their freedom and if even then they would not be killed. Too many times had he seen death inflicted. A mind so sensitive to beauty could not stand it. He babbled. And he talked himself to death.

On the evening of March 20, 1934, a telephone call sent him to a restaurant on Cermak road in Cicero, Illinois. Ziegler chatted for a while with the proprietor. Then he went through the door to the street. Sawed-off shotguns flamed in the night, and Shotgun George sank to the pavement, dead.

But even in death Ziegler talked. Officials found papers on him revealing the location of his apartment. More evidence was uncovered there, linking him with the Bremer kidnapping. Also, according to reports, they learned that his companions had been the three Barkers, Russell Gibson, Bill Weaver, Volney Davis and Alvin (Old Creepy) Karpis.

Friends of Ziegler resented the manner of his death and they talked a little. The Barkers, who thought they had eliminated a danger, found that they had merely jumped from the frying pan into the fire. But that belongs in the chronicle of Ma Barker and her fierce brood.

JOHN DILLINGER

John Dillinger, once hailed as Public Enemy No. 1 of the United States, was a crude bandit when compared to Frank Nash and Verne Miller.

The Dillinger gang was a loosely organized group and while Dil-

linger was publicly accepted as the titular leader, his name apparently was attached to the group chiefly because there was so much publicity about Dillinger and his daring escape from the Crown Point, Indiana, jail armed with a wooden gun. Also Dillinger shot a federal agent. So his name blazed in headlines. He never was as important in criminal aristocracy as many men who received less publicity.

Dillinger first came to public attention shortly after he was paroled from the Indiana state prison in May of 1933. In the autumn of the same year four friends of his broke out of the same institution. They were Russell Clark, Charles Makley, John Hamilton and Harry Pierpont.

Dillinger had intended to help them in their get-away. But meanwhile he had gotten into trouble. Police of Dayton, Ohio, arrested him on a charge of bank robbery. He was taken to the Lima, Ohio, jail.

His four friends decided to help him out. They affected his escape by killing Sheriff Jesse Sarber. There followed a series of bank robberies said to have been committed by Dillinger, Hamilton, Pierpont, Makley, Clark, and an ex-convict named Harry Copeland. The robberies were successful and they all went to Florida for the winter, taking their women along. Dillinger's moll was Evelyn Frechette.

The bandits returned, made another foray against banks and then went to Tucson for a vacation. There they apparently were extremely reckless. One member of the group even told a salesman that they were the "famous Dillinger gang."

Makley, Pierpont, Dillinger and Clark were arrested. Hamilton and Copeland happened to be absent. All but Dillinger were taken to Lima to be tried on the charge of murdering the sheriff. Makley and Pierpont were given death sentences. Pierpont was executed, but Makley was killed while attempting to break out of prison. Clark was sentenced to life imprisonment.

This gang seems to be remarkable, not for the cleverness of their crimes, but for the amount of trouble they could get into. Clark got drunk in a Chicago tavern, was arrested by Chicago police and held for Ohio authorities. However, he managed to be extradited to Indiana and accepted a twenty-five year sentence for bank robbery.

Meanwhile Dillinger was in the Crown Point, Indiana, jail on a bank robbery charge. He escaped by means of the now famous wooden gun, stole a car belonging to Sheriff Lillian Holley, and fled over the state line. This brought Dillinger to the attention of federal authorities who could now prosecute him on a charge of violating the Dyer Act by transporting a stolen vehicle across a state line.

Apparently Dillinger's plans had been well known for Eddie Green, that efficiency expert of crime, had assembled a gang for him including Homer Van Meter, Tommy Carroll, John Hamilton and Baby Face Nelson.

Three days after Dillinger's escape this gang, which included Green, robbed the Securities National Bank of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, of $49,500.

But Dillinger's bad luck continued. A week later he and his gang robbed the First National Bank of Mason City, Iowa, of $55,000. Dillinger and John Hamilton were both shot in the back.

Eddie Green arranged for a doctor and they recovered. Then on March 31, 1934, federal officers investigating a report of "suspicious characters" encountered Dillinger, Evelyn Frechette and Homer Van Meter at a St. Paul apartment house. The three managed to shoot their way out. But the G-man heat was getting intense.

The federal agents found a telephone number in the Dillinger apartment which led them to Eddie Green's home. Eddie was gone but presently two Negro maids arrived. They had been instructed by Green to get his clothes, take them to their home and wait for him there. The Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation also waited for

Eddie. When Green arrived there was a gun battle and Eddie was wounded. By some freak, Green fancied that he had been hurt in an auto accident and was with friends. So he talked freely to police who watched by his hospital bedside and among the bits of information were several about Dillinger.

Dillinger managed to elude them but his sweetheart, Evelyn Frechette, was soon captured and sentenced to prison for two years on a charge of harboring fugitives.

Presently federal officers trailed Dillinger to a resort fifty miles north of Rhinelander, Wisconsin. A barking dog warned him of the approach of strangers and he escaped after killing Special Agent W. Carter Baum. He dashed to Chicago to hide and had a plastic surgery operation, hoping to disguise himself so that he might again go about openly.

Underworld gossip says that Dillinger almost died under the ether. However, the operation was not successful enough. Dillinger was still easily recognized. Dillinger was caught through his craving for amusement. He liked to frequent the night spots and he was extremely fond of motion pictures. He finally was trapped and killed in front of the Biography theater in Chicago.

Much has been written about Dillinger, giving him, according to crime experts, a false courage and cleverness. He had a sort of cheap wit which made him ask filling station attendants what they would do if John Dillinger appeared. Also, encountering a man wearing the same lodge emblem (Dillinger wore his hoping that it would help him out of scrapes), he introduced himself by his prison number in Indiana. But his wit never reached the point that Jesse James' did.

Dillinger lacked the brains of Homer Van Meter, who would pose as a government man and talk banking with bank executives. He was afraid of Baby Face Nelson. He took advice from John Hamilton.

With Dillinger's death the last of the famous gangs was wiped out. There is a rumor that John Hamilton is dead and was buried by the gang in an abandoned mine in the north.

LESTER (BABY FACE NELSON) GILLIS

Lester Gillis, who was afterward to be known throughout the nation as a kill-crazy, reckless desperado, displayed the same traits when he was a child. He was a rowdy braggart, cruel street urchin playing in the packing house district of Chicago. Even then he was a cop-hater and his favorite game was to pretend to be shooting the policemen.

Presently he was suspected of petty thefts. Young Lester boasted that the cops were hunting him. He joined a crowd of auto thieves, stealing cars for joy rides and then abandoning them. Then he grew girl-crazy and acquired the nickname of Baby Face. He began selling stolen autos for money to spend on the girls.

Captured, he was convicted and sent to the St. Charles School for Boys.

When he got out of the reformatory, Baby Face continued his career of crime. Next he was sent to the Illinois state prison at Joliet on a charge of bank robbery. He escaped. Then he drifted west to San Francisco and got mixed up with a bootlegging outfit. There he acquired his faithful friend and errand boy, John Paul Chase. To him Nelson, as he was now known, boasted of his bravery, of his exploits, of his ready money.

Nelson was going under the name of Jimmy Burnett. Outwardly he was boyish appearing with blue eyes, light hair and short stature. He had gone to Vallejo to a hospital run by an ex-safe blower. His wife, Helen Gillis, needed an operation. And he felt that Chase would come in handy.

Chase's first job was to drive east for the mother of Helen Gillis, alias Helen Nelson, Baby Face's wife. Following this task Baby Face, his wife, his mother-in-law and Chase all drove to Minneapolis where they

rented an apartment and Baby Face joined members of his old gang.

These were the men who were to join Dillinger when he escaped from the Crown Point, Indiana, jail. As soon as Dillinger was released there were two or three bank robbers. Eddie Green was in the crowd.

Then Nelson was accused of murdering Theodore W. Kidder, a Minneapolis citizen. Apparently Nelson had just felt murderous and killed Kidder for no reason.

Nelson, his wife, and their small baby, hurried away from Minneapolis. They raced to Bremerton, Washington, where the child was left with Helen's sister. Chase went along as chauffeur and general errand boy. The child was safely placed in the sister's custody and the group left. They hurried to Reno where Nelson had once been a gambler's chauffeur. Then Nelson had to hurriedly depart. It was reported that he had shot and killed a missing witness in a criminal case.

Nelson hurried to Chicago. Then with Dillinger and other members of the gang he went to a gang hide-out at Rhinelander, Wisconsin, in April of 1934. Special agents trailed Dillinger there and Baby Face killed Special Agent W. Carter Baum, making Nelson now an object of interest to the federal investigators.

Nelson went on the run, halting for an occasional bank robbery, including the looting of the Merchants National Bank at South Bend, Indiana. Then Dillinger was killed and Nelson was again in flight. He went to a Nevada lake resort. But officials were investigating at Reno so this was not safe. He fled east. Word passed along the special agents that he was expected at a resort near Chicago. Inspector Samuel Cowley of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Special Agent Herman Hollis went there to wait for him.

Nelson's car was spotted. The federal agents set out in pursuit. There was an exchange of gunfire and the water pump in the bandits' machine was hit. The federal car swerved and came back.

Hollis fired a shotgun, wounding Baby Face Nelson, who stumbled around to the rear of his car. John Paul Chase who was in the car, returned the fire. Meanwhile Helen Nelson was hiding in a ditch.

Inspector Cowley was fatally wounded. So was Hollis. Nelson staggered into the government car. Chase and Helen Nelson hastily drove him to the home of a friend. There he died. He was stripped of his clothing and his nude body was found by officials in a ditch.

CLYDE BARROW AND BONNIE PARKER

Clyde Champion Barrow, notorious bank robber and killer, and his gunwoman companion, Bonnie Parker, were killed by officials in ambush near Sailes, Bienville Parish, Louisiana, May 23, 1934, after one of the most colorful and spectacular manhunts in modern crime history. Barrow was then wanted for murder, robbery and on state charges of kidnapping.

Federal Bureau of Investigation became interested in Barrow and his moll late in December, 1932, when a stolen car was found abandoned near Jackson, Michigan. It had been driven from Pawhuska, Oklahoma. The car was traced to Clyde Barrow, Bonnie Parker, and Barrow's brother, L. C. Barrow. They were then wanted by federal officials for violating the Dyer Act. Official records showed that Clyde had been released from the Texas state prison, February 2, 1932, by a "general parole" and had no ostensible means of livelihood.

On May 20, 1933, the United States Commissioner of Dallas, Texas, issued a warrant against Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, charging them with transporting a stolen car across a state line. The federal officials by then had acquired a great deal of information about Barrow and his cigar-smoking girl friend. They continued to get more information, but not the Barrows.

When Buck Barrow, brother of Clyde, was released from the Texas state prison March 23, 1933, pardoned by the governor, he joined Clyde. Buck's long record of criminal activities began to grow, but he soon was shot to death by officials July 29, 1933, at Perry, Iowa.

Clyde and Bonnie escaped capture in more than one gun fight, the most spectacular being in Platte County, Missouri, July 19, 1933, when a bystander and a member of the gang were wounded. Barrow and Bonnie were traced to Iowa and engaged officers in a gun fight five days later. One of the officers and a member of the gang were wounded.

Scores of high caliber guns of all makes and descriptions were recovered in these raids. At one time, thirty-nine .45 caliber Colt automatic pistols and a number of automatic rifles were seized. Many of the pistols had been stolen from National Guard armories.

A trap was set by Dallas, Texas, officials November 22, 1933, near Grand Prairie, Texas, but Clyde and Bonnie escaped. They held up an attorney on the highway and took his car, which they abandoned at Miami, Oklahoma. December 21, 1933, Clyde and Bonnie robbed a Shreveport, Louisiana, citizen.

Then, January 16, 1934, five prisoners, including the notorious Raymond Hamilton who was serving sentences totaling more than 200 years, were liberated from the Eastham State Prison farm at Waldo, Texas, by Clyde and Bonnie. Two guards were shot by the escaping prisoners with automatics, which had been hidden in a ditch by Barrow. As the prisoners ran, Barrow covered their retreat with bursts of machine gun fire.

The Barrows continued their path of death. April 1, 1934, they encountered two young highway patrolmen near Grapevine, Texas. Before the officers could draw their guns they were shot down by Clyde and Bonnie. On April 6, 1934, a constable at Miami, Oklahoma, fell mortally wounded by Clyde and Bonnie, who also abducted and wounded a police chief.

Among other crimes charged against these two were the murder of two officers at Joplin, Missouri, in April of 1933; the kidnapping of a man and woman at Hico, Louisiana; the murder of a man at Hillsboro, Texas; murder of a sheriff at Stringtown, Oklahoma; kidnapping of a deputy at Carlsbad, New Mexico; attempt to murder a deputy at Wharton, Texas; stealing of an automobile at Victoria, Texas; murder and robbery at Sherman, Texas; murder at Dallas, Texas; abduction of the sheriff and chief of police at Wellington, Texas; murder at Joplin, Missouri, and murder at Columbia, Missouri.

By April 13, 1934, the federal agents had traced a connection with the Methvin family living near Sailes, Louisiana. Clyde and Bonnie had been there frequently. The activities of the Methvins were watched. On May 23, 1934, officials learned that Clyde and Bonnie were driving to Sailes. The officers concealed themselves in bushes along the highway before dawn. During the early daylight hours, Bonnie and Clyde appeared. The officials opened fire on them and both were killed.

THE KYLE-CRETZER GANG

On March 29, 1937, the Rose City Branch of the First National Bank, Portland, Oregon, was robbed of $18,195 in currency by three men, who made their getaway in a 1937 Ford sedan, later determined to have been stolen in Portland two days before the bank robbery.

Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice, cooperating with the Portland police department, learned that a man named James D. Courey had parked an automobile in a Portland garage about thirty minutes prior to the bank robbery, and had returned for his car at 7:30 p. m. on the evening of the day the bank was robbed.

Special Agents of the Los Angeles Field Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, cooperating with the Los Angeles Police Department, located this automobile in a garage in Los Angeles, and on April 6, 1937, as the result of a surveillance maintained at this garage and of all persons frequenting it, Special Agents apprehended John Oscar Hetzer, alias Paul Parker, age 26, who at the time of his apprehension was driving an automobile owned by James D. Courey. After extensive questioning by special agents, Hetzer admitted his participation in the robbery of the Rose City Branch of the First National Bank, Portland, Oregon, and implicated his brother-in-law, James D. Courey, alias Muller and a man named Shorty McKay. At the time of the arrest of Hetzer federal agents recovered $7,189, which was identified as part of the loot from the Rose City Branch of the First National Bank of Portland, Oregon.

Continuing the investigation, the Federal Bureau of Investigation discovered that Courey was registered at the Stuart Hotel, Los Angeles, California, under the name of James Hilare. Special Agents knocked on the door of his room, identifying themselves as Federal officers and demanding admission, which was refused. Before the door could be forced open, Courey committed suicide by shooting himself. It was subsequently determined that Courey had a safe deposit box in one of the local banks in Los Angeles, and on April 9, 1937, this was entered by means of a search warrant, and Special Agents found therein $2,303, $1,000 of which was contained in two packages bearing the stamp of the Rose City Branch of the First National Bank, Portland, Oregon. This brought the total amount of the loot from this bank recovered by Special Agents to $9,492.

After his death the fingerprints of Courey were forwarded to the Identification Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington, D.C., where they were positively identified as the fingerprints of Milto David Hartman, age 24, who had a previous criminal record in the State of California. The investigation by the Federal Bureau of Investigation disclosed the fact that Hartman, alias Courey, had participated in the robberies of the following banks:

Rose City Branch, First National Bank, Portland, Oregon, robbed March 29, 1937; Union Avenue Branch of the United States National Bank, Portland, Oregon, robbed January 31, 1935; the same bank robbed on March 7, 1933, when it was operated as the Union State Bank; Broadway Branch of the Seattle First National Bank, Seattle, Washington, robbed July 27, 1936; Bank of America, National Trust and Savings Association, Melrose and Bronson Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed March 2, 1936; Bank of America, National Trust and Savings Association, Western and Melrose Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed July 5, 1934; Bank of America, National Trust and Savings Association, Vineyard and Washington Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed January 24, 1936; Seaboard National Bank, Wilshire and Vermont Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed July 1, 1936; Security First National Bank, Ambassador Hotel Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed November 29, 1935; Bank of America, National Trust and Savings Association, Sunset-Clark Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed January 28, 1937; 40th and Piedmont Branch of the American Trust Company, Oakland, California, robbed January 23, 1936.

Hetzer was unable to give any information relative to the individual known by him as Shorty McKay, but with that alias to go by the Federal Bureau of Investigation identified Shorty McKay as Arnold Thomas Kyle, who was subsequently named as the third bandit who participated in the robbery of the Rose City Branch of the First National Bank, Portland, Oregon. On April 7, 1937, a complaint was filed before a United States Commissioner at Portland, Oregon, charging John Oscar Hetzer and Arnold Thomas Kyle with the robbery of that bank. Hetzer was in-

dicted by the Federal Grand Jury at Portland, Oregon, on May 20, 1937, and on May 26, 1937, was sentenced on a plea of guilty to serve twenty years in a Federal penitentiary, and was fined $11,000 for his participation in the robbery of the Rose City Branch of the First National Bank of Portland, Oregon.

Investigation as to the background and associates of Arnold Thomas Kyle showed that he was a constant associate of his brother-in-law, Joseph Paul Cretzer, age 27, and the finger-print records of the Federal Bureau of Investigation revealed lengthy criminal records for both Cretzer and Kyle, and further investigation by Special Agents resulted in the identification of Arnold Thomas Kyle as having also participated in the robbery of the following banks:

Seaboard National Bank, Wilshire and Vermont Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed July 1, 1936; Bank of America, National Trust and Savings Association, Melrose and Bronson Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed March 2, 1936; 40th and Piedmont Branch of the American Trust Company, Oakland, California, robbed January 23, 1936; Bank of America, National Trust and Savings Association, Vineyard and Washington Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed January 24, 1936; Security First National Bank of Los Angeles, Ambassador Hotel Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed November 29, 1935.

A memorandum sent the writer by J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation says that it was also determined that Joseph Paul Cretzer had participated in the robbery of the following banks: Broadway Branch of the Seattle First National Bank, Seattle, Washington, robbed July 27, 1936; Seaboard National Bank, Wilshire and Vermont Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed July 1, 1936; United States National Bank, Branch 30, Portland, Oregon, robbed January 31, 1935; Bank of America, National Trust and Savings Association, Vineyard and Washington Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed January 24, 1936; Security First National Bank, Ambassador Hotel Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed November 29, 1935; 40th and Piedmont Branch of the American Trust Company, Oakland, California, robbed January 23, 1936.

On April 28, 1937, an indictment was returned by the Federal Grand Jury at Los Angeles, California, charging Cretzer and Kyle with the robbery of the Bank of America, National Trust and Savings Association, Melrose and Bronson Branch, Los Angeles, California, robbed March 2, 1936. There are also other indictments and complaints outstanding against these individuals.

Subsequent to the discovery of the identities of Cretzer and Kyle, an intensive search was instituted by the Federal Bureau of Investigation for these two men, the remaining members of what was probably one of the best organized gangs of bank robbers this country has known.

During the course of the investigation, on May 3, 1937, two men entered the El Rio garage at Las Vegas, Nevada, and at the point of revolvers robbed a customer of $30 and obtained $6 from the cash register in the garage, and after taping and binding the customer, the garage attendant and his girl companion, escaped in a 1937 Pontiac sedan, which had been stored in the garage by a patron. The two men then drove this car from Las Vegas, Nevada, to Saint George, Utah, and Cedar, Utah, evading police blockades at both places and finally abandoned the stolen automobile at Wendover, Nevada. Arnold Thomas Kyle has been identified as one of the two bandits.

Arnold Thomas Kyle is 28 years of age, married and formerly the operator of a truck line between Hollywood, California, and Phoenix, Arizona. His criminal record in the Identification Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation reveals that he was first arrested at Miles City, Montana, in 1924, on a charge of burglary for which he received a two

year sentence. This arrest is unsupported by fingerprints. On June 4, 1930, Kyle was arrested by the police department at The Dalles, Oregon, for carrying a concealed weapon and on that same date was turned over to the sheriff's office at Portland, Oregon. On June 16, 1930, he was released to the United States marshal at Portland, Oregon, and was sentenced to serve eight months in a federal penitentiary for violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act. On June 8, 1931, he was arrested by the police department at Los Angeles, California, as a suspect on a burglary and robbery charge. The robbery charge was dismissed and he was sentenced to from five years to life in the state prison at San Quentin, California, on the burglary charge on August 13, 1931. He was received in the state prison at San Quentin, California, on August 22, 1931, and was released on parole on September 7, 1935. Since the time of his release it is known that he has engaged in at least six bank robberies and the theft of an automobile.

Joseph Paul Cretzer is 27 years of age, a native of Colorado, and is married to the sister of Arnold Thomas Kyle. Cretzer has a long criminal record dating back to August 20, 1927, when he was arrested by the police department at Colorado Springs, Colorado, on a charge of automobile theft. In connection with one arrest he was committed to the Boys' Industrial School in Colorado on September 30, 1927, but later escaped from that institution.

Kyle and Cretzer, who had been living in luxury and posing as honest businessmen in Los Angeles during the period of time they had been engaged in the perpetration of various bank robberies, fled from that city at the time Hartman, alias Courey, committed suicide as he was about to be apprehended, and an intensive search looking to their location and apprehension has been conducted by the Federal Bureau of Investigation since that time.

An Identification Order was issued for Joseph Paul Cretzer by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on July 27, 1937. An Identification Order was issued for Arnold Thomas Kyle on August 7, 1937, and on November 23, 1937, a wanted circular was issued for these two individuals. Each of the Identification Orders and the wanted circular has been widely distributed throughout the entire country.

HUNT-GANT GANG

The most notorious band of criminals operating in the southern part of the United States had its origin in the Everglades of Florida, and has been publicized as the Hunt-Gant gang, led by Alva Dewey Hunt and Hugh Gant. Both Hunt and Gant are actively sought in a nation-wide investigation being conducted by Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice for bank robberies perpetrated by them in Florida and Alabama. A reward of $1,000 was announced on July 27, 1937, for information furnished the F.B.I. resulting in the apprehension of Hunt and Gant or $500 for information resulting in the apprehension of either Hunt or Gant, according to a memorandum sent the writer by J. Edgar Hoover, director.

Hugh Gant and Alva Dewey Hunt are brothers-in-law and for years have been members of a band of dangerous criminals operating in Florida and adjoining states. This gang first began operations in about 1920. Apparently the leader up until 1933 was Riley Gant, the older brother of Hugh Gant. Riley Gant was shot and killed in August, 1933, while attempting to rob a store at Penny Farms, Florida. In the early days the gang specialized in auto thefts, stealing automobiles, changing motor and serial numbers, making out fictitious title papers and arranging with fences to dispose of the automobiles. They also engaged extensively in post office robberies and burglaries as well as other robberies and thefts,

Alva Dewey Hunt was born November 23, 1898, in the State of Florida, the exact location being unknown; however, his place of birth is thought to be Bushnell, Florida, inasmuch as the Hunt family seemed to have been well established there over a long period of years. Hunt began his criminal history with an arrest on February 19, 1924, by the police department at Jacksonville, Florida on a charge of auto theft. He was last arrested by the sheriff's office, Orlando, Forida, on April 2, 1932, on a charge of breaking and entering and grand larceny. Hunt was released pending appeal from a conviction in connection with this charge and forfeited bail. Alva Dewey Hunt was also convicted on a charge of violating the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act and sentenced to one year and one day in the U.S. Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia. This sentence expired on February 5, 1931.

Hugh Gant was born at Webster, Florida, January 2, 1900, and he began his criminal career with an arrest by the police department, Tampa, Florida, on November 4, 1927, being charged with auto theft. Hugh Gant was last arrested on September 6, 1933, on a charge of auto theft and post office robbery and escaped the same day. In recent years, the gang apparently has turned to bank robbery as a more lucrative profession. Gant and Hunt began their bank robbery activities on February 28, 1935, when the Haines City, Florida, State Bank was robbed of more than $4,000. Both Hunt and Gant have been identified in connection with this robbery. On May 3, 1935, Hunt and Gant broke into a warehouse at St. Petersburg, Florida, and stole a 1935 Buick sedan which they used as a getaway car in the robbery of the Bowling Green, Florida, State Bank on May 17, 1935. On August 1, 1935, Hunt and Gant stole a Ford coach, St. Augustine, Florida, and a few days later robbed a State Bank at Mulberry, Florida. A state warrant has been issued for the arrest of Gant in connection with the St. Cloud bank robbery.

The Dixie County State Bank at Cross City, Florida, was robbed on January 14, 1936, and during the robbery the cashier and a customer were struck over the head with pistols and slightly injured. More than $4,000 was obtained by the bandits who made their getaway in a stolen car. A posse gave chase. About midnight of the same day, the bandits were encountered, shots were fired, but no injuries were inflicted. During the getaway the bandits held up two young men driving a Ford sedan and took their automobile from them, after they had struck one of the men over the head with the butt of a pistol and injured him. This bank was insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, and the robbery became the subject of investigation by the F.B.I. Hugh Gant and Alva Dewey Hunt were subsequently identified as two of the four bandits who perpetrated this robbery.

At the time of this robbery, Gant was the subject of another investigation by the F.B.I. involving a violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act. An indictment was returned against him for this offense by the federal grand jury at Mobile, Alabama, on September 17, 1932, under the name of Harry A. Smith.

Gant and Hunt were indicted on December 16, 1936, by the federal grand jury at Gainesville, Florida, charging them with the above bank robbery.

On March 3, 1936, the Columbia Bank at Ybor City, Florida, was robbed by four or five bandits, who obtained approximately $30,459.81. Gant and Hunt were tentatively identified as two of the robbers. On April 4, 1936, Hunt and Gant stole a 1935 Oldsmobile sedan at Bainbridge, Georgia, which they later used in robbing the Farmers and Merchants Bank at Foley, Alabama, June 2, 1936, of $7,242.31. An indictment has also been returned to the federal grand jury at Mobile, Alabama, on September 23, 1936, charging them with this robbery, as this bank was insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

Of the two, Hunt is much the bolder. He makes his friends easily and it has been observed that many of the persons contacted in the course of this investigation advised that it is through fear that Gant is protected while Hunt receives their protection because of their liking for him. He is reputedly good natured, well-mannered and dresses nicely and has an outward air of respectability. Hunt has an uncontrollable desire for women and has had numerous paramours in the past few years who accompany him on his many travels. He is a heavy drinker and spends his money freely. Hunt at one time owned a garage at Los Angeles, California.

IRVING CHARLES CHAPMAN

The First National Bank of Atlanta, Texas, was robbed on August 31, 1936, by Irving Charles Chapman, Louis Sadler and Hugh Lindsey. One thousand nine hundred twenty-eight dollars was obtained by the bandits in the robbery, during the course of which the burglar alarm was sounded and citizens arriving at the bank engaged in a gun battle with the bandits in which Chapman was shot down and captured near the entrance to the bank. Lindsey was captured after an exchange of gunfire in which four innocent bystanders were wounded, and Sadler escaped, but was later apprehended.

Chapman, Lindsey and Sadler were later convicted in State Court at Linden, Texas, for this robbery and sentenced to serve sixty, seventy-five and twenty-five years, respectively, in the State Penitentiary. On November 28, 1936, Chapman was removed from the State Penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas, to Red River County, Texas, and sentenced to serve twenty-five years on a charge of kidnapping. He was subsequently returned to the State Penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas, and was transferred to the Eastham State Prison Farm near Weldon, Texas.

On the morning of July 8, 1937, nine prisoners at the Eastham State Prison Farm made a break for freedom armed with two rifles which they had obtained in some unknown manner. A guard was wounded and J. D. Reed, serving a sentence of five years for stealing chickens, was killed during the break. Four of the prisoners were recaptured shortly thereafter, but Chapman accompanied by Roy P. Traxler, a notorious Oklahoma outlaw, and Fred Tindol, who at that time was serving a sentence of life imprisonment for robbery with firearms, successfully eluded capture, appearing at the home of a farmer near the prison farm. The farmer endeavored to prevent them from obtaining his automobile and was shot and wounded by the desperadoes, who compelled him to go with them, holding him as a hostage for a short time.

The outlaws later held up the city marshal of Trinity, Texas, took his automobile from him, and proceeded to Alto, Texas. Upon arrival there, they parked the car taken from the city marshal by the side of the road. Three Texas Highway Patrolmen seeing the city marshal's car, stopped, were held up by Traxler, Chapman and Tindol and their automobile was taken from them. The three outlaws then made their escape in the patrol car.

The chase leading to the capture of Chapman, Traxler and Tindol led over a large portion of the states of Oklahoma and Texas, and was engaged in by a large number of law enforcement officers, including Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice, according to information issued by J. Edgar Hoover.

On July 15, 1937, the outlaws appeared near Ada, Oklahoma, and kidnapped Baird Markham, Jr., who was transported to a point near Sapulpa, Oklahoma, where he was released, but his automobile taken by the bandits. The chase continued, the outlaws appearing at different places in Oklahoma, and on July 21, 1937, Traxler and Tindol held up two citizens at Kingston, Oklahoma, commandeered their automobile and took

the citizens with them as hostages. While Traxler and Tindol were riding with the hostages, they succumbed to exhaustion from the rigors of their flight. Their hostages took advantage of the opportunity and shot and killed Tindol and wounded Traxler. It was determined that Chapman had separated from Traxler and Tindol during the course of their mad flight and thus evaded capture.

The robbery of the First National Bank, Atlanta, Texas, was a crime within the investigative jurisdiction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and indictments had been returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Tyler, Texas, on October 9, 1936, charging Chapman and others with that robbery. He was also indicted by a Federal Grand Jury at Beaumont, Texas, on March 19, 1937, for a previous robbery of that bank, which occurred on June 6, 1934. Another indictment was returned against him by a Federal Grand Jury at Shreveport, Louisiana, February 21, 1933, for a violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act.

Irving Charles Chapman was born on December 29, 1898, at Philadelphia, Mississippi, has a criminal record dating back to 1931, and has a reputation of being one of the most clever and dangerous bank robbers who have operated in this country. He first came to the attention of the Federal Bureau of Investigation during the course of an investigation of a violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act in 1932, at which time Chapman was a fugitive from justice and with two others had escaped from the Caddo Parish jail, Shreveport, Louisiana, by sawing the bars of a cell and using a rope made of mattress covers to lower themselves from the eighth story of the jail. At the time of this escape, Chapman was serving a sentence of from nine to fourteen years for bank robbery. He was next arrested by the police department at Little Rock, Arkansas, on March 18, 1933, on a charge of bank robbery; was released to the sheriff's office at El Dorado, Arkansas, and freed on $6,000 bond pending the trial of his case. The bond was forfeited on June 7, 1933. Prior to Chapman's incarceration in the Caddo Parish jail, he had been arrested on four occasions; twice on charges of highway robbery; once on a charge of assault to kidnap, and once for carrying concealed weapons and hi-jacking. Subsequent to the forfeiture of his bail on June 7, 1933, Chapman was arrested by the sheriff's office at Gulfport, Mississippi, on a charge of bank robbery, grand larceny and burglary on October 20, 1934 and was sentenced to serve fifteen years in the State Penitentiary. He was released to the sheriff's office at El Dorado, Arkansas, on December 4, 1934, and received an additional fifteen-year sentence for bank robbery, at which time he was returned to the State Penitentiary at Tucker, Arkansas, from which he escaped on August 25, 1936. He was next apprehended at the time of the robbery of the First National Bank at Atlanta, Texas, on August 31, 1936.

Subsequent to the escape from the Eastham State Prison Farm, at which place a federal detainer had been placed against Chapman, an intensive investigation was instituted by the Federal Bureau of Investigation looking to the apprehension of Chapman, and on September 8, 1937, an identification order was issued which was distributed throughout the entire country.

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Common Sense

Thomas Paine

TEN CENT POCKET SERIES NO. 50
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Common Sense

Thomas Paine

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
GIRARD, KANSAS

EXPLANATORY NOTICE.*

The North American Republic consists of twenty-four regularly organized States, and an immense extent of territory not yet formed into States, which, with the exception of some mountain ridges, is wholly susceptible of cultivation. It contains upwards of two millions of square miles, and is therefore thirteen times as large as France, twenty-three times as large as England, and would, were it peopled as densely as these countries, contain FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE. It is watered on its eastern, western, and part of its southern sides by the ocean, and on part of its northern frontier by immense lakes. It is intersected in

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*This clear and concise statement of the origin of the American war for independence is from an edition of Common Sense published in 1848 by J. Watson, 3 Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, London. At that time the English publishers were permitted to print Paine's political writings unmutilated, as they now appear, without molestation by the government: but the early editions of both Common Sense and the Rights of Man were issued in a very imperfect form to avoid prosecution; all adverse criticism of the king or parliament, of tyrants and tyranny, being sternly suppressed. The vacant lines in the pages of the edition of Common Sense published by J. Almon, opposite Burlington-house in Piccadilly, 1776, and the many suppressed passages in the Rights of Man published by H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-Row, 1792, of J. S. Jordon, 166 Fleet-street, 1791, and many others, are all mute yet eloquent witnesses of the injustice and tyranny exercised by the British government in the 18th century.—Am. Pub.

all directions by magnificent rivers, and has more facilities for water conveyance than any other continental country; it abounds in mines and minerals, and produces everything necessary for the sustenance and enjoyment of mankind.

The population of the United States has been several times doubled in periods of less than twenty-five years, it now contains upwards of twelve millions of people, and bids fair at no very distant period to be more populous and powerful than any nation ever was.

Such is the present state, and such the prospects of a nation originally settled by men who either fled from religious intolerance and persecution to seek peace in the wilderness—by men whose notions of liberty were too high to permit them to endure the tyranny they were subjected to at home,—or by men who sought their fortunes as commercial speculators or cultivators of the land. From Britons thus circumstanced has sprung a people who have increased in number, wealth, and intelligence with a rapidity of which history furnishes no parallel.

From the time that the commerce of the North American Colonies became worth the notice of the British Government, it was put under the most pernicious and absurd restraints, for the supposed advantage of the mother country, and laws were occasionally passed here to regulate their internal affairs.

In the war which preceded the peace of 1762, the Colonists took a very decided part, and greatly contributed to the conquests made from

the French. Canada, which had been taken from that people, was retained by the British, and Florida was ceded to us by Spain. Thus secured from attack by foreign neighbors, Great Britain and her Colonies were more than ever attached to each other. The Americans were proud of the land of their ancestors and gloried in their descent from Englishmen. This state of harmony was, however, of short duration. The unexampled expenses of war required additional taxes to a large amount, and the difficulty this occasioned led the government in 1764 seriously to contemplate the levying of taxes in the colonies. This was objected to by the colonists, unless they were permitted to send representatives to the British Parliament; to this the government would not consent, and a dispute commenced which ended in the separation of the two countries.

Some at least if not all the colonies contended that they possessed every legislative power not surrendered by compact: whilst in Britain it was contended on the part of the government that "Parliament possessed the power of binding them in all cases whatever."

The dispute became serious, but so contemptible was the power of the colonists considered in the eyes of the English government that in a debate in the House of Commons General Grant, who should have known better, declared that "with five regiments of infantry he would undertake to traverse the whole country and drive the inhabitants from one end of it to the other." This contempt was not only entertained by the government and its adher-

ents, but by the people, who were eager to compel their American brethren to submission by force of arms, against which the voice of a few wise men was of no avail. The colonists continuing to refuse the unconditional submission demanded, recourse was had to arms, and on the night of the 18th of April, 1775, they were attacked by the king's troops at Lexington, and here the first American blood was spilt by their English brethren. The Americans repelled the aggression, appointed GEORGE WASHINGTON Commander-in-chief, and a desultory civil war desolated the colonies. The people were undecided in opinion, some were for submission, and others who deprecated the conduct of government, and publicly declared their detestation, disapproved of resistance as useless, and few were disposed to risk their lives and property in a contest of which none appeared able to foretell the consequences. The doctrine of independence was a novelty hitherto but slightly advocated by its friends, and they, from the want of numbers and the timidity always attendant on newly-started notions, were looked upon as rash and dangerous, or teacherous and designing men, more deserving of suspicion and censure than of applause and imitation.

It was in this crisis, this interval between fear and principle, that Thomas Paine, then unknown as a public character, published the pamphlet Common Sense.* Taking a broader

*"At the close of the year 1775," says Calvin Blanchard in his Life of Paine, "when the American Revolution had progressed as far as the

and longer view than his contemporaries, seeing the inevitable consequence of submission,

---

battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, John Adams, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington, had met together to read the terrible dispatches they had received. Having done which, they pause in gloom and silence. Presently Franklin speaks: 'What, he asks, 'is to be the end of all this? Is it to obtain justice of Great Britain, to change the ministry, to soften a tax? Or is it for'—— He paused; the word independence yet choked the bravest throat that sought to utter it.

"At this critical moment, Paine enters. Franklin introduces him, and he takes his seat. He well knows the cause of the prevailing gloom, and breaks the deep silence thus: 'These States of America must be independent of England. That is the only solution of this question!' They all rise to their feet at this political blasphemy. But, nothing daunted, he goes on; his eye lights up with patriotic fire as he paints the glorious destiny which America, considering her vast resources, ought to achieve, and adjures them to lend their influence to rescue the Western Continent from the absurd, unnatural, and unprogressive predicament of being governed by a small island, three thousand miles off. Washington leaped forward, and taking both his hands, besought him to publish these views in a book.

"Paine went to his room, seized his pen, lost sight of every other object, toiled incessantly, and in December, 1775, the work entitled Common Sense, which caused the Declaration of Independence, and brought both people and their leaders face to face with the work they had to accomplish, was sent forth on its mission. 'That book,' says Dr. Rush, 'burst forth from the press with an effect that has been rarely produced by types and paper, in any age or country.'

"'Have you seen the pamphlet, Common Sense?' asked Major General Lee, in a letter to Washington: 'I never saw such a masterly, irresistible

the probable result of a declaration of independence, correctly appreciating the reasons which could be urged on either side, and pre-eminently possessing the power of clearly stating what he strongly conceived, he addressed himself to the Americans in language which every one could understand, and none could successfully controvert. This remarkable and inestimable production may be described from the anathemas of the enemies of liberty. It has received the highest possible praise from the pen of Cheetham, one of Thomas Paine's most venal and shameless calumniators, who thus characterizes the work:

"This pamphlet of forty-seven octavo pages, holding out relief by proposing INDEPENDENCE to an oppressed and despairing people, was published in January, 1776. Speaking a langauge which the colonists had felt, but not thought, its popularity, terrible in its consequences to the mother country, was unexampled in the history of the press. At first involving the colonists, it was thought, in the crime of rebellion, and pointing to a road leading inevitably to ruin, it was read with alarm and indignation, but when the reader (and

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performance. It will, if I mistake not, in concurrence with the transcendent folly and wickedness of the ministry, give the coup-de-grace to Great Britain. In short, I own myself convinced by the arguments, of the necessity of separation.'

"The tribute of Paine's greatest enemy was in these words: 'The cannon of Washington was not more formidable to the British than the pen of the author of Common Sense.' "—Am. Pub.

everybody read it), recovering from the first shock, re-perused it, its arguments, ravishing his feelings and appealing to his pride, reanimated his hopes and satisfied his understanding, that *Common Sense*, backed by the resources and force of the colonies, poor and feeble as they were, could alone rescue them from the unqualified oppression with which they were threatened. The unknown author, in the moments of enthusiasm which succeeded, was hailed as an angel sent from heaven to save from all the horrors of slavery, by his timely, powerful, and unerring councils, a faithful but abused,—a brave but misrepresented people.

"When *Common Sense* arrived at Albany, the Convention of New York was sitting there. General Scott, a leading member, alarmed at the boldness and novelty of its arguments, mentioned his fears to several of his distinguished colleagues, and suggested a private meeting in the evening, for the purpose of writing an answer. They accordingly met, and Mr. McThesson read the pamphlet through. At first it was deemed necessary and expedient to answer it without delay, but casting about for the requisite arguments, they concluded to adjourn and meet again. In a few evenings they re-assembled, but so rapid was the change of opinion in the colonies at large in favor of independence, that they agreed not to oppose it."

Dr. Gordon in his *History of the American Revolution* writes thus, "The publications which have appeared have greatly promoted the spirit

of independence, but no one so much as the pamphlet under the signature of *Common Sense*, written by Thomas Paine, an Englishman. Nothing could have been better timed* than this performance—it has produced astonishing efects."

Testimonies of this sort from friends and enemies could easily be multiplied, and proofs almost without end could be adduced to show how much the cause of mankind was promoted by Thomas Paine in thus assisting to lay the foundation of the American Republic,—the example of which will in time be followed by every people on the earth.

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*"Paine was the first to advise the Americans to assert their independence," says Richard Carlile in his Life of Paine. "This he did in his famous pamphlet, entitled Common Sense, which, for its consequences and rapid effect, was the most important production that ever issued from the press. This pamphlet appeared at the commencement of the year 1776, and electrified the minds of the oppressed Americans. They had not ventured to harbor the idea of independence, and they dreaded war so much as to be anxious for reconciliation with Britain. One incident which gave a stimulus to the pamphlet Common Sense was, that it happened to appear on the very day that the King of England's speech reached the United States, in which the Americans were denounced as rebels and traitors, and in which speech it was asserted to be the right of the legislature of England to bind the Colonies in all cases whatsoever! Such menace and assertion as this could not fail to kindle the ire of the Americans, and Common Sense came forward to touch their feelings with the spirit of independence in the very nick of time."—Am. Pub.

The principles maintained in *Common Sense* are applicable to all times, and to all mankind. They should be carefully studied by every one who is at all desirous to possess that information without which he must ever remain a slave at heart,†

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†Paine's own opinion of Common Sense may be inferred from the fact, that previous to his death he directed that his body should be interred on his farm at New Rochelle, and a plain stone placed over his grave bearing this inscription:

THOMAS PAINE,
AUTHOR OF
COMMON SENSE

COMMON SENSE.[1]

Thomas Paine.

INTRODUCTION.

PERHAPS the sentiments contained in the following pages, are not *yet* sufficiently fashionable to procure them general Favor; a long Habit of not thinking a Thing *wrong*, gives it a superficial appearance of being *right*, and raises at first a formidable outcry in defense of Custom. But the Tumult soon subsides. Time makes more Converts than Reason.

As a long and violent abuse of power is generally the means of calling the right of it in question (and in matters too which might never

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[1]This pamphlet, whose effect has never been paralleled in literary history, was published January 10, 1776, with the following title:

Common Sense: Addressed to the Inhabitants of America, on the following Interesting Subjects, viz.: I. Of the Origin and Design of Government in General; with Concise Remarks on the English Constitution. II. Of Monarchy and Hereditary Succession. III. Thoughts on the Present State of American Affairs. IV. Of the Present Ability of America; with some Miscellaneous Reflections.

Man knows no master save creating Heaven,
Or those whom choice and common good ordain.
—Thomson.

Philadelphia: Printed, and Sold, by R. Bell, in Third Street MDCCLXXVI.

have been thought of, had not the sufferers been aggravated into the inquiry,) and as the King of England hath undertaken in his *own right*, to support the Parliament in what he calls *Theirs*, and as the good People of this Country are grievously oppressed by the Combination, they have an undoubted privilege to enquire into the Pretensions of both, and equally to reject the Usurpation of *either*.

In the following Sheets, the Author hath studiously avoided every thing which is personal among ourselves. Compliments as well as censure to individuals make no part thereof. The wise and the worthy need not the triumph of a Pamphlet; and those whose sentiments are injudicious or unfriendly will cease of themselves, unless too much pains is bestowed upon their conversions.

The cause of America is in a great measure the cause of all mankind. Many circumstances have, and will arise, which are not local, but universal, and through which the principles of all lovers of mankind are affected, and in the event of which their affections are interested. The laying a country desolate with fire and sword, declaring war against the natural rights of all mankind, and extirpating the defenders thereof from the face of the earth, is the concern of every man to whom nature hath given the power of feeling; of which class, regardless of party censure, is

THE AUTHOR.

Postscript to Preface in the third edition.

P. S. The Publication of this new Edition hath been delayed, with a view of taking notice (had it been necessary) of any attempt to refute the Doctrine of Independence: As no answer hath yet appeared, it is now presumed that none will, the time needful for getting such a Performance ready for the Public being considerably past.

Who the Author of this Production is, is wholly unnecessary to the Public, as the Object for Attention is the *Doctrine itself*, not the *Man*. Yet it may not be unnecessary to say, That he is unconnected with any party, and under no sort of Influence, public or private, but the influence of reason and principle.

Philadelphia, February 14, 1776.

COMMON SENSE.

ON THE ORIGIN AND DESIGN OF GOVERNMENT IN GENERAL, WITH CONCISE REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

SOME writers have so confounded society with government, as to leave little or no distinction between them; whereas they are not only different, but have different origins. Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness; the former promotes our happiness *positively* by uniting our affections, the latter *negatively* by restraining our vices. The one encourages intercourse, the other creates distinctions. The first is a patron, the last a punisher.

Society in every state is a blessing, but Government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst state an intolerable one: for when we suffer, or are exposed to the same miseries *by a Government*, which we might expect in a country *without Government*, our calamity is heightened by reflecting that we furnish the means by which we suffer.. Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built upon the ruins of the bowers of paradise. For were the impulses of conscience clear, uniform and irresistibly obeyed, man would need no other lawgiver; but that not being the case, he finds

it necessary to surrender up a part of his property to furnish means for the protection of the rest; and this he is induced to do by the same prudence which in every other case advises him, out of two evils to choose the least. Wherefore, security being the true design and end of government, it unanswerably follows that whatever form thereof appears most likely to ensure it to us, with the least expense and greatest benefit, is preferable to all others.

In order to gain a clear and just idea of the design and end of government, let us suppose a small number of persons settled in some sequestered part of the earth, unconnected with the rest; they will then represent the first peopling of any country, or of the world. In this state of natural liberty, society will be their first thought. A thousand motives will excite them thereto; the strength of one man is so unequal to his wants, and his mind so unfitted for perpetual solitude, that he is soon obliged to seek assistance and relief of another, who in his turn requires the same. Four or five united would be able to raise a tolerable dwelling in the midst of a wilderness, but one man might labour out the common period of life without accomplishing any thing; when he had felled his timber he could not remove it, nor erect it after it was removed; hunger in the mean time would urge him to quit his work, and every different want would call him a different way. Disease, nay even misfortune, would be death; for though neither might be mortal, yet either would disable him from living, and reduce him to a state in which he

might rather be said to perish than to die.

Thus necessity, like a gravitating power, would soon form our newly arrived emigrants into society, the reciprocal blessings of which would supercede, and render the obligations of law and government unnecessary while they remained perfectly just to each other; but as nothing but Heaven is impregnable to vice, it will unavoidably happen that in proportion as they surmount the first difficulties of emigration, which bound them together in a common cause, they will begin to relax in their duty and attachment to each other: and this remissness will point out the necessity of establishing some form of government to supply the defect of moral virtue.

Some convenient tree will afford them a State House, under the branches of which the whole Colony may assemble to deliberate on public matters. It is more than probable that their first laws will have the title only of Regulations and be enforced by no other penalty than public disesteem. In this first parliament every man by natural right will have a seat.

But as the Colony encreases, the public concerns will encrease likewise, and the distance at which the members may be separated, will render it too inconvenient for all of them to meet on every occasion as at first, when their number was small, their habitations near, and the public concerns few and trifling. This will point out the convenience of their consenting to leave the legislative part to be managed by a select number chosen from the whole body, who are supposed to have the same con-

cerns at stake which those have who appointed them, and who will act in the same manner as the whole body would act were they present. If the colony continue encreasing, it will become necessary to augment the number of representatives, and that the interest of every part of the colony may be attended to, it will be found best to divide the whole into convenient parts, each part sending its proper number: and that the *elected* might never form to themselves an interest separate from the *electors*, prudence will point out the propriety of having elections often: because as the *elected* might by that means return and mix again with the general body of the *electors* in a few months, their fidelity to the public will be secured by the prudent reflection of not making a rod for themselves. And as this frequent interchange will establish a common interest with every part of the community, they will mutually and naturally support each other, and on this, (not on the unmeaning name of king,) depends the *strength of government, and the happiness of the governed.*

Here then is the origin and rise of government; namely, a mode rendered necessary by the inability of moral virtue to govern the world; here too is the design and end of government, viz. Freedom and security. And however our eyes may be dazzled with show, or our ears deceived by sound; however prejudice may warp our wills, or interest darken our understanding, the simple voice of nature and reason will say, 'tis right.

I draw my idea of the form of government

from a principle in nature which no art can overturn, viz. that the more simple any thing is, the less liable it is to be disordered, and the easier repaired when disordered; and with this maxim in view I offer a few remarks on the so much boasted constitution of England. That it was noble for the dark and slavish times in which it was erected, is granted. When the world was overrun with tyranny the least remove therefrom was a glorious rescue. But that it is imperfect, subject to convulsions, and incapable of producing what it seems to promise, is easily demonstrated.

Absolute governments, (tho' the disgrace of human nature) have this advantage with them, they are simple; if the people suffer, they know the head from which their suffering springs; know likewise the remedy; and are not bewildered by a variety of causes and cures. But the constitution of England is so exceedingly complex, that the nation may suffer for years together without being able to discover in which part the fault lies; some will say in one and some in another, and every political physician will advise a different medicine.

I know it is difficult to get over local or long standing prejudices, yet if we will suffer ourselves to examine the component parts of the English constitution, we shall find them to be the base remains of two ancient tyrannies, compounded with some new Republican materials.

First.—The remains of Monarchical tyranny in the person of the King.

Secondly.—The remains of Aristocratical tyranny in the persons of the Peers.

Thirdly.—The new Republican materials, in the persons of the Commons, on whose virtue depends the freedom of England.

The two first, by being hereditary, are independent of the People; wherefore in a *constitutional sense* they contribute nothing towards the freedom of the State.

To say that the constitution of England is an *union* of three powers, reciprocally *checking* each other, is farcical; either the words have no meaning, or they are flat contradictions.

To say that the Commons is a check upon the King, presupposes two things.

First.—That the King it not to be trusted without being looked after; or in other words, that a thirst for absolute power is the natural disease of monarchy.

Secondly—That the Commons, by being appointed for that purpose, are either wiser or more worthy of confidence than the Crown.

But as the same constitution which gives the Commons a power to check the King by withholding the supplies, gives afterwards the King a power to check the Commons, by empowering him to reject their other bills; it again supposes that the King is wiser than those whom it has already supposed to be wiser than him. A mere absurdity!

There is something exceedingly ridiculous in the composition of Monarchy; it first excludes a man from the means of information, yet empowers him to act in cases where the highest judgment is required. The state of a king shuts

him from the World, yet the business of a king requires him to know it thoroughly; wherefore the different parts, by unnaturally opposing and destroying each other, prove the whole character to be absurd and useless.

Some writers have explained the English constitution thus: the King, say they, is one, the people another; the Peers are a house in behalf of the King, the commons in behalf of the people; but this hath all the distinctions of a house divided against itself; and though the expressions be pleasantly arranged, yet when examined they appear idle and ambiguous; and it will always happen, that the nicest construction that words are capable of, when applied to the description of something which either cannot exist, or is too incomprehensible to be within the compass of description, will be words of sound only, and though they may amuse the ear, they cannot inform the mind: for this explanation includes a previous question, viz. *how came the king by a power which the people are afraid to trust, and always obliged to check?* Such a power could not be the gift of a wise people, neither can any power, *which needs checking*, be from God; yet the provision which the constitution makes supposes such a power to exist.

But the provision is unequal to the task; the means either cannot or will not accomplish the end, and the whole affair is a *Felo de se*: for as the greater weight will always carry up the less, and as all the wheels of a machine are put in motion by one, it only remains to know which power in the constitution has the

most weight, for that will govern: and tho' the others, or a part of them, may clog, or, as the phrase is, check the rapidity of its motion, yet so long as they cannot stop it, their endeavours will be ineffectual: The first moving power will at last have its way, and what it wants in speed is supplied by time.

That the crown is this overbearing part in the English constitution needs not be mentioned, and that it derives its whole consequence merely from being the giver of places and pensions is self-evident; wherefore, though we have been wise enough to shut and lock a door against absolute Monarchy, we at the same time have been foolish enough to put the Crown in possession of the key.

The prejudice of Englishmen, in favour of their own government, by King, Lords and Commons, arises as much or more from national pride than reason. Individuals are undoubtedly safer in England than in some other countries: but the will of the king is as much the law of the land in Britain as in France, with this difference, that instead of proceeding directly from his mouth, it is handed to the people under the formidable shape of an act of parliament. For the fate of Charles the First hath only made kings more subtle—not more just.

Wherefore, laying aside all national pride and prejudice in favour of modes and forms, the plain truth is that *it is wholly owing to the constitution of the people, and not to the constitution of the government* that the crown is not as oppressive in England as in Turkey.

An inquiry into the *constitutional errors* in

the English form of government, is at this time highly necessary; for as we are never in a proper condition of doing justice to others, while we continue under the influence of some leading partiality, so neither are we capable of doing it to ourselves while we remain fettered by any obstinate prejudice. And as a man who is attached to a prostitute is unfitted to choose or judge of a wife, so any prepossession in favour of a rotten constitution of government will disable us from discerning a good one.

OF MONARCHY AND HEREDITARY SUCCESSION.

MANKIND being originally equals in the order of creation, the equality could only be destroyed by some subsequent circumstance: the distinctions of rich and poor may in a great measure be accounted for, and that without having recourse to the harsh ill-sounding names of oppression and avarice. Oppression is often the *consequence*, but seldom or never the *means* of riches; and tho' avarice will preserve a man from being necessitously poor, it generally makes him too timorous to be wealthy.

But there is another and great distinction for which no truly natural or religious reason can be assigned, and that is the distinction of men into KINGS and SUBJECTS. Male and female are the distinctions of nature, good and bad the distinctions of Heaven; but how a race of men came into the world so exalted above the rest, and distinguished like some new species, is worth inquiring into, and whether they are the means of happiness or of misery to mankind.

In the early ages of the world, according to the scripture chronology there were no kings; the consequence of which was, there were no wars; it is the pride of kings which throws mankind into confusion. Holland, without a king hath enjoyed more peace for this last century than any of the monarchical governments in Europe. Antiquity favours the same remark; for the quiet and rural lives of the first Patriarchs have a snappy something in them, which vanishes when we come to the history of Jewish royalty.

Government by kings was first introduced into the world by the Heathens, from whom the children of Israel copied the custom. It was the most prosperous invention the Devil ever set on foot for the promotion of idolatry. The Heathens paid divine honours to their deceased kings, and the Christian World hath improved on the plan by doing the same to their living ones. How impious is the title of sacred Majesty applied to a worm, who in the midst of his splendor is crumbling into dust!

As the exalting one man so greatly above the rest cannot be justified on the equal rights of nature, so neither can it be defended on the authority of scripture; for the will of the Almighty as declared by Gideon, and the prophet Samuel, expressly disapproves of government by Kings. All anti-monarchical parts of scripture, have been very smoothly glossed over in monarchical governments, but they undoubtedly merit the attention of countries which have their governments yet to form. *Render unto Cesar the things which are Cesar's*, is the scrip-

ture doctrine of courts, yet it is no support of monarchical government, for the Jews at that time were without a king, and in a state of vassalage to the Romans.

Near three thousand years passed away, from the Mosaic account of the creation, till the Jews under a national delusion requested a king. Till then their form of government (except in extraordinary cases where the Almighty interposed) was a kind of Republic, administered by a judge and the elders of the tribes. Kings they had none, and it was held sinful to acknowledge any being under that title but the Lord of Hosts. And when a man seriously reflects on the idolatrous homage which is paid to the persons of kings, he need not wonder that the Almighty, ever jealous of his honour, should disapprove a form of government which so impiously invades the prerogative of Heaven.

Monarchy is ranked in scripture as one of the sins of the Jews, for which a curse in reserve is denounced against them. The history of that transaction is worth attending to.

The children of Israel being oppressed by the Midianites, Gideon marched against them with a small army, and victory thro' the divine interposition decided in his favour. The Jews, elate with success, and attributing it to the generalship of Gideon, proposed making him a king, saying, *Rule thou over us, thou and thy son, and thy son's son.* Here was temptation in its fullest extent; not a kingdom only, but an hereditary one; but Gideon in the piety of his soul replied, *I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you.* THE LORD SHALL

RULE OVER YOU. Words need not be more explicit: Gideon doth not decline the honour, but denieth their right to give it; neither doth he compliment them with invented declarations of his thanks, but in the positive style of a prophet charges them with disaffection to their proper Sovereign, the King of Heaven.

About one hundred and thirty years after this, they fell again into the same error. The hankering which the Jews had for the idolatrous customs of the Heathens, is something exceedingly unaccountable; but so it was, that laying hold of the misconduct of Samuel's two sons, who were intrusted with some secular concerns, they came in an abrupt and clamorous manner to Samuel, saying, *Behold thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways, now make us a king to judge us like all the other nations.* And here we cannot observe but that their motives were bad, viz. that they might be *like* unto other nations, i. e. the Heathens, whereas their true glory lay in being as much *unlike* them as possible. *But the thing displeased Samuel when they said, give us a King to judge us; and Samuel prayed unto the Lord, and the Lord said unto Samuel, hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee, for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me,* THAT I SHOULD NOT REIGN OVER THEM. *According to all the works which they have done since the day that I brought them up out of Egypt even unto this day, wherewith they have forsaken me, and served other Gods: so do they also unto thee. Now therefore hearken unto their voice, howbeit, protest sol-*

emnly unto them and show them the manner of the King that shall reign over them, i. e. not of any particular King, but the general manner of the Kings of the earth whom Israel was so eagerly copying after. And notwithstanding the great distance of time and difference of manners, the character is still in fashion. *And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people, that asked of him a King. And he said, This shall be the manner of the King that shall reign over you. He will take your sons and appoint them for himself for his chariots and to be his horsemen, and some shall run before his chariots* (this description agrees with the present mode of impressing men) *and he will appoint him captains over thousands and captains over fifties, will set them to ear his ground and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots, And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers* (this describes the expense and luxury as well as the oppression of Kings) *and he will take your fields and your vineyards, and your olive yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. And he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give them to his officers and to his servants* (by which we see that bribery, corruption, and favouritism, are the standing vices of Kings) *and he will take the tenth of your men servants, and your maid servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work: and he will take the tenth of your sheep, and ye shall be his servants, and ye shall*

cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen, AND THE LORD WILL NOT HEAR YOU IN THAT DAY. This accounts for the continuation of Monarchy; neither do the characters of the few good kings which have lived since, either sanctify the title, or blot out the sinfulness of the origin; the high encomium of David takes no notice of him *officially as a King*, but only as a *man* after God's own heart. *Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel, and they said, Nay, but we will have a king over us, that we may be like all the nations, and that our king may judge us, and go out before us and fight our battles.* Samuel continued to reason with them but to no purpose; he set before them their ingratitude, but all would not avail; and seeing them fully bent on their folly, he cried out, *I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain* (which was then a punishment, being in the time of wheat harvest) *that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great which ye have done in the sight of the Lord,* IN ASKING YOU A KING. *So Samuel called unto the Lord, and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day, and all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel. And all the people said unto Samuel, Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God that we die not, for* WE HAVE ADDED UNTO OUR SINS THIS EVIL, TO ASK A KING. These portions of scripture are direct and positive. They admit of no equivocal construction. That the Almighty hath here entered his protest against monarchical government is true, or the scripture is false. And a man hath good reason to

believe that there is as much of kingcraft as priestcraft in withholding the scripture from the public in popish countries. For monarchy in every instance is the popery of government.

To the evil of monarchy we have added that of hereditary succession; and as the first is a degradation and lessening of ourselves, so the second, claimed as a matter of right, is an insult and imposition on posterity. For all men being originally equals, no one by birth could have a right to set up his own family in perpetual preference to all others for ever, and tho' himself might deserve some decent degree of honours of his contemporaries, yet his descendants might be far too unworthy to inherit them. One of the strongest natural proofs of the folly of hereditary right in Kings, is that nature disapproves it, otherwise she would not so frequently turn it into ridicule, by giving mankind an *Ass for a Lion.*

Secondly, as no man at first could possess any other public honors than were bestowed upon him, so the givers of those honors could have no power to give away the right of posterity, and though they might say "We choose you for our head," they could not without manifest injustice to their children say "that your children and your children's children shall reign over ours forever." Because such an unwise, unjust, unnatural compact might (perhaps) in the next succession put them under the government of a rogue or a fool. Most wise men in their private sentiments have ever treated hereditary right with contempt; yet it is one of those evils which when once estab-

lished is not easily removed: many submit from fear, others from superstition, and the more powerful part shares with the king the plunder of the rest.

This is supposing the present race of kings in the world to have had an honorable origin: whereas it is more than probable, that, could we take off the dark covering of antiquity and trace them to their first rise, we should find the first of them nothing better than the principal ruffian of some restless gang, whose savage manners of pre-eminence in subtilty obtained him the title of chief among plunderers; and who by increasing in power and extending his depredations, overawed the quiet and defenseless to purchase their safety by frequent contributions. Yet his electors could have no idea of giving hereditary right to his descendants, because such a perpetual exclusion of themselves was incompatible with the free and restrained principles they professed to live by. Wherefore, hereditary succession in the early ages of monarchy could not take place as a matter of claim, but as something casual or complemental; but as few or no records were extant in those days, the traditionary history stuff'd with fables, it was very easy, after the lapse of a few generations, to trump up some superstitious tale conveniently timed, Mahomet-like, to cram hereditary right down the throats of the vulgar. Perhaps the disorders which threatened, or seemed to threaten, on the decease of a leader and the choice of a new one (for elections among ruffians could not be very orderly) induced many at first to favour heredi-

tary pretensions; by which means it happened, as it hath happened since, that what at first was submitted to as a convenience was afterwards claimed as a right.

England since the conquest hath known some few good monarchs, but groaned beneath a much larger number of bad ones: yet no man in his senses can say that their claim under William the Conqueror is a very honourable one. A French bastard landing with an armed Banditti and establishing himself king of England against the consent of the natives, is in plain terms a very paltry rascally original. It certainly hath no divinity in it. However it is needless to spend much time in exposing the folly of hereditary right; if there are any so weak as to believe it, let them promiscuously worship the Ass and the Lion, and welcome. I shall neither copy their humility, nor disturb their devotion.

Yet I should be glad to ask how they suppose kings came at first? The question admits but of three answers, viz. either by lot, by election, or by usurpation. If the first king was taken by lot, it establishes a precedent for the next, which excludes hereditary succession. Saul was by lot, yet the succession was not hereditary, neither does it appear from that transaction that there was any intention it ever should. If the first king of any country was by election, that likewise establishes a precedent for the next; for to say, that the right of all future generations is taken away, by the act of the first electors, in their choice not only of a king but of a family of kings for ever, hath no

parallel in or out of scripture but the doctrine of original sin, which supposes the free will of all men lost in Adam; and from such comparison, and it will admit of no other, hereditary succession can derive no glory. For as in Adam all sinned, and as in the first electors all men obeyed; as in the one all mankind were subjected to Satan, and in the other to sovereignty; as our innocence was lost in the first, and our authority in the last; and as both disable us from re-assuming some former state and privilege, it unanswerably follows that original sin and hereditary succession are parallels. Dishonourable rank! inglorious connection! yet the most subtle sophist cannot produce a juster simile.

As to usurpation, no man will be so hardy as to defend it; and that William the Conqueror was an usurper is a fact not to be contradicted. The plain truth is, that the antiquity of English monarchy will not bear looking into.

But it is not so much the absurdity as the evil of hereditary succession which concerns mankind. Did it ensure a race of good and wise men it would have the seal of divine authority, but as it opens a door to the *foolish*, the *wicked*, and the *improper*, it hath in it the nature of oppression. Men who look upon themselves born to reign, and others to obey, soon grow insolent. Selected from the rest of mankind, their minds are early poisoned by importance; and the world they act in differs so materially from the world at large, that they have but little opportunity of knowing its true interests, and when they succeed to the govern-

ment are frequently the most ignorant and unfit of any throughout the dominions.

Another evil which attends hereditary succession is, that the throne is subject to be possessed by a minor at any age; all which time the regency acting under the cover of a king have every opportunity and inducement to betray their trust. The same national misfortune happens when a king worn out with age and infirmity enters the last stage of human weakness. In both these cases the public becomes a prey to every miscreant who can tamper successfully with the follies either of age or infancy.

The most plausible plea which hath ever been offered in favor of hereditary succession is, that it preserves a nation from civil wars; and were this true, it would be weighty; whereas it is the most bare-faced falsity ever imposed upon mankind. The whole history of England disowns the fact. Thirty kings and two minors have reigned in that distracted kingdom since the conquest, in which time there has been (including the revolution) no less than eight civil wars and nineteen Rebellions. Wherefore instead of making for peace, it makes against it, and destroys the very foundation it seems to stand upon.

The contest for monarchy and succession, between the houses of York and Lancaster, laid England in a scene of blood for many years. Twelve pitched battles besides skirmishes and sieges were fought between Henry and Edward. Twice was Henry prisoner to Edward, who in his turn was prisoner to Henry. And so un-

certain is the fate of war and the temper of a nation, when nothing but personal matters are the ground of a quarrel, that Henry was taken in triumph from a prison to a palace, and Edward obliged to fly from a palace to a foreign land; yet, as sudden transitions of temper are seldom lasting, Henry in his turn was driven from the throne, and Edward re-called to succeed him. The parliament always following the strongest side.

This contest began in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and was not entirely extinguished till Henry the Seventh, in whom the families were united. Including a period of 67 years, viz. from 1422 to 1489.

In short, monarchy and succession have laid (not this or that kingdom only) but the world in blood and ashes. 'Tis a form of government which the word of God bears testimony against, and blood will attend it.

If we enquire into the business of a King, we shall find that in some countries they may have none; and after sauntering away their lives without pleasure to themselves or advantage to the nation, withdraw from the scene, and leave their successors to tread the same idle round. In absolute monarchies the whole weight of business civil and military lies on the King; the children of Israel in their request for a king urged this plea, "that he may judge us, and go out before us and fight our battles." But in countries where he is neither a Judge nor a General. as in England, a man would be puzzled to know what *is* his business.

The nearer any government approaches to a

Republic, the less business there is for a King. It is somewhat difficult to find a proper name for the government of England. Sir William Meredith calls it a Republic; but in its present state it is unworthy of the name, because the corrupt influence of the Crown, by having all the places in its disposal, hath so effectually swallowed up the power, and eaten out the virtue of the House of Commons (the Republican part in the constitution) that the government of England is nearly as monarchical as that of France or Spain. Men fall out with names without understanding them. For 'tis the Republican and not the Monarchical part of the Constitution of England which Englishmen glory in, viz. the liberty of choosing an House of Commons from out of their own body —and it is easy to see that when Republican virtues fail, slavery ensues. Why is the constitution of England sickly, but because monarchy hath poisoned the Republic; the Crown hath engrossed the Commons.

In England a King hath little more to do than to make war and give away places; which, in plain terms, is to empoverish the nation and set it together by the ears. A pretty business indeed for a man to be allowed eight hundred thousand sterling a year for, and worshipped into the bargain! Of more worth is one honest man to society, and in the sight of God, than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

In the following pages I offer nothing more than simple facts, plain arguments, and common sense: and have no other preliminaries to settle with the reader, than that he will divest himself of prejudice and prepossession, and suffer his reason and his feelings to determine for themselves: that he will put on, or rather that he will not put off, the true character of a man, and generously enlarge his views beyond the present day.

Volumes have been written on the subject of the struggle between England and America. Men of all ranks have embarked in the controversy, from different motives, and with various designs; but all have been ineffectual, and the period of debate is closed. Arms as the last resource decide the contest; the appeal was the choice of the King, and the Continent has accepted the challenge.

It hath been reported of the late Mr. Pelham (who tho' an able minister was not without his faults) that on his being attacked in the House of Commons on the score that his measures were only of a temporary kind, replied, "*they will last my time.*" Should a thought so fatal and unmanly possess the Colonies in the present contest, the name of ancestors will be

remembered by future generations with detestation.

The Sun never shined on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a City, a County, a Province, or a Kingdom; but of a Continent—of at least one-eighth part of the habitable Globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in the contest, and will be more or less affected even to the end of time, by the proceedings now. Now is the seed-time of Continental union, faith and honour. The least fracture now will be like a name engraved with the point of a pin on the tender rind of a young oak; the wound would enlarge with the tree, and posterity read in it full grown characters.

By referring the matter from argument to arms, a new era for politics is struck—a new method of thinking hath arisen. All plans, proposals, &c. prior to the nineteenth of April, *i. e.* to the commencement of hostilities,* are like the almanacks of the last year; which tho' proper then, are superceded and useless now. Whatever was advanced by the advocates on either side of the question then, terminated in one and the same point, viz. a union with Great Britain; the only difference between the parties was the method of effecting it; the one proposing force, the other friendship; but it hath so far happened that the first hath failed, and the second hath withdrawn her influence.

As much hath been said of the advantages of reconciliation, which, like an agreeable

*At Lexington, Massachusetts, 1775.—Editor.

dream, hath passed away and left us as we were, it is but right that we should examine the contrary side of the argument, and enquire into some of the many material injuries which these Colonies sustain, and always will sustain, by being connected with and dependant on Great Britain. To examine that connection and dependance, on the principles of nature and common sense, to see what we have to trust to, if separated, and what we are to expect, if dependant.

I have heard it asserted by some, that as America has flourished under her former connection with Great Britain, the same connection is necessary towards her future happiness, and will always have the same effect. Nothing can be more fallacious than this kind of argument. We may as well assert that because a child has thrived upon milk, that it is never to have meat, or that the first twenty years of our lives is to become a precedent for the next twenty. But even this is admitting more than is true; for I answer roundly that America would have flourished as much, and probably much more, had no European power taken any notice of her. The commerce by which she hath enriched herself are the necessaries of life, and will always have a market while eating is the custom of Europe.

But she has protected us, say some. That she hath engrossed us is true, and defended the Continent at our expense as well as her own, is admitted; and she would have defended Turkey from the same motive, *viz.* for the sake of trade and dominion.

Alas! we have been long led away by ancient prejudices and made large sacrifices to superstition. We have boasted the protection of Great Britain, without considering, that her motive was *interest* not *attachment;* and that she did not protect us from *our enemies* on *our account;* but from *her enemies* on *her own account*, from those who had no quarrel with us on any *other account*, and who will always be our enemies on the *same account.* Let Britain waive her pretensions to the Continent, or the Continent throw off the dependance, and we should be at peace with France and Spain, were they at war with Britain. The miseries of Hanover last war ought to warn us against connections.

It hath lately been asserted in parliament, that the Colonies have no relation to each other but through the Parent Country, *i. e.* that Pennsylvania and the Jerseys and so on for the rest, are sister Colonies by the way of England; this is certainly a very roundabout way of proving relationship, but it is the nearest and only true way of proving enmity (or enemyship, if I may so call it.) France and Spain never were, nor perhaps ever will be, our enemies as *Americans*, but as our being the *subjects of Great Britain.*

But Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families. Wherefore, the assertion, if true, turns to her reproach; but it happens not to be true, or only partly so, and the phrase *parent or mother country* hath been

jesuitically adopted by the King and his parasites, with a low papistical design of gaining an unfair bias on the credulous weakness of our minds. Europe, and not England, is the parent country of America. This new World hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from *every part* of Europe. Hither have they fled, not from the tender embraces of the mother, but from the cruelty of the monster; and it is so far true of England, that the same tyranny which drove the first emigrants from home, pursues their descendants still.

In this extensive quarter of the globe, we forget the narrow limits of three hundred and sixty miles (the extent of England) and carry our friendship on a larger scale; we claim brotherhood with every European Christian, and triumph in the generosity of the sentiment.

It is pleasant to observe by what regular gradations we surmount the force of local prejudices, as we enlarge our acquaintance with the World. A man born in any town in England divided into parishes, will naturally associate most with his fellow parishioners (because their interests in many cases will be common) and distinguish him by the name of *neighbour;* if he meet him but a few miles from home, he drops the narrow idea of a street, and salutes him by the name of *townsman;* if he travel out of the county and meet him in any other, he forgets the minor divisions of street and town, and calls him *countryman, i. e. countyman;* but if in their foreign excursions they should associate in France, or

any other part of *Europe*, their local remembrance would be enlarged into that of *Englishmen*. And by a just parity of reasoning, all Europeans meetings in America, or any other quarter of the globe, are *countrymen;* for England, Holland, Germany, or Sweden, when compared with the whole, stand in the same places on the larger scale, which the divisions of street, town, and county do on the smaller ones; Distinctions too limited for Continental minds. Not one third of the inhabitants, even of this province, [Pennsylvania], are of English descent. Wherefore, I reprobate the phrase of Parent or Mother Country applied to England only, as being false, selfish, narrow and ungenerous.

But, admitting that we were all of English descent, what does it amount to? Nothing. Britain, being now an open enemy, extinguishes every other name and title: and to say that reconciliation is our duty, is truly farcical. The first king of England, of the present line (William the Conqueror) was a Frenchman, and half the peers of England are descendants from the same country; wherefore, by the same method of reasoning, England ought to be governed by France.

Much hath been said of the united strength of Britain and the Colonies, that in conjunction they might bid defiance to the world: But this is mere presumption; the fate of war is uncertain, neither do the expressions mean anything; for this continent would never suffer itself to be drained of inhabitants, to support

the British arms in either Asia, Africa, or Europe.

Besides, what have we to do with setting the world at defiance? Our plan is commerce, and that, well attended to, will secure us the peace and friendship of all Europe; because it is the interest of all Europe to have America a free port. Her trade will always be a protection, and her barrenness of gold and silver secure her from invaders.

I challenge the warmest advocate for reconciliation to show a single advantage that this continent can reap by being connected with Great Britain. I repeat the challenge; not a single advantage is derived. Our corn will fetch its price in any market in Europe, and our imported goods must be paid for buy them where we will.

But the injuries and disadvantages which we sustain by that connection, are without number; and our duty to mankind at large, as well as to ourselves, instruct us to renounce the alliance: because, any submission to, or dependance on, Great Britain, tends directly to involve this Continent in European wars and quarrels, and set us at variance with nations who would otherwise seek our friedship, and against whom we have neither anger nor complaint. As Europe is our market for trade, we ought to form no partial connection with any part of it. It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she never can do, while, by her dependance on Britain, she is made the make-weight in the scale of British politics.

Europe is too thickly planted with Kingdoms to be long at peace, and whenever a war breaks out between England and any foreign power, the trade of America goes to ruin, *because of her connection with Britain.* The next war may not turn out like the last, and should it not, the advocates for reconciliation now will be wishing for separation then, because neutrality in that case would be a safer convoy than a man of war. Every thing that is right or reasonable pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, 'TIS TIME TO PART. Even the distance at which the Almighty hath placed England and America is a strong and natural proof that the authority of the one over the other, was never the design of Heaven. The time likewise at which the Continent was discovered, adds weight to the argument, and the manner in which it was peopled, encreases the force of it. The Reformation was preceded by the discovery of America: As if the Almighty graciously meant to open a sanctuary to the persecuted in future years, when home should afford neither friendship nor safety.

The authority of Great Britain over this continent, is a form of government, which sooner or later must have an end: And a serious mind can draw no true pleasure by looking forward, under the painful and positive conviction that what he calls "the present constitution" is merely temporary. As parents, we can have no joy, knowing that this government is not sufficiently lasting to ensure any thing which we may bequeath to posterity:

And by a plain method of argument, as we are running the next generation into debt, we ought to do the work of it, otherwise we use them meanly and pitifully. In order to discover the line of our duty rightly, we should take our children in our hand, and fix our station a few years farther into life; that eminence will present a prospect which a few present fears and prejudices conceal from our sight.

Though I would carefully avoid giving unnecessary offence, yet I am inclined to believe, that all those who espouse the doctrine of reconciliation, may be included within the following descriptions.

Interested men, who are not to be trusted, weak men who *cannot* see, prejudiced men who will not see, and a certain set of moderate men who think better of the European world than it deserves; and this last class, by an ill-judged deliberation, will be the cause of more calamities to this Continent than all the other three.

It is the good fortune of many to live distant from the scene of present sorrow; the evil is not sufficiently brought to their doors to make them feel the precariousness with which all American property is possessed. But let our imaginations transport us a few moments to Boston; that seat of wretchedness will teach us wisdom, and instruct us for ever to renounce a power in whom we can have no trust. The inhabitants of that unfortunate city who but a few months ago were in ease and affluence, have now no other alternative than to stay and starve, or turn out to beg. Endangered by the fire of their friends if they con-

tinue within the city and plundered by the soldiery if they leave it, in their present situation they are prisoners without the hope of redemption, and in a general attack for their relief they would be exposed to the fury of both armies.

Men of passive tempers look somewhat lightly over the offences of Great Britain, and, still hoping for the best, are apt to call out, *Come, come, we shall be friends again for all this.* But examine the passions and feelings of mankind: bring the doctrine of reconciliation to the touchstone of nature, and then tell me whether you can hereafter love, honour, and faithfully serve the power that hath carried fire and sword into your land? If you cannot do all these, then are you only deceiving yourselves, and by your delay bringing ruin upon posterity. Your future connection with Britain, whom you can neither love nor honour, will be forced and unnatural, and being formed only on the plan of present convenience, will in a little time fall into a relapse more wretched than the first. But if you say, you can still pass the violations over, then I ask, hath your house been burnt? Hath your property been destroyed before your face? Are your wife and children destitute of a bed to lie on, or bread to live on? Have you lost a parent or a child by their hands, and yourself the ruined and wretched survivor? If you have not, then are you not a judge of those who have. But if you have, and can still shake hands with the murderers, then are you unworthy the name of husband, father, friend or lover, and whatever

may be your rank or title in life, you have the heart of a coward, and the spirit of a sycophant.

This is not inflaming or exaggerating matters, but trying them by those feelings and affections which nature justifies, and without which we should be incapable of discharging the social duties of life, or enjoying the felicities of it. I mean not to exhibit horror for the purpose of provoking revenge, but to awaken us from fatal and unmanly slumbers, that we may pursue determinately some fixed object. 'Tis not in the power of Britain or of Europe to conquer America, if she doth not conquer herself by delay and timidity. The present winter is worth an age if rightly employed, but if lost or neglected the whole Continent will partake of the misfortune; and there is no punishment which that man doth not deserve, be he who, or what, or where he will, that may be the means of sacrificing a season so precious and useful.

'Tis repugnant to reason, to the universal order of things, to all examples from former ages, to suppose that this Continent can long remain subject to any external power. The most sanguine in Britain doth not think so. The utmost stretch of human wisdom cannot, at this time, compass a plan, short of separation, which can promise the continent even a year's security. Reconciliation is *now* a fallacious dream. Nature hath deserted the connection, and art cannot supply her place. For, as Milton wisely expresses, "never can true reconcilement grow where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

Every quiet method for peace hath been ineffectual. Our prayers have been rejected with disdain; and hath tended to convince us that nothing flatters vanity or confirms obstinacy in Kings more than repeated petitioning—and nothing hath contributed more than that very measure to make the Kings of Europe absolute. Witness Denmark and Sweden. Wherefore, since nothing but blows will do, for God's sake let us come to a final separation, and not leave the next generation to be cutting throats under the violated unmeaning names of parent and child.

To say they will never attempt it again is idle and visionary; we thought so at the repeal of the stamp act, yet a year or two undeceived us; as well may we suppose that nations which have been once defeated will never renew the quarrel.

As to government matters, 'tis not in the power of Britain to do this continent justice: the business of it will soon be too weighty and intricate to be managed with any tolerable degree of convenience, by a power so distant from us, and so very ignorant of us; for if they cannot conquer us, they cannot govern us. To be always running three or four thousand miles with a tale or petition, waiting for four or five months for an answer, which, when obtained, requires five or six more to explain it in, will in a few years be looked upon as folly and childishness. There was a time when it was proper, and there is a proper time for it to cease.

Small islands not capable of protecting them-

selves are the proper objects for government[1] to take under their care; but there is something absurd, in supposing a Continent to be perpetually governed by an island. In no instance hath nature made the satellite larger than its primary planet; and as England and America, with respect to each other, reverse the common order of nature, it is evident that they belong to differnt systems. England to Europe: America to itself.

I am not induced by motives of pride, party, or resentment to espouse the doctrine of separation and independence; I am clearly, positively, and conscientiously persuaded that it is the true interest of this Continent to be so; that every thing short of *that* is mere patchwork, that it can afford no lasting felicity,—that it is leaving the sword to our children, and shrinking back at a time when a little more, a little further, would have rendered this Continent the glory of the earth.

As Britain hath not manifested the least inclination towards a compromise, we may be assured that no terms can be obtained worthy the acceptance of the Continent, or any ways equal to the expense of blood and treasure we have been already put to.

The object contended for, ought always to bear some just proportion to the expense. The removal of North, or the whole detestable junto, is a matter unworthy the millions we have expended. A temporary stoppage of trade was an inconvenience, which would have suf-

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[1]In some later editions "kingdoms."—Editor

ficiently balanced the repeal of all the acts complained of, had such repeals been obtained; but if the whole Continent must take up arms, if every man must be a soldier, 'tis scarcely worth our while to fight against a contemptible ministry only. Dearly, dearly do we pay for the repeal of the acts, if that is all we fight for; for, in a just estimation 'tis as great a folly to pay a Bunker-hill price for law as for land. As I have always considered the independancy of this Continent, as an event which sooner or later must arrive, so from the late rapid progress of the Continent to maturity, the event cannot be far off. Wherefore, on the breaking out of hostilities, it was not worth the while to have disputed a matter which time would have finally redressed, unless we meant to be in earnest: otherwise it is like wasting an estate on a suit at law, to regulate the tresspasses of a tenant whose lease is just expiring. No man was a warmer wisher for a reconciliation than myself, before the fatal nineteenth of April, 1775, but the moment the event of that day was made known, I rejected the hardened, sullen-tempered Pharoah of England for ever; and disdain the wretch, that with the pretended title of FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE can unfeelingly hear of their slaughter, and composedly sleep with their blood upon his soul.

But admitting that matters were now made up, what would be the event? I answer, the ruin of the Continent. And that for several reasons.

First. The powers of governing still remain

ing in the hands of the King, he will have a negative over the whole legislation of this Continent. And as he hath shown himself such an inveterate enemy to liberty, and discovered such a thirst for arbitrary powers, is he, or is he not, a proper person to say to these colonies, *You shall make no laws but what I please!?* And is there any inhabitant of America so ignorant as not to know, that according to what is called the *present constitution*, this Continent can make no laws but what the king gives leave to; and is there any man so unwise as not to see, that (considering what has happened) he will suffer no law to be made here but such as suits *his* purpose? We may be as effectually enslaved by the want of laws in America, as by submitting to laws made for us in England. After matters are made up (as it is called) can there be any doubt, but the whole power of the crown will be exerted to keep this continent as low and humble as possible? Instead of going forward we shall go backward, or be perpetually quarrelling, or ridiculously petitioning. We are already greater than the King wishes us to be, and will he not hereafter endeavor to make us less? To bring the matter to one point, Is the power who is jealous of our prosperity, a proper power to govern us? Whoever says *No*, to this question, is an Independant for independency means no more than this, whether we shall make our own laws, or, whether the King, the greatest enemy this continent hath, or can have, shall tell us *there shall be no laws but such as I like.*

But the King, you will say, has a negative

in England; the people there can make no laws without his consent. In point of right and good order, it is something very ridiculous that a youth of twenty-one (which hath often happened) shall say to several millions of people older and wiser than himself, "I forbid this or that act of yours to be law." But in this place I decline this sort of reply, though I will never cease to expose the absurdity of it, and only answer that England being the King's residence, and America not so, makes quite another case. The King's negative here is ten times more dangerous and fatal than it can be in England; for there he will scarcely refuse his consent to a bill for putting England into as strong a state of defense as possible, and in America he would never suffer such a bill to be passed.

America is only a secondary object in the system of British politics. England consults the good of this country no further than it answers her own purpose. Wherefore, her own interest leads her to suppress the growth of ours in every case which doth not promote her advantage, or in the least interferes with it. A pretty state we should soon be in under such a second hand government, considering what has happened. Men do not change from enemies to friends by the alteration of a name: And in order to show that reconciliation now is a dangerous doctrine, I affirm, *that it would be policy in the King at this time to repeal the acts, for the sake of reinstating himself in the government of the provinces;* In order that HE MAY ACCOMPLISH BY CRAFT AND SUBTLETY, IN

THE LONG RUN, WHAT HE CANNOT DO BY FORCE AND VIOLENCE IN THE SHORT ONE. Reconciliation and ruin are nearly related.

Secondly. That as even the best terms which we can expect to obtain can amount to no more than a temporary expedient, or a kind of government by guardianship, which can last no longer than till the Colonies come of age, so the general face and state of things in the interim will be unsettled and unpromising. Emigrants of property will not choose to come to a country whose form of government hangs but by a thread, and who is every day tottering on the brink of commotion and disturbance; and numbers of the present inhabitants would lay hold of the interval to dispose of their effects, and quit the Continent.

But the most powerful of all arguments is, that nothing but independance, *i. e.* a Continental form of government, can keep the peace of the Continent and preserve it inviolate from civil wars. I dread the event of a reconciliation with Britain now, as it is more than probable that it will be followed by a revolt some where or other, the consequences of which may be far more fatal than all the malice of Britain.

Thousands are already ruined by British barbarity; (thousands more will probably suffer the same fate.) Those men have other feelings than us who have nothing suffered. All they now possess is liberty; what they before enjoyed is sacrificed to its service, and having nothing more to lose they disdain submission. Besides, the general temper of the Colonies,

towards a British government will be like that of a youth who is nearly out of his time; they will care very little about her: And a government which cannot preserve the peace is no government at all, and in that case we pay our money for nothing; and pray what is it that Britain can do, whose power will be wholly on paper, should a civil tumult break out the very day after reconciliation? I have heard men say, many of whom I believe spoke without thinking, that they dreaded an independance, fearing that it would produce civil wars: It is but seldom that our first thoughts are truly correct, and that is the case here; for there is ten times more to dread from a patched up connection than from independance. I make the sufferer's case my own, and I protest, that were I driven from house and home, my property destroyed, and my circumstances ruined, that as a man, sensible of injuries, I could never relish the doctrine of reconciliation, or consider myself bound thereby.

The Colonies have manifested such a spirit of good order and obedience to Continental government, as is sufficient to make every reasonable person easy and happy on that head. No man can assign the least pretence for his fears, on any other grounds, than such as are truly childish and ridiculous, viz., that one colony will be striving for superiority over another.

Where there are no distinctions there can be no superiority; perfect equality affords no temptation. The Republics of Europe are all

(and we may say always) in peace. Holland and Switzerland are without wars, foreign or domestic: Monarchial governments, it is true are never long at rest: the crown itself is a temptation to enterprising ruffians at home; and that degree of pride and insolence ever attendant on regal authority, swells into a rupture with foreign powers in instances where a republican government, by being formed on more natural principles, would negotiate the mistake.

If there is any true cause of fear respecting independance, it is because no plan is yet laid down. Men do not see their way out. Wherefore, as an opening into that business I offer the following hints; at the same time modestly affirming, that I have no other opinion of them myself, than that they may be the means of giving rise to something better. Could the straggling thoughts of individuals be collected, they would frequently form materials for wise and able men to improve into useful matter.

Let the assemblies be annual, with a president only. The representation more equal, their business wholly domestic, and subject to the authority of a Continental Congress.

Let each Colony be divided into six, eight, or ten, convenient districts, each district to send a proper number of Delegates to Congress, so that each Colony send at least thirty. The whole number in Congress will be at least 390. Each congress to sit and to choose a President by the following method. When the Delegates are met, let a Colony be taken from the whole thirteen Colonies by lot, after which let the

Congress choose (by ballot) a president from out of the Delegates of that Province. In the next Congress, let a Colony be taken by lot from twelve only, omitting that Colony from which the president was taken in the former Congress, and so proceeding on till the whole thirteen shall have had their proper rotation. And in order that nothing may pass into a law but what is satisfactorily just, not less than three fifths of the Congress to be called a majority. He that will promote discord, under a government so equally formed as this, would have joined Lucifer in his revolt.

But as there is a peculiar delicacy from whom, or in what manner, this business must first arise, and as it seems most agreeable and consistent that it sould come from some intermediate body between the governed and the governors, that is, between the Congress and the People, let a Continental Conference be held in the following manner, and for the following purpose,

A Committee of twenty-six members of congress, *viz.* Two for each Colony. Two Members from each House of Assembly, or Provincial Convention; and five Representatives of the people at large, to be chosen in the capital city or town of each Province, for, and in behalf of the whole Province, by as many qualified voters as shall think proper to attend from all parts of the Province for that purpose; or, if more convenient, the Representatives may be chosen in two or three of the most populous parts thereof. In this conference, thus assembled, will be united the two grand prin-

ciples of business, *knowledge* and *power*. The Members of Congress, Assemblies, or Conventions, by having had experience in national concerns, will be able and useful counsellors, and the whole, being impowered by the people, will have a truly legal authority.

The conferring members being met, let their business be to frame a Continental Charter, or Charter of the United Colonies; (answering what is called the Magna Charta of England) fixing the number and manner of choosing Members of Congress, Members of Assembly, with their date of sitting; and drawing the line of business and jurisdiction between them: Always remembering, that our strength is Continental, not provincial. Securing freedom and property to all men, and above all things, the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience; with such other matter as it is necessary for a charter to contain. Immediately after which, the said conference to dissolve, and the bodies which shall be chosen conformable to the said charter, to be the Legislators and Governors of this Continent for the time being: Whose peace and happiness, may GOD preserve. AMEN.

Should any body of men be hereafter delegated for this or some similar purpose, I offer them the following extracts from that wise observer on Governments, Dragonetti. "The science," says he, "of the Politician consists in fixing the true point of happiness and freedom. Those men would deserve the gratitude of ages, who should discover a mode of government that contained the greatest sum of individual

happiness, with the least national expense." (Dragonetti on "Virtues and Reward.")

But where, say some, is the King of America? I'll tell you, friend, he reigns above, and doth not make havoc of mankind like the Royal Brute of Great Britain. Yet that we may not appear to be defective even in earthly honours, let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the Charter; let it be brought forth placed on the Divine Law, the Word of God; let a crown be placed thereon, by which the world may know, that so far as we approve of monarchy, that in America the law is king. For as in absolute governments the King is law, so in free countries the law ought to be king; and there ought to be no other. But lest any ill use should afterwards arise, let the Crown at the conclusion of the ceremony be demolished, and scattered among the people whose right it is.

A government of our own is our natural right: and when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced, that it is infinitely wiser and safer, to form a constitution of our own in a cool deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. If we omit it now, some Massanello* may hereafter arise, who,

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*Thomas Anello, otherwise Massanello, a fisherman of Naples, who after spiriting up his countrymen in the public market place, against the oppression of the Spaniards, to whom the place was then subject, prompted them to revolt, and in the space of a day became King.—Author.

laying hold of popular disquietudes, may collect together the desperate and the discontented, and by assuming to themselves the powers of government, finally sweep away the liberties of the Continent like a deluge. Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain, the tottering situation of things will be a temptation for some desperate adventurer to try his fortune; and in such a case, what relief can Britain give? Ere she could hear the news, the fatal business might be done; and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under the oppression of the Conqueror. Ye that oppose independance now, ye know not what ye do: ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of government. There are thousands and tens of thousands, who would think it glorious to expel from the Continent, that barbarous and hellish power, which hath stirred up the Indians and the Negroes to destroy us; the cruelty hath a double guilt, it is dealing brutally by us, and treacherously by them.

To talk of friendship with those in whom our reason forbids us to have faith, and our affections wounded thro' a thousand pores instruct us to detest, is madness and folly. Every day wears out the little remains of kindred between us and them; and can there be any reason to hope, that as the relationship expires, the affection will encrease, or that we shall agree better when we have ten times more and greater concerns to quarrel over than ever?

Ye that tell us of harmony and reconciliation, can ye restore to us the time that is past?

Can ye give to prostitution its former innocence? neither can ye reconcile Britain and America. The last cord now is broken, the people of England are presenting addresses against us. There are injuries which nature cannot forgive; she would cease to be nature if she did. As well can the lover forgive the ravisher of his mistress, as the Continent forgive the murders of Britain. The Almighty hath implanted in us these unextinguishable feelings for good and wise purposes. They are the Guardians of his Image in our hearts. They distinguish us from the herd of common onimals. The social compact would dissolve, and justice be extirpated from the earth, or have only a casual existence were we callous to the touches of affection. The robber and the murderer would often escape unpunished, did not the injuries which our tempers sustain, provoke us into justice.

O! ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the Globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.

OF THE PRESENT ABILITY OF AMERICA: WITH SOME MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS.

I HAVE never met with a man, either in England or America, who hath not confessed his opinion, that a separation between the countries would take place one time or other: And there is no instance in which we have shown less judgment, than in endeavoring to describe, what we call, the ripeness or fitness of the continent for independence.

As all men allow the measure, and vary only in their opinion of the time, let us, in order to remove mistakes, take a general survey of things, and endeavor if possible to find out the *very* time. But I need not go far, the inquiry ceases at once, for the *time hath found us.* The general concurrence, the glorious union of all things, proves the fact.

'Tis not in numbers but in unity that our great strength lies: yet our present numbers are sufficient to repel the force of all the world. The Continent hath at this time the largest body of armed and disciplined men of any power under Heaven: and is just arrived at that pitch of strength, in which no single colony is able to support itself, and the whole, when united, is able to do any thing. Our land force is more than sufficient, and as to Naval affairs, we cannot be insensible that Britain

would never suffer an American man of war to be built, while the Continent remained in her hands. Wherefore, we should be no forwarder an hundred years hence in that branch than we are now; but the truth is, we should be less so, because the timber of the Country is every day diminishing, and that which will remain at last, will be far off or difficult to procure.

Were the Continent crowded with inhabitants, her sufferings under the present circumstances would be intolerable. The more seaport-towns we had, the more should we have both to defend and to lose. Our present numbers are so happily proportioned to our wants, that no man need be idle. The diminution of trade affords an army, and the necessities of an army create a new trade.

Debts we have none: and whatever we may contract on this account will serve as a glorious memento of our virtue. Can we but leave posterity with a settled form of government, an independent constitution of its own, the purchase at any price will be cheap. But to expend millions for the sake of getting a few vile acts repealed, and routing the present ministry only, is unworthy the charge, and is using posterity with the utmost cruelty; because it is leaving them the great work to do, and a debt upon their backs from which they derive no advantage. Such a thought 's unworthy a man of honour, and is the true characteristic of a narrow heart and a piddling politician.

The debt we may contract doth not deserve our regard if the work be but accomplished

No nation ought to be without a debt. A national debt is a national bond; and when it bears no interest, is in no case a grievance. Britain is oppressed with a debt of upwards of one hundred and forty mlllions sterling, for which she pays upwards of four millions interest. And as a compensation for her debt, she has a large navy; America is without a debt, and without a navy; yet for the twentieth part of the English national debt, could have a navy as large again. The navy of England is not worth at this time more than three millions and a half sterling.

The first and second editions of this pamphlet were published without the following calculations, which are now given as a proof that the above estimation of the navy is a just one. See Entic's "Naval History," Intro., p. 56.

The charge of building a ship of each rate, and furnishing her with masts, yards, sails, and rigging, together with a proportion of eight months boatswain's and carpenter's sea-stores, as calculated by Mr. Burchett, Secretary to the navy.

For a ship of	100 guns, . .	35.553 l.
	90 . .	29,886
	80 . .	23.638
	70 . .	17.785
	60 . .	14.197
	50 . .	10.606
	40 . .	7.558
	30 . .	5.846
	20 . .	3 710

And hence it is easy to sum up the value, or cost, rather, of the whole British navy, which, in the year 1757, when it was at its greatest

glory, consisted of the following ships and guns.

Ships	Guns	Cost of One	Cost of All
6	100	55.553 l.	213,318 l.
12	90	29 886	358 632
12	80	23.638	283 656
43	70	17,785	764.755
35	60	14,197	496.895
40	50	10,605	424.240
45	40	7.558	340.110
58	20	3,710	215,180
85	sloops, bombs, and fireships, one with another at	2,000	170,000
		Cost,	3,266,786 l.
		Remains for guns,	233,214
		Total,	3,500,000 l.

No country on the globe is so happily situated, or so internally capable of raising a fleet as America. Tar, timber, iron, and cordage are her natural produce. We need go abroad for nothing. Whereas the Dutch, who make large profits by hiring out their ships of war to the Spaniards and Portuguese, are obliged to import most of the materials they use. We ought to view the building a fleet as an article of commerce, it being the natural manufactory of this country. 'Tis the best money we can lay out. A navy when finished is worth more than it cost: And is that nice point in national policy, in which commerce and protection are united. Let us build; if we want them not, we can sell; and by that means replace our paper currency with ready gold and silver.

In point of manning a fleet, people in general run into great errors; it is not necessary that one-fourth part should be sailors. The

Terrible privateer, captain Death, stood the hottest engagement of any ship last war, yet had not twenty sailors on board, though her complement of men was upwards of two hundred. A few able and social sailors will soon instruct a sufficient number of active landsmen in the common work of a ship. Wherefore we never can be more capable of beginning on maritime matters than now, while our timber is standing, our fisheries blocked up, and our sailors and shipwrights out of employ. Men of war, of seventy and eighty guns, were built forty years ago in New England, and why not the same now? Ship building is America's greatest pride, and in which she will, in time, excel the whole world. The great empires of the east are mainly inland, and consequently excluded from the possibility of rivalling her. Africa is in a state of barbarism; and no power in Europe hath either such an extent of coast, or such an internal supply of materials. Where nature hath given the one, she hath withheld the other; to America only hath she been liberal to both. The vast empire of Russia is almost shut out from the sea; wherefore her boundless forests, her tar, iron and cordage are only articles of commerce.

In point of safety, ought we to be without a fleet? We are not the little people now which we were sixty years ago; at that time we might have trusted our property in the streets, or fields rather, and slept securely without locks or bolts to our doors and windows. The case is now altered, and our methods of defence ought to improve with our increase of property. A common pirate, twelve months ago, might

have come up the Delaware, and laid the city of Philadelphia under contribution for what sum he pleased; and the same might have happened to other places. Nay, any daring fellow, in a brig of fourteen or sixteen guns, might have robbed the whole Continent, and carried off half a million of money. These are circumstances which demand our attention, and point out the necessity of naval protection.

Some perhaps will say, that after we have made it up with Britain, she will protect us. Can they be so unwise as to mean that she will keep a navy in our harbors for that purpose? Common sense will tell us that the power which hath endeavoured to subdue us, is of all others the most improper to defend us. Conquest may be effected under the pretence of friendship; and ourselves, after a long and brave resistance, be at last cheated into slavery. And if her ships are not to be admitted into our harbours, I would ask, how is she going to protect us? A navy three or four thousand miles off can be of little use, and on sudden emergencies, none at all. Wherefore if we must hereafter protect ourselves, why not do it for ourselves? Why do it for another?

The English list of ships of war is long and formidable, but not a tenth part of them are at any time fit for service, numbers of them are not in being; yet their names are pompously continued in the list, if only a plank be left of the ship; and not a fifth part of such as are fit for service can be spared on any one station at one time. The East and West Indies, Mediterranean, Africa, and other parts, over which

Britain extends her claim, make large demands upon her navy. From a mixture of prejudice and inattention we have contracted a false notion respecting the navy of England, and have talked as if we should have the whole of it to encounter at once, and for that reason supposed that we must have one as large; which not being instantly practicable, has been made use of by a set of disguised Tories to discourage our beginning thereon. Nothing can be further from truth than this; for if America had only a twentieth part of the naval force of Britain, she would be by far an over-match for her; because, as we neither have, nor claim any foreign dominion, our whole force would be employed on our own coast, where we should, in the long run, have two to one the advantage of those who had three or four thousand miles to sail over before they could attack us, and the same distance to return in order to refit and recruit. And although Britain, by her fleet, hath a check over our trade to Europe, we have as large a one over her trade to the West Indies, which, by laying in the neighborhood of the Continent, lies entirely at its mercy.

Some method might be fallen on to keep up a naval force in time of peace, if we should judge it necessary to support a constant navy. If premiums were to be given to merchants to build and employ in their service ships mounted with twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty guns (the premiums to be in proportion to the loss of bulk to the merchant), fifty or sixty of those ships, with a few guardships on constant duty, would keep up a sufficient navy, and that with-

out burdening ourselves with the evil so loudly complained of in England, of suffering their fleet in time of peace to lie rotting in the docks. To unite the sinews of commerce and defence is sound policy; for when our strength and our riches play into each other's hand, we need fear no external enemy.

In almost every article of defence we abound. Hemp flourishes even to rankness, so that we need not want cordage. Our iron is superior to that of other countries. Our small arms equal to any in the world. Cannon we can cast at pleasure. Saltpetre and gunpowder we are every day producing. Our knowledge is hourly improving. Resolution is our inherent character, and courage hath never yet forsaken us. Wherefore, what is it that we want? Why is it that we hesitate? From Britain we can expect nothing but ruin. If she is once admitted to the government of America again, this Continent will not be worth living in. Jealousies will be always arising; insurrections will be constantly happening; and who will go forth to quell them? Who will venture his life to reduce his own countrymen to a foreign obedience? The difference between Pennsylvania and Connecticut, respecting some unlocated lands, shows the insignificance of a British government, and fully proves that nothing but Continental authority can regulate Continental matters.

Another reason why the present time is preferable to all others is, that the fewer our numbers are, the more land there is yet unoccupied, which, instead of being lavished by the

king on his worthless dependents, may be hereafter applied, not only to the discharge of the present debt, but to the constant support of government. No nation under Heaven hath such an advantage as this.

The infant state of the Colonies, as it is called, so far from being against, is an argument in favour of independence. We are sufficiently numerous, and were we more so we might be less united. 'Tis a matter worthy of observation that the more a country is peopled, the smaller their armies are. In military numbers, the ancients far exceeded the moderns; and the reason is evident, for trade being the consequence of population, men became too much absorbed thereby to attend to anything else. Commerce diminishes the spirit both of patriotism and military defence. And history sufficiently informs us that the bravest achievements were always accomplished in the non-age of a nation. With the increase of commerce England hath lost its spirit. The city of London, notwithstanding its numbers, submits to continued insults with the patience of a coward. The more men have to lose, the less willing are they to venture. The rich are in general slaves to fear, and submit to courtly power with the trembling duplicity of a spaniel.

Youth is the seed-time of good habits as well in nations as in individuals. It might be difficult, if not impossible, to form the Continent into one government half a century hence. The vast variety of interests, occasioned by an increase of trade and population, would create confusion. Colony would be against colony.

Each being able would scorn each other's assistance; and while the proud and foolish gloried in their little distinctions the wise would lament that the union had not been formed before. Wherefore the present time is the true time for establishing it. The intimacy which is contracted in infancy, and the friendship which is formed in misfortune, are of all others the most lasting and unalterable. Our present union is marked with both these characters; we are young, and we have been distressed; but our concord hath withstood our troubles, and fixes a memorable era for posterity to glory in.

The present time, likewise, is that peculiar time which never happens to a nation but once, viz., the time of forming itself into a government. Most nations have let slip the opportunity, and by that means have been compelled to receive laws from their conquerors, instead of making laws for themselves. First, they had a king, and then a form of government; whereas the articles or charter of government should be formed first, and men delegated to execute them afterwards; but from the errors of other nations let us learn wisdom, and lay hold of the present opportunity—*to begin government at the right end.*

When William the Conqueror subdued England, he gave them law at the point of the sword; and, until we consent that the seat of government in America be legally and authoritatively occupied, we shall be in danger of having it filled by some fortunate ruffian, who may treat us in the same manner, and then,

where will be our freedom? where our property?

As to religion, I hold it to be the indispensable duty of government to protect all conscientious professors thereof, and I know of no other business which government hath to do therewith. Let a man throw aside that narrowness of soul, that selfishness of principle, which the niggards of all professions are so unwilling to part with, and he will be at once delivered of his fears on that head. Suspicion is the companion of mean souls, and the bane of all good society. For myself, I fully and conscientiously believe that it is the will of the Almighty that there should be a diversity of religious opinions among us. It affords a larger field for our Christian kindness; were we all of one way of thinking, our religious dispositions would want matter for probation; and on this liberal principle I look on the various denominations among us to be like children of the same family, differing only in what is called their Christian names.

In page [97] I threw out a few thoughts on the propriety of a Continental Charter (for I only presume to offer hints, not plans) and in this place I take the liberty of re-mentioning the subject, by observing that a charter is to be understood as a bond of solemn obligation, which the whole enters into, to support the right of every separate part, whether of religion, professional freedom, or property. A firm bargain and a right reckoning make long friends.

I have heretofore likewise mentioned the ne-

cessity of a large and equal representation; and there is no political matter which more deserves our attention. A small number of electors, or a small number of representatives, are equally dangerous. But if the number of the representatives be not only small, but unequal, the danger is increased. As an instance of this, I mention the following: when the petition of the associators was before the House of Assembly of Pennsylvania, twenty-eight members only were present; all the Bucks county members, being eight, voted against it, and had seven of the Chester members done the same, this whole province had been governed by two counties only; and this danger it is always exposed to. The unwarrantable stretch likewise, which that house made in their last sitting, to gain an undue authority over the delegates of that province, ought to warn the people at large how they trust power out of their own hands. A set of instructions for their delegates were put together, which in point of sense and business would have dishonoured a school-boy, and after being approved by a few, a very few, without doors, were carried into the house, and there passed *in behalf of the whole colony;* whereas, did the whole colony know with what ill will that house had entered on some necessary public measures, they would not hesitate a moment to think them unworthy of such a trust.

Immediate necessity makes many things convenient, which if continued would grow into oppressions. Expedience and right are different things. When the calamities of America re-

quired a consultation, there was no method so ready, or at that time so proper, as to appoint persons from the several houses of assembly for that purpose; and the wisdom with which they have proceeded hath preserved this Continent from ruin. But as it is more than probable that we shall never be without a CONGRESS, every well wisher to good order must own that the mode for choosing members of that body deserves consideration. And I put it as a question to those who make a study of mankind, whether representation and election is not too great a power for one and the same body of men to possess? When we are planning for posterity, we ought to remember that virtue is not hereditary.

It is from our enemies that we often gain excellent maxims, and are frequently surprised into reason by their mistakes. Mr. Cornwall (one of the Lords of the Treasury) treated the petition of the New York Assembly with contempt, because *that* house, he said, consisted but of twenty-six members, which trifling number, he argued, could not with decency be put for the whole. We thank him for his involuntary honesty.*

To CONCLUDE, however strange it may appear to some, or however unwilling they may be to think so, matters not, but many strong and striking reasons may be given to show that nothing can settle our affairs so expeditiously

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*Those who would fully understand of what great consequence a large and equal representation is to a state, should read Burgh's Political Disquisitions.—Author.

as an open and determined declaration for independence. Some of which are,

First—It is the custom of Nations, when any two are at war, for some other powers, not engaged in the quarrel, to step in as mediators, and bring about the preliminaries of a peace; But while America calls herself the subject of Great Britain, no power, however well disposed she may be, can offer her mediation. Wherefore, in our present state we may quarrel on for ever.

Secondly—It is unreasonable to suppose that France or Spain will give us any kind of assistance, if we mean only to make use of that assistance for the purpose of repairing the breach, and strengthening the connection between Britain and America; because, those powers would be sufferers by the consequences.

Thirdly—While we profess ourselves the subjects of Britain, we must, in the eyes of foreign nations, be considered as Rebels. The precedent is somewhat dangerous to their peace, for men to be in arms under the name of subjects; we, on the spot, can solve the paradox; but to unite resistance and subjection requires an idea much too refined for common understanding.

Fourthly—Were a manifesto to be published, and despatched to foreign Courts, setting forth the miseries we have endured, and the peaceful methods which we have ineffectually used for redress; declaring at the same time that not being able longer to live happily or safely under the cruel disposition of the British Court, we had been driven to the necessity of breaking off all connections with her; at the same time,

assuring all such Courts of our peaceable disposition towards them, and of our desire of entering into trade with them; such a memorial would produce more good effects to this Continent than if a ship were freighted with petitions to Britain.

Under our present denomination of British subjects, we can neither be received nor heard abroad; the custom of all Courts is against us, and will be so, until by an independence we take rank with other nations.

These proceedings may at first seem strange and difficult, but like all other steps which we have already passed over, will in a little time become familiar and agreeable; and until an independence is declared, the Continent will feel itself like a man who continues putting off some unpleasant business from day to day, yet knows it must be done, hates to set about it, wishes it over, and is continually haunted with the thoughts of its necessity.

APPENDIX TO COMMON SENSE.

SINCE the publication of the first edition of this pamphlet, or rather, on the same day on which it came out, the King's Speech made its appearance in this city [Philadelphia]. Had the spirit of prophecy directed the birth of this production, it could not have brought it forth at a more seasonable juncture, or at a more necessary time. The bloody-mindedness of the one shows the necessity of pursuing the doctrine of the other. Men read by way of revenge. And the speech, instead of terrifying, prepared a way for the manly principles of Independence.

Ceremony, and even silence, from whatever motives they may arise, have a hurtful tendency when they give the least degree of countenance to base and wicked performances; wherefore, if this maxim is admitted, it naturally follows that the King's Speech, as being a piece of finished villainy, deserved and still deserves, a general execration, both by the Congress and the people. Yet, as the domestic tranquility of a nation depends largely on the *chastity* of what might properly be called NATIONAL MANNERS, it is often better to pass some things over in silent disdain than to make use of such new methods of dislike as might introduce the least innovation on that guardian of our peace and safety. And, perhaps, it is chiefly

owing to this prudent delicacy that the King's Speech hath not before now suffered a public execution. The speech, if it may be called one, is nothing better than a wilful audacious libel against the truth, the common good, and the existence of mankind; and is a formal and pompous method of offering up human sacrifices to the pride of tyrants. But this general massacre of mankind is one of the privileges and the certain consequences of kings; for as nature knows them *not*, they know *not her*, and although they are beings of our *own* creating, they know not *us*, and are become the Gods of their creators. The speech hath one good quality, which is, that it is not calculated to deceive, neither can we, even if we would, be deceived by it. Brutality and tyranny appear on the face of it. It leaves us at no loss: And every line convinces, even in the moment of reading, that he who hunts the woods for prey, the naked and untutored Indian, is less Savage than the King of Britain.

Sir John Dalrymple, the putative father of a whining jesuitical piece, fallaciously called "*The address of the people of* England *to the inhabitants of* America," hath perhaps from a vain supposition that the people *here* were to be frightened at the pomp and description of a king, given (though very unwisely on his part) the real character of the present one: "But," says this writer, "if you are inclined to pay compliments to an administration, which we do not complain of (meaning the Marquis of Rockingham's at the repeal of the Stamp Act) it is very unfair in you to withhold them from that

prince, *by whose* NOD ALONE *they were permitted to do any thing.*" This is toryism with a witness! Here is idolatry even without a mask: And he who can calmly hear and digest such doctrine, hath forfeited his claim to rationality—an apostate from the order of manhood—and ought to be considered as one who hath not only given up the proper dignity of man, but sunk himself beneath the rank of animals, and contemptibly crawls through the world like a worm.

However, it matters very little now what the king of England either says or does; he hath wickedly broken through every moral and human obligation, trampled nature and conscience beneath his feet, and by a steady and constitutional spirit of insolence and cruelty procured for himself an universal hatred. It is *now* the interest of America to provide for herself. She hath already a large and young family, whom it is more her duty to take care of than to be granting away her property to support a power who is become a reproach to the names of men and Christians—YE, whose office it is to watch the morals of a nation, of whatsoever sect or denomination ye are of, as well as ye who are more immediately the guardians of the public liberty, if ye wish to preserve your native country uncontaminated by European corruption, ye must in secret wish a separation. But leaving the moral part to private reflection, I shall chiefly confine my further remarks to the following heads:

First, That it is to the interest of America to be separated from Britain.

Secondly, Which is the easiest and most practicable plan, RECONCILIATION or INDEPENDENCE? with some occasional remarks.

In support of the first, I could, if I judged it proper, produce the opinion of some of the ablest and most experienced men on this continent; and whose sentiments on that head are not yet publicly known. It is in reality a self-evident position: for no nation in a state of foreign dependance, limited in its commerce, and cramped and fettered in its legislative powers, can ever arrive at any material eminence. America doth not yet know what opulence is; and although the progress which she hath made stands unparalleled in the history of other nations, it is but childhood compared with what she would be capable of striving at, had she, as she ought to have, the legislative powers in her own hands. England is at this time proudly coveting what would do her no good were she to accomplish it; and the continent hesitating on a matter which will be her final ruin if neglected. It is the commerce and not the conquest of America by which England is to be benefited, and that would in a great measure continue were the countries as independent of each other as France and Spain; because in many articles neither can go to a better market. But it is the independance of this country of Britain, or any other, which is now the main and only object worthy of contention, and which, like all other truths discovered by necessity, will appear clear and stronger every day.

First, Because it will come to that one time or other.

Secondly, Because the longer it is delayed the harder it will be to accomplish.

I have frequently amused myself both in public and private companies with silently remarking the specious errors of those who speak without reflecting. And among the many which I have heard, the following seems the most general, viz. that had this rupture happened forty or fifty years hence, instead of now, the continent would have been more able to have shaken off the independence. To which I reply, that our military ability, *at this time*, arises from the experience gained in the last war, and which in forty or fifty years time would be totally extinct. The continent would not, by that time, have a general, or even a military officer left; and we, or those who may succeed us, would be as ignorant of martial matters as the ancient Indians; and this single position, closely attended to, will unanswerably prove that the present time is preferable to all others. The argument turns thus: At the conclusion of the last war we had experience, but wanted numbers; and forty or fifty years hence we shall have numbers, without experience; wherefore, the proper point of time must be some particular point between the two extremes, in which a sufficiency of the former remains, and a proper increase of the latter is obtained: And that point of time is the present time.

The reader will pardon this digression, as it does not properly come under the head I first

set out with, and to which I again return by the following position, viz.:

Should affairs be patched up with Britain, and she to remain the governing and sovereign power of America (which, as matters are now circumstanced, is giving up the point entirely) we shall deprive ourselves of the very means of sinking the debt we have, or may contract. The value of the back lands, which some of the provinces are clandestinely deprived of, by the unjust extension of the limits of Canada, valued only at five pounds sterling per hundred acres, amount to upward of twenty-five millions, Pennsylvania currency; and the quit-rents, at one penny sterling per acre, to two millions yearly.

It is by the sale of those lands that the debt may be sunk, without burthen to any, and the quit-rent reserved thereon will always lessen, and in time will wholly support the yearly expense of government. It matters not how long the debt is in paying, so that the lands when sold be applied to the discharge of it, and for the execution of which the Congress for the time being will be the continental trustees.

I proceed now to the second head, viz. Which is the easiest and most practicable plan, Reconciliation or Independence, with some occasional remarks.

He who takes nature for his guide is not easily beaten out of his argument, and on that ground, I answer generally—*That* independance *being a single* simple line, *contained within ourselves; and reconciliation, a matter exceedingly perplexed and complicated, and in which a*

treacherous capricious court is to interfere, gives the answer without a doubt.

The present state of America is truly alarming to every man who is capable of reflection. Without law, without government, without any other mode of power than what is founded on, and granted by, courtesy. Held together by an unexampled occurrence of sentiment, which is nevertheless subject to change, and which every secret enemy is endeavoring to dissolve. Our present condition is Legislation without law; wisdom without a plan; a constitution without a name; and, what is strangely astonishing, perfect independance contending for dependance. The instance is without a precedent, the case never existed before, and who can tell what may be the event? The property of no man is secure in the present unbraced system of things. The mind of the multitude is left at random, and seeing no fixed object before them, they pursue such as fancy or opinion presents. Nothing is criminal; there is no such thing as treason; wherefore, every one thinks himself at liberty to act as he pleases. The Tories would not have dared to assemble offensively had they known that their lives, by that act, were forfeited to the laws of the state. A line of distinction should be drawn between English soldiers taken in battle, and inhabitants of America taken in arms. The first are prisoners, but the latter traitors. The one forfeits his liberty, the other his head.

Notwithstanding our wisdom, there is a visible feebleness in some of our proceedings which

gives encouragement to dissentions. The Continental Belt is too loosely buckled: And if something is not done in time, it will be too late to do any thing, and we shall fall into a state in which neither Reconciliation nor Independance will be practicable. The king and his worthless adherents are got at their old game of dividing the Continent, and there are not wanting among us Printers who will be busy in spreading specious falsehoods. The artful and hypocritical letter which appeared a few months ago in two of the New York papers, and likewise in two others, is an evidence that there are men who want both judgment and honesty.

It is easy getting into holes and corners, and talking of reconciliation: But do such men seriously consider how difficult the task is, and how dangerous it may prove, should the Continent divide thereon? Do they take within their view all the various orders of men whose situation and circumstances, as well as their own, are to be considered therein? Do they put themselves in the place of the sufferer whose *all* is *already* gone, and of the soldier, who hath quitted *all* for the defence of his country? If their ill-judged moderation be suited to their own private situations *only*, regardless of others, the event will convince them that "they are reckoning without their host."

Put us, say some, on the footing we were in the year 1763: To which I answer, the request is not now in the power of Britain to comply with, neither will she propose it; but if it were, and even should be granted, I ask, as a

reasonable question, By what means is such a corrupt and faithless court to be kept to its engagements? Another parliament, nay, even the present, may hereafter repeal the obligation, on the pretence of its being violently obtained, or unwisely granted; and, in that case, Where is our redress? No going to law with nations; cannon are the barristers of crowns; and the sword, not of justice, but of war, decides the suit. To be on the footing of 1763, it is not sufficient that the laws only be put in the same state, but that our circumstances likewise be put in the same state; our burnt and destroyed towns repaired or built up, our private losses made good, our public debts (contracted for defence) discharged; otherwise we shall be millions worse than we were at that enviable period. Such a request, had it been complied with a year ago, would have won the heart and soul of the Continent, but now it is too late. "The Rubicon is passed."

Besides, the taking up arms, merely to enforce the repeal of a pecuniary law, seems as unwarrantable by the divine law, and as repugnant to human feelings, as the taking up arms to enforce obedience thereto. The object, on either side, doth not justify the means; for the lives of men are too valuable to be cast away on such trifles. It is the violence which is done and threatened to our persons; the destruction of our property by an armed force; the invasion of our country by fire and sword, which conscientiously qualifies the use of arms: and the instant in which such mode of

defence became necessary, all subjection to Britain ought to have ceased; and the independence of America should have been considered as dating its era from, and published by, *the first musket that was fired against her.* This line is a line of consistency; neither drawn by caprice, nor extended by ambition; but produced by a chain of events, of which the colonies were not the authors.

I shall conclude these remarks, with the following timely and well-intended hints. We ought to reflect, that there are three different ways by which an independancy may hereafter be effected; and that *one* of those *three*, will, one day or other, be the fate of America, viz. By the legal voice of the people in Congress; by a military power; or by a mob: It may not always happen that our soldiers are citizens, and the multitude a body of reasonable men; virtue, as I have already remarked, is not hereditary, neither is it perpetual. Should an independancy be brought about by the first of those means, we have every opportunity and every encouragement before us, to form the noblest, purest constitution on the face of the earth. We have it in our power to begin the world over again. A situation, similar to the present, hath not happened since the days of Noah until now. The birthday of a new world is at hand, and a race of men, perhaps as numerous as all Europe contains, are to receive their portion of freedom from the events of a few months. The reflection is awful, and in this point of view, how trifling, how ridiculous, do the little paltry cavilings of a few weak or

interested men appear, when weighed against the business of a world.

Should we neglect the present favorable and inviting period, and independence be hereafter effected by any other means, we must charge the consequence to ourselves, or to those rather whose narrow and prejudiced souls are habitually opposing the measure, without either inquiring or reflecting. There are reasons to be given in support of independence which men should rather privately think of, than be publicly told of. We ought not now to be debating whether we shall be independent or not, but anxious to accomplish it on a firm, secure, and honorable basis, and uneasy rather that it is not yet begun upon. Every day convinces us of its necessity. Even the Tories (if such beings yet remain among us) should, of all men, be the most solicitous to promote it; for as the appointment of committees at first protected them from popular rage, so, a wise and well established form of government will be the only certain means of continuing it securely to them. Wherefore, if they have not virtue enough to be WHIGS, they ought to have prudence enough to wish for independence.

In short, Independence is the only BOND that ties and keep us together. We shall then see our object, and our ears will be legally shut against the schemes of an intriguing, as well as cruel, enemy. We shall then, too, be on a proper footing to treat with Britain; for there is reason to conclude, that the pride of that court will be less hurt by treating with the American states for terms of peace, than with

those, whom she denominates "rebellious subjects," for terms of accommodation. It is our delaying in that, encourages her to hope for conquest, and our backwardness tends only to prolong the war. As we have, without any good effect therefrom, withheld our trade to obtain a redress of our grievances, let us now try the alternative, by independantly redressing them ourselves, and then offering to open the trade. The mercantile and reasonable part of England, will be still with us; because, peace, with trade, is preferable to war without it. And if this offer be not accepted, other courts may be applied to.

On these grounds I rest the matter. And as no offer hath yet been made to refute the doctrine contained in the former editions of this pamphlet, it is a negative proof, that either the doctrine cannot be refuted, or, that the party in favor of it are too numerous to be opposed. WHEREFORE, instead of gazing at each other with suspicious or doubtful curiosity, let each of us hold out to his neighbor the hearty hand of friendship, and unite in drawing a line, which, like an act of oblivion, shall bury in forgetfulness every former dissention. Let the names of Whig and Tory be extinct; and let none other be heard among us, than those of *a good citizen; an open and resolute friend;* and *a virtuous supporter of the* RIGHTS OF MANKIND, *and of the* FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES OF AMERICA.

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LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 175
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

A Hindu Book of Love

(The Kama Sutra)

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A HINDU BOOK OF LOVE
(THE KAMA SUTRA)

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A HINDU BOOK OF LOVE
(THE KAMA SUTRA)

Why should we be interested in a Hindu manual of love? Surely we need not go all the way to India to find pornography. We can find enough of that in certain of our popular magazines and best-selling novels. We can find it in illustrated advertisements of hosiery and lingerie even more than in those books which have had trouble with the Vice Society. Personally I have no prejudice against books of real or supposed aphrodisiac effects. However, I have no intention of writing such an one here.

The *Kama Sutra* is, literally speaking, to some extent pornographical. That is to say, it treats among other things of the harlot (or *porne*, in classical Greek). It is in no way libidinous. Since, however, it calls things by recognizable names, it is not likely to be soon available for general circulation in an English unexpurgated edition. That is a pity, because reading the book can hardly have any other than an educational effect. Not that the Hindu sage made any great scientific contributions to our knowledge of sex. Occidental investigators have understood the nature and the application of the sexual impulse better than the wise men of the East.

Nevertheless, since Oriental philosophers and scholars have been quite as intelligent,

although not so well versed in scientific method, as their brethren in the West, it is well for us to examine their systems of sexual ethics. When they depart from European standards, are they in every way worse?

For that matter, standards of sexual morality differ widely in the various European countries. Prudery is more common in Great Britain than it is in Germany or France or the Netherlands. It is more firmly established in the United States than even in England. A French version of the *Kama Sutra* (Bibliotheque des Curieux, Paris, 1921) circulates freely, as does the German translation by Richard Schmidt (Berlin, Barsdorfs Verlag).

However, all Europeans are far from the viewpoint of India in this matter. To quote Edward Sellon, "Upon this adoration of the procreative and sexual *Sacti* (or power) seen throughout nature, hinges the whole gist of the Hindu faith." In other words, the phallus, which comes pretty close to being our Devil, is the God of India.

That is not strange. Jehovah is God chiefly because he made the universe and the men who inhabit it. The generative power is what men of the West as well as the inhabitants of the East worship. With us, however, the sense of modesty has been perverted in such a way as to make that statement appear all but blasphemous.

We are all blinded by our own prejudices, by the customs of our country and by the manners and morals peculiar to our own age.

"They change with place, they shift with race;
and in the veriest space of time
Each Vice has worn a Virtue's crown; all
Good was banned as Sin or Crime."

These are the words of Richard F. Burton, who knew from intimate personal experience how much the morality of the Orient differs from that of the West. There is nothing absolute and unchangeable about systems of ethics, codifications of right and wrong.

Vatsyayana, author of the *Kama Sutra*, was not a hack writer. He did not delve into sex because it paid two cents a word. Neither was he a Pullman car teller of smutty stories. He wrote his "Aphorisms of Love" in high seriousness, and with no feeling of shame.

I quote what he said about his own work. He speaks of himself in the third person:

"After having read and meditated the works of Babharvya and other ancient writers, and carefully examined the significance of the rules they propounded, Vatsyayana has composed the 'Aphorisms of Love,' according to the precepts of the Sacred Writings, for the benefit of the world, after he had led the life of a student and become totally absorbed in the contemplation of the divinity.

"This work was not done to serve as a simple instrument for satisfying our desires. A person who, possessing the true principles of this science, carefully cultivates his godliness, his acquisitiveness, and his sexual power, at the same time keeping in mind the customs of his people, is sure finally to master his senses.

"In short, an intelligent and prudent person who occupies himself with pious virtue, with wealth, and also with sex, without becoming the slave of his desires, will succeed in everything which he undertakes."

Vatsyayana is only one of the pious philosophers of India who wrote manuals of love. His life is enshrouded in mystery. The scholars have not even been able to fix it within a certain century. He lived somewhere between the first and the sixth centuries of the Christian era. He wrote in Sanskrit, the classical language of India.

PIETY, WEALTH AND SEXUAL POWER

As we have seen, Vatsyayana makes a sort of mystical trinity of the acquiring of wealth, piety or virtue, and the sexual libido. To quote:

"The human being, whose cycle of life is a hundred years, should practice piety, the acquisition of wealth, and love at different periods, and in such manner that he can attune himself to the three without the slightest discord. He should acquire instruction in his childhood; in youth and maturity he should occupy himself with love and with acquiring property, and in his old age he should devote himself to religion, striving thus to gain immunity from subsequent transmigration. But, considering the uncertainty of life, he might mingle the three at an earlier period. One thing is to be noted: he should lead the life

of a religious student until he has finished his education.

"Religion (or *Dharma*) is the obedience to the commands of the Shastra to do certain things, such as sacrifices, which are not generally observed because they do not pertain to this world and have no visible effect; and not to do certain things, such as to eat meat, which prohibition is observed quite frequently because it is definite, and has visible effects.

"Religion is taught by the holy writings and by them who explain them.

"*Artha* is the acquisition of the arts, earth, gold, beasts of burden and cattle, wealth, equipages, and friends. It is also the protection and care of that which has been acquired, and the increasing one's wealth.

"*Artha* is taught by the officers of the King and by merchants well versed in commerce."

"*Kama* is the enjoyment of acquired objects, by the five senses of hearing, touch, sight, taste, and smell, assisted by the soul in unison with the brain. The essential point here is a special contact between the sense organ and its object, and the resulting consciousness of pleasure is called *Kama*.

"*Kama* is taught by the Kama Sutra"—that is, the book of love aphorisms from which I am quoting—"and by the practice of citizens.

"When all three, *Dharma*, *Artha*, and *Kama*, are united, the order given is that of their relative importance. That is, piety is more important than wealth, and wealth more important than sex. However, *Artha* must be held first by the King, because upon wealth de-

pends the substance of the people. In the same way, because *Kama* is the occupation of the prostitutes, they ought to prefer it to the other two. These are exceptions to the general rule.

"Several scholars object that since religion relates to matters which are not of this earth, it may properly be treated in a book; that likewise the matter of acquiring wealth, since the practice is possible only through the knowledge of certain rules, may be taught in books; but that sensual enjoyment is a thing enjoyed by brute beasts, and which may be seen everywhere, and therefore needs no book to teach it.

"This is not exactly true. Sexual relations, being dependent on man and woman, require the application of certain rules taught by the holy books. The non-use of special means which we see in brute creation is due to the fact that animals have no hindrances set before them; to the fact also that their females are ready for sexual commerce only at certain seasons; and chiefly because their meeting and mating is not preceded by any sort of thought.

"The Lokayatikas" (a sect of skeptics) "say that the religious commandments need not be observed, because the reward they offer, if indeed they offer any reward, is a future one. Who would be foolish enough to allow to pass into the hands of another that which he has in his own? Besides, it is better to have a pigeon today than a peacock tomorrow. A piece of copper which we are sure to get is better

than a piece of gold the possession of which is doubtful."

Thus we see our manual of love interrupted by a religious discussion, by a defense of the true faith. I think it is sufficiently interesting so we may read further:

"The holy writings which order the practice of *Dharma*, leave no doubt; sacrifices, which are made for the destruction of one's enemies or in order to secure rain, have a visible result; the sun, the moon, the stars, the planets, and the other celestial bodies seem to operate intentionally for the good of the world; the existence of the world is made certain by the observance of the rules concerning the four classes of men and the four stages of their life."

The four classes (castes) of men are the Brahmans or priests, the Kshatrya or warriors, the Vaisya or agricultural and merchant class, and the Sudra, or peasants and laborers. The four stages of life are those of the religious student, of the head of a household, of a hermit, and of a pious man. Without a caste system, thought Vatsyayana, the world could not exist at all. We may pass over a few pages more of his apologetics.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES OF LOVE

When Dr. Iwan Bloch proposed a new science, *Sexualwissenschaft* or sexology, he meant that it should be studied intensively by specialists. To the theologians of India, as we

have seen, the study and cultivation of love was a part of their religion. It was no esoteric mystery, but it was open to all. In Vatsyayana's words:

"A man should study the Aphorisms of Love and the arts and sciences related to love at the same time with those arts and sciences which have to do with religion and with the accumulation of wealth. Even young girls should study the Aphorisms of Love and the branches of knowledge accessory to it, before they get married and, with the consent of their husbands, afterwards also.

"To be sure, certain learned men object that women should not study the Aphorisms of Love, or indeed any branch of knowledge.

"However, Vatsyayana does not agree with this objection; for women already are familiar with the practice of love. . . . We know by experience that certain women, such as the daughters of princes and their ministers, as well as prostitutes, are really well versed in the Aphorisms of Love.

"A woman, consequently, should learn the Aphorisms of Love, or at least part of them, studying their application under the direction of an intimate woman friend. . . . . Her teacher should be a married woman, and should come under one of the following categories: the daughter of her foster-mother, whose childhood was spent with hers; a friend worthy of all her confidence; an old servant; an old beggar-woman who formerly lived in the household; or her own sister, to whom she has always confided her whole heart.

"At the same time that she studies the Aphorisms of Love, she should also study

1. Singing.
2. The playing of musical instruments.
3. Dancing.
4. The harmonized arrangement of dancing, singing, and musical instruments.
5. Writing and drawing.
6. Tattooing.
7. Clothing and decorating an idol with rice and flowers.
8. The disposition and arrangement of beds or couches of flowers, or of flowers, upon the earth.
9. The coloration of teeth, clothes, hair, nails, and the body; that is, their dyeing, their painting, and the various other ways of changing their color.
10. The arrangement of color glasses on the floor.
11. The art of making beds and of spreading out rugs and cushions for resting on.
12. Playing musical glasses containing water.
13. The storing of water in aqueducts, cisterns and reservoirs." (This does not seem to have much real connection with the branch of education just previously mentioned, and I do not quite see why it is necessary for a young girl to understand this. Whatever we say of other Indian wise men in this connection, Vatsyayana certainly believed in the right of a woman to become educated.)

"14. Painting, arranging furniture, decorating.

15. The preparation of rosaries, necklaces, garlands, and crowns.

16. The preparation of turbans and chaplets, of egrets and bouquets of flowers.

17. Scenic representations. The acting of plays.

18. The preparation of ear-rings.

19. The art of preparing perfumes and scents.

20. The arrangements of jewelry and decorations, along with the whole art of matching costumes.

21. Magic or sorcery." (In the English medieval writers, we find the study of magic held in good repute, so long as it was white magic, and not black magic, which was sacred to the Devil. However, I do not know that magic seems to them a proper study for young girls. Vatsyayana's views were certainly feministic.)

"22. Sleight-of-hand.

23. The art of cookery.

24. The preparation of lemonade, sherbets and other sour drinks, and spirituous extracts with suitable perfumes and colors.

25. The art of sewing.

26. The preparation of artificial flowers and birds.

27. The solution of puzzles, riddles, and conundrums.

28. A game of making verses, the first word of which must be the same as the last word in the verse made by the preceding player.

29. The art of mimicry or imitation.

30. Reading.

31. The study of words difficult to pronounce.

32. Fencing, and self-defence with the stick and the bow.

33. The art of reasoning.

34. The work of a carpenter.

35. Architecture.

36. The knowledge of the different sorts of money, jewels, and precious stones.

37. Chemistry and mineralogy.

38. The colors of precious stones and pearls.

39. The understanding of mines and quarries.

40. Gardening, and the art of treating plant diseases.

41. The art of conducting fights between cocks, quail and rams." (A ladylike study, isn't it—by our standards?)

"42. The art of teaching parrots and starlings to sing.

43. The art of applying perfumed unguents to the body, and of applying pomade to the hair, as well as the whole art of hair-dressing.

44. Understanding different forms of handwriting.

45. The art of talking in different styles.

46. The knowledge of the languages and dialects of the different provinces.

47. The art of decorating wagons with flowers.

48. The art of tracing mystic diagrams and preparing charms and enchantments. How to knot bracelets.

49. Various games which exercise the in-

genuity of the players, as well as their command of language.

50. Verse writing.

51. The knowledge of dictionaries and vocabularies.

52. The art of disguise.

53. The art of changing the appearance of things, as to make cotton look like silk and to make ordinary and cheap articles take on the appearance of fine and rare objects.

54. The various gambling games.

55. The art of getting other people's property by means of enchantments.

56. Various games of childhood.

57. Etiquette.

58. The science of war.

59. The art of gymnastics.

60. The art of understanding the character of a man by means of his facial features. (Physiognomy.)

61. The art of scanning verse.

62. Arithmetical games.

63. Preparing artificial flowers.

64. Modelling figures and images in clay."

These, then, are the sixty-four branches of knowledge which every woman, or at least every woman of high rank, should study. I have in several cases shortened and simplified Vatsyayana's descriptions of these studies. Some of the branches overlap, but yet they offer in the sum total quite a formidable group. I should suppose that a woman thoroughly grounded in magic, physiognomy, and the art of acquiring her neighbor's property by means of the proper enchantment, might be forgiven

even if she were a little clumsy at modelling in clay.

To return to Vatsyayana:

"A courtesan endowed with a good disposition, possessing beauty as well as other attractions, and also well-versed in the arts and studies named above, is called *Ganika*, which means a courtesan of high degree; she has the right to a seat of honor in a company of men. Always respected by the King and praised by the literary men, finding her favors to be sought by all, she becomes the object of universal consideration. In the same way, the daughter of a king, or the daughter of a minister of state, if she possesses the arts listed above, can be assured of the preference of her husband, even if he has thousands of other women. Besides, a woman who has been separated from her husband and who finds herself in a difficult position, can easily make her own living, even in a foreign country, if she knows these arts. The very knowledge of all these things is attractive in a woman, though the practice of the arts is possible only under definite circumstances. As for a man versed in these arts, if he talks in an agreeable manner and according to the rules of gallantry about them, he can easily conquer the hearts of women, even those he has known for but a short time."

THE LIFE OF A CITIZEN

Kama, although it is most conveniently translated by *love* or *sex*, really means, as we have seen, all sensual pleasure. Accordingly Vatsy-

ayana tells us how the man possessed of a fortune should live:

"He should take a house in a city or in a large village or in the neighborhood of honorable men, or in a place frequented by a large number of people. This residence should be situated near a water-course, and it should be divided into various compartments to serve different purposes. It should be surrounded by a garden and contain two principal divisions, interior and exterior. The interior division should be occupied by the women; the other, richly perfumed, should contain a bed, soft and pleasant to look upon, covered with a perfectly white sheet, a little elevated in the middle, upon which should be garlands of flowers, with a canopy above, and two pillows, one at each end. There should also be a sort of sofa or day-bed, at the head of which should be a small table, upon which to place perfumed unguents for the night, flowers, pots of collyrium and other substances giving off a pleasant odor, essences serving to perfume the mouth, and citron peel. Near the sofa, on the floor, a cuspidor, a box for holding articles of clothing, a lute hung upon an elephant's tusk, a drawing-table, a pot of perfumes, some books, and some garlands of yellow amaranths. A little farther, upon the floor, there should be a round seat, a gaming-box, and a table upon which to play dice. Outside the exterior apartment, there should be large bird-cages or aviaries. There should be a separate room for spinning, wood-cutting, and similar diversions. In the garden should be two swings, one being of the revolv-

ing variety; also a bower of climbing plants covered with flowers, with a turf bank to rest upon.

"The head of the house, when he gets up in the morning, after having occupied himself with the indispensable duties, should wash his teeth and then apply upon his body moderate quantities of unguents and perfumes, he should apply collyrium (an eye-wash) upon his eyelashes and beneath his eyes, he should color his lips with lacquer, and look at himself in the mirror. Then, having eaten betel leaves and other things which sweeten the breath, he should attend to his usual affairs. Every day he should take a bath, every other day he should anoint himself with oil, every three days he should apply to his body a sort of soap, every four days he should have his whole head and face shaved, and the other parts of his body should be shaved every five or six days.

"All this should be punctually attended to; he should be careful, also, to remove the perspiration from his arm-pits. He should take his meals in the morning, in the afternoon, and again in the evening, as Charayana prescribes. After breakfast, he should occupy himself with teaching parrots and other birds to speak. Then should come cock-fights, quail-fights, and ram-fights. A limited time should be devoted to theatrical representations, then should come the noon siesta. Afterwards, the head of the house, accompanied by a friend, should await in his previously decorated and perfumed chamber the coming of his wife, or he should send a messenger to her or go herself to find her.

When she comes, he and his friend should bid her welcome and talk with her kindly and pleasantly. This should be the last occupation of the day.

"The diversions and amusements which the citizens should from time to time participate in include festivals in honor of the various gods, social gatherings of the two sexes, drinking parties, picnics, and other social events.

"At a particularly favorable time an assembly of citizens should take place in the temple of Saraswati. This should be the occasion for testing the talent of singers or other artists who have come into the city, and on the next day there should be a distribution of rewards. The artists should be retained or sent away according to whether the assembly has liked their performances or not. The members of the assembly should act together in times of distress as well as in times of prosperity, and it is the duty of these citizens to grant hospitality to strangers and foreigners who have come to the assembly. This applies of course to all the other festivals celebrated in honor of the various gods.

"When men of the same age, dispositions, and talents, enjoying the same pleasures, join together to seek the company of courtesans or go to an assemblage of citizens in order to converse together pleasantly, this is called a social gathering. Common amusements are completing verses partly made by others, and testing the instruction of each individual in the various arts. Women of great beauty who have tastes similar to those of the men and

attractions with which they can captivate hearts are always honored at these social meetings."

These women would generally be courtesans or concubines. Although, as we have seen, Vatsyayana recommended instruction in many arts for the respectable daughters of citizens, his advice was seldom followed. Among the Hindus, as among the ancient Greeks, wives were in general less cultured and less able to converse intelligently with their husbands than were the kept women of the higher grades.

As for drinking parties (and, alas, we shall soon need notes to explain what these were) Vatsyayana says:

"Men and women should drink in one another's houses. Then the men should give drink to the public women," that is, to the concubines and courtesans. A list is given of suitable drinks, the names of which are now meaningless to us.

"In the morning the men, after having dressed, should ride on horse-back in the gardens, accompanied by public women and followed by servants. They should engage in suitable exercises and pass the time in agreeable distractions, such as promoting fights between cocks, quail, and rams. Then they should go home in the afternoon, bringing back bouquets of flowers.

"In the same way, in summer, they should bathe in a body of water from which dangerous animals have previously been removed.

"Other pleasures of society are passing the night away playing dice, going walking by

moon-light, celebrating a holiday in honor of the spring, picking fruits, eating lotus fibres and tender grain, picnics into the woods when the trees put on their new foliage, water sports, decorating one another with flowers, fighting with flowers, and other sports peculiar to the various provinces. Such amusements as these should always be enjoyed by the citizens.

"They should be enjoyed by a man who is diverting himself with a single courtesan, or by a courtesan who is taking her recreation in the company of servants or of citizens.

"A *Pithamarda* is a man without any fortune, alone in the world, whose only property consists of his T-shaped chair, his supply of soap, and a red cloak. He comes from a good country and is versed in all the arts. He is received into the company of citizens and into the homes of public women to teach the arts.

"A *Vita* is a man who enjoys the advantages of fortune, for being a fellow countryman of the citizens to whom he attaches himself, and possessing the qualities of the head of a house, having his wife with him, he is honored in the social gatherings of citizens and in the homes of the public women, whose assistance enables him to live."

He was evidently a man whose knowledge of manners and social ease enabled him to get along. Perhaps he was also a teacher of *Kama*, an instructor in the art of enjoying the good things of life. Along with the *Vidushaka* a sort of jester, who was, however, always of high rank, the *Vita* contributed to the social amenities.

"These different persons serve as intermediaries in the quarrels and reconciliations between citizens and public women.

"This also applies to beggars, to women who have their hair shaved off, to adulterous women, and to old public women who are versed in all the arts.

"Thus a citizen who lives in a city or in a village, respected by all, should maintain relations with the persons of his caste who are worthy of his company. In being of service to them, he will oblige them by his example to enter into relations of mutual service and help."

THE VARIOUS CLASSES OF WOMEN

Vatsyayana discusses the limitations and prohibitions of caste as they apply to love and marriage:

"When sexual union is practiced by men of the four castes according to the marriage regulations of the Sacred Writings, with virgins of their own caste, it is a means of acquiring legal children and thus perpetuating their names and reputations, and it is not opposed to the customs of the world. On the contrary, the practice of sexual relations with women of a higher caste or with such as are no longer virgins, though they are of the same caste, is prohibited. Relations with women of inferior castes or with those who have lost caste, with courtesans and concubines, or with women who have left their husbands to live

with another, are neither commanded nor prohibited.

"Women whom one may lawfully enjoy are of three sorts: maidens, wives who have deserted their husbands, and those who sell themselves publicly. Gonikaputra believes that there is a fourth class, women to whom one may turn on a special occasion, although they are already married. These special occasions come out of one or another of the following pieces of reasoning:

1. The woman is willing, and many others have enjoyed her. Consequently I may have relations with her although she is of a higher caste than I, without violating the rules of religion.

2. The woman has left her husband, and others before me have enjoyed her; therefore nothing prevents me from having sexual relations with her.

3. The woman has gained the heart of her great and powerful husband, and she has some control over him, who is my enemy's friend; if then she has relations with me, she will persuade her husband to abandon my enemy.

4. This woman's very powerful husband is thinking of doing me evil; she can, if I am intimate with her and dear to her, persuade her husband to change his mind.

5. By allying myself with this woman, I shall find an occasion to kill her husband and seize his immense wealth.

6. The union of this woman with me presents no danger, and she will bring me a fortune which I very much need, considering my

poverty and my inability to earn a living. It would thus be a method of taking to myself without any difficulty her great wealth.

7. This woman loves me ardently, and she is familiar with some of my weaknesses. Consequently, if I refuse to have relations with her, she will make my faults public in such a way as to sully my character and my reputation. Or perhaps she will bring against me a serious charge which I shall find it difficult to disprove, and I shall be ruined. Or perhaps she will urge her husband, who is powerful and over whom she possesses influence, to withdraw his favors and his good will from me. She will help my enemy, or urge her husband to help him.

8. This woman's husband has violated the chastity of my wives. I will revenge myself upon him.

9. With the assistance of this woman I will kill an enemy of the king who has taken refuge with her, and whom the king has commanded me to slay.

9. The woman whom I love is under the influence of this one. By means of making love to this one I can obtain the one I really want.

10. This woman will obtain for me a rich and beautiful maiden who is difficult to approach because she stands under the control of another man.

Finally: My enemy is the friend of this woman's husband. I might be able through the woman to cause a dissolution of this friendship.

"For these reasons and for other similar

ones one may address oneself to other men's wives, but it must be especially understood that this is permitted only for special reasons, and never merely to satisfy a carnal desire."

In other words, a violation of the sexual code is immoral, whereas thievery and even murder are not. This is a view much held by the moral censors of our own time and country.

"It is forbidden to have relations with the following classes of women: Lepers, lunatics, outcasts, those who reveal secrets, those who are immodest, those who are extremely pale or extremely dark, those who aren't feeling well, those who come within the incestuous degrees of relationship, those who live ascetic lives under a vow, and the wives of a relative, a learned Brahman, or the king.

"The disciples of Brabhavya say that it is permitted to have relations with any woman who is notoriously immoral. But Gonikaputra is of the opinion that, even in such a case, the wives of a relative, a learned Brahman, or the king should be excepted."

THE ARTS OF LOVE

Vatsyayana carefully classifies men and women according to the intensity of their libido. He attempts to determine what part the woman plays in the act of coition, and what pleasure she derives from it. Many of the subjects he analyzes subjectively and philosophically have been fairly definitely settled by Occidental scientific investigators. Of course, this whole

field is for various reasons particularly difficult for the scientists.

There are four sorts of love, according to Vatsyayana, that which results from a habitual act, that which arises out of the imagination, that which comes from faith, and that which results from the perception of exterior objects. Love which arises from seeing the body of a beautiful woman is of the last class. This sort is the best, he says, because the others are only internal and vague.

Homer speaks of his gods and his heroes as "mingling in love." It is chiefly this physical conception of love that Vatsyayana holds. The sexual union, that is, the major union of coition and the lesser unions of the embrace and the kiss, is what concerns him, together with various preliminary and auxiliary matters. Surely I need not point out here the obvious fact that all love, no matter how much "sublimated" or idealized, rests upon a physical basis.

The kiss is discussed in a chapter of its own. The nature of the osculation, the various parts of the body which should be kissed, the degree of intensity of the kiss, are each carefully considered. There is nothing scientific about the classifications and descriptions, of course. As there is nothing novel about the Hindu kisses, we may well pass this section by. The chapter ends with this statement: "Whatever one of the lovers does to the other must be returned in kind; that is, if the woman kisses the man, the man must kiss her in return; if she strikes him, he must strike her in return."

Scratching and biting are investigated in the two succeeding chapters. Is there anything strange or exotic in this? Havelock Ellis quotes an experienced modern Englishwoman to the effect that she had only met one man whose sexuality was without a strain of cruelty. Sadism is the name by which we call this joy in inflicting pain, and masochism is the pleasure in having pain inflicted. It is worth noting that Vatsyayana does not assume that one is confined to the male, the other to the female. If the woman strikes the man, he is to assume that she will enjoy being struck as well as striking. Or, since the woman's pleasure is not much considered, we can at least assume that Vatsyayana believed every man to be both sadist and masochist. Prudery hides the matter, so far as we moderns are concerned, and it bursts out in "sheik novels" and similar pieces of artistry. The kiss, according to Albert Eulenburg, is nothing more than a symbolical bite.

The various parts of the body which should be scratched are carefully listed. An old sage, however, is quoted to the effect that "if the impetuosity of the passion is excessive, no attention is paid to what spot is scratched."

Since love is reduced in Vatsyayana's book to one of the fine arts (part of the dance of life, as Mr. Ellis would say) each detail is carefully considered in relation to the whole. Moreover, this whole dance is a sacred thing. Therefore there is nothing unholy about erotic scratching, which is a part of the system of love, which forms with piety and money-making

the great mystical trinity of India. There is no reason why a great sage should not concern himself with the way in which nails should be cut and polished in order best to serve love-making.

Since the art of love is not universally held sacred among us, it is better not to reproduce here Vatsyayana's catalogue of the so-called figures of Venus. These are the various positions and ways in which coition may be carried out. Many of these are imitations of the acts of mammals and birds. "These different sorts of congress," we are told, "carried out according to the usages of each country and the fancy of each individual, engender love, friendship and respect in the hearts of women."

It is remarkable that in discussing the blows given by lovers, Vatsyayana considers only those inflicted with the open hand or the closed fist. The rod and the lash as part of the equipment of a brothel date back to the dawn of history. The *Kama Sutra* does discuss and condemn the erotic use of various cutting and piercing implements. It was customary in ancient India, at least in certain provinces, to slash the cheeks and the breasts of one's mistress to indicate the fervor of one's affections.

Note that the Hindu sage took for granted the fact that every normal and healthy individual was prepared to enjoy pain. This view, which has been advanced in modern times by the Marquis de Sade, is not that of Krafft-Ebing and his followers. The sadist, like the man

who pursues other sexual aberrations, is to them a degenerate.

Vatsyayana says, "The characteristics of the male sex are, according to general opinion, severity and impetuosity; while weakness, tenderness, sensitiveness, and an inclination to evade unpleasant things are the distinctive marks of the feminine sex. The excitement of passion and certain matters which have become habitual may sometimes apparently produce contrary results, but the natural condition is always that described above."

We are all more or less Puritans, and many things which seemed perfectly naturable and respectable to the old Hindu philosophers are classified by us among the acts of psychopathic persons. If it is true that to the pure all things are pure, then the whole civilization of modern Europe is mud-flecked, as compared with that of ancient India, or even ancient Greece. With these words I pass over a good many pages of the *Kama Sutra*. Reading Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*, it should already be clear, is not a substitute for this omitted section. The modern physician says in his very title that the people with whom he is dealing are mentally ill. Vatsyayana speaks to respectable citizens of sound mind and healthy body. Merely to explore all the curious byways of love is to him no symptom of disease, no piece of sin.

Clearly this is a very different manner of looking at the matter than ours. It is a viewpoint that we ought unblinkingly and unsmirkingly to consider. To understand a strange

sin is surely to forgive it. Yet it is futile to say this, for we cherish our blind spots most of all.

ACQUIRING A WIFE

How to pick a wife—this is a question of interest to all of us, married or single. Let us see what Vatsyayana has to say about it.

"When a maiden marries a man of the same caste according to the rules of the sacred writings, the results of the union are the acquisition of piety and wealth, children, an increase in the number of their friends, and an affinity and love between them without any dissensions. For this reason, the man should choose a girl of good family, whose parents are alive, and whose age is at least three years less than his."

Evidently the Hindu sage, if he was familiar with mother-in-law jokes, was not frightened by them. Perhaps this advice not to have anything to do with a girl whose parents are dead has a connection with the religious rites of suttee. It is good form—or was, before the British conquered India—for a Hindu widow to permit herself to be cremated on her husband's funeral pile. However, as the following passage makes clear, Vatsyayana was thinking as well of the material assistance a bride's parents could afford the groom:

"She should belong to a very respectable family, rich, in a good position, surrounded by many relatives and friends. She should also be beautiful, endowed with good qualities, with

marks of good luck on her body. Her nails, teeth, ears and eyes should be regular and even, complete in number and exactly as they ought to be. She should be of good health. However, it would be reprehensible to choose one who is no longer a virgin.

"In order to bring about a marriage with such a girl as has just been described, the man's relatives and friends should lend their assistance. They should tell the girl's parents about all the faults and vices of every other man who is courting her, and at the same time they should greatly exaggerate the merits of their friend, especially as to the nobility of his descent, in such a way as to make the parents like him. They should talk to such relatives as have an influence with the girl's mother. One of his friends might disguise himself as an astrologer and fortune-teller, and prognosticate good luck and future riches for his friend, declaring that the position of the planets and the auguries on his body are auspicious."

It was believed that a man was lucky if his right eye blinked a little, while the mark of luck in a woman was the blinking of her left eye.

"Before agreeing to a marriage, each side should be convinced of the fortune, lucky signs, and other favorable indications; for, as Ghotakamukha says, a man should not get married capriciously. One should not marry a girl who sleeps, weeps, or leaves the house at the time when her parents are being asked for her hand. One should not marry a girl betrothed

to another. The following are also to be avoided:

One who remains hidden when her suitor appears.
One who has an unpleasant-sounding name.
One who has a flat nose.
One whose nostrils are high.
One who is shaped like a boy.
One who does not stand up straight.
One who has a protuberant forehead.
One who is bald.
One who does not love purity.
One who has been polluted by others.
One who has a tumor or goitre.
One who is in any way disfigured.
One who is already sexually mature.
One who has an older sister still unmarried.
One whose feet and hands perspire too much.

"Also a girl who bears the name of one of the twenty-seven stars, or the name of a tree or of a river, is not considered desirable. The same holds of girls whose name ends in *r* or *l*. According to some authors, it is impossible to be happy in marriage without taking a girl to whom one is attached; consequently, one should marry only a girl one loves.

"When a girl becomes ripe for marriage, her parents should dress her coquettishly and let her be seen everywhere where she can be seen by everyone. Every afternoon, after having decked her out elegantly, they should send her with her young companions to games, sacrifices, and marriage ceremonies, so she can be seen to advantage. They must display her as though she were a sort of merchandise. They

should gather together with good words and indications of friendship the persons of good appearance and prospects whom their relatives or their friends have brought them with a view to marrying their daughter. These suitors should be introduced to the girl, dressed and bejewelled in her very best. When this has been done, they will await the pleasure of fortune, and decide upon a certain day for arranging the marriage. On this day, when the persons concerned have arrived, the parents of the girl will invite them to bathe and dine, and will say to them, 'Everything happens in due time'; and they will postpone the decision for a later date."

The bath in the Oriental world is a luxury, perhaps it should be explained. To invite a guest to use his bath is for the Hindu no more an insult than inviting him to the theatre would be.

THE NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE

Although, as we have seen, some of the Hindu philosophers have recommended love as a prerequisite to marriage, this is surely "love at first sight." The man in the case could not usually see very much of the young virgin whom he wished to marry. He could not court her directly. Therefore such courtship as takes place with us during the period of betrothal, or before that time, had to take place among the old Hindus after marriage.

"During the three days immediately follow-

ing the wedding, the man and the woman should sleep on the floor, abstaining from sexual pleasures, and seasoning their food with alkali or salt. The next seven days, they should bathe to the sound of joyful musical instruments, dress and ornament themselves, dine together, and exchange polite conversation with their relatives and with others who have been present at the wedding ceremonies. This applies to people of all castes." (Ordinarily a Brahman would not dine with a person of lower caste.)

"The evening of the tenth day, the husband should begin to talk gently to his young wife in such a way as to inspire confidence in her. Some authors assert that, in order to win her over completely, he should not speak to her at all during three days. The disciples of Babhravya, however, say that if a man remains mute for three days, it is to be feared that the young bride may be disgusted to see him inert and motionless, like a statue, for so long. He will begin to seem weak and epicene to her. Vatsyayana is of the opinion that the husband should begin by gaining his wife's confidence, but that he should abstain at first from sexual pleasures.

"Women, being gentle by nature, wish to be handled gently; if they must suffer brutal assaults from men whom they hardly know, they sometimes come as a result to hate the marriage relation, or even to hate the male sex. Therefore the husband should approach his bride in a manner not displeasing to her, and

he should employ such measures as will slowly but surely win her faith and confidence.

"When the girl has consented to be embraced, the man should put some betel nuts or betel leaves into her mouth. If she refuses to take them, he should speak conciliating words to her, beg her to accept them, make her solemn promises. As a last resort, he should get down on his knees before her; for, as a rule, no matter how stormy or irritated a woman may be, she is always susceptible to the entreaties of a man who has kneeled before her.

"At the moment when he gives her the betel, the husband should kiss her gently on the lips, uttering no sound. This first point gained, he will engage her in conversation. In order to begin this, he should ask her questions about matters which he does not know, or pretends not to know. The answers to these questions will be short. If the bride does not answer her husband's first questions, he should not become brusque, or lose his temper. He should ask the same questions, this time in a more conciliating tone. If she does not reply at the second questioning, the husband should insist upon her answering. As Ghotakamukha observes, 'All brides listen to what their husbands say, but often they do not say a word themselves.' If the husband is firm but gentle, his wife will answer at last, at least by an inclination of the head. If not properly handled, she will not reply even by gesture.

"If the man has known her before marriage, he may carry on a conversation with her

through an intermediary, such as a woman who has her confidence and also that of the husband. On such an occasion the girl will smile, her head bent toward the ground; if the woman intermediary says more than the bride wants to hear, she will scold her and try to pick a quarrel. The woman friend should jokingly say something that the young bride doesn't want to have said, adding, 'That's what she says,' and then she should smile and glance knowingly toward the husband.

"If the young woman is on familiar terms with her husband, she will place near him, without saying anything, the betel nuts, the unguents, and the garlands which he may have asked for. These she has perhaps hidden in her garments, prepared for the occasion."

Remember that the bride is a girl of twelve or thirteen, and her husband perhaps sixteen or seventeen. We can understand, then, the need of a friendly older woman to start things smoothly. Although, as we have seen, the young husband is advised not to treat his wife brutally, this is primarily for his own sake. In the India of still earlier days, we are told that the women were held pretty much men's equals. In Vatsyayana's time, and ever since then, the man has been as the sun and his woman or his women as satellites. It is said that the very text in the old writings which is taken to command the burning of a widow was merely a commendation of the faithful wife, and a promise that she should be rewarded for being true to him and attached to him unto death.

To return to the young married couple:

"A man who acts according to the inclinations of his bride, should try to make her tractable in such a way that she can love him and give him her confidence. It is not possible to succeed either by blindly following the girl's inclinations or by opposing them altogether. It is necessary to adopt the median course. The man who knows how to make women like him, how to make them watch over their own honor, how to make them feel confidence in him, such a man is sure to have women's love. But he who lets a girl go because she seems too timid and frightened only wins her disrespect. She considers him as a beast who does not know how to govern the spirit of a woman. However, a girl taken by force into marital relations by a man who does not understand the feminine heart, become nervous, restless, depressed. She feels a sudden and violent disgust for the man who has violated her. She falls into a state of despair, and becomes the enemy of the whole male sex; or, if she particularly detests her husband, she has recourse to other men."

It is more or less in the tone of a treatise on how to tame a colt. Perhaps a spirited horse is better to be trained with kindness than with the whip. A wife, besides, can commit adultery if her husband becomes too disagreeable.

COURTSHIP

I have said that courtship was for the India of Vatsyayana's days something that took place after marriage. However, there were some exceptions to this rule:

"A poor man who has good qualities, a man whose family is of low rank and whose qualities are ordinary, a man dependent on his father, his mother, or his brothers, should not marry without having been careful to make himself loved and honored by the girl, from her very childhood. Thus a young bachelor who is not living with his parents, but in his uncle's house, should try to win his uncle's daughter, or another girl, even one who is already betrothed to some other man. This way of wooing a girl, according to Ghotaka-mukha, is blameless, because it is a way of acquiring wealth, and as good a way as any other form of marriage.

"When a youth has in his way started to court a girl whom he loves, he should pass much of his time with her, amusing her with various games and pastimes suitable to her age and condition, such as picking flowers and assembling them harmoniously, playing house, cooking, playing dice, matching coins, jacks and similar games which may be in fashion in that part of the country and pleasing to the girl. He should also arrange other games which are played by a number of people, such as hide and go seek, blind man's buff, and the like; also various gymnastic exercises, which

the girl may attend in company with her friends and her servants.

"The young man should be as kind and courteous as possible to any woman whom the young girl considers worthy of her confidence. Above all, he should attach himself by his amiability and by little services to the daughter of the wet-nurse of the girl he is wooing. If he can win her over to his side, even when she understands what his intentions are, she will put no obstacle in his way, and may perhaps facilitate the union between the desired girl and him. Knowing his real character, she will not cease to speak of his good qualities to the girl's relatives, even though the man has not asked her to do this." (It is assumed that the girl of low rank would make no attempt to divert the wooing to herself.)

"In every way the man should try to do what is pleasing to the girl, and to obtain for her whatever she desires. Thus she will have toys and baubles which most of her companions do not possess. He will bring her balls of bright colors; he will give her dolls of cloth, wood, of buffalo's tusks, of ivory, of wax, composition, and clay; cooking utensils, wooden figures, such as a man and woman sitting together; a pair of rams, nannygoats, or sheep; also temples of earth, bamboo, and various sorts of wood, consecrated to the different goddesses; cages containing birds of different kinds; water-cases of elegant and diverse shapes, guitars, yellow unguent; finally, sandal-wood, saffron, and the nuts and leaves of the betel. He should give her these things

at different times, whenever he has a chance to meet her; some of them he should give her privately, others in public, according to circumstances. In brief, he should try in every way to convince her that he is ready to do whatever she wishes.

"If he arranges with her a meeting in some secluded place, he should tell her that he has given her presents secretly because he did not wish to displease her parents and his own; he will add that whatever he has given her, others would willingly have received. If the girl seems to like him, he may tell her funny stories, so long as she is willing to hear them. He may show her tricks of sleight-of-hand, if she is interested. He may show how well he can practice any of the arts at which he is adept. If she is fond of singing, he may make music for her. On festive days especially, he should give her presents, bouquets of flowers, ornaments, and the like.

"All this time, he should wear fine clothes and take good care of his personal appearance, for young girls fall in love with the men they see who are good-looking and well-dressed. When women feel love, they make no efforts to conquer the object of their affections.

"Nevertheless, here are the signs and visible acts by which the love of a young girl is shown:

"She never looks at the young man's face, and she blushes when she sees him; she manages to give him fleeting glimpses of her arms and legs; she watches him furtively when he

goes away; when he asks her a question, she bashfully turns away her head and answers him indistinctly, in disconnected phrases; she likes to be in his company; when she sees him in the distance, she speaks loudly to her servants, thus hoping to catch his attention; under one pretext or another, she shows him various objects; she tells him fables and stories very slowly, in order to prolong the conversation; she embraces and kisses the baby she is holding while he looks on; she puts ornamental marks on his servants' foreheads; carries out lively and graceful movements when her servants speak gayly to her in her lover's presence; confides in his friends, and shows them respect and deference; is good to his servants, chats with them, asks them to do things for her, as though she were their mistress, and listens attentively to them when they speak to someone else about their master; she goes into his house when his foster-mother's daughter invites her there, and with her assistance, arranges matters so she can talk and play with him; she tries to avoid being seen by her beloved when she is not dressed and ornamented at her best; she sends him by a messenger her earrings, her ring, and her garland of flowers, when he has expressed a desire to see them; always carries with her something that he has given her; looks sad when her relatives talk to her of another suitor; and seeks to avoid the company of those persons who speak in favor of this rival suitor.

"When the young girl begins to show her love by such signs as those mentioned above,

her lover should try to conquer her entirely by such means as these:

"When they play together, he will intentionally hold her hand. He will show her a couple of miniature figures cut into a leaf" (evidently something in the nature of a Hermaphroditus) "and, at intervals, other things of the same sort. When they engage in aquatic sports, he will dive at a distance from her and come up near her. He will seem charmed with the new foliage of the trees, and other similar things. He will tell her how he is suffering because of his love for her. He will tell her the beautiful dream he has had with regard to other women. At parties and assemblies of the caste, he should sit beside her and touch her hands and feet under one pretext or another. Every time he gives her a present or receives one from her, his countenance should express the intensity of his love.

"He should spill upon her the water which he has received to rinse his mouth; and if he finds himself with her in a solitary place, he should make love to her, telling her the true state of his heart, but not distressing her in any way."

Perhaps this matter is self-explanatory. The young man does the girl an honor, of course, by pouring upon her hair or upon her body the perfumed water which has been provided to make his own breath sweet. This little explanation is less important than an understanding of the whole basis for such a courtship as is here described. It is by no means the proper thing to do, in the eyes of the girl's

parents. The philosophers recommend it to young men who cannot otherwise obtain a rich and otherwise desirable virgin. In Mohammedan India, as elsewhere in Islam, this would be impossible, owing to the existence of the strictly-guarded seraglio. Let us return to our courtship:

"Every time when he sits on the same seat or the same bed with her, he should say to her, 'I have something special to tell you'; and if she agrees to go to a quiet place to hear him, he should express his love by means of gestures and signs more than by words. When he knows that she loves him, he should pretend to be ill, and have her sent for to speak to him. Then he will take her hand and carry it to his eyes and to his forehead, and he will ask her to prepare some medicine for him, saying, 'This duty is yours, yours and nobody else's.'

"When she must go away, he should let her depart, begging her, however, to come again to see him. This pretended illness should be continued for three days and three nights. Finally, when the girl has acquired the habit of coming to see him, he should hold long conversations with her; for, as Ghotakamukha says, 'no matter how passionately a man loves a girl, he never wins his victory without using a good many words.' When the man has finally found the girl entirely conquered, he may begin to enjoy marital relations with her."

If she does not let herself be taken so easily, Vatsyayana suggests other ways of gaining her confidence, through her foster-mother or

through her trusted friends or through servants. The great religious philosopher seems to find nothing wrong in all this.

HOW A HINDU CINDERELLA SHOULD ACT

Supposing a Hindu virgin is not sufficiently sought after by eligible young men what should she and her parents do about it? Vatsyayana supplies some suggestions:

"A young girl who is endowed with good qualities and who has been well educated, but whose family is of an inferior class or not very wealthy, and who is consequently not sought after by her equals; or an orphan, who conscientiously observes the rules of her family as well as the laws of caste, should, when she arrives at a marriageable age, try to attach herself to a strong and good-looking young man or someone else who might be weak-minded enough to marry her without asking consent of his parents.

"She should employ to this end such means as will win love for her, and she should seek out occasions to see and meet the desired man. Her mother, too, should bend all her efforts to arrange a meeting between them at the house of friends. The young girl should arrange matters so she can find herself alone in some quiet place with her beloved, and after a while she should give him some flowers, a betel nut or betel leaves, and some perfume. She should show him that she is adept at the various arts. She should discuss with him the

proper way to conquer the heart of a maiden.

"However, according to ancient authors, no matter how ardent the affection of a girl for a man may be, she should not offer herself or make the first proposals. A girl who acts in this way is likely to be undervalued and rebuffed. She should submit to all his embraces, if she is willing, without showing any pleasure or any understanding of what he is about. When he wishes to kiss her, she should refuse to permit it; she should persistently resist this and further advances. Only when she is certain that she is really loved, that her lover is entirely and unalterably devoted to her, should she give herself over to him, persuading him to marry her immediately afterward. After she has lost her virginity, she should immediately tell her intimate friends."

SOME HINDU MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

After marriage, the problems of Hindu ladies and gentlemen are in some cases similar to our own, in others quite different. For example:

"The causes of a new marriage while a man's wife is still alive are the following:

1. The wife's bad reputation, or her madness.
2. The disgust which a husband feels for his first wife.
3. The wife's sterility.
4. The birth of girls only.
5. The husband's extreme lewdness.

"From the beginning of the marriage, a wife

should exert herself to gain her husband's love, always showing herself devoted, good-humored, and clever. If she bears him no children, she should herself advise her husband to marry a second wife. When the new wife is married and installed in the house, the first one should give her a position superior to her own, treating her like a sister.

"In the morning, the older one should make the younger one dress and ornament herself in their husband's presence, and she ought never to be jealous of the attentions he pays her. If the newer wife does something displeasing to her husband, the older one should advise her as well as she can. She should treat the other woman's children as though they were her own, respect her servants more than her own, be good to her friends, and honor her relatives.

"If there are a number of wives, the first one should ally herself with the next in rank and age, and she should incite the wife who has recently enjoyed the favors of the husband to seek a quarrel with the favorite of the day. Then she should pity her, and after having united the other women, she should encourage them to denounce the favorite as being quarrelsome and wicked, but always without in any way compromising herself. If the favorite has a quarrel with the husband, the oldest wife should take her part and give her false encouragement in order to make the quarrel worse. If, after all this, she sees that the husband continues to love the favorite, she should change her tactics, and work hard to

effect a reconciliation between them, in order to avoid arousing her husband's displeasure.

"The youngest wife should consider the oldest as her mother, and should give nothing away, even to her parents, without telling her. She should confide in her absolutely, and never approach the husband without the oldest wife's permission. She should never betray the secrets which the oldest wife confides to her, and she should cherish her children even more than her own. She should never speak to her husband of the fact that her pride is hurt by the presence of a rival. She should secretly obtain from him some special signs of his particular affection for her. She should never, in pride or anger, tell anyone how her husband loves her and how she loves him; for a woman who reveals her husband's secrets incurs his displeasure. As for seeking to obtain her husband's favor, she should always do this when nobody else is present. If the oldest wife is sterile, she should offer her sympathy."

Vatsyayana next discusses the possibility that a widow may remarry. Evidently, then, the suttee law did not yet exist, or was not universally observed. The question of just how ancient the requirement of the widow's immolation is, has for some time been troubling Hindu scholars. Probably it is comparatively recent. To return to our household of plural wives:

"A woman whose husband does not love her and whom the other wives persecute, should ally herself with the favorite wife" (against whom the others would naturally be united,

and who would therefore welcome such an ally) "and learn from her the arts of pleasing a husband. She should watch over all her husband's children, and she should take a leading part in religious observances. She should never obtrusively seek her husband's favors, or reproach him in any way for neglecting her. She should try to arrange a conciliation when he has quarreled with one of his wives, and to help him when he wishes secretly to meet one of them. She should try to find out her husband's weaknesses, but she should never reveal them to others. In general, she should act so that her husband will consider her a good and devoted wife."

THE KING'S WIVES

There are special ordinances for the seraglio of a king:

"The women employed in the harem should offer to the king, in the name of his wives, flowers, unguents, and articles of clothing. The king, having accepted these, should present them to the servants, just as he does with what he has worn the preceding day. In the afternoon the king, dressed and bejewelled in his best, should visit his seraglio. After having paid due respect and addressed proper salutations to each wife, he should carry on an agreeable conversation with them all. After that he should visit his concubines and his dancers.

"When the king wakes up after his noon sies-

ta, the woman whose duty it is to indicate which of his wives is to pass the night with him, comes to him with the attendants of any chosen wife, that is to say, of the one whose regular turn it is, together with the attendants of any wife who feels that her turn has been overlooked, or who has been ill at the time of her regular turn. The attendants offer to the king unguents and perfumes sent by these wives, telling him in each case why their mistress believes she has a right to his company. That one of his wives whose unguents are accepted thereby knows herself to be chosen."

OTHER MEN'S WIVES

We have already seen that in certain cases Vatsyayana considers it proper to seduce the wives of other men. For instance, a man might die of his love if he did not have relations with a certain woman. The symptoms of this love disease, arranged in order of their seriousness, are, according to our philosopher and guide, the following:

Love induced by seeing the woman.
Spiritual attachment.
Constant thinking of her.
Insomnia.
Emaciation of the body.
Disgust for old games and pleasures.
Putting aside modesty.
Madness.
Fainting fits.
Death.

"Ancient authors say that a man should take note of the disposition, the sincerity, and the purity of a young woman, together with the intensity of her passions, deducing all these things from the shape of her body and certain characteristic marks. But Vatsyayana believes that these signs are deceptive, and that women must be judged by their conduct and by the movements of their body.

"As a general rule, according to Gonikaputra, a woman falls in love with every handsome man she sees, and a man with every beautiful woman; but often, for various reasons, they do not see each other closer. A woman in love pays no attention to justice. She does not try to conquer a man for some ulterior purpose, but only because of her love. When a man approaches her, she instinctively defends herself against him, even if she is inclined to favor him. If the man insists, she finally consents. A man who falls in love, however, masters his feelings by considerations of morality and wisdom, and though he thinks often of the woman in question, he does not surrender to her attempts to win him. Sometimes a man makes an effort to conquer the object of his affections; and if he fails, he gives up the attempt. It sometimes happens that when he has won a woman's heart, he becomes indifferent to her.

"The reasons why a married woman repulses a man who attempts to seduce her are as follows:

1. Love of her husband.
2. The desire for legitimate children.

3. The lack of a suitable opportunity.
4. Anger at being approached too familiarly by a man.
5. Difference in social rank.
6. Lack of certainty, because the man concerned travels a good deal.
7. A suspicion that the man may be attached to some other woman.
8. Fear that the man may not keep his intentions secret.
9. The thought that the man is too much devoted to his friends, and not sufficiently devoted to her.
10. Fear that he may not be serious.
11. Shame because the man is famous, or of higher rank than hers.
12. Fear that his passion may be too weak or too strong.
13. Modesty, or shame, because the man is so clever.
14. The memory of having been on terms of pure friendship with him.
15. Contempt, because he is inexperienced and unfamiliar with the ways of the world.
16. Mistrust of his character.
17. Indignation because he does not seem to know that she loves him.
18. The supposition that he is a weakling.
19. Fear that his passion may somehow harm her.
20. Mistrust of him and his intentions.
21. Fear of being discovered.
22. Disappointment in him because of his gray hair or his looking stingy.

23. Fear that he may have been sent by her husband to test her chastity.
24. The thought that he may be too scrupulous about morals."

Evidently this overscrupulousness would not include any feeling of doubt about the justice of seducing another man's wife, however. Note, too, that moral scruples are not listed among the wife's twenty-four reasons for sending away a lover.

"When the man finds out what the cause of his rejection is, he should try to overcome it. If the woman is ashamed because of his talents or rank, he should show her how much he loves her. If the woman alleges a lack of opportunity, he should show her some easy means of access to her. If she feels too great a respect for him, he should encourage her to familiarities. If she suspects him of having a bad character, he should prove to her his valor and his wisdom.

"The following sorts of men are usually most successful with women:

1. Men well versed in the science of love.
2. Men who are good story-tellers.
3. Men who have known the women in question since their childhood.
4. Men who have gained their confidence.
5. Men who give them presents.
6. Men who have never been in love before."

There are twenty-four classes of men named in all, but we may pass over the rest to turn to Vatsyayana's list of the women who are easiest to win over:

"1. Women who stay at the door of their house.

2. Women who are always to be seen in the street.

3. Women who pass their time gossiping in a neighbor's house.

4. Women who always keep looking at you.

5. Women who deliver messages.

6. Women who look sideways at you.

7. Women whose husbands have taken other wives without just cause.

8. Women who detest their husbands or are hated by them.

9. Women who have nobody to watch them and support them."

The list goes on to include widows, immoral women, and others who are supposed to offer an easy approach.

THE COURTESAN

I will pass over Vatsyayana's hints on seducing one's neighbors's wife, and turn to his chapters on the courtesan:

"In their relations with men, the courtesans find not only sexual pleasures but also a means of subsistence. When a courtesan entertains a man because of her love, the action is natural; but in case she does it merely to earn money, it is artificial or unnatural. In this latter case, however, she should act as though she loved him naturally, for men become attached to such women as seem to love them. She should seem to be acting entirely from motives of love, and

not thinking of the mercenary side at all. In the interest of her future reputation, she should not take money from him in any illegal way.

"A courtesan, well dressed and ornamented, should sit or stand at the door of her house, and without making herself too conspicuous, she should look up and down the street in such a way as to be seen by the passers-by, for she must be displayed in the same manner as merchandise which is offered for sale.

"She should become friendly with such persons as can help her to stir up quarrels between men and other women, and can otherwise protect and help her in her affairs. These persons include police-officers and city watchmen; officials of the law courts; astrologers; scholars; teachers of the arts of love; merchants of flowers, perfumes, and spirituous liquors; barbers; and beggars.

"The men whom a courtesan should cultivate for the sake of gain include those with an independent income, those who hold important royal positions, those who are naturally generous, only sons of rich parents, ascetics who are secretly troubled by desire, physicians of the King, and old acquaintances.

"For love and for the sake of her reputation, she should turn to men of high rank, poets, good story-tellers, energetic men, those who are religious, free from anger, liberal, fond of their parents, sociable, clever at completing verses and other such games, free from all illness or bodily defect, not given over to drink, able to attract women but not entirely devoted to love, free from envy and jealousy."

The courtesan, Vatsyayana tells us, should be free from avarice. She should be devoted to love and well acquainted with its arts, as well as the fine arts and the various crafts. She should avoid the following kinds of men:

"Those who are consumptive or sickly; those who have worms or maggots in their mouth, those who are always jealous; those who are stingy; those who are pitiless; sorcerers; those who care nothing about their reputation; thieves; and, finally, those who are too bashful or modest.

"Ancient authors say that in giving themselves to men, courtesans are actuated by one of the following motives: love, fear, the desire of money, pleasure, vengeance, curiosity, disappointment, piety, the desire of fame, compassion, the resemblance of the man to a beloved person, and poverty. Vatsyayana believes that the desire for wealth, the search of happiness, and love are the only causes of a courtesan's relations with a man."

The courtesan should not give herself too readily to a man, in Vatsyayana's opinion. There should be much sending of intermediaries, exchanging of presents, and the like. The woman discussed here is evidently in the nature of the Greek hetæra. She has servants and wealth, and evidently she does not give herself to poor men. As we have seen, she might even hope to become famous.

THE CONCUBINE

The courtesan may be taken by a man into his house, to remain there permanently as a sort of inferior wife, or concubine. In such a case, according to our philosopher of love,

"She should live with her lover as if she were married, she should behave like a chaste wife and she should try to satisfy him in every way. Her task, briefly, is to give him pleasure, but she need not fall in love with him, though she should act as though she were really attached to him.

"She should not ask outright for money. She ought to have a mother dependent upon her, whom she can represent as very avaricious. If she has no mother, she may let some trustworthy woman play the part. The real or pretended mother should show hostility to her lover, and take her away from him by force. The girl should pretend to be angry, dejected, afraid, and ashamed, but in no case should she disobey her mother.

"She should tell her mother that the man has fallen ill, and under this pretext she should go to see him. Here are the various things she should do to make sure of his favor:

"She should send her servant to pick up the flowers he has worn the day before, in order that she may wear them as a sign of her affection; she should ask for the betel nuts and leaves which he has left over; she should express astonishment at his skill in the practice of love; she should let him teach her the sixty-

four forms of pleasure taught by Babhravya; she should keep his secrets; she should confide her own desires and secrets in him; she should satisfy all his whims; she should look worried when he becomes thoughtful, or seems to be thinking of something else than her and love; she should express herself as being fond of everything he likes; she should be gay or sad according as he is the one or the other; she should express the desire to see his wives; she should show neither complete indifference nor excessive emotion when she chances to meet him; she should not express her love for him by means of words, but with acts, signs, hints; she should remain silent when he is asleep, tired, or ill; she should reply to him vivaciously and gayly, when she has become sufficiently familiar with him; she should listen attentively to all he has to say, except that which relates to her rivals; she should not praise other people, or censure people who have the same faults as her lover; she should wear any ornament he may have given her; she should not eat when her lover seems to be discouraged or ill; she should ask him to take her with him if he leaves the country, whether voluntarily or by an order of banishment; she should tell him that she does not want to survive him; she should tell him that the whole object of her life is to be united to him; she should offer to the Divinity the sacrifices offered in advance, when he has become rich or secured some desire, or recovered from an illness; she should put his name into the songs she sings; she should sit on his lap and fall asleep there; she should

wish to bear him a child; she should show respect to his family, his color" (the Hindus, although of the Caucasian race, are in some cases as dark as negroes) "his friends, his good qualities, his likeable disposition; she should ask him to sing, if he is proud of his musical ability; she should tell him that in the other world she will continue to be his mistress.

"If the man undertakes a journey, she should make him swear that he will return promptly; during his absence she should wear no ornaments except those that bring good luck. If the time set for his return is passed, she should make astrological calculations to determine his fate. If she feels depressed or if the auguries are unlucky, she should carry out some ceremony or sacrifice which will tend to appease the Deity.

"When the man has returned, she should worship Kama, god of love, and the other gods as well. Then she should have her friends bring her a case full of water, out of which she should pour an oblation for the crow which eats the offerings that we make to the shades of our deceased parents. After the first visit, she should ask her lover to carry out certain rites, which he will do if he is sufficiently attached to her.

"A man is said to be fully attached to his concubine when his love is disinterested, when he has the same objects in mind as she, when he is entirely free from jealous suspicions, and when he does not quarrel with her over the matter of money."

SOME GOOD ADVICE TO COURTESANS

As has been clear from the beginning of this book, to the old Hindus the whole matter of love was mystically mingled with religion and with money. Accordingly, a great philosopher could pause to consider how a harlot or a concubine could make herself rich:

"Money is obtained from a lover, in two ways, one natural and legal, the other way being to use tricks. Some old authors say that if a woman can get from her lover by natural means as much money as she needs, she should not use any artifices. However, Vatsyayana thinks that she can get twice as much by using such tricks as those described below, and consequently she should use them all. These are the artifices:

1. She should ask him for money for various purposes, such as to buy food, drink, flowers, perfumes, ornaments and clothes; and she should not buy these things, but keep the money. Else she should buy them for a lower price, and keep the rest.

2. She should praise his intelligence.

3. She should tell him that she needs money to fulfill religious vows.

4. She should tell him that her jewels have been stolen.

5. She should tell him that she has had property destroyed by a fire or by the negligence of her servants.

6. She should tell him that she has lost the ornaments he has given her.

7. She should have her friends tell him how much it has cost her in travelling expenses to come to see him.

8. She should enter into debts on his account.

9. She should have a quarrel with her mother over some expense she has incurred on her lover's account.

10. When her lover's friends give a party, she should decline to go, saying she has no presents to give them.

11. She should fail to go through certain religious performances, saying she has not sufficient money to arrange the ceremonies.

12. She should engage artisans to do a piece of work, and charge it to her lover."

But why go on with the list? It is not a very different set of tricks from that employed by any intelligent kept woman of the present century and our own country. Next follows a list of various methods of getting rid of a lover who is no longer desirable. Then comes some advice about entering into a new union with an old lover:

"When a courtesan abandons a lover after having got all his money away from him, she should consider new relations with an old lover. She should only pursue him if he has become rich again or if part of his fortune remains to him and if he is still attached to her. If this man is just then living with another woman, she should consider the matter well before acting.

"When a woman can choose between two lovers, with one of whom she has had relations and the other one being a stranger, the sages are generally of the opinion that the former is preferable, because, as she is already familiar with his tastes and his character, she can easily satisfy him. But Vatsyayana thinks that an old lover, who has already spent a large part of his fortune, cannot or will not give more money, and that consequently the new lover is to be preferred."

As for the woman who has a new lover every night:

"If a courtesan can obtain a good deal of money every day by having a large clientele, she should not attach herself to a single lover; in this case she should fix her price for the night after having considered the place, the season, the amount her client is able to pay, her own good qualities, and also what other courtesans are charging.

"The ancient wise men say that if a courtesan is offered equal pay by two lovers at the same time, she should give the preference to the one that offers her exactly what she needs at the time. But Vatsyayana is of the opinion that she should accept the man who offers her gold, because it is the best medium of exchange. Of all these things: gold, silver, copper, bell-metal, iron, vases, furniture, beds, clothing, perfumery, oil, wheat, cattle, and so on, the first, gold, is superior to all the rest."

Here we have clearly defined the time when money took the place of a system of barter.

The gold seems not yet to have been coined, but the advantage of its ready acceptance everywhere was already seen.

"If the conquest of two lovers is equally easy and if they offer the same things, the courtesan should consider their personal qualities and the signs which they bear of good or of evil fortune.

"If there are two lovers, one of whom is attached to the courtesan and the other of whom is simply very generous, the old wise men say that she should give the preference to the generous one; but Vatsyayana is of the opinion that it is better to accept the one who is attached to the courtesan, because he may become generous, as even a miser gives money to a woman when he is smitten with her, while the lover who is simply generous will not remain long attached to her. If, however, a poor and a rich man seek her out, she will naturally prefer the latter."

Various other cases are set down in which the poor harlot does not know which of two admirers to accept. We are reminded of the donkey discussed by medieval European philosophers, which is set at an equal distance from two equally attractive bundles of hay, and which starves to death because it cannot make up its mind which to take. So we can imagine a Hindu courtesan standing in the street all night, or in the doorway of her house, unable to make her mind up. If she follows the ancient sages, she will take this young man; but yet Vatsyayana's advice points clearly to the other.

Philosophers are philosophers everywhere, and harlots are harlots in India or France or in the United States of America. Therefore I don't really suppose that any courtesan ever had two equally-matched lovers clamoring for her at the same moment. If she had, she took one because she liked the way his hair curled, or for some equally weighty reason. He was the lucky fellow, and his poor disappointed rival had to seek elsewhere a fair one, skilled in the Aphorisms of Love and the tricks for separating him from his money.

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS
Editor
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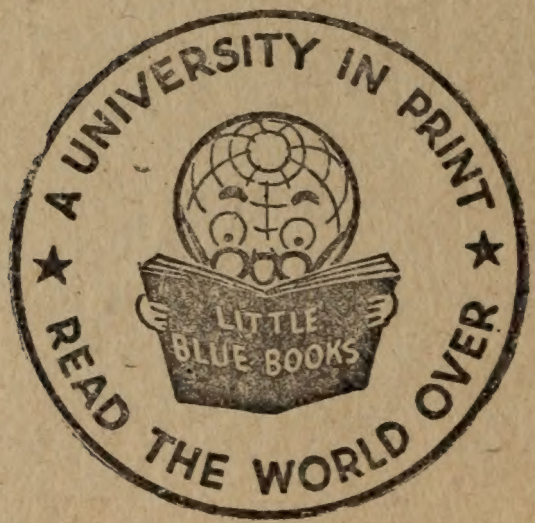

An Essay on the Aristocratic Radicalism of FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

GEORGE BRANDES

OAK ST. HDSF

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Author of "William Shakespeare," etc.

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By A. G. CHATER

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I

AN ESSAY ON THE ARISTOCRATIC RADICALISM OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE [1]

(1889)

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE appears to me the most interesting writer in German literature at the present time. Though little known even in his own country, he is a thinker of a high order, who fully deserves to be studied, discussed, contested and mastered. Among many good qualities he has that of imparting his mood to others and setting their thoughts in motion.

During a period of eighteen years Nietzsche has written a long series of books and pamphlets. Most of these volumes consist of aphorisms, and of these the greater part, as well as the more original, are concerned with moral prejudices. In this province will be found his lasting importance. But besides this he has dealt with the most varied problems; he has written on culture and history, on art and women, on companionship and solitude, on the State and society, on life's struggle and death.

He was born on October 15, 1844; studied philology; became in 1869 professor of philology at Basle; made the acquaintance of Richard Wagner and became warmly attached to him, and associated also with the distinguished historian of the Renaissance, Jakob Burkhardt. Nietzsche's admiration and affection for Burkhardt were lasting. His feeling for Wagner, on the other hand, underwent a complete revulsion in the course of years. From having been Wagner's prophet he developed into his most passionate opponent. Nietzsche was always heart and soul a musician; he even tried his hand as a composer in his **Hymn to Life** (for chorus and orchestra, 1888), and his intercourse with Wagner left deep traces in his earliest writings. But the opera of **Parsifal,** with its tendency to Catholicism and its advancement of the ascetic ideals which had previously been entirely foreign to Wagner, caused Nietzsche to see in the great composer a danger, an enemy, a morbid phenomenon, since this last work showed him all the earlier operas in a new light.

During his residence in Switzerland Nietzsche came to know a large circle of interesting people. He suffered, however, from extremely severe headaches, so frequent that they incapacitated him for about two hundred days in the year and brought him to the verge of the grave. In 1879 he resigned his professorship. From 1882 to 1888 his state of health improved, though extremely slowly. His eyes were still so weak that he was threatened with blindness. He was compelled to be extremely careful in his mode of life and

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1 "The expression 'aristocratic radicalism,' which you employ, is very good. It is, permit me to say, the cleverest thing I have yet read about myself."
—NIETZSCHE, Dec. 2, 1887.

to choose his place of residence in obedience to climatic and meteorological conditions. He usually spent the winter at Nice and the summer at Sils-Maria in the Upper Engadine. The years 1887 and 1888 were astonishingly rich in production; they saw the publication of the most remarkable works of widely different nature and the preparation of a whole series of new books. Then, at the close of the latter year, perhaps as the result of overstrain, a violent attack of mental disorder occurred, from which Nietzsche never recovered.

As a thinker his starting-point is Schopenhauer; in his first books he is actually his disciple. But, after several years of silence, during which he passes through his first intellectual crisis, he reappears emancipated from all ties of discipleship. He then undergoes so powerful and rapid a development—less in his thought itself than in the courage to express his thoughts—that each succeeding book marks a fresh stage, until by degrees he concentrates himself upon a single fundamental question, the question of moral values. On his earliest appearance as a thinker he had already entered a protest, in opposition to David Strauss, against any moral interpretation of the nature of the Cosmos and assigned to our morality its place in the world of phenomena, now as semblance or error, now as artificial arrangement. And his literary activity reached its highest point in an investigation of the origin of the moral concepts, while it was his hope and intention to give to the world an exhaustive criticism of moral values, an examination of the value of these values (regarded as fixed once for all). The first book of his work, **The Transvaluation of all Values,** was completed when his malady declared itself.

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Nietzsche first received a good deal of notice, though not much commendation, for a caustic and juvenile polemical pamphlet against David Strauss, occasioned by the latter's book, **The Old Faith and the New.** His attack, irreverent in tone, is directed not against the first, warlike section of the book, but against the constructive and complementary section. The attack, however, is less concerned with the once great critic's last effort than with the mediocracy in Germany, to which Strauss's last word represented the last word of culture in general.

A year and a half had elapsed since the close of the Franco-German War. Never had the waves of German self-esteem run so high. The exultation of victory had passed into a tumultuous self-glorification. The universal view was that German culture had vanquished French. Then this voice made itself heard, saying—

Admitting that this was really a conflict between two civilizations, there would still be no reason for crowning the victorious one; we should first have to know what the vanquished one was worth; if its value was very slight—and this is what is said of French culture—then there was no great honor in the victory. But in the next place there can be no question at all in this case of a

victory of German culture; partly because French culture still persists, and partly because the Germans, now as heretofore, are dependent on it. It was military discipline, natural bravery, endurance, superiority on the part of the leaders and obedience on the part of the led, in short, **factors that have nothing to do with culture,** which gave Germany the victory. But finally and above all, German culture was not victorious for the good reason that **Germany as yet has nothing that can be called culture.**

It was then only a year since Nietzsche himself had formed the greatest expectations of Germany's future, had looked forward to her speedy liberation from the leading-strings of Latin civilization, and heard the most favorable omens in German Music.[1] The intellectual decline, which seemed to him—rightly, no doubt—to date indisputably from the foundation of the Empire, now made him oppose a ruthless defiance to the prevailing popular sentiment.

He maintains that culture shows itself above all else in a unity of artistic style running through every expression of a nation's life. On the other hand, the fact of having learnt much and knowing much is, as he points out, neither a necessary means to culture nor a sign of culture; it accords remarkably well with barbarism, that is to say, with want of style or a motley hotchpotch of styles. And his contention is simply this, that with a culture consisting of hotchpotch it is impossible to subdue any enemy, above all an enemy like the French, who have long possessed a genuine and productive culture, whether we attribute a greater or a lesser value to it.

He appeals to a saying of Goethe to Eckermann; "We Germans are of yesterday. No doubt in the last hundred years we have been cultivating ourselves quite diligently, but it may take a few centuries yet before our countrymen have absorbed sufficient intellect and higher culture for it to be said of them that it is a long time since they were barbarians."

To Nietzsche, as we see, the concepts of culture and homogeneous culture are equivalent. In order to be homogeneous a culture must have reached a certain age and have become strong enough in its peculiar character to have penetrated all forms of life. Homogeneous culture, however, is of course not the same thing as native culture. Ancient Iceland had a homogeneous culture, though its flourishing was brought about precisely by active intercourse with Europe; a homogeneous culture existed in Italy at the time of the Renaissance, in England in the sixteenth, in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, although Italy built up her culture of Greek, Roman and Spanish impressions, France hers of classical, Celtic, Spanish and Italian elements, and although the English are the mixed race beyond all others. True, it is only a century and a half since the Germans began to liberate themselves from French culture, and hardly more than a hundred years since they entirely escaped from the Frenchmen's school, whose influence may nevertheless be traced even today; but still no one can justly deny the existence of a German culture, even if it is yet comparatively young and in a state of growth. Nor will anyone who has a sense for the agreement between German music and German philosophy, an ear for the harmony between German music and German

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1 **"The Birth of Tragedy," p. 150 ff. (English edition.)**

lyrical poetry, an eye for the merits and defects of German painting and sculpture, which are the outcome of the same fundamental tendency that is revealed in the whole intellectual and emotional life of Germany, be disposed in advance to deny Germany a homogeneous culture. More precarious will be the state of such smaller countries whose dependence on foreign nations has not unfrequently been a dependence raised to the second power.

To Nietzsche, however, this point is of relatively small importance. He is convinced that the last hour of national cultures is at hand, since the time cannot be far off when it will only be a question of a European or European-American culture. He argues from the fact that the most highly developed people in every country already feel as Europeans, as fellow-countrymen, nay, as confederates, and from the belief that the twentieth century must bring with it the war for the dominion of the world.

When, therefore, from the result of this war a tempestuous wind sweeps over all national vanities, bending and breaking them, what will then be the question?

The question will then be, thinks Nietzsche, in exact agreement with the most eminent Frenchmen of our day, whether by that time it has been possible to train or rear a sort of caste of pre-eminent spirits who will be able to grasp the central power.

The real misfortune is, therefore, not that a country is still without a genuine, homogeneous and perfected culture, but that it thinks itself cultured. And with his eye upon Germany Nietzsche asks how it has come about that so prodigious a contradiction can exist as that between the lack of true culture and the self-satisfied belief in actually possessing the only true one—and he finds the answer in the circumstance that a class of men has come to the front which no former century has known, and to which (in 1873) he gave the name of "Culture-Philistines."

The Culture-Philistine regards his own impersonal education as the real culture; if he has been told that culture presupposes a homogeneous stamp of mind, he is confirmed in his good opinion of himself, since everywhere he meets with educated people of his own sort, and since schools, universities and academies are adapted to his requirements and fashioned on the model corresponding to his cultivation. Since he finds almost everywhere the same tacit conventions with respect to religion, morality and literature, with respect to marriage, the family, the community and the State, he considers it demonstrated that this imposing homogeneity is culture. It never enters his head that this systematic and well-organized philistinism, which is set up in all high places and installed at every editorial desk, is not by any means made culture just because its organs are in concert. It is not even bad culture, says Nietzsche; it is barbarism fortified to the best of its ability, but entirely lacking the freshness and savage force of original barbarism; and he has many graphic expressions to describe Culture-Philistinism as the morass in which all weariness is stuck fast, and in the poisonous mists of which all endeavour languishes.

All of us are now born into the society of cultured philistinism, in it we all grow up. It confronts us with prevailing opinions, which we unconsciously adopt; and even when opinions are divided, the division is only into party opinions—public opinions.

An aphorism of Nietzsche's reads: "What is public opinion? It is private indolence." The dictum requires qualification. There are cases where public opinion is worth something: John Morley has written a good book on the subject. In the face of certain gross breaches of faith and law, certain monstrous violations of human rights, public opinion may now and then assert itself as a power worthy to be followed. Otherwise it is as a rule a factory working for the benefit of Culture-Philistinism.

On entering life, then, young people meet with various collective opinions, more or less narrow-minded. The more the individual has it in him to become a real personality, the more he will resist following a herd. But even if an inner voice says to him: "Become thyself! By thyself!" he hears its appeal with despondency. Has he a self? He does not know; he is not yet aware of it.

He therefore looks about for a teacher, an educator, one who will teach him, not something foreign, but how to become his own individual self.

We had in Denmark a great man who with impressive force exhorted his contemporaries to become individuals. But Soren Kierkegaard's appeal was not intended to be taken so unconditionally as it sounded. For the goal was fixed. They were to become individuals, not in order to develop into free personalities, but in order by this means to become true Christians. Their freedom was only apparent; above them was suspended a "Thou shalt believe!" and a "Thou shalt obey!" Even as individuals they had a halter round their necks, and on the farther side of the narrow passage of individualism, through which the herd was driven, the herd awaited them again—one flock, one shepherd.

It is not with this idea of immediately resigning his personality again that the young man in our day desires to become himself and seeks an educator. He will not have a dogma set up before him, at which he is expected to arrive. But he has an uneasy feeling that he is packed with dogmas. How is he to find himself in himself. how is he to dig himself out of himself? This is where the educator should help him. An educator can only be a liberator.

It was a liberating educator of this kind that Nietzsche as a young man looked for and found in Schopenhauer. Such a one will be found by every seeker in the personality that has the most liberating effect on him during his period of development. Nietzsche says that as soon as he had read a single page of Schopenhauer, he knew he would read every page of him and pay heed to every word, even to the errors he might find. Every intellectual aspirant will be able to name men whom he has read in this way.

It is true that for Nietzsche, as for any other aspirant, there remained one more step to be taken, that of liberating himself from the liberator. We find in his earliest writings certain favorite expressions of Schopenhauer's which no longer appear in his later works. But the liberation is here a tranquil development to independence, throughout which he retains his deep gratitude; not, as in his relations with Wagner, a violent revulsion which leads him to deny any value to the works he had once regarded as the most valuable of all.

He praises Schopenhauer's lofty honesty, beside which he can only place Montaigne's, his lucidity, his constancy, and the purity of his relations with society, State and State-religion, which are

in such sharp contrast with those of Kant. With Schopenhauer there is never a concession, never a dallying.

And Nietzsche is astounded by the fact that Schopenhauer could endure life in Germany at all. A modern Englishman has said: "Shelley could never have lived in England: a race of Shelleys would have been impossible." Spirits of this kind are early broken, then become melancholy, morbid or insane. The society of the Culture-Philistines makes life a burden to exceptional men. Examples of this occur in plenty in the literature of every country, and the trial is constantly being made. We need only think of the number of talented men who sooner or later make their apologies and concessions to philistinism, so as to be permitted to exist. But even in the strongest the vain and weary struggle with Culture-Philistinism shows itself in lines and wrinkles. Nietzsche quotes the saying of the old diplomatist, who had only casually seen and spoken to Goethe: **"Voila un homme qui a eu de grands chagrins,"** and Goethe's comment, when repeating it to his friends: "If the traces of our sufferings and activities are indelible even in our features, it is no wonder that all that survives of us and our struggles should bear the same marks." And this is Goethe, who is looked upon as the favorite of fortune!

Schopenhauer, as is well known, was until his latest years a solitary man. No one understood him, no one read him. The greater part of the first edition of his work, **Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung,** had to be sold as waste paper.

In our day Taine's view has widely gained ground, that the great man is entirely determined by the age whose child he is, that he unconsciously sums it up and ought consciously to give it expression.[1] But although, of course, the great man does not stand outside the course of history and must always depend upon predecessors, an idea nevertheless always germinates in a single individual or in a few individuals; and these individuals are not scattered points in the low-lying mass, but highly gifted ones who draw the mass to them instead of being drawn by it. What is called the spirit of the age originates in quite a small number of brains.

Nietzsche who, mainly no doubt through Schopenhauer's influence, had originally been strongly impressed by the dictum that the great man is not the child of his age but its step-child, demands that the educator shall help the young to educate themselves **in opposition to** the age.

It appears to him that the modern age has produced for imitation three particular types of man, one after the other. First Rousseau's man, the Titan who raises himself, oppressed and bound by the higher castes, and in his need calls upon holy Nature. Then Goethe's man; not Werther or the revolutionary figures related to him, who are still derived from Rousseau, nor the original Faust figure, but Faust as he gradually develops. He is no liberator, but a spectator, of the world. He is not the man of action. Nietzsche reminds us of Jarno's words to Wilhelm Meister: "You are vexed and

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1 **The author of these lines has not made himself the advocate of this view, as has sometimes been publicly stated, but on the contrary has opposed it. After some uncertainty I pronounced against it as early as 1870, in "Den franske Æsthetik i vore Dage," pp. 105, 106, and afterwards in many other places.**

bitter, that is a very good thing. If you could be thoroughly angry for once, it would be better still."

To become thoroughly angry in order to make things better, this, in the view of the Nietzsche of thirty, will be the exhortation of Schopenhauer's man. This man voluntarily takes upon himself the pain of telling the truth. His fundamental idea is this: A life of happiness is impossible; the highest a man can attain to is a heroic life, one in which he fights against the greatest difficulties for something which, in one way or another, will be for the good of all. To what is truly human, only true human beings can raise us; those who seem to have come into being by a leap in Nature; thinkers and educators, artists and creators, and those who influence us more by their nature than by their activity: the noble, the good in a grand style, those in whom the genius of good is at work.

These men are the aim of history.

Nietzsche formulates this proposition: "Humanity must work unceasingly for the production of solitary great men—this and nothing else is its task." This is the same formula at which several aristocratic spirits among his contemporaries have arrived. Thus Renan says, almost in the same words: "In fine, the object of humanity is the production of great men . . . nothing but great men; salvation will come from great men." And we see from Flaubert's letters to George Sand how convinced he was of the same thing. He says, for instance: "The only rational thing is and always will be a government of mandarins, provided that the mandarins can do something, or rather, can do much . . . It matters little whether a greater or smaller number of peasants are able to read instead of listening to their priest, but it is infinitely important that many men like Renan and Littre may live and be heard. Our salvation now lies in a real aristocracy."[1] Both Renan and Flaubert would have subscribed to Nietzsche's fundamental idea that a nation is the roundabout way Nature goes in order to produce a dozen great men.

Yet, although the idea does not lack advocates, this does not make it a dominant thought in European philosophy. In Germany, for instance, Eduard von Hartmann thinks very differently of the aim of history. His published utterances on the subject are well known. In conversation he once hinted how his idea had originated in his mind: "It was clear to me long ago," he said, "that history, or, to use a wider expression, the world process, must have an aim, and that this aim could only be negative. For a golden age is too foolish a figment." Hence his visions of a destruction of the world voluntarily brought about by the most gifted men. And connected with this is his doctrine that humanity has now reached man's estate, that is, has passed the stage of development in which geniuses were necessary.

In the face of all this talk of the world process, the aim of which is annihilation or deliverance—deliverance even of the suffering godhead from existence—Nietzsche takes a very sober and sensible stand with his simple belief that the goal of humanity

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1 Nietzsche: "Thoughts out of Season," II., p. 155 f. (English edition). Renan: "Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques," p. 103. Flaubert: "Lettres a George Sand," p. 139 ff.

is not to be infinitely deferred, but must be found in the highest examples of humanity itself.

And herewith he has arrived at his final answer to the question, What is culture? For upon this relation depend the fundamental idea of culture and the duties culture imposes. It imposes on me the duty of associating myself by my own activity with the great human ideals. Its fundamental idea is this: it assigns to every individual who wishes to work for it and participate in it, the task of striving to produce, within and without himself, the thinker and artist, the lover of truth and beauty, the pure and good personality, and thereby striving for the perfection of Nature, towards the goal of a perfected Nature.

When does a state of culture prevail? When the men of a community are steadily working for the production of single great men. From this highest aim all the others follow. And what state is farthest removed from a state of culture? That in which men energetically and with united forces resist the appearance of great men, partly by preventing the cultivation of the soil required for the growth of genius, partly by obstinately opposing everything in the shape of genius that appears amongst them. Such a state is more remote from culture than that of sheer barbarism.

But does such a state exist? perhaps some one will ask. Most of the smaller nations will be able to read the answer in the history of their native land. It will there be seen, in proportion as "refinement" grows, that the refined atmosphere is diffused, which is unfavorable to genius. And this is all the more serious, since many people think that in modern times and in the races which now share the dominion of the world among them, a political community of only a few millions is seldom sufficiently numerous to produce minds of the very first order. It looks as if geniuses could only be distilled from some thirty or forty millions of people. Norway with Ibsen, Belgium with Maeterlinck and Verhaeren are exceptions. All the more reason is there for the smaller communities to work at culture to their utmost capacity.

In recent times we have become familiar with the thought that the goal to be aimed at is happiness, the happiness of all, or at any rate of the greatest number. Wherein happiness consists is less frequently discussed, and yet it is impossible to avoid the question, whether a year, a day, an hour in Paradise does not bring more happiness than a lifetime in the chimney-corner. But be that as it may: owing to our familiarity with the notion of making sacrifices for a whole country, a multitude of people, it appears unreasonable that a man should exist for the sake of a few other men, that it should be his duty to devote his life to them in order thereby to promote culture. But nevertheless the answer to the question of culture—how the individual human life may acquire its highest value and its greatest significance—must be: By being lived for the benefit of the rarest and most valuable examples of the human race. This will also be the way in which the individual can best impart a value to the life of the greatest number.

In our day a so-called cultural institution means an organization in virtue of which the "cultured" advance in serried ranks and thrust aside all solitary and obstinate men whose efforts are directed to higher ends; therefore even the learned are as a rule lacking in any sense for budding genius and any feeling for the

value of struggling contemporary genius. Therefore, in spite of the indisputable and restless progress in all technical and specialized departments, the conditions necessary to the appearance of great men are so far from having improved, that dislike of genius has rather increased than diminished.

From the State the exceptional individual cannot expect much. He is seldom benefited by being taken into its service; the only certain advantage it can give him is complete independence. Only real culture will prevent his being too early tired out or used up, and will spare him the exhausting struggle against Culture-Philistinism.

Nietzsche's value lies in his being one of these vehicles of culture: a mind which, itself independent, diffuses independence and may become to others a liberating force, such as Schopenhauer was to Nietzsche himself in his younger days.

2

Four of Nietzsche's early works bear the collective title, **Thoughts out of Season (Unzeitgemasse Betrachtungen)**, a title which is significant of his early-formed determination to go against the stream.

One of the fields in which he opposed the spirit of the age in Germany is that of education, since he condemns in the most uncompromising fashion the entire historical system of education of which Germany is proud, and which as a rule is everywhere regarded as desirable.

His view is that what keeps the race from breathing freely and willing boldly is that it drags far too much of its past about with it, like a round-shot chained to a convict's leg. He thinks it is historical education that fetters the race both in enjoyment and in action, since he who cannot concentrate himself on the moment and live entirely in it, can neither feel happiness himself nor do anything to make others happy. Without the power of feeling unhistorically, there is no happiness. And in the same way, forgetfulness, or, rather, non-knowledge of the past is essential to all action. Forgetfulness, the unhistorical, is as it were the enveloping air, the atmosphere, in which alone life can come into being. In order to understand it, let us imagine a youth who is seized with a passion for a woman, or a man who is swayed by a passion for his work. In both cases what lies behind them has ceased to exist—and yet this state (the most unhistorical that can be imagined) is that in which every action, every great deed is conceived and accomplished. Now answering to this, says Nietzsche, there exists a certain degree of historical knowledge which is destructive of a man's energy and fatal to the productive powers of a nation.

In this reasoning we can hear the voice of the learned German philologist, whose observations have mostly been drawn from German scholars and artists. For it would be unreasonable to suppose that the commercial or peasant class, the soldiers or manufacturers of Germany suffered from an excess of historical culture. But even in the case of German savants, authors and artists the evil

here pointed out may be of such a nature as not to admit of remedy by simply abolishing historical education. Those men whose productive impulse has been checked or killed by historical studies were already so impotent and ineffective that the world would not have been enriched by their productions. And moreover, what paralyses is not so much the heterogeneous mass of dead historical learning (about the actions of governments, political chess-moves, military achievements, artistic styles, etc.), as the knowledge of certain great minds of the past, by the side of whose production anything that can be shown by a man now living appears so insignificant as to make it a matter of indifference whether his work sees the light or not. Goethe alone is enough to reduce a young German poet to despair. But a hero-worshipper like Nietzsche cannot consistently desire to curtail our knowledge of the greatest.

The want of artistic courage and intellectual boldness has certainly deeper-lying causes; above all, the disintegration of the individuality which the modern order of society involves. Strong men can carry a heavy load of history without becoming incapacitated for living.

But what is interesting and significant of Nietzsche's whole intellectual standpoint is his inquiry as to how far life is able to make use of history. History, in his view, belongs to him who is fighting a great fight, and who needs examples, teachers and comforters, but cannot find them among his contemporaries. Without history the mountain chain of great men's great moments, which runs through millenium's, could not stand clearly and vividly before me. When one sees that it only took about a hundred men to bring in the culture of the Renaissance, it may easily be supposed, for example, that a hundred productive minds, trained in a new style, would be enough to make an end of Culture-Philistinism. On the other hand, history may have pernicious effects in the hands of unproductive men. Thus young artists are driven into galleries instead of out into nature, and are sent, with minds still unformed, to centres of art, where they lose courage. And in all its forms history may render men unfit for life; in its **monumental** form by evoking the illusion that there are such things as fixed, recurring historical conjunctions, so that what has once been possible is now, in entirely altered conditions, possible again; in its **antiquarian** form by awakening a feeling of piety for ancient, bygone things, which paralyses the man of action, who must always outrage some piety or other; finally in its **critical** form by giving rise to the depressing feeling that the very errors of the past, which we are striving to overcome, are inherited in our blood and impressed on our childhood, so that we live in a continual inner conflict between an old and a new nature.

On this point, as on others already alluded to, Nietzsche's quarrel is ultimately with the broken-winded education of the present day. That **education** and **historical education** have in our time almost become synonymous terms, is to him a mournful sign. It has been irretrievably forgotten that culture ought to be what it was with the Greeks: a motive, a prompting to resolution; nowadays culture is commonly described as inwardness, because it is a dead internal lump, which does not stir its possessor. The most "educated" people are walking encyclopedias. When they act, they

do so in virtue of a universally approved, miserable convention, or else from simple barbarism.

With this reflection, no doubt of general application, is connected a complaint which was bound to be evoked by modern literary Germany in particular; the complaint of the oppressive effect of the greatness of former times, as shown in the latter-day man's conviction that he is a late-comer, an after-birth of a greater age, who may indeed teach himself history, but can never produce it.

Even philosophy, Nietzsche complains, with a side-glance at the German universities, has been more and more transformed into the history of philosophy, a teaching of what everybody has thought about everything; "a sort of harmless gossip between academic grey-beards and academic sucklings." It is boasted as a point of honor that freedom of thought exists in various countries. In reality it is only a poor sort of freedom. One may think in a hundred ways, but one may only act in one way—and that is the way that is called "culture" and is in reality "only a form, and what is more a bad form, a uniform."

Nietzsche attacks the view which regards the historically cultured person as the justest of all. We honor the historian who aims at pure knowledge, from which nothing follows. But there are many trivial truths, and it is a misfortune that whole battalions of inquirers should fling themselves upon them, even if these narrow minds belong to honest men. The historian is looked upon as objective when he measures the past by the popular opinions of his own time, as subjective when he does not take these opinions for models. That man is thought best fitted to depict a period of the past, who is not in the least affected by that period. But only he who has a share in building up the future can grasp what the past has been, and only when transformed into a work of art can history arouse or even sustain instincts.

As historical education is now conducted, the mass of impressions communicated is so great as to produce numbness, a feeling of being born old of an old stock—although less than thirty human lives, reckoned at seventy years each, divide us from the beginning of our era. And with this is connected the immense superstition of the value and significance of universal history. Schiller's phrase is everlastingly repeated: "The history of the world is the tribunal of the world," as though there could be any other historical tribunal than thought; and the Hegelian view of history as the ever-clearer self-revelation of the godhead has obstinately held its own, only that it has gradually passed into sheer admiration of success, an approval of any and every fact, be it never so brutal. But greatness has nothing to do with results or with success. Demosthenes, who spoke in vain, is greater than Philip, who was always victorious. Everything in our day is thought to be in order, if only it be an accomplished fact; even when a man of genius dies in the fulness of his powers, proofs are forthcoming that he died at the right time. And the fragment of history we possess is entitled "the world process"; men cudgel their brains, like Eduard von Hartmann, in trying to find out its origin and final goal—which seems to be a waste of time. Why you exist, says Nietzsche with Soren Kierkegaard, nobody in the world can tell you in advance; but since you

do exist, try to give your existence a meaning by setting up for yourself as lofty and noble a goal as you can.

Significant of Nietzsche aristocratic tendency, so marked later, is his anger with the deference paid by modern historians to the masses. Formerly, he argues, history was written from the standpoint of the rulers; it was occupied exclusively with them, however mediocre or bad they might be. Now it has crossed over to the standpoint of the masses. But the masses—they are only to be regarded as one of three things: either as copies of great personalities, bad copies, clumsily produced in a poor material, or as foils to the great, or finally as their tools. Otherwise they are matter for statisticians to deal with, who find so-called historical laws in the instincts of the masses—aping, laziness, hunger and sexual impulse. What has set the mass in motion for any length of time is then called great. It is given the name of a historical power. When, for example, the vulgar mob has appropriated or adapted to its needs some religious idea, has defended it stubbornly and dragged it along for centuries, then the originator of that idea is called great. There is the testimony of thousands of years for it, we are told. But—this is Nietzsche's and Kierkegaard's idea—the noblest and highest does not affect the masses at all, either at the moment or later. Therefore the historical success of a religion, its toughness and persistence, witness against its founder's greatness rather than for it.

When an instance is required of one of the few enterprises in history that have been completely successful, the Reformation is commonly chosen. Against the significance of this success Nietzsche does not urge the facts usually quoted: its early secularization by Luther; his compromises with those in power; the interest of princes in emancipating themselves from the mastery of the Church and laying hands on its estates, while at the same time securing a submissive and dependent clergy instead of one independent of the State. He sees the chief cause of the success of the Reformation in the uncultured state of the nations of northern Europe. Many attempts at founding new Greek religions came to naught in antiquity. Although men like Pythagoras, Plato, perhaps Empedocles, had qualifications as founders of religions, the individuals they had to deal with were far too diversified in their nature to be helped by a common doctrine of faith and hope. In contrast with this, the success of Luther's Reformation in the North was an indication that northern culture was behind that of southern Europe. The people either blindly obeyed a watchword from above, like a flock of sheep; or, where conversion was a matter of conscience, it revealed how little individuality there was among a population which was found to be so homogeneous in its spiritual needs. In the same way, too, the original conversion of pagan antiquity was only successful on account of the abundant intermixture of barbarian with Roman blood which had taken place. The new doctrine was forced upon the masters of the world by barbarians and slaves.

The reader now has examples of the arguments Nietzsche employs in support of his proposition that history is not so sound and strengthening an educational factor as is thought: only he who has learnt to know life and is equipped for action has use for history and is capable of applying it; others are oppressed by it and

rendered unproductive by being made to feel themselves late-comers, or are induced to worship success in every field.

Nietzsche's contribution to this question is a plea against every sort of historical optimism; but he energetically repudiates the ordinary pessimism, which is the result of degenerate or enfeebled instincts—of decadence. He preaches with youthful enthusiasm the triumph of a tragic culture, introduced by an intrepid rising generation, in which the spirit of ancient Greece might be born again. He rejects the pessimism of Schopenhauer, for he already abhors all renunciation; but he seeks a pessimism of healthiness, one derived from strength, from exuberant power, and he believes he has found it in the Greeks. He has developed this view in the learned and profound work of his youth, **The Birth of Tragedy, or Hellenism and Pessimism,** in which he introduced two new terms, **Appollonian** and **Dionipian.** The two Greek deities of art, Appolo and Dionysus, denote the antithesis between plastic art and music. The former corresponds to dreaming, the latter to drunkenness. In dreams the forms of the gods first appeared to men; dreams are the world of beauteous appearance. If, on the other hand, we look down into man's lowest depths, below the spheres of thought and imagination, we come upon a world of terror and rapture, the realm of Dionysus. Above reign beauty, measure and proportion; but underneath the profusion of Nature surges freely in pleasure and pain. Regarded from Nietzsche's later standpoint, the deeper motive of this searching absorption in Hellenic antiquity becomes apparent. Even at this early stage he suspects, in what passes for morality, a disparaging principle directed against Nature; he looks for its essential antithesis, and finds it in the purely artistic principle, farthest removed from Christianity, which he calls Dionysian.

Our author's main psychological features are now clearly apparent. What kind of a nature is it that carries this savage hatred of philistinism even as far as to David Strauss? An artist's nature, obviously. What kind of a writer is it who warns us with such firm conviction against the dangers of historical culture? A philologist obviously, who has experienced them in himself, has felt himself threatened with becoming a mere aftermath and tempted to worship historical success. What kind of a nature is it that so passionately defines culture as the worship of genius? Certainly no Eckermann-nature, but an enthusiast, willing at the outset to obey where he cannot command, but quick to recognize his own masterful bias, and to see that humanity is far from having outgrown the ancient antithetical relation of commanding and obeying. The appearance of Napoleon is to him, as to many others, a proof of this; in the joy that thrilled thousands, when at last they saw one who knew how to command.

But in the sphere of ethics he is not disposed to preach obedience. On the contrary, constituted as he is, he sees the apathy and meanness of our modern morality in the fact that it still upholds obedience as the highest moral commandment, instead of the power of dictating to one's self one's own morality.

His military schooling and participation in the war of 1870-71 probably led to his discovery of a hard and manly quality in himself, and imbued him with an extreme abhorrence of all softness and effeminacy. He turned aside with disgust from the morality of pity

in Schopenhauer's philosophy and from the romantic-catholic element in Wagner's music, to both of which he had previously paid homage. He saw that he had transformed both masters according to his own needs, and he understood quite well the instinct of self-preservation that was here at work. The aspiring mind creates the helpers it requires. Thus he afterwards dedicated his book, **Human, all-too-Human**, which was published on Voltaire's centenary, to the "free spirits" among his contemporaries; his dreams created the associates that he had not yet found in the flesh.

The severe and painful illness which began in his thirty-second year and long made him a recluse, detached him from all romanticism and freed his heart from all bonds of piety. It carried him far away from pessimism, in virtue of his proud thought that "a sufferer has no right to pessimism." This illness made a philosopher of him in a strict sense. His thoughts stole inquisitively along forbidden paths: This thing passes for a value. Can we not turn it upside-down? This is regarded as good. Is it not rather evil—Is not God refuted? But can we say as much of the devil?—Are we not deceived? and deceived deceivers, all of us? . . .

And then out of this long sickliness arises a passionate desire for health, the joy of the convalescent in life, in light, in warmth, in freedom and ease of mind, in the range and horizon of thought, in "visions of new dawns," in creative capacity, in poetical strength. And he enters upon the lofty self-confidence and ecstasy of a long uninterrupted production.

3

It is neither possible nor necessary to review here the long series of his writings. In calling attention to an author who is still unread, one need only throw his most characteristic thoughts and expressions into relief, so that the reader with little trouble may form an idea of his way of thinking and quality of mind. The task is here rendered difficult by Nietzsche's thinking in aphorisms, and facilitated by his habit of emphasizing every thought in such a way as to give it a startling appearance.

English utilitarianism has met with little acceptance in Germany; among more eminent contemporary thinkers Eugen Duhring is its chief advocate; Friedrich Paulsen also sides with the Englishmen. Eduard von Hartmann has attempted to demonstrate the impossibility of simultaneously promoting culture and happiness. Nietzsche finds new difficulties in an analysis of the concept of happiness. The object of utilitarianism is to procure humanity as much pleasure and as little of the reverse as possible. But what if pleasure and pain are so intertwined that he who wants all the pleasure he can get must take a corresponding amount of suffering into the bargain? Clarchen's song contains the words: **"Himmelhoch, jauchzend, zum Tode betrubt."** Who knows whether the latter is not the condition of the former? The Stoics believed this, and, wishing to avoid pain, asked of life the minimum of pleasure. Probably it is equally unwise in our day to promise men intense joys, if they are to be insured against great sufferings,

We see that Nietzsche transfers the question to the highest spiritual plane, without regard to the fact that the lowest and commonest misfortunes, such as hunger, physical exhaustion, excessive and unhealthy labour, yield no compensation in violent joys. Even if all pleasure be dearly bought it does not follow that all pain is interrupted and counterbalanced by intense enjoyment.

In accordance with his aristocratic bias he then attacks Bentham's proposition: the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number. The ideal was, of course, to procure happiness for everybody; as this could not be done, the formula took the above shape. But why happiness for the greatest number? We might imagine it for the best, the noblest, the most gifted; and we may be permitted to ask whether moderate prosperity and moderate well-being are preferable to the inequality of lot which acts as a goad, forcing culture ever upward.

Then there is the doctine of unselfishness. To be moral is to be unselfish. It is good to be so, we are told. But what does that mean—good? Good for whom? Not for the self-sacrificer, but for his neighbor. He who praises the virtue of unselfishness, praises something that is good for the community but harmful to the individual. And the neighbor who wants to be loved unselfishly is not himself unselfish. The fundamental contradiction in this morality is that it demands and commends a renunciation of the ego, for the benefit of another ego.

At the outset the essential and invaluable element of all morality is, in Nietzsche's view, simply this, that it is a prolonged constraint. As language gains in strength and freedom by the constraint of verse, and as all the freedom and delicacy to be found in plastic art, music and dancing is the result of arbitrary laws, so also does human nature only attain its development under constraint. No violence is thereby done to Nature; this is the very nature of things.

The essential point is that there should be obedience, for a long time and in the same direction. Thou shalt obey, some one or something, and for a long time—otherwise thou wilt come to grief; this seems to be the moral imperative of Nature, which is certainly neither categorical (as Kant thought), nor addressed to the individual (Nature does not trouble about the individual), but seems to be addressed to nations, classes, periods, races—in fact, to mankind. On the other hand, all the morality that is addressed to the individual for his own good, for the sake of his own welfare, is reduced in this view to mere household remedies and counsels of prudence, recipes for curbing passions that might want to break out; and all this morality is preposterous in form, because it addresses itself to all and generalizes what does not admit of generalization. Kant gave us a guiding rule with his categorical imperative. But this rule has failed us. It is of no use saying to us: Act as others ought to act in this case. For we know that there are not and cannot be such things as identical actions, but that every action is unique in its nature, so that any precept can only apply to the rough outside of actions.

But what of the voice and judgment of conscience? The difficulty is that we have a conscience behind our conscience, an intellectual one behind the moral. We can tell that the judgment of So-and-So's conscience has a past history in his instincts, his origi-

nal sympathies or antipathies, his experience or want of experience. We can see quite well that our opinions of what is noble and good, our moral valuations, are powerful levers where action is concerned; but we must begin by refining these opinions and independently creating for ourselves new tables of values.

And as regards the ethical teachers' preaching of morality for all, this is every bit as empty as the gossip of individual society people about each other's morals. Nietzsche gives the moralists this good advice: that, instead of trying to educate the human race, they should imitate the pedagogues of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who concentrated their efforts on the education of a single person. But as a rule the moral ranters are themselves quite uneducated persons, and their children seldom rise above moral mediocrity.

He who feels that in his inmost being he cannot be compared with others, will be his own lawgiver. For one thing is needful: to give style to one's character. This art is practised by him who, with an eye for the strong and weak sides of his nature, removes from it one quality and another, and then by daily practice and acquired habit replaces them by others which become second nature to him; in other words, he puts himself under restraint in order by degrees to bend his nature entirely to his own law. Only thus does a man arrive at satisfaction with himself, and only thus does he become endurable to others. For the dissatisfied and the unsuccessful as a rule avenge themselves on others. They absorb poison from everything, from their own incompetence as well as from their poor circumstances, and they live in a constant craving for revenge on those in whose nature they suspect harmony. Such people ever have virtuous precepts on their lips; the whole jingle of morality, seriousness, chastity, the claims of life; and their hearts ever burn with envy of those who have become well balanced and can therefore enjoy life.

For millenniums morality meant obedience to custom, respect for inherited usage. The free, exceptional man was immoral, because he broke with the tradition which the others regarded with superstitious fear. Very commonly he took the same view and was himself seized by the terror he inspired. Thus a popular morality of custom was unconsciously elaborated by all who belonged to the tribe; since fresh examples and proofs could always be found of the alleged relation between guilt and punishment—if you behave in such and such a way, it will go badly with you. Now, as it generally does go badly, the allegation was constantly confirmed; and thus popular morality a pseudo-science on a level with popular medicine, continually gained ground.

Manners and customs represented the experiences of bygone generations concering what was supposed to be useful or harmful; the sense of morality, however, does not attach to these experiences as such, but only to their age, their venerability and consequent incontestability. In the state of war in which a tribe existed in old times, threatened on every side, there was no greater gratification, under the sway of the strictest morality of custom, than cruelty. Cruelty is one of the oldest festal and triumphal joys of mankind. It was thought that the gods, too, might be gratified and festively disposed by offering them the sight of cruelties—and thus the

idea insinuated itself into the world that voluntary self-torture, mortification and abstinence are also of great value, not as discipline, but as a sweet savour unto the Lord.

Christianity as a religion of the past unceasingly practiced and preached the torture of souls. Imagine the state of the medieval Christian, when he supposed he could no longer escape eternal torment. Eros and Aphrodite were in his imagination powers of hell, and death was a terror.

To the morality of cruelty has succeeded that of pity. The morality of pity is lauded as unselfish, by Schopenhauer in particular.

Eduard von Hartmann, in his thoughtful work, **Phanomenologie des sittlichen Bewusstseins** (pp. 217-240), has already shown the impossibility of regarding pity as the most important of moral incentives, to say nothing of its being the only one, as Schopenhauer would have it. Nietzsche attacks the morality of pity from other points of view. He shows it to be by no means unselfish. Another's misfortune affects us painfully and offends us—perhaps brands us as cowards if we do not go to his aid. Or it contains a hint of a possible danger to ourselves; moreover, we feel joy in comparing our own state with that of the unfortunate, joy when we can step in as the stronger, the helper. The help we afford gives us a feeling of happiness, or perhaps it merely rescues us from boredom.

Pity in the form of actual fellow-suffering would be a weakness, nay, a misfortune, since it would add to the world's suffering. A man who seriously abandoned himself to sympathy with all the misery he found about him, would simply be destroyed by it.

Among savages the thought of arousing pity is regarded with horror. Those who do so are despised. According to savage notions, to feel pity for a person is to despise him; but they find no pleasure in seeing a contemptible person suffer. On the other hand, the sight of an enemy's suffering, when his pride does not forsake him in the midst of his torment—that is enjoyment, that excites admiration.

The morality of pity is often preached in the formula, love thy neighbor.

Nietzsche in the interests of his attack seizes upon the word **neighbor.** Not only does he demand, with Kierkegaard, a setting-aside of morality for the sake of the end in view, but he is exasperated that the true nature of morality should be held to consist in a consideration of the immediate results of our actions, to which we are to conform. To what is narrow and pettifogging in this morality he opposes another, which looks beyond these immediate results and aspires, even by means that cause our neighbor pain, to more distant objects; such as the advancement of knowledge, although this will lead to sorrow and doubt and evil passions in our neighbor. We need not on this account be without pity, but we may hold our pity captive for the sake of the object.

And as it is now unreasonable to term pity unselfish and seek to consecrate it, it is equally so to hand over a series of actions to the evil conscience, merely because they have been maligned as egotistical. What has happened in recent times in this connection is that the instinct of self-denial and self-sacrifice, everything altruistic, has been glorified as if it were the supreme value of morality.

The English moralists, who at present dominate Europe, explain the origin of ethics in the following way: Unselfish actions were originally called **good** by those who were their objects and who benefited by them; afterwards this original reason for praising them was forgotten, and unselfish actions came to be regarded as good in themselves.

According to a statement of Nietzsche himself it was a work by a German author with English leanings, Dr. Paul Ree's **Der Ursprung der moralischen Empfindungen** (Chemnitz, 1877), which provoked him to such passionate and detailed opposition that he had to thank this book for the impulse to clear up and develop his own ideas on the subject.

The surprising part of it, however, is this: Dissatisfaction with his first book caused Ree to write a second and far more important work on the same subject—**Die Entstehung des Gewissens** (Berlin, 1885)—in which the point of view offensive to Nietzsche is abandoned and several of the leading ideas advanced by the latter against Ree are set forth, supported by a mass of evidence taken from various authors and races of men.

The two philosophers were personally acquainted. I knew them both, but had no opportunity of questioning either on this matter. It is therefore impossible for me to say which of the two influenced the other, or why Nietzsche in 1887 alludes to his detestation of the opinions put forward by Ree in 1877, without mentioning how near the latter had come to his own view in the work published two years previously.

Ree had already adduced a number of examples to show that the most diverse peoples of antiquity knew no other moral classification of men than that of nobles and common people, powerful and weak; so that the oldest meaning of **good** both in Greece and Iceland was noble, mighty, rich.

Nietzsche builds his whole theory on this foundation. His train of thought is this—

The critical word **good** is not due to those to whom goodness has been shown. The oldest definition was this: the noble, the mightier, higher-placed and high-minded held themselves and their actions to be **good**—of the first rank—in contradistinction to everything low and low-minded. Noble, in the sense of the class-consciousness of a higher caste, is the primary concept from which develops **good** in the sense of spiritually aristocratic. The lowly are designated as **bad** (not evil). Bad does not acquire its unqualified depreciatory meaning till much later. In the mouth of the people it is a laudatory word; the German word **schlecht** is identical with **schlicht** (cf. **schlechtweg** and **schlechterdings**).

The ruling caste call themselves sometimes simply the Mighty, sometimes the Truthful; like the Greek nobility, whose mouthpiece Theognis was. With him beautiful, good and noble always have the sense of aristocratic. The aristocratic moral valuation proceeds from a triumphant affirmation, a yea-saying, which we find in the Homeric heroes: We, the noble, beautiful and brave—we are the good, the beloved of the gods. These are strong men, charged with force, who delight in warlike deeds, to whom, in other words, happiness is activity.

Iit is of course unavoidable that these nobles should misjudge

and despise the plebian herd they dominate. Yet as a rule there may be traced in them a pity for the downtrodden caste, for the drudge and beast of burden, an indulgence towards those to whom happiness is rest, the Sabbath of inactivity.

Among the lower orders, on the other hand, an image of the ruling caste distorted by hatred and spite is necessarily current. In this distortion there lies a revenge.[1]

In opposition to the aristocratic valuation (good=noble, beautiful, happy, favored by the gods) the slave morality then is this: The wretched alone are the **good;** those who suffer and are heavy laden, the sick and the ugly, they are the only pious ones. On the other hand, you, ye noble and rich, are to all eternity the **evil,** the cruel, the insatiate, the ungodly, and after death the damned. Whereas noble morality was the manifestation of great self-esteem, a continual yea-saying, slave morality is a continual Nay, a **Thou shalt not,** a negation.

To the noble valuation **good—bad** (bad=worthless) corresponds the antithesis of slave morality, **good—evil.** And who are the evil in this morality of the oppressed? Precisely the same who in the other morality were the good.

Let any one read the Icelandic sagas and examine the morality of the ancient Northmen, and then compare with it the complaints of other nations about the vikings' misdeeds. It will be seen that these aristocrats, whose conduct in many ways stood high, were no better than beasts of prey in dealing with their enemies. They fell upon the inhabitants of Christian shores like eagles upon lambs. One may say they followed an eagle ideal. But then we cannot wonder that those who were exposed to such fearful attacks gathered round an entirely opposite moral ideal, that of the lamb.

In the third chapter of his **Utilitarianism,** Stuart Mill attempts to prove that the sense of justice has developed from the animal instinct of making reprisal for an injury or a loss. In an essay on "the transcendental satisfaction of the feeling of revenge" (supplement to the first edition of the **Werth des Lebens)** Eugen Duhring has followed him in trying to establish the whole doctrine of punishment upon the instinct of retaliation. In his **Phanomenologie** Eduard von Hartmann shows how this instinct strictly speaking never does more than involve a new suffering, a new offence, to gain external satisfaction for the old one, so that the principle of requital can never be any distinct principle.

Nietzsche makes a violent, passionate attempt to refer the sum total of false modern morality, not to the instinct of requital or to the feeling of revenge in general, but to the narrower form of it which we call spite, envy and **rancune.** What he calls slave morality is to him purely spite-morality; and this spite-morality gave new names to all ideals. Thus impotence, which offers no reprisal, became goodness; craven baseness became humility; submission to him who was feared became obedience; inability to assert one's self became reluctance to assert one's self, became forgiveness, love of one's enemies. Misery became a distinction; God chastens whom he loves. Or it became a preparation, a trial and a training; even

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1 Nietzsche supports his hypothesis by derivations, some doubtful, others incorrect; but their value is immaterial.

more—something that will one day be made good with interest, paid back in bliss. And the vilest underground creatures, swollen with hate and spite, were heard to say: We, the good, we are the righteous. They did not hate their enemies—they hated injustice, ungodliness. What they hoped for was not the sweets of revenge, but the victory of righteousness. Those they had left to love on earth were their brothers and sisters in hatred, whom they called their brothers and sisters in love. The future state they looked for was called the coming of their kingdom, of God's kingdom. Until it arrives they live on in faith, hope and love.

If Nietzsche's design in this picture was to strike at historical Christianity, he has given us—as any one may see—a caricature in the spirit and style of the eighteenth century. But that his description hits off a certain type of the apostles of spite-morality cannot be denied, and rarely has all the self-deception that may lurk beneath moral preaching been more vigorously unmasked. (Compare **Beyond Good and Evil** and **The Genealogy of Morals.**)[1]

4

Nietzsche would define man as an animal that can make and keep promises.

He sees the real nobility of man in his capacity for promising something, answering for himself and undertaking a responsibility—since man, with the mastery of himself which this capacity implies, necessarily acquires in addition a mastery over external circumstances and over other creatures, whose will is not so lasting.

The consciousness of this responsibility is what the sovereign man calls his conscience.

What, then, is the past history of this responsibility, this conscience? It is a long and bloody one. Frightful means have been used in the course of history to train men to remember what they have once promised or willed, tacitly or explicitly. For milleniums man was confined in the strait-jacket of the morality of custom, and by such punishments as stoning, breaking on the wheel or burning, by burying the sinner alive, tearing him asunder with horses, throwing him into the water with a stone on his neck or in a sack, by scourging, flaying and branding—by all these means a long memory for what he had promised was burnt into that forgetful animal, man; in return for which he was permitted to enjoy the advantages of being a member of society.

According to Nietzsche's hypothesis, the consciousness of guilt originates simply as consciousness of a debt. The relation of contract between creditor and debtor, which is as old as the earliest primitive forms of human intercourse in buying, selling, bartering, etc.—this is the relation that underlies it. The debtor (in order to inspire confidence in his promise of repayment) pledges something he possesses: his liberty, his woman, his life; or he gives his credi-

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1 Where Nietzsche's words are quoted, in the course of this essay, considerable use has been made of the complete English translation of his works, edited by Dr. Oscar Levy.—Tr.

tor the right of cutting a larger or smaller piece of flesh from his body, according to the amount of the debt. (The Roman Code of the Twelve Tables; again in **The Merchant of Venice.)**

The logic of this, which has become somewhat strange to us, is as follows: as compensation for his loss the creditor is granted a kind of voluptuous sensation, the delight of being able to exercise his power upon the powerless.

The reader may find violence in Ree (op. cit., p. 13 ff.) for Nietzsche's dictum, that for milleniums this was the view of mankind: The sight of suffering does one good.

The infliction of suffering on another is a feast at which the fortunate one swells with the joy of power. We may also find evidence in Ree that the instincts of pity, fairness and clemency, which were afterwards glorified as virtues, were originally regarded almost everywhere as morally worthless, nay, as indications of weakness.

Buying and selling, as well as everything psychologically connected therewith and older than any form of social organization, contain the germs, in Nietzsche's view, of compensation, assessing, justice and duty. Man soon became proud of himself as a being who measures values. One of the earliest generalizations was this: Everything has its price. And the thought that everything can be paid for was the oldest and most naive canon of justice.

Now the whole of society, as it gradually develops, stands in the same relation to its members as the creditor to the debtor. Society protects its members; they are assured against the state of outlawry—on condition that they do not break their pledges to the community. He who breaks his word—the criminal—is relegated to the outlawry involved in exclusion from society.

As Nietzsche, who is so exclusively taken up by the psychological aspect, discards all accessories of scholarship, it is impossible to examine directly the accuracy of his assertions. The historical data will be found collected in Ree's paragraphs on resentment and the sense of justice, and in his section on the buying-off of revenge, **i.e.,** settlement by fines.

Other thinkers besides Nietzsche (such as E. von Hartmann and Ree) have combated the view that the idea of justice has its origin in a state of resentment, and Nietzsche has scarcely brought to light any fresh and convincing proof; but what is characteristic of him as a writer is the excess of personal passion with which he attacks this view, obviously because it is connected with the reasoning of modern democracy.

In many a modern cry for justice there rings a note of plebian spite and envy. Involuntarily many a modern savant of middle-class or lower middle-class origin has attributed an unwarrantable importance to the atavistic emotions prevalent among those who have been long oppressed: hatred and rancour, spite and thirst for revenge.

Nietzsche does not occupy himself for an instant with the state of things in which revenge does duty as the sole punitive justice; for the death feud is not a manifestation of the thrall's hatred of his master, but of ideas of honor among equals. He dwells exclusively on the contrast between a ruling caste and a caste of slaves, and shows a constantly recurring indignation with doctrines which have

caused the progressive among his contemporaries to look with indulgence on the instincts of the populace and with suspicion or hostility on master spirits. His purely personal characteristic, however, the unphilosophical and temperamental in him, is revealed in the trait that, while he has nothing but scorn and contempt for the down-trodden class or race, for the **slave morality** resulting from its suppressed rancour, he positively revels in the ruling caste's delight in its power, in the atmosphere of healthiness, freedom, frankness and truthfulness in which it lives. Its acts of tyranny he defends or excuses. The image it creates for itself of the slave caste is to him far less falsified than that which the latter forms of the master caste.

Nor can there be serious question of any real injustice committed by this caste. For there is no such thing as right or wrong in itself. The infliction of an injury, forcible subjection, exploitation or annihilation is not in itself a wrong, cannot be such, since life in its essence, in its primary functions, is nothing but oppression, exploitation and annihilation. Conditions of justice can never be anything but exceptional conditions, that is, as limitations of the real desire of life, the object of which is power.

Nietzsche replaces Schopenhauer's **Will to Life** and Darwin's **Struggle for Existence** by the **Will to Power.** In his view the fight is not for life—bare existence—but for power. And he has a great deal to say—somewhat beside the mark—of the mean and paltry conditions those Englishmen must have had in view who set up the modest conception of the struggle for life. It appears to him as if they had imagined a world in which everybody is glad if he can only keep body and soul together. But life is only an expression for the minimum. In itself life seeks, not self-preservation alone, but self-increase, and this is precisely the "will to power." It is therefore obvious that there is no difference of principle between the new catchword and the old; for the struggle for existence necessarily leads to the conflict of forces and the fight for power. Now a system of justice, seen from this standpoint, is a factor in the conflict of forces. Conceived as supreme, as a remedy for every kind of struggle, it would be a principle hostile to life and destructive of the future and progress of humanity.

Something similar was in the mind of Lassalle, when he declared that the standpoint of justice was a bad standpoint in the life of nations. What is significant of Nietzsche is his love of fighting for its own sake, in contrast to the modern humanitarian view. To Nietzsche the greatness of a movement is to be measured by the sacrifices it demands. The hygiene which keeps alive millions of weak and useless beings who ought rather to die, is to him no true progress. A dead level of mediocre happiness assured to the largest possible majority of the miserable creatures we nowadays call men, would be to him no true progress. But to him, as to Renan, the rearing of a human species higher and stronger than that which now surrounds us (the "Superman"), even if this could only be achieved by the sacrifice of masses of such men as we know, would be a great, a real progress. Nietzsche's visions put forth in all seriousness, of the training of the Superman and his assumption of the mastery of the world, bear so strong a resemblance to Renan's dreams, thrown out half in jest, of a new Asgard, a regular manu-

factory of Æsir (**Dialogues philosophiques**, 117), that we can scarcely doubt the latter's influence. But what Renan wrote under the overwhelming impression of the Paris Commune, and, moreover, in the form of dialogue, allowing both **pro** and **con.** to be heard, has crystallized in Nietzsche into dogmatic conviction. One is therefore surprised and hurt to find that Nietzsche never mentions Renan otherwise than grudgingly. He scarcely alludes to the aristocratic quality of his intellect, but he speaks with repugnance of that respect for the gospel of the humble which Renan everywhere discloses, and which is undeniably at variance with his hope of the foundation of a breeding establishment for supermen.

Renan, and after him Taine, turned against the almost religious feelings which were long entertained in the new Europe towards the first French Revolution. Renan regretted the Revolution betimes on national grounds; Taine, who began by speaking warmly of it, changed his mind on closer inquiry. Nietzsche follows in their footsteps. It is natural for modern authors, who feel themselves to be the children of the Revolution, to sympathize with the men of the great revolt; and certainly the latter do not receive their due in the present anti-revolutionary state of feeling in Europe. But these authors, in their dread of what in political jargon is called Cæsarism, and in their superstitious belief in mass movements, have overlooked the fact that the greatest revolutionaries and liberators are not the united small, but the few great; not the small ungenerous, but the great and generous, who are willing to bestow justice and well-being and intellectual growth upon the rest.

There are two classes of revolutionary spirits: those who feel instinctively drawn to Brutus, and those who equally instinctively are attracted by Cæsar. Cæsar is the great type; neither Frederick the Great nor Napoleon could claim more than a part of his qualities. The modern poetry of the 'forties teems with songs in praise of Brutus, but no poet has sung Cæsar. Even a poet with so little love for democracy as Shakespeare totally failed to recognize his greatness; he gave us a pale caricature of his figure and followed Plutarch in glorifying Brutus at his expense. Even Shakespeare could not see that Cæsar placed a very different stake on the table of life from that of his paltry murderer. Cæsar was descended from Venus; in his form was grace. His mind had the grand simplicity which is the mark of the greatest; his nature was nobility. He, from whom even today all supreme power takes its name, had every attribute that belongs to a commander and ruler of the highest rank. Only a few men of the Italian Renaissance have reached such a height of genius. His life was a guarantee of all the progress that could be accomplished in those days. Brutus's nature was doctrine, his distinguishing mark the narrowness that seeks to bring back dead conditions and that sees omens of a call in the accident of a name. His style was dry and laborious, his mind unfertile. His vice was avarice, usury his delight. To him the provinces were conquests beyond the pale. He had five senators of Salamis starved to death because the town could not pay. And on account of a dagger-thrust, which accomplished nothing and hindered nothing of what it was meant to hinder, this arid brain has been made a sort of genius of liberty, merely because men have

failed to understand what it meant to have the strongest, richest and noblest nature invested with supreme power.

From what has been said above it will easily be understood that Nietzsche derives justice entirely from the active emotions, since in his view revengeful feelings are always low. He does not dwell on this point, however. Older writers had seen in the instinct of retaliation the origin of punishment. Stuart Mill, in his **Utilitarianism,** derived justice from already established punitive provisions (**justum** from **jussum**), which were precautionary measures, not reprisals. Ree, in his book on the **Origin of Conscience,** defended the kindred proposition that punishment is not a consequence of the sense of justice, but **vice versa.** The English philosophers in general derive the bad conscience from punishment. The value of the latter is supposed to consist in awakening a sense of guilt in the delinquent.

Against this Nietzsche enters a protest. He maintains that punishment only hardens and benumbs a man; in fact, that the judicial procedure itself prevents the criminal from regarding his conduct as reprehensible; since he is made to witness precisely the same kind of acts as those he has committed—spying, entrapping, outwitting and torturing—all of which are sanctioned when exercised against him in the cause of justice. For long ages, too, no notice whatever was taken of the criminal's "sin"; he was regarded as harmful, not guilty, and looked upon as a piece of destiny; and the criminal on his side took his punishment as a piece of destiny which had overtaken him, and bore it with the same fatalism with which the Russians suffer to this day. In general we may say that punishment tames the man, but does not make him "better."

The bad conscience, then, is still unexplained. Nietzsche proposes the following brilliant hypothesis: The bad conscience is the deep-seated morbid condition that declared itself in man under the stress of the most radical change he has ever experienced—when he found himself imprisoned in perpetuity within a society which was inviolable. All the strong and savage instincts such as adventurousness, rashness, cunning, rapacity, lust of power, which till then had not only been honored, but actually encouraged, were suddenly put down as dangerous, and by degrees branded as immoral and criminal. Creatures adapted to a roving life of war and adventure suddenly saw all their instincts classed as worthless, nay, as forbidden. An immense despondency, a dejection without parallel, then took possession of them. And all these instincts that were not allowed an outward vent, turned inwards on the man himself—feelings of enmity, cruelty, delight in change, in hazard, violence, persecution, destruction—and thus the bad conscience originated.

When the State came into existence—not by a social contract, as Rousseau and his contemporaries assumed—but by a frightful tyranny imposed by a conquering race upon a more numerous, but unorganized population, then all the latter's instinct of freedom turned inwards; its active force and will to power were directed against man himself. And this was the soil which bore such ideals of beauty as self-denial, self-sacrifice, unselfishness. The delight in self-sacrifice is in its origin a phase of cruelty; the bad conscience is a will for self-abuse.

Then by degrees guilt came to be felt as a debt, to the past,

to the ancestors; a debt that had to be paid back in sacrifices— at first of nourishment in its crudest sense—in marks of honor and in obedience; for all customs, as the work of ancestors, are at the same time their commands.[1] There is a constant dread of not giving them enough; the firstborn, human and animal, are sacrificed to them. Fear of the founder grows in proportion as the power of the race increases. Sometimes he becomes transformed into a god, in which the origin of the god from fear is clearly seen.

The feeling of owing a debt to the deity steadily grew through the centuries, until the recognition of the Christian deity as universal god brought about the greatest possible outburst of guilty feeling. Only in our day is any noticeable diminution of this sense of guilt to be traced; but where the consciousness of sin reaches its culminating point, there the bad conscience eats its way like a cancer, till the sense of the impossibility of paying the debt—atoning for the sin—is supreme and with it is combined the idea of eternal punishment. A curse is now imagined to have been laid upon the founder of the race (Adam), and all sin becomes original sin. Indeed, the evil principle is attributed to Nature herself from whose womb man has sprung—until we arrive at the paradoxical expedient in which tormented Christendom has found a temporary consolation for two thousand years: God offers himself for the guilt of mankind, pays himself in his own flesh and blood.

What has here happened is that the instinct of cruelty, which has turned inwards, has become self-torture, and all man's animal instincts have been reinterpreted as guilt towards God. Every Nay man utters to his nature, to his real being, he flings out as a Yea, an affirmation of reality applied to God's sanctity, his capacity of judge and executioner, and in the next place to eternity, the "Beyond," pain without end, eternal punishment in hell.

In order rightly to understand the origin of ascetic ideals, we must, moreover, consider that the earliest generations of spiritual and contemplative natures lived under a fearful pressure of contempt on the part of the hunters and warriors. The unwarlike element in them was despicable. They had no other means of holding their own than that of inspiring fear. This they could only do by cruelty to themselves, mortification and self-discipline in a hermit's life. As priests, soothsayers and sorcerers they then struck superstitious terror into the masses. The ascetic priest is the unsightly larva from which the healthy philosopher has emerged. Under the dominion of the priests our earth became the ascetic planet; a squalid den careering through space, peopled by discontented and arrogant creatures, who were disgusted with life, abhorred their globe as a vale of tears, and who in their envy and hatred of beauty and joy did themselves as much harm as possible.

Nevertheless the self-contradiction we find in asceticism—life turned **against** life—is of course only apparent. In reality the ascetic ideal corresponds to a decadent life's profound need of healing and tending. It is an ideal that points to depression and exhaustion; by its help life struggles against death. It is life's device for self-preservation. Its necessary antecedent is a morbid con-

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1 Compare Lassalle's theory of the original religion of Rome. G. Brandes "Ferdinand Lassalle" (London and New York, 1911), pp. 76 ff.

dition in the tamed human being, a disgust with life, coupled with the desire to be something else, to be somewhere else, raised to the highest pitch of emotion and passion.

The ascetic priest is the embodiment of this very wish. By its power he keeps the whole herd of dejected, faint-hearted, despairing and unsuccessful creatures fast to life. The very fact that he himself is sick makes him their born herdsman. If he were healthy, he would turn away with loathing from all this eagerness to re-label weakness, envy, pharisaism, and false morality as virtue. But, being himself sick, he is called upon to be an attendant in the great hospital of sinners—the Church. He is constantly occupied with sufferers who seek the cause of their pain outside themselves; he teaches the patient that the guilty cause of his pain is himself. Thus he diverts the rancour of the abortive man and makes him less harmful, by letting a great part of his resentment recoil on himself. The ascetic priest cannot properly be called a physician; he mitigates suffering and invents consolations of every kind, both narcotics and stimulants.

The problem was to contend with fatigue and despair, which had seized like an epidemic upon great masses of men. Many remedies were tried. First, it was sought to depress vitality to the lowest degree: not to will, not to desire, not to work, and so on; to become apathetic (Pascal's **Il faut s'abetir**). The object was sanctification, a hypnotizing of all mental life, a relaxation of every purpose, and consequently freedom from pain. In the next place, mechanical activity was employed as a narcotic against states of depression: the "blessing of labour." The ascetic priest, who has to deal chiefly with sufferers of the poorer classes, reinterprets the task of the unfortunate drudge for him, making him see in it a benefit. Then again, the prescription of a little, easily accessible joy, is a fovorite remedy for depression; such as gladdening others, helping them in love of one's neighbor. Finally, the decisive cure is to organize all the sick into an immense hospital, to found a congregation of them. The disinclination that accompanies the sense of weakness is thereby combated, since the mass feels strong in its inner cohesion.

But the chief remedy of the ascetic priest was, after all, his reinterpretation of the feeling of guilt as "sin." The inner suffering was a punishment. The sick man was the sinner. Nietzsche compares the unfortunate who receives this explanation of his qualms with a hen round which a chalk circle has been drawn: he cannot get out. Wherever we look, for century after century, we see the hypnotic gaze of the sinner, staring—in spite of Job—at guilt as the only cause of suffering. Everywhere the evil conscience and the scourge and the hairy shirt and weeping and gnashing of teeth, and the cry of "More pain! More pain!" Everything served the ascetic ideal. And then arose epidemics like those of St. Vitus's dance and the flagellants, witches' hysteria and the wholesale delirium of extravagant sects (which still lingers in otherwise beneficially disciplined bodies such as the Salvation Army).

The ascetic ideal has as yet no real assailants; there is no decided prophet of a new ideal. Inasmuch as since the time of Copernicus science has constantly tended to deprive man of his earlier belief in his own importance, its influence is rather favorable to asceticism than otherwise. At present the only real enemies and

underminers of the ascetic ideal are to be found in the charlatans of that ideal, in its hypocritical champions, who excite and maintain distrust of it.

As the senselessness of suffering was felt to be a curse, the ascetic ideal gave it a meaning; a meaning which brought a new flood of suffering with it, but which was better than none. In our day a new ideal is in process of formation, which sees in suffering a condition of life, a condition of happiness, and which in the name of a new culture combats all that we have hitherto called culture.

5

Among Nietzsche's works there is a strange book which bears the title, **Thus Spake Zarathustra.** It consists of four parts, written during the years 1883-85, each part in about ten days, and conceived chapter by chapter on long walks—"with a feeling of inspiration, as though each sentence had been shouted in my ear," as Nietzsche wrote in a private letter.

The central figure and something of the form are borrowed from the Persian **Avesta.** Zarathustra is the mystical founder of a religion whom we usually call Zoroaster. His religion is the religion of purity; his wisdom is cheerful and dauntless, as that of one who laughed at his birth; his nature is light and flame. The eagle and the serpent, who share his mountain cave, the proudest and the wisest of beasts, are ancient Persian symbols.

This work contains Nietzsche's doctrine in the form, so to speak, or religion. It is the Koran, or rather the Avesta, which he was impelled to leave—obscure and profound, high-soaring and remote from reality, prophetic and intoxicated with the future, filled to the brim with the personality of its author, who again is entirely filled with himself.

Among modern books that have adopted this tone and employed this symbolic and allegorical style may be mentioned Mickiewicz's **Book of the Polish Pilgrims,** Slowacki's **Anheli,** and **The Words of a Believer, by** Lamennais, who was influenced by Mickiewicz. A newer work, known to Nietzsche, is Carl Spitteler's **Prometheus and Epimetheus** (1881). But all these books, with the exception of Spitteler's, are biblical in their language. **Zarathustra,** on the other hand, is a book of edification for free spirits.

Nietzsche himself gave this book the highest place among his writings. I do not share this view. The imaginative power which sustains it is not sufficiently inventive, and a certain monotony is inseparable from an archaistic presentment by means of types.

But it is a good book for those to have recourse to who are unable to master Nietzsche's purely speculative works; it contains all his fundamental ideas in the form of poetic recital. Its merit is a style that from the first word to the last is full-toned, sonorous and powerful; now and then rather unctuous in its combative judgments and condemnations; always expressive of self-joy, nay, self-intoxication, but rich in subtleties as in audacities, sure, and at

times great. Behind this style lies a mood as of calm mountain air, so light, so ethereally pure, that no infection, no bacteria can live in it—no noise, no stench, no dust assails it, nor does any path lead up.

Clear sky above, open sea at the mountain's foot, and over all a heaven of light, an abyss of light, an azure bell, a vaulted silence above roaring waters and mighty mountain-chains. On the heights Zarathustra is alone with himself, drawing in the pure air in full, deep breaths, alone with the rising sun, alone with the heat of noon, which does not impair the freshness, alone with the voices of the gleaming stars at night.

A good, deep book it is. A book that is bright in its joy of life, dark in its riddles, a book for spiritual mountain-climbers and dare-devils and for the few who are practiced in the great contempt of man that loathes the crowd, and in the great love of man that only loathes so deeply because it has a vision of a higher, braver humanity, which it seeks to rear and train.

Zarathustra has sought the refuge of his cave out of disgust with petty happiness and petty virtues. He has seen that men's doctrine of virtue and contentment makes them ever smaller: their goodness is in the main a wish that no one may do them any harm; therefore they forestall the others by doing them a little good. This is cowardice and is called virtue. True, they are at the same time quite ready to attack and injure, but only those who are once for all at their mercy and with whom it is safe to take liberties. This is called bravery and is a still baser cowardice. But when Zarathustra tries to drive out the cowardly devils in men, the cry is raised against him, "Zarathustra is godless."

He is lonely, for all his former companions have become apostates; their young hearts have grown old, and not old even, only weary and slothful, only commonplace—and this they call becoming pious again. "Around light and liberty they once fluttered like gnats and young poets, and already are they mystifiers, and mumblers and mollycoddles." They have understood their age. They chose their time well. "For now do all night-birds again fly abroad. Now is the hour of all that dread the light."

Zarathustra loathes the great city as a hell for anchorites' thoughts. "All lusts and vices are here at home; but here are also the virtuous, much appointable and appointed virtue. Much appointable virtue with scribe-fingers and hardy sitting-flesh and waiting-flesh, blessed with little breast-stars and padded, haunchless daughters. Here is also much piety and much devout spittle-licking and honey-slavering before the God of hosts. For 'from on high' drippeth the star and the gracious spittle; and upward longeth every starless bosom."

And Zarathustra loathes the State, loathes it as Henrik Ibsen did and more profoundly than he.

To him the State is the coldest of all cold monsters. Its fundamental lie is that it is the people. No; creative spirits were they who created the people and gave it a faith and a love; thus they served life; every people is peculiar to itself, but the State is everywhere the same. The State is to Zarathustra that "where the slow suicide of all is called life." The State is for the many too many. Only where the State leaves off does the man who is not superfluous begin; the man who is a bridge to the Superman.

From states Zarathustra has fled up to his mountain, into his cave.

In forbearance and pity lay his greatest danger. Rich in the little lies of pity he dwelt among men.

"Stung from head to foot by poisonous flies and hollowed out like a stone by many drops of malice, thus did I sit among them, saying to myself: Innocent is everything petty of its pettiness. Especially they who call themselves the good, they sting in all innocence, they lie in all innocence; how could they be just towards me?

"He who dwelleth among the good, him teacheth pity to lie. Pity breedeth bad air for all free souls. For the stupidity of the good is unfathomable.

"Their stiff wise men did I call wise, not stiff. Their grave-diggers did I call searchers and testers—thus did I learn to confound speech. The grave-diggers dig for themselves diseases. From old refuse arise evil exhalations. Upon the mountains one should live."

And with blessed nostrils he breathes again the freedom of the mountains. His nose is now released from the smell of all that is human. There sits Zarathustra with old broken tables of the law around him and new half-written tables, awaiting his hour; the hour when the lion shall come with the flock of doves, strength in company with gentleness, to do homage to him. And he holds out to men a new table, upon which such maxims as these are written—

Spare not thy neighbor! My great love for the remotest ones commands it. Thy neighbor is something that must be surpassed.

Say not: I will do unto others as I would they should do unto me. What **thou** doest, that can no man do to thee again. There is no requital.

Do not believe that thou mayst not rob. A right which thou canst seize upon, shalt thou never allow to be given thee.

Beware of good men. They never speak the truth. For all that they call evil—the daring venture, the prolonged distrust, the cruel Nay, the deep disgust with men, the will and the power to cut into the quick—all this must be present where a truth is to be born.

All the past is at man's mercy. But, this being so, it might happen that the rabble became master and drowned all time in its shallow waters, or that a tyrant usurped it all. Therefore we need a new nobility, to be the adversary of all rabble and all tyranny, and to inscribe on new tables the word "noble." Certainly not a nobility that can be bought, nor a nobility whose virtue is love of country. No, teaches Zarathustra, exiles shall ye be from your fatherlands and forefatherlands. Not the land of your fathers shall ye love, but your children's land. This love is the new nobility—love of that new land, the undiscovered, far-off country in the remotest sea. To your children shall ye make amends for the misfortune of being your fathers' children. Thus shall ye redeem all the past.

Zarathustra is full of lenity. Others have said: Thou shalt not commit adultery. Zarathustra teaches: The honest should say to each other, "Let us see whether our love continue; let us fix a term, that we may find out whether we desire a longer term." What cannot be bent, will be broken. A woman said to Zarathustra, "Indeed, I broke the marriage, but first did the marriage break me."

Zarathustra is without mercy. It has been said: Push not a leaning wagon. But Zarthustra says: That which is ready to fall, shall ye also push. All that belongs to our day is falling and decaying. No one can preserve it, but Zarathustra will even help it to fall faster.

Zarathustra loves the brave. But not the bravery that takes up every challenge. There is often more bravery in holding back and passing by and reserving one's self for a worthier foe. Zarathustra does not teach: Ye shall love your enemies, but: Ye shall not engage in combat with enemies ye despise.

Why so hard? men cry to Zarathustra. He replies: Why so hard, once said the charcoal to the diamond; are we not near of kin? The creators are hard. Their blessedness it is to press their hand upon future centuries as upon wax.

No doctrine revolts Zarathustra more than that of the vanity and senselessness of life. This is in his eyes ancient babbling, old wives' babbling. And the pessimists who sum up life with a balance of aversion, and assert the badness of existence, are the objects of his positive loathing. He prefers pain to annihilation.

The same extravagant love of life is expressed in the **Hymn to Life**, written by his friend, Lou von Salome, which Nietzsche set for chorus and orchestra. We read here—

> **"So truly loves a friend his friend**
> **As I love thee, O Life in myst'ry hidden!**
> **If joy or grief to me thou send;**
> **If loud I laugh or else to weep am bidden,**
> **Yet love I thee with all thy changeful faces;**
> **And should'st thou doom me to depart,**
> **So would I tear myself from thy embraces,**
> **As comrade from a comrade's heart."**

And the poem concludes—

> **"And if thou hast now left no bliss to crown me,**
> **Lead on! thou hast thy sorrow still!"** [1]

When Achilles chose to be a day-laborer on earth rather than a king in the realm of the shades, the expression was a weak one in comparison with this passionate outburst, which paradoxically thirsts even for the cup of pain.

Eduard von Hartmann believes in a beginning and end of the "world process." He concludes that no eternity can lie behind us; otherwise everything possible must already have happened, which—according to his contention—is not the case. In sharp contrast to him, on this point as on others, Zarathustra teaches, with, be it said, a somewhat shallow mysticism—which is derived from the ancient Pythagoreans' idea of the circular course of history and is

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[1] Translated by Herman Scheffauer. Text and pianoforte score are given in Vol. XVII (Ecce Homo) of the English edition of Nietzsche's works.

influenced by Cohelet's Hebrew philosophy of life—the eternal recurrence; that is to say, that all things eternally return and we ourselves with them, that we have already existed an infinite number of times and all things with us. The great clock of the universe is to him an hour-glass, which is constantly turned and runs out again and again. This is the direct antithesis of Hartmann's doctrine of universal destruction, and curiously enough it was put forward at about the same time by two French thinkers: by Blanqui in **L'Eternite par les Astres** (1871), and by Gustave Le Bon in **L'Homme et les Societes** (1881).

At his death Zarathustra will say: Now I disappear and die; in a moment I shall be nothing, for the soul is mortal as the body; but the complex of causes in which I am involved will return, and it will continually reproduce me.

At the close of the third part of **Zarathustra** there is a chapter headed "The Second Dance Song." Dance, in Nietzsche's language, is always an expression for the lofty lightness of mind, which is exalted above the gravity of earth and above all stupid seriousness. This song, extremely remarkable in its language, is a good specimen of the style of the work, when it soars into its highest flights of poetry. Life appears to Zarathustra as a woman; she strikes her castanets and he dances with her, flinging out all his wrath with life and all his love of life.

"Lately looked I into thine eyes, O Life! Gold saw I gleaming in thy night-eye—my heart stood still with the joy of it.

"A golden skiff saw I gleaming upon shadowy waters, a sinking, drinking, reblinking, golden swinging-skill.

"At my foot, dancing-mad, didst thou cast a glance, a laughing, questioning, melting, swinging-glance.

"Twice only did thy little hands strike the castanets—then was my foot swinging in the madness of the dance.

. . . . . .

"I fear thee near, I love thee far; thy flight allureth me, thy seeking secureth me; I suffer, but for thee, what would I not gladly bear!

"For thee, whose coldness inflameth, whose hatred misleadeth, whose flight enchaineth, whose mockery pleadeth!

"Who would not hate thee, thou great bindress, inwindress, temptress, seekress, findress! Who would not love thee, thou innocent, impatient, wind-swift, child-eyed sinner!"

In this dialogue between the dancers, Life and her lover, these words occur: O Zarathustra, thou art far from loving me as dearly as thou sayest; thou art not faithful enough to me. There is an old, heavy booming-clock; it boometh by night up to thy cave. When thou hearest this clock at midnight, then dost thou think until noon that soon thou wilt forsake me.

And then follows, in conclusion, the song of the old midnight clock. But in the fourth part of the work, in the section called "The Sleepwalker's Song," this short strophe is interpreted line by line; in form half like a mediæval watchman's chant, half like the hymn of a mystic, it contains the mysterious spirit of Nietzsche's esoteric doctrine concentrated in the shortest formula—

Midnight is drawing on, and as mysteriously, as terribly, and as cordially as the midnight bell speaketh to Zarathustra, so calleth he to the higher men: At midnight many a thing is heard which may not be heard by day; and the midnight speaketh: **O man, take heed!**

Whither hath time gone? Have I not sunk into deep wells? The world sleepeth. And suddering it asketh: Who is to be master of the world? **What saith the deep midnight?**

The bell boometh, the wood-worm burroweth, the heart-worm gnaweth: **Ah! the world is deep.**

But the old bell is like a sonorous instrument; all pain hath bitten into its heart, the pain of fathers and forefathers; and all joy hath set it swinging, the joy of fathers and forefathers—there riseth from the bell an odor of eternity, a rosy-blessed, golden-wine perfume of old happiness, and this song: The world is deep, **and deeper than the day had thought.**

I am too pure for the rude hands of the day. The purest shall be masters of the world, the unacknowledged, the strongest, the midnight-souls, who are brighter and deeper than any day. **Deep is its woe.**

But joy goeth deeper than heart's grief. For grief saith: Break my heart! Fly away, my pain! **Woe saith: Begone!**

But, ye higher men, said ye ever Yea to a single joy, then said ye also Yea unto all woe. For joy and woe are linked, enamored, inseparable. And all beginneth again, all is eternal. **All joys desire eternity, deep, deep, eternity.**

This, then, is the midnight song—

"Oh Mensch! Gieb Acht!
Was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht?
'Ich schlief, ich schlief—
Aus tiefem Traum bin ich erwacht:—
Die Welt ist tief,
Und tiefer als der Tag gedacht.
Tief ist ihr Weh—
Lust—tiefer noch als Herzeleid:
Weh spricht: Vergeh!
Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit—
—will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit!"

6

Such is he, then, this warlike mystic, poet and thinker, this immoralist who is never tired of preaching. Coming to him fresh from the English philosophers, one feels transported to another world. The Englishmen are all patient spirits, whose natural bent is towards the accumulation and investigation of a mass of small facts in order thereby to discover a law. The best of them are Aristotelian minds. Few of them fascinate us personally or seem to be of very complex personality. Their influence lies more in what they do than in what they are. Nietzsche, on the other hand, like Schopenhauer, is a guesser, a seer, an artist, less interesting in what he does than in what he is.

Little as he feels himself a German, he neverthless continues the metaphysical and intuitive tradition of German philosophy and has the German thinker's profound dislike of any utilitarian point of view. In his passionate aphoristical form he is unquestionably original; in the substance of his thought he reminds one here and there of many another writer, both of contemporary Germany and of France; but he evidently regards it as perfectly absurd that he should have to think a contemporary for anything, and storms like a German at all those who resemble him in any point.

I have already mentioned how strongly he reminds one of Ernest Renan in his conception of culture and in his hope of an aristocracy of intellect that could seize the dominion of the world. Nevertheless he has not one appreciative word to say for Renan.

I have also alluded to the fact that Eduard von Hartmann was his predecessor in his fight against Schopenhauer's morality of pity. In this author, whose talent is indisputable, even though his importance may not correspond with his extraordinary reputation, Nietzsche, with the uncritical injustice of a German university professor, would only see a charlatan. Hartmann's nature is of heavier stuff than Nietzsche's. He is ponderous, self-complacent, fundamentally Teutonic, and, in contrast to Nietzsche, entirely unaffected by French spirit and southern sunshine. But there are points of resemblance between them, which are due to historical conditions in the Germany that reared them both.

In the first place, there was something analogous in their positions in life, since both as artillerymen had gone through a similar schooling; and in the second place, in their culture, inasmuch as the starting-point of both is Schopenhauer and both neverthless retain a great respect for Hegel, thus uniting these two hostile brothers in their veneration. They are further in agreement in their equally estranged attitude to Christian piety and Christian morality, as well as in their contempt, so characteristic of modern Germany, for every kind of democracy.

Nietzsche resembles Hartmann in his attacks on socialists and anarchists, with the difference that Hartmann's attitude is here more that of the savant, while Nietzsche has the bad taste to delight in talking about "anarchist dogs," expressing in the same breath his own loathing of the State. Nietzsche further resembles Hart-

mann in his repeated demonstration of the impossibility of the ideals of equality and of peace, since life is nothing but inequality and war: "What is good? To be brave is good. I do not say, the good cause sanctifies war, but the good war sanctifies every cause." Like his predecessor, he dwells on the necessity of the struggle for power and on the supposed value of war to culture.

In both these authors, comparatively independent as they are, the one a mystical natural philosopher, the other a mystical immoralist, is reflected the all-dominating militarism of the new German Empire. Hartmann approaches on many points the German snobbish national feeling. Nietzsche is opposed to it on principle, as he is to the statesman "who has piled up for the Germans a new tower of Babel, a monster in extent of territory and power and for that reason called great," but something of Bismarck's spirit broods nevertheless over the works of both. As regards the question of war, the only difference between them is that Nietzsche does not desire war for the sake of a fantastic redemption of the world, but in order that manliness may not become extinct.

In his contempt for woman and his abuse of her efforts for emancipation Nietzsche again agrees with Hartmann, though only in so far as both here recall Schopenhauer, whose echo Hartmann is here only a moralizing doctrinaire with a somewhat offensive dash of pedantry, one can trace beneath Nietzsche's attacks on the female sex that subtle sense of woman's dangerousness which points to painful experience. He does not seem to have known many women, but those he did know, he evidently loved and hated, but above all despised. Again and again he returns to the unfitness of the free and great spirit for marriage. In many of these utterances there is a strongly personal note, especially in those which persistently assert the necessity of a solitary life for a thinker. But as regards the less personal arguments about woman, old-world Germany here speaks through the mouth of Nietzsche, as through that of Hartmann; the Germany whose women, in contrast to those of France and England, have for centuries been relegated to the domestic and strictly private life. We may recognize in these German writers generally that they have an eye for the profound antagonism and perpetual war between the sexes, which Stuart Mill neither saw nor understood. But the injustice to man and the rather tame fairness to woman, in which Mill's admirable emancipatory attempt occasionally results, is nevertheless greatly to be preferred to Nietzsche's brutal unfairness, which asserts that in our treatment of women we ought to return to "the vast common sense of old Asia."

Finally, in his conflict with pessimism Nietzsche had Eugen Duhring (especially in his **Werth des Lebens**) as a forerunner, and this circumstance seems to have inspired him with so much ill-will, so much exasperation indeed, that in a polemic now open, now disguised, he calls Duhring his ape. Duhring is a horror to him as a plebeian, as an Antisemite, as the apostle of revenge, and as the disciple of the Englishmen and of Comte; but Nietzsche has not a word to say about Duhring's very remarkable qualities, to which such epithets as these do not apply. But we can easily understand, taking Nietzsche's own destiny into consideration, that Duhring, the blind man, the neglected thinker who despises official scholars, the philosopher who teaches outside the universities, who, in spite

of being so little pampered by life, loudly proclaims his love of life—should appear to Nietzsche as a caricature of himself. This was, however, no reason for his now and then adopting Duhring's abusive tone. And it must be confessed that, much as Nietzsche wished to be what, for that matter, he was—a Polish **szlachcic, a** European man of the world and a cosmopolitan thinker—in one respect he always remained the German professor: in the rude abuse in which his uncontrolled hatred of rivals found vent; and, after all, his only rivals as a modern German philosopher were Hartmann and Duhring.

It is strange that this man, who learned such an immense amount from French moralists and psychologists like La Rochefoucauld, Chamfort, and Stendhal, was able to acquire so little of the self-control of their form. He was never subjected to the restraint which the literary tone of France imposes upon every writer as regards the mention and exhibition of his own person. For a long time he seems to have striven to discover himself and to become completely himself. In order to find himself he crept into his solitude, as Zarathustra into his cave. By the time he had succeeded in arriving at full independent development and felt the rich flow of individual thought within him, he had lost all external standards for measuring his own value; all bridges to the world around him were broken down. The fact that no recognition came from without only aggravated his self-esteem. The first glimmer of recognition further exalted this self-esteem. At last it closed above his head and darkened this rare and commanding intellect.

As he stands disclosed in his incompleted life-work, he is a writer well worth studying.

My principal reason for calling attention to him is that Scandinavian literature appears to me to have been living quite long enough on the ideas that were put forward and discussed in the last decade. It looks as though the power of conceiving great ideas were on the wane, and even as though receptivity for them were fast vanishing; people are still busy with the same doctrines, certain theories of heredity, a little Darwinism, a little emancipation of woman, a little morality of happiness, a little freethought, a little worship of democracy, etc. And as to the culture of our "cultured" people, the level represented approximately by the **Revue des Deux Mondes** threatens to become the high-water mark of taste. It does not seem yet to have dawned on the best among us that the finer, the only true culture begins on the far side of the **Revue des Deux Mondes** in the great personality, rich in ideas.

The intellectual development of Scandinavia has advanced comparatively rapidly in its literature. We have seen great authors rise above all orthodoxy, though they began by being perfectly simple-hearted believers. This is very honorable, but in the case of those who cannot rise higher still, it is nevertheless rather meagre. In the course of the 'seventies it became clear to almost all Scandinavian authors that it would no longer do to go on writing on the basis of the Augsburg Confession. Some quietly dropped it, others opposed it more or less noisily; whilst most of those who abandoned it entrenched themselves against the public, and to some extent against the bad conscience of their own childhood, behind the established

Protestant morality; now and then, indeed, behind a good, everyday soup-stock morality—I call it thus because so many a soup has been served from it.

But be that as it may, attacks on existing prejudices and defence of existing institutions threaten at present to sink into one and the same commonplace familiarity.

Soon, I believe, we shall once more receive a lively impression that art cannot rest content with ideas and ideals for the average mediocrity, any more than with remnants of the old catechisms; but that great art demands intellects that stand on a level with the most individual personalities of contemporary thought, in exceptionality, in independence in defiance and in aristocratic self-supremacy.

II

(December, 1899)

MORE than ten years have gone by since I first called attention to Friedrich Nietzsche. My essay on "Aristocratic Radicalism" was the first study of any length to be devoted, in the whole of Europe, to this man, whose name has since flown round the world and is at this moment one of the most famous among our contemporaries. This thinker, then almost unknown and seldom mentioned, became, a few years later, the fashionable philosopher in every country of Europe, and this while the great man, to whose lot had suddenly fallen the universal fame he had so passionately desired, lived on without a suspicion of it all, a living corpse cut off from the world by incurable insanity.

Beginning with his native land, which so long as he retained his powers never gave him a sign of recognition, his writings have now made their way in every country. Even in France, usually so loth to admit foreign, and especially German, influence, his character and his doctrine have been studied and expounded again and again. In Germany, as well as outside it, a sort of school has been formed, which appeals to his authority and not unfrequently compromises him, or rather itself, a good deal. The opposition to him is conducted sometimes (as by Ludwig Stein) on serious and scientific lines although from narrow pedagoguic premises; sometimes (as by Herr Max Nordau) with sorry weapons and with the assumed superiority of presumptuous mediocrity.

Interesting articles and books on Nietzsche have been written by Peter Gast and Lou von salome in German and by Henri Lichtenberger in French; and in addition Nietzsche's sister, Frau Elizabeth Forster-Nietzsche, has not only published an excellent edition of his collected works (including his youthful sketches), but has written his Life (and published his Correspondence).

My old essay on Nietzsche has thus long ago been outstripped by later works, the writers of which were able to take a knowledge of Nietzsche's work for granted and therefore to examine his writings without at the same time having to acquaint the reader with their contents. That essay, it may be remembered, occasioned an exchange of words between Prof. Hoffding and myself, in the course of which I had the opportunity of expressing my own views more clearly and of showing what points they had in common with Nietzsche's, and where they diverged from his.[1] As, of course, these pole-

1 See "Tilskueren" (Copenhagen) for August and November-December 1889, January, February-March, April and May 1890.

mical utterances of mine were not translated into foreign languages, no notice was taken of them anywhere abroad.

The first essay itself, on the other hand, which was soon translated, brought me in a number of attacks, which gradually acquired a perfectly stereotyped formula. In an article by a Germanized Swede, who wanted to be specially spiteful, I was praised for having in that essay broken with my past and resolutely renounced the set of liberal opinions and ideas I had hitherto championed. Whatever else I might be blamed for, it had to be acknowledged that twice in my life I had been the spokesman of German ideas, in my youth of Hegel's and in my maturer years of Nietzsche's. In a book by a noisy German charlatan living in Paris, Herr Nordau, it was shortly afterwards asserted that if Danish parents could guess what I was really teaching their children at the University of Copenhagen, they would kill me in the street—a downright incitement to murder, which was all the more comic in its pretext, as admission to my lectures has always been open to everybody, the greater part of these lectures has appeared in print, and, finally, twenty years ago the parents used very frequently to come and hear me. It was repeated in the same quarter that after being a follower of Stuart Mill, I had in that essay turned my back on my past, since I had now appeared as an adherent of Nietzsche. This last statement was afterwards copied in a very childish book by a Viennese lady who, without a notion of the actual facts, writes away, year in, year out, on Scandinavian literature for the benefit of the German public. This nonsense was finally disgorged once more in 1899 by Mr. Alfred Ipsen, who contributed to the London **Athenoeum** surveys of Danish literature, among the virtues of which impartiality did not find a place.

In the face of these constantly repeated assertions from abroad, I may be permitted to make it clear once more—as I have already shown in **Tilskueren** in 1890 (p. 259)—that my principles have not been in the slightest way modified through contact with Nietzsche. When I became acquainted with him I was long past the age at which it is possible to change one's fundamental view of life. Moreover, I maintained many years ago, in reply to my Danish opponents, that my first thought with regard to a philosophical book was by no means to ask whether what it contains is right or wrong: "I go straight through the book to the man behind it. And my first question is this: What is the value of this man, is he interesting, or not? If he is, then his books are undoubtedly worth knowing. Questions of right or wrong are seldom applicable in the highest intellectual spheres, and their answering is not unfrequently of relatively small importance. The first line I wrote about Nietzsche were therefore to the effect that he deserved to be studied and **contested.** I rejoiced in him, as I rejoice in every powerful and uncommon individuality." And three years later I replied to the attack of a worthy and able Swiss professor, who had branded Nietzsche as a reactionary and a cynic, in these words, amongst others: "No mature reader studies Nietzsche with the latent design of adopting his opinions, still less with that of propagating them. We are not children in search of instruction, but skeptics in search of men, and we rejoice when we have found a man—the rarest thing there is."

It seems to me that this is not exactly the language of an adherent, and that my critics might spare some of their powder and shot as regards my renunciation of ideas. It is a nuisance to be forced now and then to reply in person to all the allegations that are accumulated against one year by year in the European press; but when others never write a sensible word about one, it becomes an obligation at times to stand up for one's self.

My personal connection with Nietzsche began with his sending me his book, **Beyond Good and Evil.** I read it, received a strong impression, though not a clear or decided one, and did nothing further about it—for one reason, because I receive every day far too many books to be able to acknowledge them. But as in the following year **The Genealogy of Morals** was sent me by the author, and as this book was not only much clearer in itself, but also threw new light on the earlier one, I wrote Nietzsche a few lines of thanks, and this led to a correspondence which was interrupted by Nietzsche's attack of insanity thirteen months later.

The letters he sent me in that last year of his conscious life appear to me to be of no little psychological and biographical interest.

Correspondence Between Friedrich Nietzsche and George Brandes

1. Brandes to Nietzsche.

Copenhagen, Nov. 26, 1887.

Dear Sir,

A year ago I received through your publisher your work **Beyond Good and Evil;** the other day your latest book reached me in the same way. Of your other books I have **Human, all-too-Human.** I had just sent the two volumes I possess to the binder, when **The Genealogy of Morals** arrived, so that I have not been able to compare it with the earlier works, as I mean to do. By degrees I shall read everything of yours attentively.

This time, however, I am anxious to express at once my sincere thanks for the book sent. It is an **honor** to me to be known to you, and known in such a way that you should wish to gain me as a reader.

A new and original spirit breathes to me from your books. I do not yet fully understand what I have read; I cannot always see your intention. But I find much that harmonizes with my own ideas and sympathies, the depreciation of the ascetic ideals and the profound disgust with democratic mediocrity, your aristocratic radicalism. Your contempt for the morality of pity is not yet clear to me. There were also in the other work some reflections on women in general which did not agree with my own line of thought. Your nature is so absolutely different from mine

that it is not easy for me to feel at home. In spite of your universality you are very German in your mode of thinking and writing. You are one of the few people with whom I should enjoy to talk.

I know nothing about you. I see with astonishment that you are a professor and doctor. I congratulate you in any case on being intellectually so little of a professor.

I do not know what you have read of mine. My writings only attempt the solution of modest problems. For the most part they are only to be had in Danish. For many years I have not written German. I have my best public in the Slavonic countries, I believe. I have lectured in Warsaw for two years in succession, and this year in Petersburg and Moscow, in French. Thus I endeavor to break through the narrow limits of my native land.

Although no longer young, I am still one of the most inquisitive of men and one of the most eager to learn. You will therefore not find me closed against your ideas, even when I differ from you in thought and feeling. I am often stupid, but never in the least narrow.

Let me have the pleasure of a few lines if you think it worth the trouble.

Yours gratefully,
George Brandes.

2. Nietzsche to Brandes.

Nice, Dec. 2, 1887

My Dear Sir,

A few readers whom one honors and beyond them no readers at all—that is really what I desire. As regards the latter part of this wish, I am bound to say my hope of its realization is growing less and less. All the more happy am I in **satis sunt pauci**, that the **pauci** do not fail and have never failed me. Of the living amongst them I will mention (to name only those whom you are certain to know) my distinguished friend Jakob Burkhardt, Hans von Bulow, H. Taine, and the Swiss poet Keller; of the dead, the old Hegelian Bruno Bauer and Richard Wagner. It gives me sincere pleasure that so good a European and missionary of culture as yourself will in future be numbered amongst them; I thank you with all my heart for this proof of your goodwill.

I am afraid you will find it a difficult position. I myself have no doubt that my writings in one way or another are still "very German." You will, I am sure, feel this all the more remarkedly, being so spoilt by yourself; I mean, by the free and graceful French way in which you handle

the language (a more familiar way than mine). With me a great many words have acquired an incrustation of foreign salts and taste differently on my tongue and on those of my readers. On the scale of my experiences and circumstances the predominance is given to the rarer, remoter, more attentuated tones as against the normal, medial ones. Besides (as an old musician, which is what I really am), I have an ear for quarter-tones. Finally—and this probably does most to make my books obscure—there is in me a distrust of dialectics, even of reasons. What a person already holds "true" or has not yet acknowledged as true, seems to me to depend mainly on his courage, on the relative strength of his courage (I seldom have the courage for what I really know).

The expression **Aristocratic Radicalism,** which you employ, is very good. It is, permit me to say, the cleverest thing I have yet read about yourself.

How far this mode of thought has carried me already, how far it will carry me yet—I am almost afraid to imagine. But there are certain paths which do not allow one to go backward and so I go forward, because I **must.**

That I may not neglect anything on my part that might facilitate your access to my cave—that is, my philosophy—my Leipzig publishers shall send you all my older books **en bloc.** I recommend you especially to read the new prefaces to them (they have nearly all been republished); these prefaces, if read in order, will perhaps throw some light upon me, assuming that I am not obscurity in itself (obscure in myself) as **obscurissimus obscurorum virorum.** For that is quite possible.

Are you a musician? A work of mine for chorus and orchestra is just being published, a "Hymn to Life." This is intended to represent my music to posterity and one day to be sung "in my memory"; assuming that there is enough left of me for that. You see what posthumous thought I have. But a philosophy like mine is like a grave—it takes one from among the living. **Bene vixit qui bene latuit**—was inscribed on Descartes' tombstone. What an epitaph, to be sure!

I too hope we may meet some day,

Yours,

Nietzsche.

N. B.—I am staying this winter at Nice. My summer address is Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine, Switzerland—I have resigned my professorship at the University. I am three parts blind.

3. Brandes to Nietzsche.

Copenhagen, Dec. 15, 1887

My Dear Sir,

The last words of your letter are those that have made most impression on me; those in which you tell me that your eyes are seriously affected. Have you consulted good oculists, the best? It alters one's whole psychological life if one cannot see well. You owe it to all who honor you to do everything possible for the preservation and improvement of your sight.

I have put off answering your letter because you announced the sending of a parcel of books, and I wished to thank you for them at the same time. But as the parcel has not yet arrived I will send you a few words today. I have your books back from the binder and have gone into them as deeply as I was able amid the stress of preparing lectures and all kinds of literary and political work.

December 17

I am quite willing to be called a "good European," less so to be called a "missionary of culture." I have a horror of all missionary effort—because I have come across none but **moralizing** missionaries—and I am afraid I do not altogether believe in what is called culture. Our culture as a whole cannot inspire **enthusiasm,** can it? and what would a missionary be without enthusiasm! In other words, I am more isolated than you think. All I meant by being German was that you write more for yourself, think more of yourself in writing, than for the general public; whereas most non-German writers have been obliged to force themselves into a certain discipline of style, which no doubt makes the latter clearer and more plastic, but necessarily deprives it of all profundity and compels the writer to keep to himself his most intimate and best individuality, the anonymous in him. I have thus been horrified at times to see how little of my inmost self is more than hinted at in my writings.

I am no connoisseur in music. The arts of which I have some notion are sculpture and painting; I have to thank them for my deepest artistic impressions. My ear is undeveloped. In my young days this was a great grief to me. I used to play a good deal and worked at thorough-bass for a few years, but nothing came of it. I can enjoy good music keenly, but still am one of the uninitiated.

I think I can trace in your works certain points of agreement with my own taste: your predilection for Beyle,

for instance, and for Taine; but the latter I have not seen for seventeen years. I am not so enthusiastic about his work on the Revolution as you seem to be. He deplores and harangues an earthquake.

I used the expression "aristocratic radicalism" because it so exactly defines my own political convictions. I am a little hurt, however, at the offhand and impetuous pronouncements against such phenomena as socialism and anarchism in your works. The anarchism of Prince Kropotkin, for instance, is no stupidity. The name, of course, is nothing. Your intellect, which is usually so dazzling, seems to me to fall a trifle short where truth is to be found in a **nuance.** Your views on the origin of the moral ideas interest me in the highest degree.

You share—to my delighted astonishment—a certain repugnance which I feel for Herbert Spencer. With us he passes for the god of philosophy. However, it is a rule a distinct merit with these Englishmen that their not very high-soaring intellect shuns hypotheses, whereas as hypothesis has destroyed the supremacy of German philosophy. Is not there a great deal that is hypothical in your ideas of caste distinction as the source of various moral concepts?

I know Ree whom you attack, have met him in Berlin; he was a quiet man, rather distinguished in his bearing, but a somewhat dry and limited intellect. He was living—according to his own account, as brother and sister—with a quite young and intelligent Russian lady, who published a year or two ago a book called **Der Kampf um Gott,** but this gives no idea of her genuine gifts.

I am looking forward to receiving the books you promise me. I hope in future you will not lose sight of me.

Yours,

George Brandes

4. Nietzsche to Brandes.

Nice, Jan. 8, 1888

. . . . You should not object to the expression "missionary of culture." What better way is there of being one in our day than that of "missionizing" one's disbelief in culture? To have understood that our European culture is a vast problem and by no means a solution—is not such a degree of introspection and self-conquest nowadays culture itself?

I am surprised my books have not yet reached you. I shall not omit to send a reminder to Leipzig. At Christmas

time Messieurs the publishers are apt to lose their heads. Meanwhile may I be allowed to bring to your notice a daring curiosity over which no publisher has authority, an **ineditum** of mine that is among the most personal things I can show. It is the fourth part of my **Zarathustra;** its proper title, with regard to what precedes and follows it, should be—

Zarathustra's Temptation

An Interlude

Perhaps this is my best answer to your question about my problem of pity. Besides which, there are excellent reasons for gaining admission to "me" by this particular secret door; provided that one crosses the threshold with your eyes and ears. Your essay on Zola reminded me once more, like everything I have met with of yours (the last was an essay in the Goethe Year-book), in the most agreeable way of your natural tendency towards every kind of psychological optics. When working out the most difficult mathematical problems of the **ame moderne** you are as much in your element as a German scholar in such case is apt to be out of his. Or do you perhaps think more favorably of present-day Germans? It seems to me that they become year by year more clumsy and rectangular **in rebus psychologicis** (in direct contrast to the Parisians, with whom everything is becoming **naunce** and mosaic), so that all events below the surface escape their notice. For example, my **Beyond Good and Evil**—what an awkward position it has put them in! Not one intelligent word has reached me about this book, let alone an intelligent sentiment. I do not believe even the most well-disposed of my readers has discovered that he has here to deal with the logical results of a perfectly definite philosophical **sensibility,** and not with a medley of a hundred promiscuous paradoxes and heterodoxies. Nothing of the kind has been "experienced"; my readers do not bring to it a thousandth part of the passion and suffering that is needed. An "immoralist!" This does not suggest anything to them.

By the way, the Goncourts in one of their prefaces claim to have invented the phrase **document humain.** But for all that M. Taine may well be its real originator.

You are right in what you say about "haranguing an earthquake"; but such Quixotism is among the most honorable things on this earth.

With the greatest respect,

Yours,

Nietzsche

5. Brandes to Nietzsche.

Copenhagen, Jan. 11, 1888

My Dear Sir,

Your publisher has apparently forgotten to send me your books, but I have today received your letter with thanks. I take the liberty of sending you herewith one of my books in proof (because unfortunately I have no other copy at hand), a collection of essays intended for **export**, therefore not my best wares. They date from various times and are all too polite, too laudatory, too idealistic in tone. I never really say all I think in them. The paper on Ibsen is no doubt the best, but the translation of the verses, which I had done for me, is unfortunately wretched.

There is one Scandinavian writer whose works would interest you, if only they were translated: **Soren Kierkegaard;** he lived from 1813 to 1855, and is in my opinion one of the profoundest psychologists that have ever existed. A little book I wrote about him (translated, Leipzig, 1879) gives no adequate idea of his genius, as it is a sort of polemical pamphlet written to counteract his influence. But in a psychological respect it is, I think, the most subtle thing I have published.

The essay in the Goethe Year-book was unfortunately shortened by more than a third, as the space had been reserved for me. It is a good deal better in Danish.

If you happen to read Polish, I will send you a little book that I have published only in that language.

I see the new **Rivista Contemporanea** of Florence has printed a paper of mine on Danish literature. You must not read it. It is full of the most ridiculous mistakes. It is translated from the Russian, I must tell you. I had allowed it to be translated into Russian from my French text, but could not check this translation; now it appears in Italian from the Russian with fresh absurdities; amongst others in the names (on account of the Russian pronunciation), G for H throughout.

I am glad you find in me something serviceable to yourself. For the last four years I have been the most detested man in Scandinavia. Every day the papers rage against me, especially since my last long quarrel with Bjornson, in which the moral German papers all took part against me. I dare say you know his absurd play, **A Gauntlet,** his propaganda for male virginity and his covenant with the spokeswomen of "the demand for equality in morals." Anything like it was certainly unheard of till now. In Sweden these

insane women have formed great leagues in which they vow "only to marry virgin men." I suppose they get a guarantee with them, like watches, only the guarantee for the future is not likely to be forthcoming.

I have read the three books of yours that I know again and again. There are two or three bridges leading from my inner world to yours: Cæsarism, hatred of pedantry, a sense for Beyle, etc., but still most of it is strange to me. Our experiences appear to be so infinitely dissimilar. You are without doubt the most suggestive of all German writers.

Your German literature! I don't know what is the matter with it. I fancy all the brains must go into the General Staff or the administration. The whole life of Germany and all your institutions are spreading the **most hideous uniformity**, and even authorship is stifled by publishing.

Your obliged and respectful,

George Brandes

6. Nietzsche to Brandes.

Nice, Feb. 19, 1888

. . . . You have laid me under a most agreeable obligation with your contribution to the idea of "Modernity," for it happens that this winter I am circling round this paramount problem of values, very much from above and in the manner of a bird, and with the best intention of looking down upon the modern world with as unmodern an eye as possible. I admire—let me confess it—the tolerance of your judgment, as much as the moderation of your sentences. How you suffer these "little children" to come unto you! Even Heyse!

On my next visit to Germany I propose to take up the psychological problem of Kierkegaard and at the same time to renew acquaintance with your older literature. It will be of use to me in the best sense of the word—and will serve to restore good humor to my own severity and arrogance of judgment.

My publisher telegraphed to me yesterday that the books had gone to you. I will spare you and myself the story of why they were delayed. Now, my dear Sir, may you put a good face on a bad bargain, I mean on this Nietz-

I myself cherish the notion of having given the "new Germans" the richest, most actual and most independent books of any they possess; also of being in my own person sche literature.

a capital event in the crisis of the determination of values. But this may be an error; and, what is more, a piece of foolishness—I do not want to **have** to believe anything [of the sort] about myself.

One or two further remarks: they concern my firstlings (the **Juvenilia** and **Juvenalia**).

The pamphlet against Strauss, the wicked merrymaking of a "very free spirit" at the expense of one who thought himself such, led to a terrific scandal; I was already a **Professor ordinarious** at the time, therefore in spite of my twenty-seven years a kind of authority and something **acknowledged.** The most unbiassed view of this affair, in which almost every "notability" took part for or against me, and in which an insane quantity of paper was covered with printer's ink, is to be found in Karl Hillebrand's **Zeiten, Volker und Menschen,** second volume. The trouble was not that I had jeered at the senile bungling of an eminent critic, but that I had caught German taste **in flagranti** in compromising tastelessness; for in spite of all party differences of religion and theology it had unanimously admired Strauss's **Alten und Neuen Glauben** as a masterpiece of freedom and subtlety of thought (even the style!). My pamphlet was the first onslaught on German culture (that "culture" which they imagined to have gained the victory over France). The word "Culture-Philistine," which I then invented, has remained in the language as a survival of the raging turmoil of that polemic.

The two papers on Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner appear to me today to contain self-confessions, above all promises to myself, rather than any real psychology of those two masters, who are at the same time profoundly related and profoundly antagonistic to me—(I was the first to distil a sort of unity out of them both; at present this superstition is much to the fore in German culture—that all Wagnerites are followers of Schopenhauer. It was otherwise when I was young. Then it was the last of the Hegelians who adhered to Wagner, and "Wagner and Hegel" was still the watchword of the 'fifties).

Between **Thoughts out of Season** and **Human, all-too-Human** there lies a crisis and a skin-casting. Physically too: I lived for years in extreme proximity to death. This was my great good fortune: I forgot myself, I outlived myself . . . I have performed the same trick once again.

So now we have each presented gifts to the other: two travellers, it seems to me, who are glad to have met.

I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

Nietzsche.

7. Brandes to Nietzsche.

Copenhagen, March 7, 1888

My Dear Sir,

I imagine you to be living in fine spring weather; up here we are buried in abominable snowdrifts and have been cut off from Europe for several days. To make things worse, I have this evening been talking to some hundred imbeciles, and everything looks grey and dreary around me, so to revive my spirits a little I will thank you for your letter of February 19 and your generous present of books.

As I was too busy to write to you at once, I sent you a volume on German Romanticism which I found on my shelves. I should be very sorry, however, that you should interpret my sending it otherwise than as a silent expression of thanks.

The book was written in 1873 and revised in 1886; but my German publisher has permitted himself a number of linguistic and other alterations, so that the first two pages, for instance, are hardly mine at all. Wherever he does not understand my meaning, he puts something else, and declares that what I have written is not German.

Moreover, the man promised to buy the rights of the old translation of my book, but from very foolish economy has not done so; the consequence is that the German courts have suppressed my book in two instances as pirated (!)—because I had included in it fragments of the old translation—while the real pirate is allowed to sell my works freely.

The probable result of this will be that I shall withdraw entirely from German literature.

I sent that volume because I had no other. But the first one on the **emigres**, the fourth on the English and the fifth on the French romanticists are all far, far better; written **con amore**.

The title of the book, **Moderne Geister,** is fortuitous. I have written some twenty volumes. I wanted to put together for abroad a volume on personalities whose names would be familiar. That is how it came about. Some things in it have cost a good deal of study, such as the paper on Tegner, which tells the truth about him for the first time. Ibsen will certainly interest you as a personality. Unfortunately as a man he does not stand on the same level that he reaches as a poet. Intellectually he owes much to Kierkegaard, and he is still strongly permeated by theology. Bjornson in his latest phase has become just an ordinary lay-preacher.

For more than three years I have not published a book; I felt too unhappy. These three years have been among the hardest of my life, and I see no sign of the approach of better times. However, I am now going to set about the publication of the sixth volume of my work and another book besides. It will take a deal of time.

I was delighted with all the fresh books, turning them over and reading them.

The youthful books are of great value to me; they make it far easier to understand you; I am now leisurely ascending the steps that lead up to your intellect. With **Zarathustra** I began too precipitately. I prefer to advance upwards rather than to dive head first as though into a sea.

I knew Hillebrand's essay and read years ago some bitter attacks on the book about Strauss. I am grateful to you for the word culture-philistine; I had no idea it was yours. I take no offense at the criticism of Strauss, although I have feelings of piety for the old gentleman. Yet he was always the Tubingen collegian.

Of the other works I have at present only studied **The Dawn of Day** at all closely. I believe I understand the book thoroughly, many of its ideas have also been mine, others are **new** to me or put into a new shape, but not on that account **strange** to me.

One solitary remark, so as not to make this letter too long. I am delighted with the aphorism on the hazard of marriage (Aphorism 150). But why do you not **dig** deeper here? You speak somewhere with a certain reverence of marriage, which by implying an emotional ideal has idealized emotion—here, however, you are more blunt and forcible. Why not for once say the **full** truth about it? I am of opinion that the institution of marriage, which may have been very useful in taming brutes, causes more misery to mankind than even the Church has done. Church, monarchy, marriage, property, these are to my mind four old venerable institutions which mankind will have to reform **from the foundations** in order to be able to breathe freely. And of these marriage alone kills the individuality, paralyses liberty and is the embodiment of a paradox. But the shocking thing about it is that humanity is still too coarse to be able to shake it off. The most emancipated writers, so called, still speak of marriage with a devout and virtuous air which maddens me. And they gain their point, since it is impossible to say what one could put in its place for the mob. There is nothing else to be done but slowly to transform opinion. What do you think about it?

I should like very much to hear how it is with your eyes. I was glad to see how plain and clear your writing is.

Externally, I suppose, you lead a calm and peaceful life down there? Mine is a life of conflict which wears one out. In these realms I am even more hated now than I was seventeen years ago; this is not pleasant in itself, though it is gratifying in so far as it proves to me that I have not yet lost my vigor nor come to terms on any point with sovereign mediocrity.

Your attentive and grateful reader,

George Brandes.

8. Nietzsche to Brandes.

Nice, March 27, 1888

My Dear Sir,

I should much have liked to thank you before this for so rich and thoughtful a letter: but my health has been troubling me, so that I have fallen badly into arrears with all good things. In my eyes, I may say in passing, I have a dynamometer for my general state; since my health in the main has once more improved, they have become stronger than I had ever believed possible—they have put to shame the prophecies of the very best German oculists. If Messieurs Grafe et **hoc genus omne** had turned out right, I should long ago have been blind. As it is, I have come to No. 3 spectacles—bad enough—**but I still see.** I speak of this worry because you were sympathetic enough to inquire about it, and because during the last few weeks my eyes have been particularly weak and irritable.

I feel for you in the North, now so wintry and gloomy; how does one manage to keep one's soul erect there? I admire almost every man who does not lose faith in himself under a cloudy sky, to say nothing of his faith in "humanity," in "marriage," in "property," in the "State." . . . In Petersburg I should be a nihilist: here I believe as a plant believes, in the sun. The sun of Nice—you cannot call that a prejudice. We have had it at the expense of all the rest of Europe. God, with the cynicism peculiar to him, lets it shine upon us idlers, "philosophers" and sharpers more brightly than upon the far worthier military heroes of the "Fatherland."

But then, with the instinct of the Northerner, you have chosen the strongest of all stimulants to help you to endure life in the North: war, the excitement of agression, the Viking raid. I divine in your writings the practiced soldier; and not only "mediocrity," but perhaps especially the more independent or individual characters of the Northern mind may be constantly challenging you to fight. How

much of the "parson," how much theology is still left behind in all this idealism! . . . To me it would be still worse than a cloudy sky, to have to make oneself angry over things **which do not concern one.**

So much for this time; it is little enough. Your **German Romanticism** has set me thinking, how this whole movement actually only reached its goal as music (Schumann, Mendelssohn, Weber, Wagner, Brahms); as literature it remained a great promise. The French were more fortunate. I am afraid I am too much of a musician not to be a romanticist. Without music life to me would be a mistake.

With cordial and grateful regards I remain, dear Sir,

Yours,

Nietzsche

9. Brandes to Nietzsche

Copenhagen, April 3, 1888

My Dear Sir,

You have called the postman the medium of ill-mannered invasions. That is very true as a rule, and should be **sat. sapienti** not to trouble you. I am not an instruder by nature, so little in fact that I lead an almost isolated life, am indeed loth to write letters, and, like all authors, loth to write at all.

Yesterday, however, when I had received your letter and taken up one of your books, I suddenly felt a sort of vexation at the idea that nobody here in Scandinavia knew anything about you, and I soon determined to make you known at a stroke. The newspaper cutting will tell you that (having just finished a series of lectures on Russia) I am announcing fresh lectures on your writings. For many years I have been obliged to repeat all my lectures, as the University cannot hold the audiences; that is not likely to be the case this time, as your name is so absolutely new, but the people who will come and get an impression of your works will not be of the dullest.

As I should very much like to have an idea of your appearance, **I beg you to give me a portrait of yourself.** I enclose my last photograph. I would also ask you to tell me quite briefly when and where you were born and in what years you published (or better, wrote) your works, as they are not dated. If you have any newspaper that contains these details, there will be no need to write. I am an unmethodical person and possess neither dictionaries of authors nor other books of reference in which your name might be found.

The youthful works—the **Thoughts out of Season**—have been very useful to me. How young you were and enthusiastic, how frank and naive! There is much in the maturer books that I do not yet understand; you appear to me often to hint at or generalize about entirely intimate, personal data, giving the reader a beautiful casket without the key. But most of it I understand. I was enchanted by the youthful work on Schopenhauer; although personally I owe little to Schopenhauer, it seemed to speak to me from the soul.

One or two pedantic corrections: **Joyful Wisdom, p.** 116. The words quoted are no Chamfort's last, they are to be found in his **Characteres et Anecdotes:** dialogue between M. D. and M. L. in explanation of the sentence: **Peu de personnes et peu de choses m'interessent, mais rien ne m'interesse moins que moi.** The concluding words are: **en vivant et en voyant les hommes, il faut que le coeur se brise ou se bronze.**

On p. 118 you speak of the elevation "in which Shakespeare places Cæsar." I find Shakespeare's Cæsar pitiable. An act of high treason. And this glorification of the miserable fellow whose only achievement was to plunge a knife into a great man.

Human, all-too-Human, II, p. 59. A holy lie. "It is the only holy lie that has become famous." No, Desdemona's last words are perhaps still more beautiful and just as famous, often quoted in Germany at the time when Jacobi was writing on Lessing. Am I not right?

These trifles are only to show you that I read you attentively. Of course, there are very different matters that I might discuss with you, but a letter is not the place for them.

If you read Danish, I should like to send you a handsomely got-up little book on Holberg, which will appear in a week. Let me know whether you understand our language. If you read Swedish, I call your attention to Sweden's only genius, August Strindberg. When you write about women you are very like him.

I hope you will have nothing but good to tell me of your eyes.

Yours sincerely,

George Brandes

10. Nietzsche to Brandes.

Torini (Italia) ferma in posta, April 10, 1888

But, my dear Sir, what a surprise is this! Where have you found the courage to propose to speak in public of a **vir obscurissimus? . . .** Do you imagine that I am known in the beloved Fatherland? They treat me there as if I were something singular and absurd, something that for the present need not be **taken seriously . . .** Evidently they have an inkling that I do not take them seriously either: and how could I, nowadays, when "German intellect" has become a **contradictio in adjecto!**—My best thanks for the photograph. Unfortunately I have none to send in return: my sister, who is married and lives in South America, took with her the last portraits I possessed.

Enclosed is a little **vita,** the first I have ever written.

As regards the dates of composition of the different books they are to be found on the back of the cover of **Beyond Good and Evil.** Perhaps you no longer have this cover.

The Birth of Tragedy was written between the summer of 1870 and the winter of 1871 (finished at Lugano, where I was living with the family of Field-Marshall Moltke.)

The **Thoughts out of Season** between 1872 and the summer of 1875 (there were to have been thirteen; luckily my health said No!).

What you say about **Schopenhauer as Educator** gives me great pleasure. This little work serves me as a touchstone; he to whom it says nothing **personal** has probably nothing to do with me either. In reality it contains the whole plan according to which I have hitherto lived; it is a rigorous **promise.**

Human, all-too-Human, with its two continuations, summer of 1876-1879. **The Dawn of Day,** 1880. **The Joyful Wisdom,** January, 1882. **Zarathustra,** 1883-1885 (each part in about ten days. Perfect state of "inspiration." All conceived in the course of rapid walks: absolute certainty, as though each sentence were shouted to one. While writing the book, the greatest physical elasticity and sense of power).

Beyond Good and Evil, summer of 1885 in the Upper Engadine and the following winter at Nice.

The Genealogy decided on, carried out and sent ready for press to the printer at Leipzig, all between July 10 and

30, 1887. (Of course there are also **philologica** of mine, but they do not concern you and me.)

I am now making an experiment with Turin; I shall stay here till June 5 and then go to the Engadine. The weather so far is wintry, harsh and unpleasant. But the town superbly calm and favorable to my instincts. The finest pavement in the world.

Sincere greetings from

Yours gratefully,

Nietzsche.

A pity I understand neither Danish nor Swedish.

Vita.—I was born on October 15, 1884, on the battlefield of Lutzen. The first name I heard was that of Gustavus Adolphus. My ancestors were Polish noblemen (Niezky); it seems the type has been well maintained, in spite of three generations of German mothers. Abroad I am usually taken for a Pole; this very winter the visitors' list at Nice entered me **comme Polonais.** I am told my head occurs in Matejko's pictures. My grandmother belonged to the Schiller-Goethe circles of Weimar; her brother was Herder's successor in the position of General Superintendent at Weimar. I had the good fortune to be a pupil of the venerable Pforta School, from which so many who have made a name in German literature have proceeded (Klopstock, Fichte, Schlegel, Ranke, etc., etc.,). We had masters who would have (or have) done honor to any university. I studied at Bonn, afterwards at Leipzig; old Ritschl, then the first philologist in Germany, singled me out almost from the first. At twenty-two I was a contributor to the **Litterarisches Centralblatt** (Zarncke). The foundation of the Philological Society of Leipzig, which still exists, is due to me. In the winter of 1868-1869 the University of Basle offered me a professorship; I was as yet not even a Doctor. The University of Leipzig afterwards conferred the doctor's degree on me, in a very honorable way, without any examination, and even without a dissertion. From Easter 1869 to 1879 I was at Basle; I was obliged to give up my rights as a German subject, since as an officer (Horst Artillery) I should have been called up too frequently and my academic duties would have been interfered with. I am none the less master of two weapons, the sabre and the cannon—and perhaps of a third as well . . . At Basle everything went very well, in spite of my youth; it sometimes happened, especially with candidates for the doctor's degree, that the examinee was older than the examiner. I had the great good fortune to form a cordial friendship with Jakob Burkhardt, an unusual thing with

that very hermit-like and secluded thinker. A still greater piece of good fortune was that from the earliest days of my Basle existence an indescribably close intimacy sprang up between me and Richard and Cosima Wagner, who were then living on their estate of Triebschen, near Lucerne, as thought on an island, and were cut off from all former ties. For some years we had everything, great and small, in common, a confidence without bounds. (You will find printed in Volume VII of Wagner's complete works a "message" to me, referring to **The Birth of Tragedy.)** As a result of these relations I came to know a large circle of persons (and "personesses"), in fact pretty nearly everything that grows between Paris and Petersburg. By about 1876 my health became worse. I then spent a winter at Sorrento, with my old friend, Baroness Meysenbug (**Memmoirs of an Idealist)** and the sympathetic Dr. Ree. There was no improvement. I suffered from an extremely painful and persistent headache, which exhausted all my strength. This went on for a number of years, till it reached such a climax of habitual suffering, that at that time I had 200 days of torment in the year. The trouble must have been due entirely to local causes, there is no neuropathic basis for it of any sort. I have never had a symptom of mental disturbance; not even of fever, nor of fainting. My pulse was at that time as slow as that of the first Napoleon (= 60). My speciality was to endure extreme pain, **cru, vert,** with perfect clarity, for two or three consecutive days, accompanied by constant vomiting of bile. The report has been put about that I was in a madhouse (and indeed that I died there). Nothing is further from the truth. As a matter of fact my intellect only came to maturity during that terrible time: witness the **Dawn of Day,** which I wrote in 1881 during a winter of incredible suffering at Genoa, away from doctors, friends or relations. This book serves me as a sort of "dynamometer": I composed it with a minimum of strength and health. From 1882 on I went forward again very slowly, it is true: the crisis was past (my father died very young, just at the age at which I was myself so near to death). I have to use extreme care even today; certain conditions of a climatic and meteorological order are indispensable to me. It is not from choice but from necessity that I spend the summer in the Upper Engadine and the winter at Nice . . . After all, my illness has been of the greatest use to me: it has released me, it has restored to me the courage to be myself . . . And, indeed, in virtue of my instincts, I am a brave animal, a military one even. The long resistance has somewhat exasperated my pride. Am I a philosopher, do you ask?— But what does that matter! . . .

11. Brandes to Nietzsche.

Copenhagen, April 29, 1888

My Dear Sir,

The first time I lectured on your works, the hall was not quite full, an audience of perhaps a hundred and fifty, since no one knew who and what you are. But as an important newspaper reported my first lecture, and as I have myself written an article on you, interest was roused, and next time the hall was full to bursting. Some three hundred people listened with the greatest attention to my exposition of your works. Nevertheless, I have not ventured to repeat the lectures, as has been my practice for many years, since the subject is hardly of a popular nature. I hope the result will be to get you some good readers in the North.

Your books now stand on one of my shelves, very handsomely bound. I should be very glad to possess everything you have published.

When, in your first letter, you offered me a musical work of yours, a **Hymn to Life,** I declined the gift from modesty, being no great judge of music. Now I think I have deserved the work through my interest in it and should be much obliged if you would have it sent to me.

I believe I may sum up the impression of my audience in the feeling of a young painter, who said to me: "What makes this so interesting is that it has not to do with books, **but with life.**" If any objection is taken to your ideas, it is that they are "too out-and-out."

It was unkind of you not to send me a photograph; I really only sent mine to put you under an obligation. It is so little trouble to sit to a photographer for a minute or two, and one knows a man far better when one has an idea of his appearance.

Yours very sincerely,

George Brandes.

12. Nietzsche to Brandes.

Turin, May 4, 1888

My Dear Sir,

What you tell me gives me great pleasure and—let me confess it—still more surprise. Be sure I shall owe you for

it: you know, hermits are not given to forgetting.

Meanwhile I hope my photograph will have reached you. It goes without saying that I took steps, not exactly to be photographed (for I am extremely distrustful of haphazard photographs), but to abstract a photograph from somebody who had one of me. Perhaps I have succeeded; I have not yet heard. If not, I shall avail myself of my next visit to Munich (this autumn probably) to be taken again.

The **Hymn to Life** will start on its journey to Copenhagen one of these days. We philosophers are never more grateful than when we are **mistaken** for artists. I am assured, moreover, by the best judges that the **Hymn** is thoroughly fit for performance, **singable**, and sure in its effect (—clear in form; this praise gave me the greatest pleasure). Mottl, the excellent court conductor at Carlsruhe (the conductor of the Bayreuth festival performances, you know), has given me hopes of a performance.

I have just heard from Italy that the point of view of my second **Thought out of Season** has been very honorably mentioned in a survey of German literature contributed by the Viennese scholar, Dr. von Zackauer, at the invitation of the **Archivio storico** of Florence. He concludes his paper with it.

These last weeks at Turin, where I shall stay till June 5, have turned out better than any I have known for years, above all more philosophic. Almost every day for one or two hours I have reached such a pitch of energy as to be able to view my whole conception from top to bottom; so that the immense multiplicity of problems lies spread out beneath me, as though in relief and clear in its outlines. This requires a maximum of strength, for which I had almost given up hope. It all hangs together; years ago it was already on the right course; one builds one's philosophy like a beaver, one is forced to and does not know it: but one has to **see** all this, as I have now seen it, in order to believe it.

I am so relieved, so strengthened, in such good humor—I hang a little farcical tail on to the most serious things. What is the reason of all this? Have I got the good **north winds** to thank for it, the north winds which do not always come from the Alps?—they come now and then even from **Copenhagen**!

With greetings,

Your gratefully devoted,

Nietzsche.

13. Nietzsche to Brandes

Turin, May 23, 1888

My Dear Sir,

I should not like to leave Turin without telling you once more what a great share you have had in my first **successful** spring. The history of my springs, for the last fifteen years at least, has been, I must tell you, a tale of horror, a fatality of decadence and infirmity. Places made no difference; it was as though no prescription, no diet, no climate could change the essentially depressing character of this time of year. But behold, Turin! And the first good news, **your** news, my dear Sir, which proved to me that I am alive . . . For I am sometimes apt to forget that I am alive. An accident, a question reminded me the other day that one of life's leading ideas is positively quenched in me, the idea of the **future.** No wish, not the smallest cloudlet of a wish before me! A bare expanse! Why should not a day from my seventieth year be exactly like my day today? Have I lived too long in proximity to death to be able any longer to open my eyes to fair possibilities?—But certain it is that I now limit myself to thinking from day to day—that I settle today what is to be done tomorrow—and not for a single day beyond it! This may be irrational, unpractical, perhaps also unchristian—that preacher on the Mount forbade this very "taking thought for the morrow"—but it seems to me in the highest degree philosophical. I gained more respect for myself than I had before:—I understood that I had unlearnt how to wish, without even wanting to do so.

These weeks I have employed in "transvaluing values."—You understand this trope?—After all, the alchemist is the most deserving kind of man there is! I mean the man who makes of what is base and despised something valuable, even gold. He alone confers wealth, the others merely give change. My problem this time is rather a curious one; I have asked myself what hitherto has been best hated, feared, despised by mankind—and of that and nothing else I have made my "gold." . . .

If only I am not accused of false-coining! Or rather; that is what **will** happen.

Has my photograph reached you? My mother has shown me the great kindness of relieving me from the appearance of ungratefulness in such a special case. It is to be hoped the Leipzig publisher, E. W. Fritzsch, has also done his duty and sent off the Hymn.

In conclusion I confess to a feeling of curiosity. As it

was denied me to listen at the crack of the door to learn something **about myself,** I should like to hear something in another way. Three words to characterize the subjects of your different lectures—how much should I learn from three words!

With cordial and devoted greetings,

Your,

Nietzsche.

14. Brandes to Nietzsche.

Copenhagen, May 23, 188

My Dear Sir,

For letter, portrait and music I send you my best thanks. The letter and the music were an unqualified pleasure, the portrait might have been better. It is a profile taken at **Naumburg,** characteristic in its attitude, but with too little expression. You **must** look different from this; the writer of **Zarathustra** must have many more secrets written in his own face.

I concluded my lectures on Fr. Nietzsche before Whitsuntide. They ended, as the papers say, in applause "which took the form of an ovation." The ovation is yours almost entirely. I take the liberty of communicating it to you herewith in writing. For I can only claim the credit of reproducing, clearly and connectedly, and intelligibly to a Northern audience, what you had originated.

I also tried to indicate your relation to various contemporaries, to introduce my hearers into the workshop of your thought, to put forward my own favorite ideas, where they coincided with yours, to define the points on which I differed from you, and to give a psychological portrait of Nietzsche the author. Thus much I may say without exaggeration: your name is now very **popular** in all intelligent circles in Copenhagen, and all over Scandinavia it is at least **known.** You have nothing to thank me for; it has been a **pleasure** to me to penetrate into the world of your thoughts. My lectures are not worth printing, as I do not regard pure philosophy as my special province and am unwilling to print anything with a subject in which I do not feel sufficiently competent.

I am glad you feel so invigorated physically and so well disposed mentally. Here, after a long winter, we have mild spring weather. We are rejoicing in the first green leaves and in a very well-arranged Northern exhibition that has been opened at Copenhagen. All the French artists

of eminence (painters and sculptors) are also exhibiting here. Nevertheless, I am longing to get away, but have to stay.

But this cannot interest you. I forgot to tell you: if you do not know the Icelandic sagas, you must study them. You will find there a great deal to confirm your hypotheses and theories about the morality of a master race.

In one trifling detail you seem to have missed the mark. **Gothic** has certainly nothing to do with **good** or **God.** It is connected with **giessen,** he who emits the seed, and means **stallion, man.**

On the other hand, our philologists here think your suggestion of **bonus—duonus** is much to the point.

I hope that in future we shall never become entirely strangers to one another.

I remain your faithful reader and admirer,

George Brandes.

15. Nietzsche to Brandes. (post-card.)

Turin, May 27, 1888

What eyes you have! You are right, the Nietzsche of the photograph is not yet the author of **Zarathustra**—he is a few years too young for that.

I am very grateful for the etymology of **Goth;** it is simply godlike.

I presume you are reading another letter of mine today.

Your gratefully attached

N.

16. Nietzsche to Brandes.

Sils-Maria, Sept. 13, 1888

My Dear Sir,

Herewith I do myself a pleasure—that of recalling myself to your memory, by sending you a **wicked** little book, but one that is none the less very seriously meant; the product of the **good** days of Turin. For I must tell you that since then there have been **evil** days in superfluity; such a decline in health, courage and "will to life," to talk Schop-

enhauer, that the little spring idyll scarcely seemed credible any longer. Fortunately I still possessed a **document** belonging to it, the **Case of Wagner. A Musician's Problem.** Spiteful tongues will prefer to call it **The Fall of Wagner.**

Much as you may disclaim music (—the most importunate of all the Muses), and with however good reason, yet pray look at this piece of **musician's psychology.** You my dear Mr. Cosmopolitan, are far too European in your ideas not to hear in it a hundred times more than my so-called countrymen, the "musical" Germans.

After all, in **this case** I am a connoisseur **in rebus et personis**—and, fortunately, enough of a musician by instinct to see that in this ultimate question of values, the problem is accessible and **soluble** through music.

In reality this pamphlet is almost written in French—I dare say it would be easier to translate it into French than into German.

Could you give me one or two more Russian or French addresses to which there would be some **sense** in sending the pamphlet?

In a month or two something **philosophical** may be expected; under the very inoffensive title of **Leisure Hours of a Psychologist** I am saying agreeable and disagreeable things to the world at large—including that intelligent nation, the Germans.

But all this is in the main nothing but recreation beside the main thing: the name of the latter is **Transvaluation of All Values.** Europe will have to discover a new Siberia, to which to consign the author of these experiments with values.

I hope this high-spirited letter will find you in one of your usual **resolute** moods.

With kind remembrances,
Yours,
Dr. Nietzsche.

Address till middle of November: Torino (Italia) ferma in posta.

17. Brandes to Nietzsche.

Copenhagen, Oct. 6, 1888

My Dear Sir,

Your letter and valued gift found me in a raging fever of work. This accounts for my delay in answering.

The mere sight of your handwriting gave me pleasurable excitement.

It is sad news that you have had a bad summer. I was foolish enough to think that you had already got over all your physical troubles.

I have read the pamphlet with the greatest attention and much enjoyment. I am not so unmusical that I cannot enter into the fun of it. I am merely not an expert. A few days before receiving the little book I heard a very fine performance of **Carmen**; what glorious music! However, at the risk of exciting your wrath I confess that Wagner's **Tristan and Isolde** made an indelible impression on me. I once heard this opera in Berlin, in a despondent, altogether shattered state of mind, and I felt every note. I do not know whether the impression was so deep because I was so ill.

Do you know Bizet's widow? You ought to send her the pamphlet. She would like it. She is the sweetest, most charming of women, with a nervous tic that is curiously becoming, but perfectly genuine, perfectly sincere and full of fire. Only she has married again (an excellent man, a barrister named Straus, of Paris). I believe she knows some German. I could get you her address, if it does not put you against her that she has not remained true to her god—any more than the Virgin Mary, Mozart's widow or Marie Louise.

Bizet's child is ideally beautiful and charming.—But I am gossiping.

I have given a copy of the book to the greatest of Swedish writers, August Strindberg, whom I have entirely won over to you. He is a true genius, only a trifle mad like most geniuses (and non-geniuses). The other copy I shall also place with care.

Paris I am not well acquainted with now. But send a copy to the following address: Madame la Princesse Anna Dmitrievna Tenicheff, Quai Anglais 20, Petersburg. This lady is a friend of mine; she is also acquainted with the musical world of Petersburg and will make you known there. I have asked her before now to buy your works, but they were all forbidden in Russia, even **Human, all-too-Human.**

It would also be as well to send a copy to Prince Urussov (who is mentioned in Turgeniev's letters). He is greatly interested in everything German, and is a man of rich gifts, an intellectual gourmet. I do not remember his address for the moment, but can find it out.

I am glad that in spite of all bodily ills you are working so vigorously and keenly. I am looking forward to all the things you promise me.

It would give me great pleasure to be read by you, but unfortunately you do not understand my language. I have produced an enormous amount this summer. I have written two long new books (of twenty-four and twenty-eight sheets), **Impressions of Poland** and **Impression of Russia,** besides entirely rewriting one of my oldest books, **Æsthetic Studies,** for a new edition and correcting the proofs of all three books myself. In another week or so I shall have finished this work; then I give a series of lectures, writing at the same time another series in French, and leave for Russia in the depth of winter to revive there.

That is the plan I propose for my winter campaign. May it not be a Russian campaign in the bad sense.

I hope you will continue our friendly interest in me.

I remain,

Your faithfully devoted,

George Brandes.

18. Nietzsche to Brandes.

Turin, Oct. 20, 1888

My Dear Sir,

Once more your letter brought me a pleasant wind from the north; it is in fact so far the only letter that puts a "good face," or any face at all on my attack on Wagner. For people do not write to me. I have irreparably offended even my nearest and dearest. There is, for instance, my old friend, Baron Seydlitz of Munich, who unfortunately happens to be President of the Munich Wagner Society; my still older friend, **Justizrath** Krug of Cologne, president of the local Wagner Society; my brother-in-law, Dr. Bernhard Forster in South America, the not unknown Anti-Semite, one of the keenest contributors to the **Bayreuther Blatter**—and my respected friend, Malwida von Meysenbug, the authoress of **Memoirs of an Idealist,** who continues to confuse Wagner with Michel Angelo . . .

On the **other** side I have been given to understand that I must be on my guard against the female Wagnerite: in certain cases she is said to be without scruple. Perhaps Bayreuth will defend itself in the German Imperial manner, by the prohibition of my writings—as "dangerous to the public morals"; for here the Emperor is a party to the case. My dictum, "we all know the inæsthetic concept of the Christian **Junker,**" might even be interpreted as **lese-majeste.**

Your intervention on behalf of Bizet's widow gave me

great pleasure. Please let me have her address; also that of Prince Urussov. A copy has been sent to your friend, the Princess Dmitrievna Tenicheff. When my next book is published, which will be before very long (the title is now **The Twilight of the Idols. Or, How to Philosophize with the Hammer**), I should much like to send a copy to the Swede you introduce to me in such laudatory terms. But I do not know where he lives. This book is my philosophy **in nuce**—radical to the point of criminality . . .

As to the effect of **Tristan**, I, too, could tell strange tales. A regular dose of mental anguish seems to me a splendid tonic before a Wagnerian repast. The **Reichsgerichtsrath** Dr. Wiener of Leipzig gave me to understand that a Carlsbad cure was also a good thing . . .

Ah, how industrious you are! And idiot that I am, not to understand Danish! I am quite willing to take your word for it that one can "revive" in Russia better than elsewhere; I count any Russian book, above all Dostoivsky (translated into French, for Heaven's sake not German!!) among my greatest sources of relief.

Cordially and, with good reason, gratefully,

Yours,

Nietzsche.

19. Brandes to Nietzsche.

Copenhagen, Nov. 16, 1888

My Dear Sir,

I have waited in vain for an answer from Paris to learn the address of Madam Bizet. On the other hand, I now have the address of Prince Urussov. He lives in Petersburg, Sergievskaia 79.

My three books are now out. I have begun my lectures here.

Curious it is how something in your letter and in your book about Dostoievsky coincides with my own impressions of him. I have mentioned you, too, in my work on Russia, when dealing with Dostoievsky. He is a great poet, but an abominable creature, quite Christian in his emotions and at the same time quite **sadique**. His whole morality is what you have baptized slave-morality.

The mad Swede's name is August Strindberg; he lives here. His address is Holte, near Copenhagen. He is particularly fond of you, because he thinks he finds in you his

own hatred for women. On this account he calls you "modern" (irony of fate). On reading the newspaper reports of my spring lectures, he said: "It is an astonishing thing about this Nietzsche; much of what he says is just what I might have written." His drama, **Pere,** has appeared in French with a preface by Zola.

I feel mournful whenever I think of Germany. What a development is now going on there! How sad to think that to all appearance one will never in one's lifetime be a historical witness of the smallest good thing.

What a pity that so learned a philologist as you should not understand Danish. I am doing all I can to prevent my books on Poland and Russia being translated, so that I may not be expelled, or at least refused the right of speaking when I next go there.

Hoping that these lines will find you still at Turin or will be forwarded to you, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

George Brandes.

20. Nietzsche to Brandes.

Torino, via Carlo Alberto, 6, III.

Nov. 20, 1888

My Dear Sir,

Forgive me for answering at once. Curious things are now happening in my life, things that are without precedent. First the day before yesterday; now again. Ah, if you knew what I had just written when your letter paid me its visit.

With a cynicism that will become famous in the world's history, I have now related myself. The book is called **Ecce Homo,** and is an attack on the Crucified without the slightest reservation; it ends in thunders and lightnings against everything that is Christian or infected with Christianity, till one is blinded and deafened. I am in fact the first psychologist of Christianity and, as an old artilleryman, can bring heavy guns into action, the existence of which no opponent of Christianity has even suspected. The whole is the prelude to the **Transvaluation of all Values,** the work that lies ready before me: I swear to you that in two years we shall have the whole world in convulsions. I am a fate.

Guess who came off worst in **Ecce Homo?** Messieurs the Germans! I have told them terrible things . . . The

Germans, for instance, have it on their conscience that they deprived the last **great** epoch of history, the Renaissance, of its meaning—at a moment when the Christian values, the **decadence** values, were worsted, when they were conquered in the instincts even of the highest ranks of the clergy by the opposite instincts, the instincts of life. To **attack** the Church—that meant to re-establish Christianity. (Cesare Borgia as pope—that would have been the meaning of the Renaissance, its proper symbol.)

You must not be angry either, to find yourself brought forward at a critical passage in the book—I wrote it just now—where I stigmatize the conduct of my German friends towards me, their absolute leaving me in the lurch as regards both fame and philosophy. Then you suddenly appear, surrounded by a halo . . .

I believe implicity what you say about Dostoievsky; I esteem him, on the other hand, as the most valuable psychological material I know—I am grateful to him in an extraordinary way, however antagonistic he may be to my deepest instincts. Much the same as my relation to Pascal, whom I almost love, since he has taught me such an infinite amount; the only **logical** Christian.

The day before yesterday I read, with delight and with a feeling of being thoroughly at home, **Les marries,** by Herr August Strindberg. My sincerest admiration, which is only prejudiced by the feeling that I am admiring myself a little at the same time.

Turin is still my residence.

Your

Nietzsche, now a monster.

Where may I send you the **Twilight of the Idols?** If you will be at Copenhagen another fortnight, no answer is necessary.

21. Brandes to Nietzsche.

Copenhagen, Nov. 23, 1888

My Dear Sir,

Your letter found me today in full fever of work; I am lecturing here on Goethe, repeat each lecture twice and yet people wait in line for three quarters of an hour in the square before the University to get standing-room. It amuses me to study the greatest of the great before so many. I must stay here till the end of the year.

But on the other side there is the unfortunate circumstance that—as I am informed—one of my old books, lately translated into Russia, has been condemned in Russia to be publicly **burnt** as "irreligious."

I already had to fear expulsion on account of my two last works on Poland and Russia; now I must try to set in motion all the influence I can command, in order to obtain permission to lecture in Russia this winter. To make matters worse, nearly all letters to and from me are now confiscated. There is great anxiety since the disaster at Borki. It was just the same shortly after the famous attempts. Every letter was snapped up.

It gives me lively satisfaction to see that you have again got through so much. Believe me, I spread your propaganda wherever I can. So late as last week I earnestly recommended Henrik Ibsen to study your works. With him too you have some kinship, even if it is a very distant kinship. Great and strong and unamiable, but yet **worthy** of love, is this singular person. Strindberg will be glad to hear of your appreciation. I do not know the French translation you mention; but they say here that all the best things in **Giftas (Maries)** have been left out, especially the witty polemic against Ibsen. But read his drama **Pere;** there is a great scene in it. I am sure he would gladly send it you. But I see him so seldom; he is so shy on account of an extremely unhappy marriage. Imagine it, he abhors his wife **intellectually** and cannot get away from her **physically.** He is a monogamous misogynist!

It seems curious to me that the polemical trait is still so strong in you. In my early days I was passionately polemical; now I can only expound; silence is my only weapon of offence. I should as soon think of attacking Christianity as of writing a pamphlet against werewolves, I mean against the belief in werewolves.

But I see we understand one another. I too **love Pascal.** But even as a young man I was **for** the Jesuits against Pascal (in the **Provinciales).** The worldly-wise, they were right, of course; he did **not** understand them; but they understood him and—what a master-stroke of impudence and sagacity!—they themselves published his **Provinciales** with notes. The best edition is that of the Jesuits.

Luther against the Pope, there we have the same collision. Victor Hugo in the preface to the **Feuilles d'Automne** has this fine saying: **On convoque la diete de Worms mais on peint la chapelle Sixtine. Il y a Luther, mais il y a Michel-Ange . . . et remarquons en passant que Luther est dans les vieilleries qui croulent autour de nous et que Michel-Ange n'y est pas.**

Study the face of Dostoievsky: half a Russian peasant's

face, half a criminal physiognomy, flat nose, little piercing eyes under lids quivering with nervousness, this lofty and well-formed forehead, this expressive mouth that speaks of torments innumerable, of abysmal melancholy, of unhealthy appetites, of infinite pity, passionate envy! An epileptic genius, whose exterior alone speaks of the stream of gentleness that filled his spirit, of the wave of acuteness almost amounting to madness that mounted to his head, and finally of the ambition, the immense effort, and of the ill-will that results from pettiness of soul.

His heroes are not only poor and pitiable creatures, but simple-minded sensitive ones, noble strumpets, often victims of hallucination, gifted epileptics, enthusiastic candidates for martyrdom—just those types which we should suspect in the apostles and disciples of the early days of Christianity.

Certainly nothing could be farther removed from the Renaissance.

I am excited to know how I can come into your book.

I remain your faithfully devoted

George Brandes.

22. Unstamped. Without further address, undated. Written in a large hand on a piece of paper (not note-paper) ruled in pencil, such as children use. Post-mark: Turin, January 4, 1889.

To the friend Georg

When once you had discovered me, it was easy enough to find me: the difficulty now is to get rid of me . . .

The Crucified.

As Herr Max Nordau has attempted with incredible coarseness to brand Nietzsche's whole life-work as the production of a madman, I call attention to the fact that signs of powerful exaltation only appear in the last letter but one, and that insanity is only evident in the last letter of all, and then not in an unqualified form.

But at the close of the year 1888 this clear and masterly mind began to be deranged. His self-esteem, which had always been very great, acquired a morbid character. His light and delicate self-irony, which appears not unfrequently in the letters here given, gave place to constantly recurring outbursts of anger with the German public's failure to appreciate the value of his works. It ill became a man of Nietzsche's intellect, who only a year before

(see Letter No. 2) had desired a small number of intelligent readers, to take such offence at the indifference of the mob. He now gave expression to the most exalted ideas about himself. In his last book but one he had said: "I have given the Germans the profoundest books of any they possess"; in his last he wrote: "I have given mankind the profoundest book it possesses." At the same time he yielded to an impulse to describe the fame he hoped to attain in the future as already his. As the reader will see, he had asked me to furnish him with the addresses of persons in Paris and Petersburg who might be able to make his name known in France and Russia. I chose them to the best of my judgment. But even before the books he sent had reached their destinations, Nietzsche wrote in a German review: "And thus I am treated in Germany, I who am already **studied** in Petersburg and Paris." That his sense of propriety was beginning to be deranged was already shown when sending the book to Princess Tenicheff (see Letter No. 18). This lady wrote to me in astonishment, asking what kind of a strange friend I had recommended to her: he had been sufficiently wanting in taste to give the sender's name on the parcel itself as "The Antichrist." Some time after I had received the last deranged and touching letter, another was shown me, which Nietzsche had presumably sent the same day, and in which he wrote that he intended to summon a meeting of sovereigns in Rome to have the German Emperor shot there; this was signed "Nietzsche-Cæsar." The letter to me was signed "The Crucified." It was thus evident that this great mind in its final megalomania had oscillated between attributing to itself the two greatest names in history, so strongly contrasted.

It was exceedingly sad thus to witness the change that in the course of a few weeks reduced a genius without equal to a poor helpless creature, in whom almost the last gleam of mental life was extinguished for ever.

III

(August 1900)

It sometimes happens that the death of a great individual recalls a half-forgotten name to our memory, and we then disinter for a brief moment the circumstances, events, writings or achievements which gave that name its renown. Although Friedrich Nietzsche in his silent madness had survived himself for eleven and a half years, there is no need at his death to resuscitate his works or his fame. For during those very years in which he lived on in the night of insanity, his name has acquired a lustre unsurpassed by any contemporary reputation, and his works have been translated into every language and are known all over the world.

To the older among us, who have followed Nietzsche from the time of his arduous and embittered struggle against the total indifference of the reading world, this prodigiously rapid attainment of the most absolute and world-wide renown has in it something in the highest degree surprising. No one in our time has experienced anything like it. In the course of five or six years Nietzsche's intellectual tendency—now more or less understood, now misunderstood, now involuntarily caricatured—became the ruling tendency of a great part of the literature of France, Germany, England, Italy, Norway, Sweden and Russia. Note, for example, the influence of this spirit on Gabriele d'Annunzio. To all that was tragic in Nietzsche's life was added this—that, after thirsting for recognition to the point of morbidity, he attained it in an altogether fantastic degree when, though still living, he was shut out from life. But certain it is that in the decade 1890-1900 no one engaged and impressed the minds of his contemporaries as did this son of a North German clergyman, who tried so hard to be taken for a Polish nobleman, and whose pride it was that his works were conceived in French, though written in German. The little weaknesses of his character were forgotten in the grandeur of the style he imparted to his life and his production.

To be able to explain Nietzsche's rapid and overwhelming triumph, one would want the key to the secret of the psychological life of our time. He bewitched the age, though he seems opposed to all its instincts. The age is ultra-democratic; he won its favor as an aristocrat. The age is borne on a rising wave of religious reaction; he conquered with his pronounced irreligion. The age is struggling with social questions of the most difficult and far-reaching kind; he, the thinker of the age, left all these questions on one side as of secondary importance. He was an enemy of the humanitarianism of the present day and of its doctrine of happiness; he

had a passion for proving how much that is base and mean may conceal itself beneath the guise of pity, love of one's neighbor and unselfishness; he assailed pessimism and scorned optimism; he attacked the ethics of the philosophers with the same violence as the thinkers of the eighteenth century had attacked the dogmas of the theologians. As he became an atheist from religion, so did he become an immoralist from morality. Nevertheless the Voltairians of the age could not claim him, since he was a mystic; and contemporary anarchists had to reject him as an enthusiast for rulers and castes.

For all that, he must in some hidden way have been in accord with much that is fermenting in our time, otherwise it would not have adopted him as it has done. The fact of having known Nietzsche, or having been in any way connected with him, is enough at present to make an author famous—more famous, sometimes, than all his writings have made him.

What Nietzsche as a young man admired more than anything else in Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner was "the indomitable energy with which they maintained their self-reliance in the midst of the hue and cry raised against them by the whole cultured world." He made this self-reliance his own, and this was no doubt the first thing to make an impression.

In the next place the artist in him won over those to whom the aphorisms of the thinker were obscure. With all his mental acuteness he was a pronounced lyricist. In the autumn of 1888 he wrote of Heine: "How he handled German! One day it will be said that Heine and I were without comparison the supreme artists of the German language." One who is not a German is but an imperfect judge of Nietzsche's treatment of language: but in our day all German connoisseurs are agreed in calling him the greatest stylist of German prose.

He further impressed his contemporaries by his psychological profundity and abstruseness. His spiritual life has its abysses and labyrinths. Self-contemplation provides him with immense material for investigation. And he is not content with self-contemplation. His craving for knowledge is a passion; covetousness he calls it: "In this soul there dwells no unselfishness; on the contrary, an all-desiring self that would see by the help of many as with its own eyes and grasp as with its own hands; this soul of mine would even choose to bring back all the past and not lose anything that might belong to it. What a flame is this covetousness of mine!"

The equally strong development of his lyrical and critical qualities made a fascinating combination. But it was the cause of those reversals of his personal relations which deprive his career (in much the same way as Soren Kierkegaard's) of some of the dignity it might have possessed. When a great personality crossed his path he called all his lyricism to arms and with clash of sword on shield hailed the person in question as a demigod or a god (Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner). When later on he discovered the limitations of his hero, his enthusiasm was apt to turn to hatred, and this hatred found vent without the smallest regard to his former worship. This characteristic is offensively conspicuous in Nietzsche's behavior to Wagner. But who knows whether this very lack of dig-

nity has not contributed to increase the number of Nietzsche's admirers in an age that is somewhat undignified on this point!

In the last period of his life Nietzsche appeared rather as a prophet than as a thinker. He predicts the **Superman.** And he makes no attempt at logical proof, but proceeds from a reliance on the correctness and sureness of his instinct, convinced that he himself represents a life-promoting principle and his opponents one hostile to life.

To him the object of existence is everywhere the production of genius. The higher man in our day is like a vessel in which the future of the race is fermenting in an impenetrable way, and more than one of these vessels is burst or broken in the process. But the human race is not ruined by the failure of a single creature. Man, as we know him, is only a bridge, a transition from the animal to the superman. What the ape is in relation to man, a laughing-stock or a thing of shame, that will man be to the superman. Hitherto every species has produced something superior to itself. Nietzsche teaches that man too will and must do the same. He has drawn a conclusion from Darwinism which Darwin himself did not see.

In the last decade of the nineteenth century Nietzsche and Tolstoy appeared as the two opposite poles. Nietzsche's morality is aristocratic as Tolstoy's is popular, individualistic as Tolstoy's is evangelical; it asserts the self-majesty of the individual, where Tolstoy's proclaims the necessity of self-sacrifice.

In the same decade Nietzsche and Ibsen were sometimes compared. Ibsen, like Nietzsche, was a combative spirit and held entirely aloof from political and practical life. A first point of agreement between them is that they both laid stress on not having come of small folk. Ibsen made known to me in a letter that his parents, both on the father's and the mother's side, belonged to the most esteemed families of their day in Skien in Norway, related to all the patrician families of the place and country. Skien is no world-city, and the aristocracy of Skien is quite unknown outside it; but Ibsen wanted to make it clear that his bitterness against the upper class in Norway was in no wise due to the rancour and envy of the outsider.

Nietzsche always made it known to his acquaintances that he was descended from a Polish noble family, although he possessed no pedigree. His correspondents took this for an aristocratic whim, all the more because the name given out by him, Niezky, by its very spelling betrayed itself as not Polish. But the fact is otherwise. The true spelling of the name is Nicki, and a young Polish admirer of Nietzsche, Mr. Bernard Scharlitt, has succeeded in proving Nietzsche's descent from the Nicki family, by pointing out that its crest is to be found in a signet which for centuries has been an heirloom in the family of Nietzsche. Perhaps not quite without reason, Scharlitt therefore sees in Nietzsche's master-morality and his whole aristocratizing of the view of the world an expression of the **szlachcic** spirit inherited from Polish ancestors.

Nietzsche and Ibsen, independently of each other but like Renan, have sifted the thought of breeding moral aristocrats. It is the favorite idea of Ibsen's Rosmer; it remains Dr. Stockmann's. Thus

Nietzsche speaks of the higher man as the preliminary aim of the race, before Zarathustra announces the superman.

They meet now and then on the territory of psychology. Ibsen speaks in **The Wild Duck** of the necessity of falsehood to life. Nietzsche loved life so greatly that even truth appeared to him of worth only in the case of its acting for the preservation and advancement of life. Falsehood is to him an injurious and destructive power only in so far as it is life-constricting. It is not objectionable where it is necessary to life.

It is strange that a thinker who abhorred Jesuitism as Nietzsche did should arrive at this standpoint, which leads directly to Jesuitism. Nietzsche agrees here with many of his opponents.

Ibsen and Nietzsche were both solitary, even if they were not at all careless as to the fate of their works. It is the strongest man, says Dr. Stockmann, who is most isolated. Who was most isolated, Ibsen or Nietzsche? Ibsen, who held back from every alliance with others, but exposed his work to the masses of the theatre-going public, or Nietzsche, who stood alone as a thinker but as a man continually—even if, as a rule, in vain—spied after the like-minded and after heralds, and whose works, in the time of his conscious life, remained unread by the great public, or in any case misunderstood.

Decision does not fall lightly to one who, by a whim of fate, was regarded by both as an ally. Still more difficult is the decision as to which of them has had the deepest effect on the contemporary mind and which will longest retain his fame. But this need not concern us. Wherever Nietzsche's teaching extends, and wherever his great and rare personality is mastered, its attraction and repulsion will alike be powerful; but everywhere it will contribute to the development and moulding of the individual personality.

IV

(1909)

SINCE the publication of Nietzsche's collected works was completed, Frau Forster-Nietzsche has allowed the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig to issue, at a high price and for subscribers only, Friedrich Nietzsche's posthumous work **Ecce Homo,** which has been lying in manuscript for more than twenty years, and which she herself had formerly excluded from his works, considering that the German reading public was not ripe to receive it in the proper way—which we may doubtless interpret as a fear on her part that the attitude of the book towards Germanism and Christianity would raise a terrible outcry.

Now that Nietzsche holds undisputed sway over German minds and exercises an immense influence in the rest of Europe and in America, it will certainly be read with emotion and discreetly criticized.

It gives us an autobiography, written during Nietzsche's last productive months, almost immediately before the collapse of his powers, between October 15 and November 4, 1888; and in the course of this autobiography each of his books is briefly characterized.

Here as elsewhere Nietzsche's thoughts are centred on the primary conceptions of ascent and descent, growth and decay. Bringing himself into relation with them, he finds that, as the victim of stubborn illness and chronically recurring pain, he is a decadent; but at the same time, as one who in his inmost self is unaffected by his illness, nay, whose strength and fulness of life even increase during its attacks, he is the very reverse of a decadent, a being who is in process of raising himself to a higher form of life. He once more emphasizes the fact that the years in which his vitality was lowest were just those in which he threw off all melancholy and recovered his joy in life, his enthusiasm for life, since he had a keen sense that a sick man has no right to pessimism.

He begins by giving us plain, matter-of-fact information about himself, speaking warmly and proudly of his father. The latter had been tutor to four princesses of Altenburg before he was appointed to his living. Out of respect for Friedrich Wilhelm IV. he gave his son the Hohenzollern names of Friedrich Wilhelm, and he felt the events of 1848 very keenly. His father only reached the age of thirty-six, and Nietzsche lost him when he was himself five years old. But the ascribes to paternal heredity his ability to feel at home in a world of high and delicate things **(in einer Welt hoher und zarter Dinge).** For all that, Nietzsche does not forget to bring in,

here as elsewhere, the supposition of his descent from Polish noblemen; but he did not know this for a fact, and it was only established by Scharlitt's investigation of the family seal.

He describes himself as what we should call a winning personality. He has "never understood the art of arousing ill-feeling against himself." He can tame every bear; he even makes clowns behave decently. However out of tune the instrument "man" may be, he can coax a pleasing tone out of it. During his years of teaching, even the laziest became diligent under him. Whatever offence has been done him, has not been the result of ill-will. The pitiful have wounded him more deeply than the malicious.

Nor has he given vent to feelings of revenge or rancour. His conflict with Christianity is only one instance among many of his antagonism to resentful feelings. It is an altogether different matter that his very nature is that of a warrior. But he confers distinction on the objects of his attacks, and he has never waged war on private individuals, only on types; thus in Strauss he saw nothing but the Culture-Philistine.

He attributes to himself an extremely vivid and sensitive instinct of cleanliness. At the first contact the filth lying at the base of another's nature is revealed to him. The unclean are therefore ill at ease in his presence; nor does the sense of being seen through make them any more fragrant.

And with true psychology he adds that his greatest danger—he means to his spiritual health and balance—is loathing of mankind.

The loathing of mankind is doubtless the best modern expression for what the ancients called misanthropy. No one knows what it is till he has experienced it. When we read, for instance, in our youth of Frederick the Great that in his later years he was possessed and fettered by contempt for men, this appears to us an unfortunate peculiarity which the king ought to have overcome; for of course he must have seen other men about him besides those who flattered him for the sake of advantage. But the loathing of mankind is a force that surprises and overwhelms one fed by hundreds of springs concealed in subconsciousness. One only detects its presence after having long entertained it unawares.

Nietzsche cannot be said to have overcome it; he fled from it, took refuge in solitude, and lived outside the world of men, alone in the mountains among cold, fresh springs.

And even if he felt no loathing for individuals, his disgust with men found a collective outlet, since he entertained, or rather worked up, a positive horror of his countrymen, so powerful that at last it breaks out in everything he writes. It reminds us dimly of Byron's dislike of Englishmen, Stendhal's of Frenchmen, and Heine's of Germans. But it is of a more violent character than Stendhal's or Heine's, and it has a pathos and contempt of its own. He shows none of it at the outset. In his first book, **The Birth of Tragedy**, he is no less partial to Germany than Heine was in his first, romantically Teutonic period. But Nietzsche's development carried him with a rush away from Germanism, and in his last book of his the word "German" has become something like his worst term of abuse.

He believes only in French culture; all other culture is a mis-

understanding. It makes him angry to see those Frenchmen he values most infected by German spirit. Thus Taine is, in his opinion, corrupted by Hegel's influence. This impression is right in so far as Hegel deprived Taine of some of the essentially French element which he originally possessed, and of which certain of his admirers before now have painfully felt the loss. But he overlooks the effect of the study of Hegel in promoting at the same time what one might call the extension of Taine's intellectual horizon. And Nietzsche is satisfied with no narrower generalization of the case than this: Wherever Germany extends, she ruins culture.

As though to make sure of wounding German national pride, he declares that Heinrich Heine (not Goethe) gave him the highest idea of lyric poetry, and that as concerns Byron's **Manfred,** he has no words, only a look, for those who in the presence of this work dare to utter the name of **Faust.** The Germans, he maintains in connection with **Manfred,** are incapable of any conception of greatness. So uncritical has be become that he puts **Manfred** above **Faust.**

In his deepest instincts Nietzsche is now, as he asserts, so foreign to everything German, that the mere presence of a German "retards his digestion." German intellect is to him indigestion; it can never be finished with anything. If he has been so enthusiastic in his devotion to Wagner, if he still regards his intimate relationship with Wagner as the most profound refreshment of his life, this was because in Wagner he honored the foreigner, because in him he saw the incarnate protest against all German virtues. In his book, **The Case of Wagner,** he had already hinted that Richard Wagner, the glory of German nationalism, was of Jewish descent, since his real father seems to have been the step-father, Geyer. I could not have survived my youth without Wagner, he says; I was condemned to the society of Germans and had to take a counter-poison; Wagner was the counter-poison.

Here, by way of exception, he generalizes his feeling. We who were children in the 'fifties, he says, necessarily became pessimists in regard to the concept "German." We cannot be anything else than revolutionaries. And he explains this expression thus: We can assent to no state of affairs which allows the canting bigot to be at the top. (Hoffding's protest against the use of the word "radicalism" applied to Nietzsche, in **Moderne Filosofer,** is thus beside the mark.) Wagner was a revolutionary; he fled from the Germans. And, Nietzsche adds, as an artist, a man has no other home than Paris—the city which, strangely enough, he was never to see. He ranks Wagner among the later masters of French romanticism—Delacroix, Berlioz, Baudelaire—and wisely says nothing about the reception of Wagnerian opera in Paris under the Empire.

In everything Nietzsche now adopts the French standpoint—that, for instance, of the elderly Voltaire towards Shakespeare. He declares here, as he has done before, that his artist's taste defends Moliere, Corneille and Racine, not without bitterness **(nicht ohne Ingrimm)** against such a wild **(wustes)** genius as Shakespeare. Strangely enough he repeats here his estimate of Shakespeare's Cæsar as his finest creation, weak as it is: "My highest formula for Shakespeare is that he conceived the type of Cæsar." It must be added that here again Nietzsche assents to the unhappy delusion

that Shakespeare never wrote the works that bear his name. Nietzsche is "instinctively" certain that they are due to Bacon, and, ignoring repeated demonstrations of the impossibility of this fatuous notion, he supports his conjecture by the grotesque assertion that if he himself had christened his **Zarathustra** by a name not his own—by Wagner's, for instance—the acumen of two thousand years would not have sufficed to guess who was its originator; no one would have believed it possible that the author of **Human all-too-Human** had conceived the visions of Zarathustra.

He allows the Germans no honor as philosophers: Leibniz and Kant were "the two greatest clogs upon the intellectual integrity of Europe." Just when a perfectly scientific attitude of mind had been attained, they managed to find byways back to "the old ideal." And no less passionately does he deny to the Germans all honor as musicians: "A German **cannot** know what music is. The men who pass as German musicians are foreigners, Slavs, Croats, Italians, Dutchmen or Jews. I am Pole enough to give up all other music for Chopin—except Wagner's **Siegfried-Idyll,** some things of Liszt, and the Italians Rossini and Pietro Gasti" (by this last name he appears to mean his favorite disciple, Koselitz, who wrote under the pseudonym of Peter Gast).

He abhors the Germans as "idealists." All idealism is falsehood in the face of necessity, He finds a pernicious idealism in Henrik Ibsen too, "that typical old maid," as well as in others whose object it is to poison the clean conscience, the natural spirit, of sexual love. And he gives us a clause of his moral code, in which, under the head of **Vice,** he combats every kind of opposition to Nature, or if fine words are preferred, every kind of idealism. The clause runs: "Preaching of chastity is a public incitement to unnatural practices. All depreciation of the sexual life, all sullying of it with the word 'impure,' is a crime against Life itself—is the real sin against the holy spirit of Life."

Finally he attacks what he calls the "licentiousness" of the Germans in historical matters. German historians, he declares, have lost all eye for the values of culture; in fact, they have put this power of vision under the ban of the Empire. They claim that a man must in the first place be a German, must belong to the race. If he does, he is in a position to determine values or their absence: the Germans are thus the "moral order of the universe" in history; compared with the power of the Roman Empire they are the champions of liberty; compared with the eighteenth century they are the restorers of morality and of the Categorical Imperative. "History is actually written on Imperial German and Antisemitic lines— and Herr von Treitschke is not ashamed of himself."

The Germans have on their conscience every crime against culture committed in the last four centuries. As Nietzsche in his later years was never tired of asserting, they deprived the Renaissance of its meaning, they wrecked it by the Reformation; that is, by Luther, an impossible monk who, owing to his impossibility, attacked the Church and in so doing restored it. The Catholics would have every reason to honour Luther's name.

And when, upon the bridge between two centuries of decadence,

a **force mapeure** of genius and will revealed itself, strong enough to weld Europe into political and economic unity, the Germans finally, with their "Wars of Liberation," robbed Europe of the meaning of Napoleon's existence, a prodigy of meaning. Thus they have upon their conscience all that followed, nationalism, the **nevrose nationale** from which Europe is suffering, and the perpetuation of the system of little states, of petty politics.

Last of all, the Germans have upon their conscience their attitude to himself, their indifference, their lack of recognition, the silence in which they buried his life's work. The Germans are bad company. And although his autobiography ends with a poem in which he affects a scorn of fame, "that coin in which the whole world pays, but which he receives with gloved hands and tramples underfoot with loathing"—yet his failure to win renown in Germany during his lifetime contributed powerfully to foster his antipathy.

The exaltation that marks the whole tone of the work, the unrestrained self-esteem which animates it and is ominous of the near approach of madness, have not deprived **Ecce Homo** of its character of surpassing greatness.

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LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO 987
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

The Art of Kissing

Clement Wood

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THE ART OF KISSING

I

THE ORIGIN OF KISSING

Defining a Kiss.—The most helpful dictionary, before attempting the tough task of defining a word, gives us the names of its father and mother, and often of its grandparents, as well as something of the history of its wanderings. We shall take our cue from the dictionary, and see what *kiss* and its synonyms came from. *Kiss*, that enchanter's magical wand conjuring up the entrance to the temple of the highest physical pleasure, comes from the Anglo-Saxon *coss*, a kiss; and is, by general gossip, descended from the Gothic *kustus*, a proof or test, which in turn is a close relative of the Latin *gustus*, a taste. It is also kin to the Anglo-Saxon *coesan*, to choose. We have so far, then, a test, a taste, and a choice, all involved in the pleasant idea of a kiss.

There are only a few other words in English with the same meaning. The antiquated *buss* is of uncertain origin, a byblow of unknown race; although it is clearly close to the Bavarian *bussen*, to kiss, and may be related to the Spanish and Portuguese *buz*, a kiss of reverence, which seems to have come from the Turkish *bus*, Persian *busa*, and Hindu *bosa*, a kiss. Some words, you see, roam further than the distance from Lake Kissimmee, Florida,

that Paradise of osculation, to distant Lapland, the only spot in Europe where kissing is not known. *Osculation*, the more highbrow word, has a prettier parentage, coming from the Latin *osculari*, to kiss, which developed from Latin *osculum*, a little mouth, the pretty mouth, this being the diminutive of *os*, mouth. *Smack*, defined as "a kiss, especially in a coarse or noisy manner," is akin to the German *schmatzen* and *schmacken*, to knock, or to smack the lips. *Salute*, the courtly word for kiss, comes from the Latin *salus*, safety, which grew out of *salvus*, from which we get salvation, and also a salvo of guns. Here we must quarrel with the word's parents: a kiss does not, as a rule, spell safety—it should rather be a glorious peril; the salvation it brings is at least not of the religious kind; and, if it sounds like a salvo of guns, we should ask the lady to put on a Maxim silencer thereafter, in order to avoid waking the neighbors.

So much for the family tree of kissing. As to its meaning, the dictionary says that a kiss is "a salute or caress, given with the lips." What an incredible understatement! Imagine a drowning man describing a life-buoy as a floating contrivance stuffed with cork! We much prefer Sam Slick's definition or description, that a kiss is like creation, because it is made out of nothing, and is very good. An old poet came closer than the dictionary, when he wrote:

> What is a kiss? alacke! at worst,
> A single drop to quench a thirst,
> Tho' oft it proves in happier hour
> The first sweet drop of one long shower.

Roots of Kissing.—Havelock Ellis, in Appendix A to volume IV of his *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, has done most toward establishing the origins of kissing. The kiss as we know it, the tactile or touch kiss (as distinguished from the more widespread olfactory or smell kiss) is a specialized development of the sense of touch. The same is largely true, as Ellis points out, of the whole expression of physical love: the sexual embrace itself may be spoken of as a method of obtaining, through a specialized organization of the skin, the most exquisite and intense sensations of touch. The tactile kiss is confined to man, and largely to the civilized European man; but its roots go far below him, in the long upward climb of life.

Even as low as the insects, as Ellis points out, manifestations resembling the kiss are found. Thus snails and other insects, during their active mating, caress each other with their antennæ. Among birds, the bills are used for touches and caresses which partake of the nature of the kiss. Many mammals have touches and lickings, during the love episode, which are of kindred nature. Dogs, especially, smell, lick, and gently bite their mates. Yet too much significance must not be seen in these phenomena, since all our senses are merely extensions and specializations of the primitive sense of touch.

To travel closer to the immediate ancestors of our kiss, consider the baby. He regards his most reliable witness, in every case, as his tongue. Anything that his tongue can reach, or

that can be carried up to his tongue, is promptly tasted and, if found agreeable, licked. Animals far below the mammals share this trait with the human infant. Especially among the mammals, including man, the trait is prominent: and it traces back to the infant's pleasure in sucking the maternal nipple. The lowest mammal, it may be remembered, which is the intermediate stage to the forms of life below the mammalian, has no breasts: the young lick the mother's entire body, which exudes milk at many places. Among mammals, the overpowering instinct to touch with the lips and tongue, that food may be found and life preserved, is specialized into the inner command to touch and suck the nipple for the same purpose. Out of this grows the trait among children of kissing and licking everything and everyone that they like, including people and pet animals.

On the mother's side, there is an impulse almost as strong to lick her young. The mother cat will commence licking her young almost at the moment of birth; other mammals share the trait. The world's leading scientists are inclined to find the immediate origin of the kiss as we know it in the kiss bestowed by the mother upon her child. Negative evidence is of value here. The maternal kiss is not universal throughout the human world; but it is much more widely distributed than the love kiss, as we know it. Furthermore, there is no locality in which the love kiss is found, where the maternal kiss is missing.

Freud, the psychoanalyst, has laid great em-

phasis on the close love tie uniting mother and child—a tie frequently too close for the good of either. We have pointed out what the great Viennese overlooked: that the first separate male among animals, appearing at about the stage of the barnacles, was produced as a pocket-husband by the much larger female; and that the first separate male thus mated with his own mother. The roots of this mother-and-son complex, horrendously named the Œdipus complex, are found in this fact. Now we learn that the love kiss originated in the maternal kiss, as we might have expected to find.

An old poser is, Which kissed first, the man or the woman? The answer is simple: the woman. The mother's kiss, in the history of the race, preceded the kiss of love, as it does in the case of each one of us.

Another element enters into the kiss as we know it—the impulse to bite, increased during active loving. The teeth are used widely among animals, to grasp the female mate more firmly during the love episode. Of course, with the spread of the feminist movement during the last century, women have taken over much of man's activity, in all lines. Thus when we read references to a "biting blonde" we do not understand a blond Nordic sheik, but one of the sex long libeled as gentler.

The Two Kinds of Kisses.—Throughout the world there are two main varieties of kisses: the touch, tactile, or lip kiss, *osculus Europeanus*, and the nose or olfactory kiss, *osculus Asiaticus*. Most of this study will be devoted to the lip kiss: but the first lesson in the art

of kissing should be devoted to the exotic method called the nose kiss. This method may be stored for future reference by those essaying the kiss for the first time; but hardened veterans in love's sweet practice may at once proceed to try it out, along the lines indicated below.

So far, we have assumed the necessity for a manual of osculation. This is as good a place as any to indicate the two essential reasons for this book.

First, kissing is an art, and not a gift. Indeed, the whole practice of love is one of the most charming of the applied arts. No man or woman is born a perfect kisser, or a perfect lover. The teacher may be experience—there is no more competent instructor. But unless you wish your Cupid's Boulevard to be full of unnecessary ups and downs, of countless incidents where a little more knowledge on your part would have caused the love incident to become immeasurably more pleasurable both to the kisser and the kissed, you will not suffer from a few lessons given by an OO.D.—doctor of osculations. Society, as now constituted, is sadly lacking in proper facilities for learning the technique of love and kissing. A hundred years from now, every well-equipped school will contain departments of Erotology, teaching theory as well as laboratory experimentation. If I live that long, I expect to become at one leap a full-fledged professor in kissing. I may even rise higher.

Second, American men and women are woefully ignorant on the proper technique of love,

and of the kiss. There is a Puritan tradition behind many of us, which forbids kissing any woman but one's wife (or, by grudging extension, one's fiancee): and which even forbids kissing one's wife on Sundays and holy days. The latter prohibition, some husbands hold, might well be broadened; but the very spice of love lies in kissing one who is not one's wife or husband, if popular belief is at all right. This Puritan tradition has had its weight; it has made women offer lips no more attractive than damp salt mackerel, and men try to kiss a human being as if she were the man's mother-in-law. Then there is the recoil from this tradition, which makes a man's first kiss like a vacuum cleaner, often alarming the girl for life; and a girl's first kiss so marvelous, that all proper sense of climax is lost. There is ample room for a little common science on the heavenly art of kissing.

Leaping away, then, from the European or lip kiss, we find that much more widely distributed throughout the world of men is the nose or olfactory kiss. As performed by the Japanese, this kiss involves three distinct stages:

1. The man lays his nose gently upon the beloved girl's cheek.
2. He draws in a long nasal inspiration, lowering his eyelids as if in the extremity of bliss.
3. The lips give a slight smack, without touching the girl's cheek.

Kisses similar to this are the staple product in China, India, Ceylon, much of Africa. The connoisseur in kisses might try this variety: but, compared to many of the Occidental varie-

ties, it will seem as tepid and insipid as warmed-over buckwheat cakes, or campaign pledges a week after election. Yet, throughout most of the world, our kiss is regarded as inelegant to the highest degree; and the nose kiss as the height of human ecstasy. Similarly a man who had never eaten anything but hardtack might regard it as the height of culinary art.

II

THE HISTORY OF LIP KISSING

In Antiquity.—The antiquity of lip kissing may be traced, in no very pronounced form, to the Aryan and Semitic peoples. Among the ancient Arabs, and their Semitic relatives, the Hebrews, the kiss had many uses, most of these being related to religion. The kiss was used as a direct method of worship of some gods: "Let the men that sacrifice kiss the calves" (*Hosea* xiii 2). Similarly the Lord said to Elijah: "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him" (*I Kings* xix 18). A stranger religious rite is referred to by Job (xxxi 27) when he refers to kissing his hand to the moon or sun, as a symbol of worship.

The kiss of salutation, especially among men, was common. Thus Jacob kissed his father Isaac; Joseph kissed all his brethren, his sons, and his father; Aaron kissed Moses, and Moses in turn kissed his father-in-law Jethro; Samuel, when he anointed Saul as king, kissed him; David kissed Jonathan, and later his son Absalom; and Absalom kissed all who came to see him, in order to win their allegiance by this grant of near-royal favor. Later all the Macedonian Christians kissed Paul, as he was leaving them. This kiss was extended, among the early Christians, to in-

clude women as well: the perfect Christian greeted both man and women with a "holy kiss," or a "kiss of charity." There are some Christians whom it would indeed be charity to kiss—but the custom had its advantages. David's kiss to Absalom betokened reconciliation with the rebel; and the king's command, in the Psalms, was that all should kiss the king, the Lord's Son, or be genially wiped out for omitting the kiss of subjection.

The kiss among relatives was not unknown: Laban eldered Jacob for not permitting Laban to kiss his sons and daughters, and Elisha asked permission of Elijah to kiss his father and mother. The kiss betokened approbation also: "Every man shall kiss his lips that giveth a right answer" (*Prov.* xxiv 26). This is a custom we are glad has passed. Indiscriminate kissing from many men in public life, for instance, we would regard as a punishment beyond any that savage ingenuity could devise. The woman who had sinned kissed the feet of Jesus, in token of her reformed adoration. And there was the kiss of treachery, given by an enemy, warned against in Proverbs, and used by Joab in murdering Amasa, and by Judas in delivering Jesus to the posse that sought him.

So far, we have not had the kiss of love, between man and woman. Naomi's kisses to her daughters-in-law were not quite the love that we mean, but we find it, too, sparsely scattered through the Bible. Thus, upon their first meeting, we read: "And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept" (*Gen.* xxix 11). The kiss is understandable, for

Rachel is said to have been a young and attractive damsel; but why the weeping? Something must be left out of the story: perhaps she would let him kiss her but once. And, in the great love song of the Old Testament, we find what we are seeking: "Then let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth" (*Song of Solomon* i 2). We can overlook countless kissings of the dust, to show humble subjection, for one real description of the kiss of love like this. The Old Testament worthies were on the right track, after all. The other kisses made us feel like the British soldier in Kipling's *Mandalay*:

An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud,
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!

But we have arrived at last at a real kiss, and with this we can pass onward.

We learn that Arabian women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers, which must be about as thrilling as kissing a shredded wheat biscuit or a clothes brush. The Mohammedans, on their pious pilgrimage to Mecca, kiss the sacred black stone, which was worshipped long before Mohammed was born. In Egypt, the inferior kisses the hand of a superior, generally on the back, but sometimes on the palm; the son kisses the hand of his father, the wife that of her husband, the slave and servant that of their master. Here the kiss spells subjection. We know that, among

the Greeks, Homer scarcely knew the kiss, and later poets mentioned it only rarely.

When we come to Rome, the kiss has a more varied practice. There was the religious kiss, similar to Job's: persons were treated as atheists who would not kiss their hands when they entered a temple. In early Roman ages, the kiss was given by inferiors to superiors; in the pre-Cæsarean republic, this fell into disrepute. The emperors restored the practice of kissing hands, which gradually was etherealized until the crowd had to kiss their hands to the emperors, as one would to a god. Solomon spoke of the same custom among the Hebrews, and Cortez found it among the Mexicans whom he pillaged. A strange custom in Rome was to give the dying a last kiss, in order, as they thought, to catch the dying breath. As for kissing among men, let Martial, the old satirist, speak for Rome:

> Every neighbor, every hairy-faced farmer presses on you with a strongly scented kiss. Here the weaver assails you, there the fuller and the cobbler, who has just been kissing leather; here the owner of a filthy beard, and the one-eyed gentleman; there one with bleared eyes, and fellows whose mouths are defiled with all manner of abominations.

He gives the other side of the picture, when he describes the kisses of his favorite:

> The fragrance of balsam extracted from aromatic trees; the ripe odor yielded by the teeming saffron; the perfume of fruits mellowing in their winter repository; the flowery meadows of spring; amber warmed by the hand of a maiden; a garden that attracts the bees.

That Roman love-kisses were not frigid is indicated by many lines in the poets. Thus Catullus wrote:

> Whom wilt thou for thy lover choose?
> Whose will they call thee, false one, whose?
> Who will thy darted kisses sip,
> While thy keen love-bites scar his lip?

Horace, in one of his odes, refers to the same nibbling propensity of Roman women and men:

> Or on thy lips the fierce, fond boy
> Marks with his teeth the furious joy.

The Spread of Kissing.—With this good start, the admirable custom of kissing spread over the world: but its progress was slow. It did not conquer the Orient: Japan, China, India, still have small use for it. Among nearly all the black races of Africa, not only is the kiss between lovers unknown, but the mother's kiss is usually unknown. Among the American Indians, the lip kiss was not found, although the mouth might be used in the love episode. The Fuegians, in South America, have the custom of lovers rubbing their cheeks together. The present limited kissing among Australian natives may be due to white lessons.

Today, the kiss is known through Europe, and among Europeans everywhere, with the single exception of Lapland. Yet, even in Europe, it is a comparatively modern discovery, spreading first to the higher classes, and then down. One medieval ballad has the lady of the castle discover that a varlet has substituted himself for the absent lord during the night, by remembering that the varlet embraced with-

out kissing. The Celtic tongue, as Rhys found out, has no word for *kiss*, but uses the Latin *pax*, which means literally "peace," because it occurs in the religious phrase *osculum pacis*, kiss of peace. Yet the Welsh Cymri early learned kissing. Its religious use is widespread. Among European pagans, house gods were greeted, on entering and leaving, with a kiss. The Eastern and Western churches have derived from this such customs as kissing the relics of saints, the foot of the pope, and the hands of bishops. The surviving custom of kissing the Testament, on administering an oath in many of our courts, is a vestige of the dying religious usage.

Yet the kiss made its way slightly into the East. The Arabic *Perfumed Garden* recommends the kiss, especially on the inside of the mouth. In feudal times in Europe, the vassal kissed the hand of his superior, or some symbol of the lord. Pliny may have been facetious when he said that the custom of kissing women originated in Rome, as a method of the husband's to test whether his wife had been drinking liquor or not. The custom, when extended to other women, justified itself. In France, the good girl is supposed to save her lips for her husband. This is so true, that Mme. Adam wrote that, when she first let a man kiss her as a girl, she thought she had parted with her virtue, and was sure that a child would follow the kiss. A similar misconception prevails among writers for and censors of American movies, if we are to judge by their product.

But in France the custom was once far more liberal. When the gallant cardinal, John of Lorraine, was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him her hand to kiss. The indignant churchman exclaimed, "How, madam? Am I to be treated in this manner? I kiss the queen, my mistress, who is the greatest queen in the world; and shall I not kiss you, a dirty little duchess?" Without more words, he caught hold of the princess and kissed her three times on the lips. France, alas, retains the custom of kissing among men. During the World War, every decoration given by a French general was accompanied by a hearty smack upon both cheeks. In an army of Amazons no one might object to this; but deliver me from formal masculine osculation!

In Russia, the Easter salutation is a kiss. Everybody kissed everybody, under the old regime, on this occasion. The Czar, who must have been a glutton for punishment, had to kiss his family, retinue, court, attendants, officers on parade, the palace sentinels, and a select party of private soldiers. In any part of Russia the poorest serf, meeting a high-born dame on the street, had only to say "Christ is risen!" to receive "Christ is truly risen" in reply, accompanied by a resounding kiss. Today it is probable that one of the old serfs is not above kissing a duchess who salutes him with the old sesame. It was the great Catherine of Russia who instituted assemblies of men and women, to aid the cultivation of manners. One of her rules for maintaining decency was: "No gentleman should force a kiss from, or

strike a woman, in the assembly, under pain of execution." If manners were, as this rule indicates, a trifle crude under Catherine, under her husand, Peter the Great, who preceded her, they were a wee mite rougher. In the charming *Peter the Czar*, by Klabund, Peter's love technique is described:

The Grand Elector of Brandenburg led the Polonaise. The Czar led the Duchess of Mecklenburg, a delicate blonde. When the Polonaise had come to its end in the Hall of Mirrors the Czar and his partner were nowhere to be found.

He had drawn her into a side apartment and had violated her behind a portiere. And he was so powerful that she neither could nor would defend herself.

And then he left her.

She drowns herself in the river outside the palace.

But the Czar had already forgotten her . . . . Then he fell asleep and dreamed of a mouse of the steppes. She had a face like the Duchess of Mecklenburg and squeaked softly.

He bit off her head and flung the tiny carcass upon the fields.

Peter's technique was a bit too crude. Perhaps, if he had read this handbook of love and kissing, he might have loved the duchess with more diplomacy and more general enjoyment.

In Norway, one perplexing and, at times, delightful salute is furnished by one's hostess. The good woman always tucks her guest into bed for the night, and then gives him a resounding kiss upon the lips. As a rule, however, there is no second kiss. The kiss is known

in Finland, but it is frowned upon as something tending upon the immoral. Iceland—thus does a frigid climate affect current standards of morality!—has elaborate penalties for most forms of kissing, including exclusion from the country for kissing another's man's wife, and a heavy fine for even a permitted kiss from an unmarried woman. Far to the south, in Paraguay, the custom requires you to kiss every lady you are introduced to. Since, at one time, all the females above thirteen chewed tobacco, this is a mixed blessing, even with maidens as attractive as South America produces.

In England, the story is that the kiss was introduced by Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist the Saxon marauder. At a banquet given by King Vortigern to his Saxon allies, the princess is said to have kissed the delighted monarch upon the lips. By the time of Edward IV, a guest was expected, upon arrival and departure, to kiss his hostess and all the ladies of the household. In 1497, when Erasmus was in England, the practice was at its height; the good reformer approved:

> If you go to any place, you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey you are dismissed with a kiss; you return, kisses are exchanged; people come to visit you—a kiss the first thing; they leave you—you kiss them all around. Do they meet you anywhere?—kisses in abundance. Lastly, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses—and if you had once tasted them! how soft they are! how fragrant! on my honor you would not wish to reside here for ten years only, but for life!

John Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim's Progress*,

writing over a hundred years later, viewed the spectacle more sourly: he abhorred "the common salutation of women," and punctured the arguments of those who called these "holy kisses" thus:

> But then, I have asked them why they make balks? why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored ones go?

The kiss at the point of death is not unknown in English chronicles. When Nelson was dying on board his flagship, he turned to his faithful friend at his side: "Kiss me, Hardy!" These were the last words he uttered. Sir Walter Scott, when dying, took leave of his friend Lockhart in the same fashion. The kiss among men, once popular in England, came over when England aped French notions of chivalry. Germany has the same custom: in 1888, when the Emperor William met the Czar at St. Petersburg, the two rulers embraced and kissed several times. As the kiss among men entered England, the general kissing of women declined—all due to the innovations of the "old goat," Charles II, at the time of the Restoration. Even canny Scotland has widespread kissing chronicled in several periods.

The state of kissing in the United States today is generally well known: it is a far cry from our liberality to the old Blue Laws of Connecticut, with a heavy penalty for kissing one's wife on Sundays or fast days, and, for all we know, boiling in oil for kissing the wife of another. It is still unlawful to kiss a girl

against her will: the courts awarding damages to the girl varying from $750 in Pennsylvania and $2,500 in New York, to $1.15 in New Jersey. And while there are Anti-Osculation Leagues, with stern medical warnings of the danger of kissing, the custom shows no evidence of diminution. The kissing of children on the mouth, even by parents, is liable to be harmful; if the medicos are to be believed, diphtheria, malaria, scarlet fever, colds and pulmonary taints, blood poison, and at times death, lurk in the kiss. Let the children, then, remain unkissed, except for the cheek: but, with the proper girl, we would brave ten million germs for one taste of what the old Georgia farmer described as "sucking sugar."

III

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE KISS

The First Kiss.—The desire of a man to kiss a girl, and of a girl to be kissed by a man, and to kiss him in return, assumes a heightened form when adolescence is reached by each. Kissing, from the standpoint of its biological function, is a prelude to the ultimate love mating. From the standpoint of inexperienced kissers, it is a temporary substitute for the love hunger,—a substitute which may be all that the man or girl demands for weeks or months or years. From the standpoint of experienced kissers, it is a prelude to the mating; and, where the kissers have not previously mated, is a sort of preliminary test, to see if they are suited.

The immediate object of kissing is mutual pleasure. If you who read this, whether man or woman, ask me whom you are to kiss, I can only answer that you alone can give the answer. No general rules can be laid down. Many men prefer a girl shorter than themselves: yet the ideal mating might conceivably mean equal height, and there are men who prefer a girl taller. As to whether you wish the girl younger or older than yourself, that too depends upon your inclination at the moment. As a rule, the young man often desires an older woman, who is more experienced and —and, in brief, comes closer to his ideal woman,

based largely upon his mother. As the man grows older, in proportion as his head remains hollow he desires a younger and younger girl. This is partly because he finds an experienced woman superior to himself: and the average "lordly" male, in all sadness I must confess, prefers an inferior woman to one the man's equal or superior. The choice of age for youth has another meaning as well: the older person, consciously or not, wants to restore his own lost youth in the kisses and caresses of a younger person. This, from the standpoint of the older person, is admirable. Some dark men prefer blonde girls, some prefer girls of their own coloring; and in every case generalities cannot be stated with certainty. If you want to kiss a girl or woman, set about doing it, or, at least, finding out if it will be well received.

The immediate object of kissing, mutual pleasure, as distinguished from the ultimate object, the love embrace, requires that both man and girl be willing. There is no pleasure, except in a man slightly perverted, in kissing a girl entirely against her will. So the man's first task is to find out whether the girl wishes, or is ready, for him to kiss her. How can he find out? The one safe rule is, not by asking directly. The girl rightly assumes that the man who asks for a kiss lacks the experience that will make the act worthwhile to her. The indirect methods vary enormously. It's all right to talk about kissing, and get the girl to agree that a kiss isn't any harm, when people *really* like each other. She will see through

the subterfuge, of course, but, unless she despises its obviousness too much, she will not resent it. Another way is to progress by tentative caresses—touching her hand as if by accident, holding it, sitting close and closer to her, kissing (as if shyly) her shoulder, and the like. If the man's caress is clearly distasteful to the girl, the world is tremendously full of other girls. One or more of the others will bring you more happiness in love, be sure of that. Give the unpleased miss up as a bad job, and move on.

But a pretended resistance is another thing. There are many girls who say "No!" to every approach, and yet thereby intend to invite further and further pursuit on the man's part. How can you tell the real from the sham? Rather than miss a good kiss, if there is any doubt in your mind, proceed on the assumption that the girl really wants a kiss. The very feminine girl frequently pretends this resistance: perhaps to entice you on, perhaps because she has been taught that such things are wrong, and does not yet know that they are right; and perhaps because her temperament requires her to be forced every step of the way. If you can stand the shouldering of the temporary responsibility, in other words, if you enjoy the chase of the victim who pretends unwillingness, stick to her until you have kissed her thoroughly. Surprisingly enough, the girl who seems very masculine often has the same trait. Her pretended masculinity may be a sham; and she may long all the time for your kisses and caresses. The only way to find out

is to go ahead: never believe the spoken word in such cases, and believe her actions of rejection only when repeated the Biblical seventy times seven times.

Let us assume that the man has ascertained that the girl is willing to be kissed. If she is to keep up her pretense of opposition, any legitimate surprise kiss is permissible. For my own part, I prefer to leave the protesters to others; the world has enough girls who do not fake this opposition. There is no reason why the protesters should not be left kissless, except for men who enjoy overcoming a struggling faked opposition.

For the girl who is willing to be kissed, the technique of the first kiss requires unusual care and artistry. Don't hurry, as if you had a train to catch. Don't stumble over yourself, and find yourself kissing her ear or hair instead of her mouth—which she will regret as much as you. Take it slowly, in somewhat the following fashion:

If the girl is really being kissed for the first time, or is unused to kissing from men, or shams feeble resistance, it is well to hold her so that she cannot avoid the meeting of lips, when it is finally offered. If you and she are standing, either press her body firmly against your own, or hold one arm so that it can catch and hold her at a moment's indication of squirming away on her part. This with one arm: have the other placed around her shoulder, at the back of her head, so that, if need arises, it can grasp her head and hold it in place for the bestowal of the kiss. If you

are seated, the same rule applies for the two arms; unless you are so sure of your ground that you can place the two hands respectfully on her two cheeks, thereby tilting her face to the proper angle. Then without hurrying, bring your lips up until they meet hers. Keep your lips closed: make the kiss chaste, respectful, and not too long. Its purpose, in other words, is not to frighten the timid unkissed darling.

Even if you are bored with these slow preliminaries, remember what is in store for you, and let your face register intense pleasure. Let your expression say, either that this is the first kiss you have ever had, and that you already feel transported to Paradise; or that, if you ever kissed before, you have forgotten everything in the universe except this particular girl and her particular kiss. Actually act, at the moment that the kiss is completed, as if that is all you expected from the girl. For the moment that is what she will actually feel. Quickly enough, she will feel differently.

Only in the rarest cases is it wise to stop with one kiss. Better let both of you miss a trip to Europe, than stop at this point. Normally, you will still continue to let your arms and hands touch her as intimately as possible. A reassuring pressure of your fingers upon her arms, a head bowed, and, in cases, a murmured "I'm sorry, darling! I didn't really mean to—" . . . anything to restore her confidence in you, all these come in handy. Then artistically begin to lose control of yourself. Her cheeks next—they must be kissed—oh, so respectfully! A little kiss-nibble at the corner of her mouth tastes

inexpressibly sweet, and continues to restore her confidence in you. It lulls her suspicions, and makes her think that all you wished was the one small kiss.

An important next step comes in well here, and may indeed be used as a prelude, in cases where the girl seems absolutely unwilling. Gently bend down her head, and kiss her on the eyelids. If this is the beginning of the whole matter, you may even explain reassuringly what you are about to do. While you are feasting on this kiss, by accident, as it were, you can so tilt her face that the lips are yours. Stray to the ears, for a kiss and a little nip; and then come down to the neck. This is a warm comfy kiss, and, if the girl wears a dress even moderately low-cut, is especially thrilling to her. Now, for the first time, you can begin to put some soul, some unconstraint, in the caress. Holding her body tightly to yours, kiss her passionately on the neck. The touch is intimate and at the same time not calculated to rouse suspicion. It will rouse her insensibly. Keep this up, until you feel her body relaxing in your arms. Now is the time to return triumphantly to the lips; if she tries to get away, use a reassuring "Just one, darling! Just one tiny little one—" What you say makes no difference; the thing to do is to get there. Once you have rearrived at the lips, you may kiss her as passionately as she is able to stand.

Kissing passionately means kissing with more than the closed lips, in general. The Persian *Perfumed Garden* recommends kissing with the whole inside of the mouth. Let your

lips now surround hers, as if they were going to engulf them. The electric tingling sensation is hers as well as yours. Sooner or later, she will follow your example, and open her lips slightly. Now is the time to let your tongue speak wordlessly for you. After a long and intense kiss, accompanied by a definite hug or squeeze, you can sit back for a moment's breathing-space. Your girl is no longer unkissed: she has reached the class of the kissed girl, the experienced girl.

The Sophisticated Kiss.—The kissing of an experienced girl is a different matter. Again, it is the man's task to decide, from all the evidence furnished by the girl's reception of his tentative approaches, just how experienced she is, and just how she expects to be kissed. A girl only slightly experienced must be kissed, at the beginning, as slowly and only a bit less respectfully than the sweet unkissed; a girl fully experienced in love will regard such tardiness as a proof that the man is, to use the elegant slang, as slow as a train on the Erie. The general rule is to give as much as you are expected to give: and, if you are not too much of a blunderer, it is better to err on the side of giving too much, than too little. Women may forgive an excess of passion in the kiss: for, after all, they too unconsciously desire to be roused into passion. A woman rarely forgives the man who underkisses her, who gives her less than she desires.

A girl's kiss is self-revealing to a man. If the lips are kept closed and the kiss is deco-

rous, this is a warning to go comparatively slow. If the girl's lips are opened, this says that the track is clear. If the mouth is fully opened, and the girl kisses as actively as the man, it might not be a bad idea to cancel all your engagements for the next week or so, and give the girl all the kissing she wants!

With a girl who is experienced, the hug, or body embrace, is very important. This should be more determined now. The first variety is where the man's arm, around the girl's back, presses her bosom against his: and a pressure that temporarily stops the breathing of both of them, at times, is relished by both. A later technique is for the arm to fall at least as low as her waist, and thus lock the two bodies together, while the lips complete the communion. The poet describes it:

> Then will people passing
> By the lit place
> See our shadows marry
> In a gray embrace.

The lip kiss now lasts longer than with the inexperienced girl, of course: and tends gradually to become what is called the soul kiss. It need only stop short of the astonishing kiss Mrs. Browning describes in *Aurora Leigh*, a kiss—

> As long and silent as the ecstatic night.

We are not amphibious enough to endure such a kiss. We would have to come up to breathe from time to time. But, to those who are able, this sort of sheik buss is recommended. Toward the North Pole, where the night is six

months long, the kiss described has distinct possibilities.

Yet the soul kiss, as the exclusive method, would grow wearisome. The bird peck variety of kiss, which flits tantalizingly all over the girl's face, and strays down to the neck and its environs, is a pleasant intermission between longer osculatory sessions. The three varieties of the soul kiss might be described as (1) that in which the two tongues involved perform a sort of hand wrestle with each other; (2) that in which the girl's tongue is withdrawn inward as far as possible, giving the man the maximum of territory to explore, and (3) that in which the girl does the exploring. Fancier variations of this will suggest themselves. And, of course, in all varieties of the kiss, the thrill is immediately communicated throughout the entire body.

A Girl's Kiss.—Although, as we have seen, the female kissed first in the shape of the maternal lick followed by the maternal kiss —in the ordinary intercourse between man and woman, the man kisses first. The reverse is true, when the girl is more experienced, and is perhaps a woman with a younger man. Then she may with propriety assume the role of the man, gently initiate the unkissed youth, as in our description of the initiation of the unkissed girl; and thereafter lead him up the long path to osculatory sheikdom.

In any kissing, where the man has started first. the one wrong thing is for the girl to remain passive, unless this be merely as an intermission. She should lag, in ideal kissing,

a little behind the man; but only a little behind him. As the fire of the kiss tingles throughout the veins of both, it is her cue to respond almost as ardently, and never be merely negative throughout the experience. Few men like the continuing sensation of kissing the stone image on top of a sarcophagus. Nor does the girl secure her greatest pleasure by utter passivity. "It is better to give than to receive" applies to both parties in a kissing episode.

The proper interruption for a spell of kisses given by the man to the girl is for her to reciprocate, and return the kisses. This advice is almost unnecessary, for women are disposed to return with interest the kisses given them.

Love, to man, is leaping fire,
Dying with its fed desire.

But, in woman, it will glow
Most, when man would have it go.

Hope no more of man than this,
Maiden, when you take his kiss:

That his loving will be done
When its victory is won.

Do not scold her drowsy ardor,
Lover; she will cling the harder,

Taught that your love, even at ending,
Lights a life for her long tending.

This is as good a place as any to say a word about the actual significance of the kiss. Pleasant as it is, its indiscriminate use is an abuse. Its proper function is as a prelude, not as a goal achieved. Men and women who play

at kissing, intending to stop there, are playing with a fire that easily becomes uncontrolable. Iwan Bloch, in *The Sexual Life of Our Time*, says that there is a quantitative difference only, and not a qualitative difference, between the chaste stroking of the hair and the first timid kiss, on the one hand, and the ultimate love rapture. Someone has said that the first intentional touching of the skin of the beloved one is a mating half achieved. *The Perfumed Garden* ends its description of loving:

> And the most intimate embrace
> Leaves the heart cold and unsatisfied
> If the rapture of the kiss is wanting.

Goethe describes the ultimate kiss thus:

> Eagerly she sucks the flames out of his mouth;
> Each is conscious only of the other.

His final word is that it is a true saying that the woman who permits a man to kiss her will ultimately grant him complete possession. Indeed, a sensitive woman values her kiss as highly as the last favor. Unless a kiss be exchanged merely as a test of mutual attraction, it is well to recall that chastity was accurately described by Lester Ward as selection, and not abstinence: and to select with great care those whom you admit to the gate of kissing, which is almost invariably, with men and women of any maturity, the last locked gate upon the way to the earthly Eden.

IV

SPECIAL PROBLEMS

Size of Mouth.—In any kiss, the attitude must be of complete abandonment to the particular kiss involved. It is almost suicidal to go to a kiss with any distaste in the mind—suicidal, that is, to the full pleasure of the kiss. You must make yourself believe that the girl you are kissing, or the man you are kissing, is the most desirable person in the world. For the moment she or he must be: otherwise, it is better to postpone or abandon the kiss. Kiss with your whole heart, or not at all.

When approached in this mood, the problem of the particular geography of the girl's mouth (or the man's, on the part of the girl) becomes, not a matter of taste or distaste, but a matter of engineering. The excessively small mouth is easily kissed, and at times is far less satisfying than a good mouth-filling pair of lips. The medium-sized mouth, in normal cases, gives the greatest pleasure. When the man is confronted with a mouth whose general stretch, if laid on the ground, would apparently reach from Ft. Desbrosses, Alaska, to the corner of Main Street and Zenith Avenue, Skaneateles, New York, the matter is purely one of measuration in applied physics. The safest way is to start at one corner, and gradually progress toward the center, covering ground as effectively as possible in the process. The foolhardy at times make a dive for the very center at the beginning, and may encounter

the emotion of having stepped off of a neck-high stretch in the river into a pool of immeasurable depth. If this is definitely the case, the only thing to do is to paddle toward one side or the other, in the hope of reaching firm ground once more.

Something as to the kissability of a girl is taught, ordinarily, by the external appearance of her teeth. We are indebted to Freud for the discovery that protruding teeth, while they may be esthetically a blemish, are at the same time an advertisement of a passionate nature. Such teeth usually derive from the girl's habit, while an infant and a small child, of continuing to suck at pacifiers, fingers or any object handy, until she has pulled her teeth out of normal alignment. This continuing at sucking indicates a strong sexual nature: and the lack of flawless beauty in such girls is more than made up for by their ample passion. The girl with prominent teeth is usually made love to and mated far before her sister, who is built more on the lines of a Grecian baby grand Venus.

Kissing Relatives.—The matter of selectiveness determines what kind of kiss you give to your relatives. In the South, the custom of discovering that you and any pretty girl you meet are "kissing cousins" is an enjoyable one; and, needless to say, having selected such cousin with proper discrimination, you treat the kiss as the means to enjoyment as great as that with any girl who measures up to your particular standard of female attractiveness. With relatives in general, especially with

homely aunts, mothers-in-law, and esteemed grandmothers, the cheek is always handy, and is recommended, unless you are fond of the taste of vinegar or peppermint-drops, if the old lady is partial to that Victorian comfit.

The girl, in letting male relatives kiss her, had best be guided in similar fashion. Let her prize her lips, as a medium of osculation, so highly that she does not let them be sampled by any whom accidents of blood give a partial right to. If the young man is attractive, or the old man either, and you want the sensation of the kiss, this is your privilege; but a deft movement will always suffice to substitute a cheek for the more intimate lip smack.

Kissing Your Own Sex.—Physical love between women and women, or between men and men, is looked upon with repugnance by the normally developed among civilized people. Far from being the highest form of love, as Socrates and Sappho respectively described it, we know today that this is an innately sterile type of embrace, and is hence to be avoided by the normally matured.

The custom of men kissing each other, still found in certain countries among our civilized brothers, originated in a time when Socratic love was not essentially uncommon. It has largely passed out as a social custom among us. If a man feels much pleasure in it, it is a matter for self-investigation and understanding, and points toward the perverse. It may be largely disregarded in this study.

The custom of women kissing each other is far more common. It is undeniable that the

kiss is, at times, a disease-spreader; lovers willingly run the risk of this contagion. Indeed, modern wisdom holds that germs of many diseases are constantly present in the organisms of all of us; and, if we continue in normal health, with normal care of the body and plenty of fresh air and as much outdoor life as is possible, the body protects itself from yielding to these diseases. Thus lovers, otherwise healthy, may kiss with hardly any fear of contagion. Kissing among women, where there is no such overpowering love interest, is on a different footing. If the woman receives excessive pleasure from it, this is a matter for self-investigation and understanding, and points toward a perversion. If it be taken and given merely as a formal courtesy, this is a matter to be determined by individual preference, and by the customs of the social group in which you move.

The Kiss Complete.—When the love relationship has moved a stage beyond mere lip kissing, it is on the road toward that ultimate enjoyment, in which the whole body of each lover is a viand for the other's delectation. Shakespeare hints such a kiss for us, in *Venus and Adonis*, where he describes the experienced goddess with the callow youth:

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tired with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuffed or prey be gone,
  Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
  And where she ends she doth anew begin. . . .
"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee
  here

Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie. . . .

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty thousand kisses such a trouble?"

Alas, Adonis was not a soul-kiss sheik: and preferred to be slain by a boar, rather than be loved by a goddess. Something was wrong with that boy.

The caresses and kisses that mark the height of love's ecstasy, in many cases, have no limitation of time or place. The most intimate kisses, as Freud points out, are not perversions, if used as proper preludes to the ultimate mating: they are perversions only when they substitute for the mating. The kiss itself, as he shows, may be a perversion—the lip kiss, that is. So great is its thrill, that there are men and women who use it instead of the mating, to secure love's thrill: and this is not normal. The stern biological compulsion to normal men and women, that they mate fully and reproduce their kind, worded in the old book of Genesis:

And God blessed them, and God said to them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth,

still stirs within us: and there is a price to pay, if it be ignored. Those who flee from kissing and love for a lifetime, through some delusion that they have chosen a higher way,

are afflicted with all the morbidities of ingrowing love, which is quite as unnatural and painful as an ingrowing toenail. If man or woman is so unfortunate as never to be approached in love, or as not to find a woman or man who will reciprocate to his or her approaches, why, that is as unfortunate as the lot of the eagle, caged matelessly away from the sky. But such cases are so rare as to be almost negligible. If you want to love, you can, and you can find somewhere your adequate mate. And when the mate is found, and the love rapture grows like the crescent moon toward its full, you will discover the complete kiss, and the ineffable delight that it brings. This is the time to forget all false reticences, all teachings that thus and so is not done by nice people, and all the rest of the shoddy that masquerades as truth. It is love's hour, and your share in it is to yield yourself wholly to the golden spell whose physical rapture is the crest of man's physical existence. In one of the Eagle Sonnets, the lover sings:

> You called me, a fantastic architect,
> To build you airy and enduring towers
> Above a dream-world rudely torn and wrecked,
> In the sweet gossip of unhurried hours.

And then the transition:

> And now you have another word for me,
> A singing cry out of your hungering
> That ends the tease of golden fantasy. . . .
> And I am altered to a simpler thing,
> Only quick lips to summon rapture near,
> And a young body like a lifted spear.

In this high mood of utter giving and receiving, love at its finest comes, and stays, if the lovers have chosen well.

V

KISSING CUSTOMS

The Religious Kiss.—We have already referred to the religious usages concerning kissing, as revealed by the Bible and the records of classical nations. One of the apocryphal books of the New Testament supplements this account, by stating that John the Baptist was conceived in a chaste kiss of his parents. The kissing of holy relics, of the pope's foot and the bishop's hand, are all relics of heathen customs. Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth* gives the ancestry of some Christian kisses:

> Kissing of images and the Pope's toe is eastern paganism. The Egyptians had it of the Assyrians, the Greeks of the Egyptians, and we of the Romans, whose Pontifex Maximus (high priest) had his toe kissed during the Empire. The Druid's kissed their High Priest's toe a thousand years before Christ.

A variant of this crept into England. Anciently the kings and queens of England ceremoniously washed the feet of beggars, and kissed them, thereby imitating Jesus, who washed the feet of his disciples. Moreover, the monarch had to kiss as many feet as the years in his or her age; presenting a gift to each, called a maunday; the day of the ceremony being called Maundy-Thursday. When she was thirty-nine, Queen Elizabeth performed this rite: that is, she smacked the feet of

thirty-nine commoners. James II, in 1731, his forty-eighth year, was the last English sovereign to pretend the humility of this public osculation. In 1530, Cardinal Wolsey, then fifty-nine, kissed the feet of as many poor men, and presented to each twelve pence in money, three ells of canvas to make shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cask of red herrings, and three white herrings. Thus do the pagan rites blossom in advanced religions.

The betrothal and nuptial kiss have origins partly religious. The nuptial kiss in church, at the end of the marriage service, is strictly by the York Missal and the Sarum Manual. Evidently it took a church law, even in those days, to require a man to kiss his own wife.

On Special Occasions.—Among the most popular of fairy tales is that of the Sleeping Beauty, who was aroused out of her years of slumber by the kiss of the handsome prince. Passing by the obvious symbolism in the story, it is interesting that a custom developed throughout Europe, perhaps as a result of the story, which permitted a man who found a woman asleep to kiss her awake. The same right, even in those days, was given to a woman who found a man asleep. In both cases, the wakened must also pay, as forfeit, to the awakener, a pair of gloves.

St. Valentine's Day is another occasion when the kiss is highly in order. Sir Walter Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth* has a full account of the osculatory practices on this holiday.

New Year's Day, however, is the heyday of

the promiscuous kissers. The antiquity of this custom is vouched for by Washington Irving, in his entertaining *Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York.* In the broad old days the good burghers of New Amsterdam, with their wives and daughters, dressed themselves in all their finery, and repaired to the governor's house, where the chief official went through the rite of kissing all the women a happy new year. The head usher would follow suit:

> Embracing all the young vrouws, and giving every one of them that had good teeth and rosy lips a dozen hearty smacks, he departed, loaded with their kind wishes.

The same usher later was the first to require a kiss from all women who passed Kissing Bridge, on the old highway that led to the troubled water of Hellgate. The custom of New Year kissing in New York has survived with undiminished fervor to today. At proper Watch Parties, gathered to watch the old year out and the new year in, at the stroke of midnight it is expected of every man present that he shall offer the proper osculatory salute to every woman present. When the watch party takes place in one of the prominent restaurants of the Tenderloin district, the results are piquantly surprising. You may go away with the memory of the most entrancing kiss you have ever encountered, given you by an anonymous pair of lips whom you may never meet again. The custom is a good one, and is spreading to other parts of the country.

And Christmas brings in the mistletoe. The

old belief was that, unless a maiden was kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas, she would not be married during the ensuing year. Since married ladies may be kissed as well, it is not quite clear what will happen to them if they are kissed. The old Scandinavian tradition concerning the mistletoe dealt with the death of Balder, fairest of the gods. To assure his life, every tree had given its word that it would not kill him. Then Loki, the mischief-maker of the gods, made an arrow of mistletoe, which had given no oath, and gave it to blind Hoder to shoot, the fatal shot slaying the god. Balder was restored to life, and the mistletoe was given into the care of the goddess Friga, and was never to be an instrument of evil until it again touched the earth. Hence it is always suspended in air, growing as a parasite high in oak and other trees. Its use as a license to kiss dates to the Druids: a branch of the plant is suspended from the ceiling, and any one of the fair sex who, by accident or intention passes beneath the plant, incurs the penalty of a hearty kiss from any man quick enough or audacious enough to take advantage of the opportunity. When natural mistletoe disappears—it is growing rarer now—you can rest assured that inventive man will popularize an artificial mistletoe, so that the lips of all maidens may be warmed by the kiss of Yuletide cheer.

Kissing Games and Sports.—If we had headed this section "kissing sports," it might have been misunderstood, somewhat like the alibi of the awkward dancer, to his fair partner

with the aggrieved toes: "You know, I'm a little stiff from polo."—"Is that so?" she replied icily. "I have several friends from there."

Kissing games are popular chiefly among children of the former generation, or those living in more backward sections of the country. The modern youngsters scorn them as childish, so engrossed are they in more mature kissing and petting parties. Yet such games as "Postoffice," "Drop the Handkerchief," "Pillow," and "In a Well" were tremendous favorites in my youth—among the girls, that is, who had already reached their adolescence; and were endured, and in precocious cases liked, by the boys who participated. "Postoffice," in essence, consisted simply in girls and boys calling each other out, one at a time, for a kiss in the hall. "Drop the Handkerchief" had the wild thrill of the chase added—a chase in which the girls pretended very hard to try to get away, in order to yield more completely.

Many of the English folksongs, such as "The Farmer in the Dell," "King William Was King James's Son," and "The Needle's Eye" are used as ring-games for children, with kissing as an integral part. Certain "nice" children are forbidden to play these games, and thus get started in life with a false Victorian point of view. The games are pleasant enough for the very young; the more serious game of love will come in due time.

At old-fashioned country dances, in backwoods sections of America, the fiddlers who furnished the music used to break the monot-

only by a well-recognized squeaking of their fiddles, which was a signal for the couples to smack each other soundly. There have been outright "kissing bees" held in some of the western states; and even New England has been accused of holding "electric kissing parties," in which men and women rubbed their feet on the rugs until they were charged with electricity, and then kissed in the dark, to the amusement of bystanders who watched the sparks leap from lip to lip—if the accounts are to be believed. In any case, the good old husking bees are well authenticated, where the finding of a red ear of corn gave a young man the right to kiss every girl present; and gave a girl the right to call out her beau and kiss him before the crowd. So society blundered along toward giving its youth some practical knowledge of the opposite sex, to aid in right choice.

In modern England, bank holidays are the signal, in certain localities, for kissing sports quite as general and indiscriminate. The young men and women gathered there would form a rude ring, and then a girl—any girl—would suddenly go up to a young man, and slip a chip into his hand. She would at once run across the green as fast as she was able, or willing; the man thereupon would give chase, run her down, bring her back with his arm around her waist, and kiss her half a dozen times before the onlookers. At times the man gave the chip, and the girl did the chasing.

In Ireland there are occasional kissing festivals. On an Easter Monday not long ago

several hundred young people of the town and neighborhood of Potsferry, County Down, put on their best attire and gathered at a pleasant walk nearby. The sport consisted in the men's kissing the women, married or single, as often as they cared to. Hardly a single woman returned from the festival without having had at least a dozen good hearty smacks.

For the modern expression of this energy, the petting party, so popular among the flapper generation and young college circles, is the chief outlet. Only, the earlier kissing sports and games consisted only of kissing: and the petting party hardly starts with this. Every variety of kissing is indulged in by the accomplished petter: "necking" is the name given to the osculatory pyrotechnics. The petters stop somewhere short of the complete love experience: but they have usually come so close to the ultimate, that there is, to use Byron's phrase brought up to date, not *little* mystery left for the nuptial night, but none.

Kissing Devices.—The kiss sent by mail is the constant way that love letters are ended. A row of crosses or x's ordinarily represents the kisses; but the more astute miss has a better way. Lips well rouged, or rouged over cold cream, when pressed to the page of the letter, leave a perfect impression as a token to send to the lover. Kisses are easily transmited over the telephone; and as easily over the radio.

The kiss for sweet charity's sake is well known. At many charity bazaars there is a kissing booth. where some attractive miss may

be bussed at so much the smack, all to put panties on the little heathens of Patagonia, or to provide cream for indigent kittens in the Bid-a-wee Home. During the Boer war, Mrs. Potter, the noted actress, sold a kiss to a Hindu for twenty pounds, or about a hundred dollars; devoting the money to the South African War fund. Grace George looked at the matter reasonably, when interviewed on the subject. She reminded the reporter that actresses were paid to allow actors to kiss them, where the play called for this display; and hence she saw no reason why the kiss could not be sold for patriotic reasons.

The stage kiss itself is often a mere feint, a pretended affair in which the actor and actress go through the motions of the kiss without touching lips. But it may be the very reverse, depending upon the actor and actress involved. There are many legends of the insatiable nature of certain actresses. A dramatic critic, writing in the old New York *Press*, said:

> During the progress of her once famous kisses, Emma Abbott exhausted many tenors. After her first season in *Carmen*, Olga Nethersole bowled over her Don Jose, who began as a stalwart young Englishman, and ended as a mere shadow, and has since gone into consumption. In one of the Daly farces Ada Rehan and John Drew did some ecstatic kissing, and, if he had not removed to another management, our comedian might now be in heaven. It would appear that, in the theater at least, the ladies can stand more kisses than the men.

The critic goes on to point out that, in grand opera, expert kissers can command high sal-

aries. In his musical version of *Romeo and Juliet*, Gounod makes Romeo hang on Juliet's lips for an interminable number of bars of music. The opening scene in *Tannhauser* shows the tenor exhausted by a kissing bout, while the lovely Venus is wide awake and begging for more. Brunnhilde, in *Die Walküre*, is put to sleep by a kiss strong enough to make her sleep twenty years. Rip Van Winkle's kiss of the old bottle in the Catskills was not more efficacious in inducing slumber. And in Wagner's *Siegfried*, the hero fastens his lips to Brunnhilde's with such perpetual fervor that the orchestra, says the critic, plays enough music to stock a comic opera, before the kiss is ended.

As for the movie kiss, that is of two distinct kinds. The good girl, played by any doll-faced moron, kisses as demurely as Victoria herself. But the siren, the vampire! Here we have the ultimate in extended kissing. Certain states, like Pennsylvania, have found it necessary to limit the number of feet of film that a kiss can last—two hundred feet being the Pennsylvania maximum. I once kissed a girl continuously for seven miles, on the Twentieth Century Limited; and I am sure that the record is infinitely longer than that. When it is remembered that the purified movies permit no display of any of the play of love beyond the kiss, and that on the screen the kiss is potent enough to cause a girl to be a "ruined woman," and to appear in the next reel with twins or triplets, you can see why an osculation of the Theda Bara type is efficiently and comprehensively done.

Yet many a thrill is provided, in the darkened movie auditorium, when the handsome hero and the wily siren or lovely heroine tangle themselves up in a long embrace. You cannot help seeing yourself as one or the other of the kissers; and the experience is highly pleasurable. There is only one more delightful experience, and that is to be doing the kissing yourself.

VI

CELEBRATED KISSES

Kissing the Blarney Stone.—About 1446 Cormac McCarthy built the Castle of Blarney, in County Cork, Ireland. It is a fortification of immense strength, with walls more than eighteen feet thick. When besieged by the Lord-President, McCarthy temporized by promising to surrender the fort to an English garrison. Day after day his lordship looked for a fulfilment of the agreement; day after day the Irish chieftain temporized with honeyed promises, until at last the Englishman became the laughing-stock of the English court. From this comes the belief that "kissing the Blarney Stone" endows its kisser with a sweet, persuasive, and wheedling eloquence, which is in turn called blarney.

The real Blarney Stone, if you seek to kiss it, may be found only by allowing yourself to be lowered from the northern angle of the lofty castle for some score of feet. There you will find the stone with the Latin inscription:

CORMAC MC CARTHY FORTIS ME FIERIFECIT,
A. D. 1446

For those who are skeptical as to the aerial journey clinging to a rope, there is another stone on the summit, likewise called the real

Blarney Stone, bearing the date of 1703. The person who has kissed the stone is henceforth irresistible, when he pours his soft pleadings into the ears of his desired lady. Any trans-oceanic ticket-line will quote the price of accommodations to County Cork and return.

A different kind of blarney is evidenced in the kiss for political purposes. You may remember that when the young ensign, Richmond Pearson Hobson, almost successfully sank a boat in Santiago harbor, in the attempt to bottle up the Spanish fleet, and thereafter returned to the United States, he went upon the lecture platform, and at the first lecture was offered a kiss by first one and then all of the young ladies present. His lecture series was a great success from the osculatory standpoint, at least.

The Congressman's kissing the babies of his constituency is a silent blarney that never fails to work. As far back as 1888, McComas of Maryland reduced baby-kissing to a fine art. After pensively gazing at the infant, the Congressman, as if overcome by an overpowering burst of emotion, would seize the infant to his bosom, hold it for a moment with head bowed reverentially, then bring his supple moustaches close to the little face, and—Smack!—the deed was done. In 1912, Congressman Huddleston of Alabama went the Marylander one better, by achieving the record of kissing every child in his Birmingham constituency. Thereafter, he might oppose the corporations, denounce conscription, vote against the war, do what he pleased—he had the babies and their mothers.

and they had their husbands: and he was sure of reelection as long as he desired the position. This is political blarney reduced to maximum efficiency with the least effort.

In England, political kissing depends for its blarney effect upon gold guineas in the mouth of the candidate, which he passes to the wives of the electors as he kisses them. A Norfolk member was expelled from the House for this ingenious method of vote-geting. On one memorable occasion, the Duchess of Devonshire gave a butcher a kiss in exchange for a vote. Many American candidates omit the kissing and let their campaign platform drip with blarney. This is as effective a vote-getter as the other way.

The Poets on Kissing.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the American "poetess of passion," uttered this truetalk about the kiss:

The lips that have been innocent of passion's kiss frequently ooze with gossip's poison.

Never to have been kissed is never to have lived. Perhaps it is a secret consciousness of this which renders the unkissed women of earth so bitter in their denunciation of the love-enlightened.

Shelley, who was no slouch as a lover, apostrophized the kiss thus:

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;

And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

A Western congressman, not otherwise known as a poet, delivered this tribute to his favorite kiss—and who shall say that his dithyrambs lack the true poetic flair?

Talk about kissing! Go away! I have kissed in the North, I have kissed in the South; I have repeated the soul-stirring operation East and West; I have kissed in Texas and away down in Maine; I have kissed at Long Branch and at the Golden Gate—in fact, in every State in the Union; in every language and according to the manners and customs of every nation. I have kissed on the Mississippi and all its tributaries; but, young man, for good sound kissing, give me a full-fledged Caribou girl. When you feel the pegs drawn right through the soles of your feet, from your boots, that's kissing, that is.

This tribute to the efficacy of the Indian kiss is increased, when we recall that this was a custom taught to the red by the white. There is less poetry but more piety in the discussion of a kiss by the Rev. Sidney Smith, the witty divine, who said:

We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long, and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with a warmth and energy; let there be soul in it. If she closes her eyes and sighs immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming-bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle, deep but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss, when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die.

The poetry is more obvious in a poem like *Kisses Three*:

Kisses three he gave to me,
Kisses three—

One was in the restless dusk,
Soft and tentative and shy,
And I did not leave him. I,
Though his kiss was but a husk
Flung to starving lips, I waited,
Waited, while love hesitated,
Fearful it would pass us by.

Then he kissed me once again,
Prisoning my doubtful lips
In a long eclipse. . . .
And the night's vast rhythms beat
Over us with urgent power,
And each whitening, tardy hour
Lingered sweet, sweet. . . .

Once again he kissed me, now
In the pale and furtive dawn,
All distrait, his soul withdrawn;
And his slow lips chilled my brow.
Shall no other night be mine,
When the throbbing hours shine?

Kisses three he gave to me,
Kisses three——

The Octopus Kiss.—There are countless passionate kisses recorded in literature; the octopus kiss in Blasco Ibanez's *Mare Nostrum*, when the strange Freya kisses Captain Ulysses Ferragut in the Aquarium of Naples, is worth quoting:

"Ah!" sighed Freya, throwing herself back as though she were going to faint on Ulysses' breast.

He felt as though a monster of the same class as those in the tank, but much larger—a gigantic octopus from the oceanic depths—must have slipped treacherously behind him and was clutching him in one of its tentacles. He could feel the pressure of

its feelers around his waist, growing closer and more ferocious.

Freya was holding him captive with one of her arms. She had wound herself tightly around him and was clasping his waist with all her force, as though trying to break his vigorous body in two.

Then he saw the head of this woman approaching him with an aggressive swiftness as if she were going to bite him. . . . Her enlarged eyes, tearful and misty, appeared to be very far off. Perhaps she was not even looking at him. . . . Her trembling mouth, bluish with emotion, a round and protruding mouth like an absorbing duct, was seeking the sailor's mouth, taking possession of it and devouring it with her lips.

It was the kiss of a cupping-glass, long, dominating, painful. Ulysses realized that he had never before been kissed in this way. The water from that mouth, surging across her row of teeth, discharged itself in his like swift poison. A shudder unfamiliar until then ran the entire length of his back, making him close his eyes.

He felt as if all his interior had turned to liquid. He had a presentiment that his life was going to date from this kiss, that with it was going to begin a new existence, that he wou'd never be able to free himself from these deadly and caressing lips with their faint savor of cinnamon, of incense, of Asiatic forests haunted with sensuousness and intrigue.

And he let himself be dragged down by the caress of this wild beast, with thought lost and body inert and resigned, like a castaway who descends and descends the infinite strata of the abyss without ever reaching bottom.

So far, this octopus kiss is entered for the championship vampire kiss in all literature.

The Kiss of Death.—The kisses of Joab to Amasa, and of Judas to Jesus, stand forever exemplar of kisses of treachery. There is a romantic story of the great Irish rebellion,

concerning an imprisoned patriot under sentence of death, and his faithful sweetheart. The girl secured permission from the prison authorities to kiss the condemned man goodbye. The kiss was given and received: and, at the moment of kissing, the clever girl passed to her lover, from her mouth to his, a memorandum containing full information of how to escape. Acting on the plan thus revealed, he made good his escape. May every kiss be as fortune-bringing!

There are other kisses which bring, not freedom, but death. Lucian tells the story of the death of Demosthenes. When the Greek had fallen into the hands of Antipater, he asked permission to enter a certain temple in the neighborhood, for a moment of worship. This was granted. As he entered the temple, he carried his hand to his mouth—the old gesture that Job referred to in moon and sun worship, and a common gesture in the Orient and the Mediterranean world. The guards thought that he was merely kissing his hand, as an act of religion. But in his hand he held poison, and in this kiss of death he found his release. Cleopatra, when the kisses of Pompey, Caesar and Antony had staled on her lips, when her castles of hope and aspiration lay in ruins about her, and when the coldly cynical Octavius paid no attention to her charms, placed the asp, the poisonous mud-viper of the Nile, at her breast, and let the snake's kiss give her freedom.

Then there was the tremendous climax of the Haymarket riots in Chicago. Seven an-

archists, including Louis Lingg, were arrested for the protest bomb, flung upon unarmed strikers in answer to the wild charge of the police. Lingg had his sweetheart bring the materials for a final bomb to him in the jail. Some of these materials she smuggled in orange skins, disguised as fruits; some she may have given him in the midst of a kiss. The stern young anarchist—he was only twenty at the time—made four bombs, for the four leaders to use in taking their own lives, to show to the public at large that, if they held the lives of others cheap in their fanatic devotion to an ideal, they held their own lives more cheaply yet. Three of these bombs were discovered: somehow Lingg retained the fourth. He was not willing to injure his jailer, and sent the man, by a pretended excuse, to the far corner of the jail corridor. Then, taking the bomb in his own mouth, he closed his teeth upon it, and so died.

The Kiss and Love.—The tactile, touch, or lip kiss originated from the mother's kiss of her infant, an outgrowth of maternal licking of her young. It grew slowly to express affection between the sexes. A second meaning grew up—to express subjection: somehow affection was alchemized into subjection. Usually one of the parties to a love relationship takes an attitude of subjection to the other—an attitude theoretically far from ideal, but humanly comfortable. For an expression of utter humility, to man or the god man imagined, appropriate gestures were few: bowing the head to the ground or kissing with head

bent being the chief ones: The mouth, containing the organs of taste and in part of breath, stands for the chief outer gate to the man's life and whatever of soul he has: if it kisses in humility its lord, or his hand, or his foot, there is utter symbolic subjection. Kisses of courtesy, as between men and men, grew out of formal expressions of medieval subjection.

The kiss, as a token of subjection, has declined among us. The reason is not too obscure: men and women today are increasingly growing to the point where they realize that they should not stand in subjection to any human lord or any fantasied deity, where they know that they can look the whole world in the face with level eyes. When, to the decline of servility, we add the ever-present fact of the danger of infection from promiscuous kissing of lips or hands or great toes, and when we see certain religious shrines taking no chances, but wiping the relic with some germicide between kisses, it is not hard to see why merely formal kissing is departing.

The kiss to express love is another thing. If we are to have physical love continued on the earth, this reaches its crest in a complete commingling and interweaving of the bodies of the loving ones, as well as a commingling and interweaving of their spirits. The final rapture lies elsewhere: but, after hand has touched hand, the next step is for lip to touch lip. This is the prelude to the fuller loving to follow later. When a man kisses a woman, it is an offer of his love, physically at least, in

its completeness: an offer not hard for the average male to make. When a woman accepts a man's kiss, not passively, but actively, or when she kisses him, this is an acceptance of the man's offer, or an offer on her part of the ultimate intimacy.

Human relationships, in practice, provide little enough opportunity to know members of the opposite sex, before some religious or civil ceremony has bound the man and woman into a relationship too often irksome and tedious, and intricate and expensive to end. Some sort of trial love is needed, to prevent wreckage of the relationship later. As long as society makes no regular provision for this, the kiss as a sort of test of compatibility, especially physical compatibility, has its value. The man or woman, especially the young man or woman, would then kiss until the intangible emotion following some especial kiss was so powerful that the people concerned felt brave enough to dare the uncertain dangers of mating: or until they felt irresistibly drawn into mating.

The ultimate result of the kiss is shown from two angles in two of Shakespeare's sonnets. In the first, he gives the dark picture of physical desire, or lust, in action, which he says is the expenditure of spirit in a shameful waste:

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and, till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait

On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

The other side of the picture—and the usual truth lies somewhere between them—is far brighter:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! It is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is a star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Your kiss may lead to the first drab ending, to the second over-idealistic Eden, or to some pleasant place between. In any case, to remain unkissing and unkissed is to remain something less than man or woman. Your aim should rather be to blossom to your full stature in the gardens of mankind: and a mouth was made for more than words.

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